

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY E.J. POYNTER, R.A.

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NEW SERIES

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THE ART JOURNAL.

PUTNEY BRIDGE.



Gate-house, Putney Bridge, after a Drawing by A. W. Weedon.

IT is very difficult to realise that till early in the last century the only bridge across the Thames was old London Bridge. It gives an excellent idea of the leisure of those old days to consider that one must either have made an immense circuit, or else have used one of the ferries across the river, when one had business on the farther side of it. It is, perhaps, almost more strange to remember that till thirty years ago there was a fishery at Putney, or Putten, as the village was called in ancient British days, where salmon, sturgeon, and sometimes porpoises were caught. Putney existed as a busy and thriving village when all the land between it and the London of those days was forest and marsh. There was much traffic between Putney and London on the Silent Highway of the Thames, and the fishery and the ferry had been profitable possessions from the earliest times. Both belonged to the lordship of the manor of Wimbledon, which till the death of Harold was the property of the Saxon kings. Then William gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose successors held it for more than four centuries, till Henry VIII. passed it on to Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex.

Anent the bridge a collection of the debates of the House of Commons gives this curious discussion :—

"Tuesday, April 4th, 1671, a bill for building another bridge over the river Thames from Putney was read.

"*Mr. Jones, Member for London.* This bill will question the very being of London; next to the pulling down the borough of Southwark nothing can ruin it more.

"*Mr. Waller* (the poet). As for the imposition laid by this bill, men may go by water if they please and not over the bridge, and so pay nothing. If ill for Southwark it is good for this end of the town, where Court and Parliament are. At Paris there are many bridges; at Venice, hundreds. We are still obstructing public things.

"*Sir Thomas Lee.* This bill will make the new buildings at this end of the town let the better; I fear the bill is only for that purpose.

"*Sir William Thompson.* When a convenience has been so long possessed as this has been, it is hard to remove it. This will make the skirts, though not London, too big for the whole body; the rents of London Bridge for the maintenance of it will be destroyed. This bridge will cause sands and shelves, and have an effect upon the low-bridge navigation and cause the ships to lie as low as Woolwich; it will affect your navigation, your seamen, your western barges, who cannot pass at low water. I would reject the bill.

"*Colonel Stroude.* In no city where bridges are, were they all built at a time. No city in the world is so long as ours, and here is but one passage for five miles.

"*Mr. Boscawen.* If a bridge at Putney, why not at Lambeth, and more?

"*Sir John Bennet.* The Lord Mayor and Aldermen did agree to it, if it were for no other reason than to be secured from a bridge at Lambeth.

"*Mr. Lowe.* The Lord Mayor of this year is of a different opinion from him of the last year. If carts go over, the city must be destroyed by it."

The bill was rejected by 67 to 54.

Fifty years later, in 1729, Putney ferry was set aside, and the present wooden bridge was built; but even now the old custom lingers, and there is always a waterman eager to row you across from the Fulham side for a penny fare. The

ferry seems to have come into the possession of the Bishops of London, for their leave had to be obtained before the bridge could be built, when the privilege was granted of passing the bridge free of toll, not only to the Bishop and the dwellers in Fulham Palace, but to all persons going thereto either for pleasure or business. Before the toll was abolished bricklayers or other workpeople coming from the Putney side used to claim this privilege by shouting out "Bishop!" as they passed the toll-gate. Poor old bridge! it is not beautiful, but at low water it is very picturesque—as the reproduction of Mr. Whistler's etching shows—from the quaint irregularity of its piers and the lovely river seen through them as it curves round in a grand sweep in both directions. It seems, too, a suitable link between the two old and curious villages, which abound in historical and interesting memories from the days of King Belin, the founder of Belin's-gate (Billingsgate), to the days of Theodore Hook.

The most picturesque view of the bridge is from the London side, where the quaint gate-house, built quite over it from side to side, ends the old-fashioned High Street of Fulham. From this point one gets a view of the old grey towers of Putney and Fulham, one girdled in with its solemn belt of trees, looking up across the river at its more highly placed neighbour. There is a tender mystery about the church and its graveyard, on the Fulham side of the water, which Putney Church lacks. The latter is higher, drier, healthier probably, but it has no retirement—it seems to obtrude into the busiest part of the little town, as if it were inquisitive about the goings-on of the Putney folk. Before we cross the bridge we must turn back into the ancient village of Fulham, the earliest men-



Putney Bridge, Christmas, 1879, *after a Drawing by A. Severn.*

tion of which, according to Faulkner, is in 691. In an old Saxon dictionary it is called Fulanham or Foulham, from the dirtiness of the hamlet. Bishop Bonner is said to have lived in a house on the site of the ancient Golden Lion, which then had an underground passage leading to Fulham Palace. Leaving the town on the right, we keep to a road which, after passing some very ancient cottages, their wooden porches finished by a curious moulding, takes a sudden turn to the left on its way to Hammersmith. A little distance along this road are some model dwelling-houses, and from the broad open gallery behind them is a view worth going to see. One might be a hundred miles away in the very heart of the country.

Farther along this road is Craven Cottage, interesting as having been once lived in by Bulwer (Lord Lytton). Many of his earlier books were written in its library.

But now we pass through the gates into the Bishop's Walk. Not so many years ago, on a warm June evening, one could listen to the nightingales as one sauntered along the broad road, with its double avenue of tall trees. Just now this road is leaf-strewn, and the foliage glows with colour.

Now we can see through the trees the old part of the palace, a quaint old gabled pile with an arched entrance: here our path turns, and we are beside the river, with a sort of second moat between us and the towing-path. But the view of Putney Bridge is destroyed from this side by the aqueduct of the Chelsea Water Works. We pass the palace and its famous lawn; our walk, though it has narrowed, is still shaded with grand old trees; and finally, we come out between Fulham Churchyard and the Gothic house, Pryor's Bank, once a museum of curiosities collected by Mr. T. Aston Baylis.

Next to this was Theodore Hook's (or Egmont) Villa. He lived here for several years, and wrote many of his brilliant productions, but the villa had to be destroyed when the disfiguring aqueduct was carried across the Thames. He lies close by in the churchyard.

The church is being restored, but the old grey tower will be left untouched.

Going through God's acre, we come out in Church Row, with the rectory on one side, and a row of old houses on the other. Near the church are some picturesque almshouses, an old foundation restored by Bishop Blomfield, whose name is still gratefully remembered in Fulham.

There is no longer the old delay in crossing the bridge caused by the toll. It used to be a special feature of the pleasant jaunts to Putney Heath to stop here and see the surly old toll-keeper come out of his house at the sound of footsteps. What a cross old bully he was, and how angry he got if he was asked for change on a winter's night! "I'd like to know how you'd like to leave your fire an' your branny-an'-warr'er," he said savagely on one occasion, fumbling in about a dozen pockets, and finally going up-stairs for change; while we stood shivering and thinking meekly that perhaps he ought to have change as much as we. The toll was a tax, but there was something old-fashioned and genial in those little halts by the way. Tolls and turnpikes and stage-coaches all belong to the period when there was plenty of leisure, when time was something to be used well and spent pleasantly, instead of being, as it now is, a sort of daily tyrant to be kept in step with all day long. The bridge itself is, perhaps, clumsy, and it is said that the heavy wooden piers are no longer safe.



Putney Bridge, after an Etching by J. A. McN. Whistler, by permission of the Fine Art Society.

Among its varied aspects not the least picturesque is that represented in the engraving, from Mr. Arthur Severn's drawing, when the river is choked by ice and snow.

Looking down stream, on the left of the church are two desolate-looking blocks of houses called the Cedars. Here were once two old houses, Putney House and the Cedars. In the last century Mr. Gerard Van Neck lived at Putney House, and erected a banqueting-hall for the reception of George II. when he hunted in the neighbourhood; so that doubtless the King got salmon and venison too at Putney.

When we have crossed the bridge we find that the churchyard on the left is only separated from the street by a low wall. We cannot find his gravestone, but we know that here is buried an old inhabitant of Putney, Walter Cromwell, blacksmith and farrier by trade, in the reign of Henry VII. This Walter Cromwell had fought at Bosworth for Richmond, and was rewarded for his services by a grant of land at Putney, where he seems to have carried on his trade at a smithy in Wandsworth Lane. His house, which bore the sign of the Anchor, and which had some land attached to it, was nearly opposite Brewhouse Lane, and a building called Cromwell House and some houses in Cromwell Place occupy the site. Later on Walter Cromwell seems to have turned brewer. His brewery was in Brewhouse Lane, and he was probably in partnership with his son-in-law, Morgan Williams, a Welshman, but a resident in Putney, though he had other breweries at Mortlake and elsewhere. Williams seems to have supplied all the royal palaces with beer. By his wife Katharine, Walter Cromwell's daughter, this Morgan Williams became great-great-grandfather to Oliver Cromwell

and John Hampden. It was on a son of this Walter Cromwell, Thomas Cromwell, the destroyer of the monasteries and abbeys of England, that Henry VIII. bestowed the manor of Wimbledon, having given Archbishop Cranmer, in exchange for it, St. Radigund's Abbey, the ruins of which still exist near Dover.

The church is not nearly so old as its tower or Bishop West's Chapel, at the north-east end, and all are of much later date than the original building, of which mention is made as early as 1302. It is also mentioned by Pepys:—"There was a good sermon and small company. But I was sleepy, and a little out of order at my hat falling down through a hole beneath the pulpit, which, however, after sermon I got up by help of the clerk and my stick." Fairfax and his officers held council here seated round the altar.

It is curious to think that Fairfax's army was quartered for three months at Putney, while the King was prisoner at Hampton Court. Lieutenant-General Cromwell stayed at Mr. Bonhunt's, about which we find no information, and the General himself was at the palace. This latter building seems to have been a fine old red Elizabethan house with pleasant grounds. It stood where River Street and River Terrace are now built, and was called the Palace by its owner, John Lacy, a member of the Clothworkers' Company, because it was honoured by the visits of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Queen Elizabeth's visits, twelve in number, are certified by entries in the churchwardens of Fulham's register:—"Paid for ye Quene's Majestie being at Putney for vyttals for ye ringers two shillings and eightpence." The Queen sometimes stayed two or three nights at Mr. Lacy's house. Before the palace was destroyed it was used for a brush manufactory, and the pleasure ground as a sort of tea-gardens.

Here and there in Putney one still chances on a quaint broad-eaved roof, with low windows below, that may have seen the Puritan soldiers while they stayed there, or the Duchess of Portsmouth as she walked down the High Street with her King Charles spaniels, for tradition says she once lived at the old house, now called Putney House, which stands back in its garden, on the south side of the Richmond road. It was once a country seat of the Dukes of Hamilton, and General Fairfax resided here for nine months, during which time Cromwell is said to have visited him daily. As we go up the High Street we pass on our left the most interesting of Putney houses, Fairfax House, with its five Tudor gables of differing forms and sizes, and its old red-brick front clustered over with ivy. It has a quaint canopied doorway, and the garden at the back was charming some years ago. There is a haunted chamber here where no one would sleep; also a haunted stair; but alas! the dear old house which one remembers full of merry young faces is now turned into a manufactory, and probably the ghosts have taken eternal farewell of its old walls. It was named after Fairfax. Bishop Juxon is said to have planted many of the trees on its lawn.



Fairfax House, Putney.

There is such frequent mention of Oliver Cromwell in old Putney records that it is tantalising that the house in which he lodged should have been destroyed. It is said that he was for three months in Grove House, which stood at the top of the High Street, where the Putney railway station is built. Ireton was lodged in the house that occupied the site of Cromwell Place. Cromwell is said to have employed his leisure in planting mulberry-trees in various parts of the neighbourhood, so that any old mulberry existing at Putney may be supposed to have been placed there by the Lord Protector.

Putney Hill used to be delightful. The birds sang in the tall trees on either side of the way, and at the top lay Putney Heath, in those days a blaze of golden furze, and a haunt of wild flowers. The Heath was a frequent scene of duels in those old days. It was about half-way up Putney Hill that Wolsey, on the day of his fall, was stopped by Sir John Norris. Wolsey had come in his barge from York Place to Putney, and was proceeding to his palace at Esher, when Sir John came spurring after him, and presented him with a ring from the King's own finger, and a comfortable message. One wonders where is the exact spot on which the Cardinal, having got off his mule, knelt down bareheaded and humbly thanked God, then rising told Sir John his tidings were worth half a kingdom, but he could make him no fitting reward, and so gave him a small gold chain and a crucifix, and sent the King his jester as a present.

How out of keeping with all these memories—the magnificent Wolsey, the royal Elizabeth, and even the iron-sided regicides—will be a flimsy suspension bridge at this part of our beautiful river!

TURNER IN YORKSHIRE.

SIR Joshua Reynolds, in his very last discourse, says boldly that it would be a good thing if artists would now and then brave all literary difficulties, put their thoughts in order as well as they could, and give to the public the results of their experience. It was only with the support of this faintly remembered saying of so great a man that I bring myself to putting my thoughts on paper. All I have to say is about the art of which I am myself a student, namely, landscape painting; and about a question which, it has struck me, is not so often asked with respect to other branches of the Fine Arts as with respect to landscape painting, and that is, how excellence of imitation or likeness to nature—the quality called "realism," in short—is reconcilable, if reconcilable at all, with certain other qualities of a far superior order. Different views have been held on the question at different times; and as a process of much painting, if not of exact reasoning, has led me to adopt one view strongly, I may perhaps hope to interest my readers, were it only by freshness and distinctness of personal feeling.

It is now thirty-seven years since an illustrious prose poet, who has done so much for us by the gift of a new domain of literary pleasure and exalted teaching, that we hardly recollect the arid desert of Art criticism from which he delivered us, flung forth his youthful challenge to the world by declaring that Turner was not only an artist of wonderful genius, but of wonderful knowledge and truthfulness also. Mr. Ruskin afterwards explained how, in his indignation at what he knew to be utterly ignorant criticisms on a great man's work, he took this rudimentary excellence of Turner's first, as affording the readiest and plainest means of rebutting them; but, in fact, he could not possibly have hit upon a more telling way of opening the battle. It is hardly too much to say that to his brother artists Turner had always been a great man; it is certain that he had long been an eminent and a troublesome one—"a being darkly wise and rudely great," if half the stories told of him are true—to engravers and publishers, and these last may fairly be taken to represent the public for whom they catered; but it is doubtful if among all his admirers there were more than a very select few who admired him on the score of his truthfulness or knowledge of nature. We must remember also that those were days when such subjects as the plains of heaven and openings of sixth seals were in fashion; high poetical faculty was a thing hardly thought of then in connection with any simpler class of landscape. The truly great painter was not superior to weakness in this respect, and if some of his noblest works belong to that period, it is certain that a large proportion of his worst belong to it as well. His drawings were but little known to the world, being mostly hidden away in collectors' folios; so it happened that just when his name was associated with all that was fantastic, dazzling, and chaotic—with rainbows, eclipses, typhoons, ghost-like Venices, and furnace-like effects everywhere—his young unknown champion stepped forward, and proclaimed him to be the most truthful landscape painter that ever lived! Now I doubt if this great assertion ever clearly reached the public mind—whether it was not obscured by the very eloquence of the book in which it was put forward. That wonderful first volume of "Modern Painters," with all its revolutionary brilliance, professed to be in the main just a methodical, business-like comparison between modern landscape painters, with Turner at their head, and nature, with the old masters for her interpreters—a quiet setting down, so to speak, of fact observed against fact painted. The great painter's genius was to be gone into afterwards—let us be sure of his accuracy first, in things which we can all see and judge for ourselves, and come to an understanding about. I am almost certain, however, that with the majority of readers this exhibition of elaborate proof and example went for little or nothing. With them the book was a triumph of Art in itself. Turner was surely a great artist, if only because his enthusiastic champion certainly was one in words; while, as for artists, many who had admired Turner all their lives were, to my own knowledge, bitterly offended with the long catalogue of "truths," forsooth, which they were asked to believe his works exemplified. Then, a little later, Mr. Ruskin crowned all by calling Turner "the real head of Pre-Raphaelitism."* This was too much; it implied attention on Turner's part to the small things the sun shone upon, as well as to the glory of the sun himself, and was shrieked against as a ridiculous paradox. Meanwhile, the general theory of Art which was enforced in "Modern Painters" did work its way into much popular acceptance. That the sense of beauty belongs to the moral, and not to the intellectual side of our nature; that all Art is the expression of man's delight in God's work, and is good in proportion to the strength and faithfulness of the recording power; that the faculty by which we give shape to such impressions of delight is essentially a truth-telling and truth-loving one, dealing at first hand with the facts of the world, seizing, separating, and recombining them in various ways for their better representation, so as to gratify our noblest instincts, but having nothing in common with the poor paltry frame of mind in which artist or poet (so called) could imagine himself able to embellish or improve upon God's work: these doctrines have formed the Art faith of many of us since then. Nor would that Edinburgh lecture in which Mr. Ruskin linked together the names of Shakspere, Verulam, and Turner (I can recollect well the regretful smile with which the fact of his having done so was mentioned in an Oxford Common-room) startle us much now. But that Turner—greatest of landscape painters no doubt, but still limner of cities in dreamland—half-blinded worshipper of nature's most dazzling pageants—devotee of her wildest moments by sea and shore—was nearly all his life a very plodder with pencil and sketch-book; a student in woods and fields, and quiet, lovable places of the earth; nay, that allowing for altered conditions of things, he may be rightly called a Pre-Raphaelite, will appear questionable to some of us even yet, but is, nevertheless, perfectly true. Many such quiet, lovable places of English earth have been objects of pictorial worship to myself; in some of them it has even seemed possible for a faithful worker to catch a glimpse of the open secret by reading which the plain, true likeness has had the life of poetry breathed into it; so, if I venture a few observations on a small part of a subject which the great writer whose disciple I am proud to profess myself has

* "Modern Painters," vol. iv. p. 61.

sufficiently dealt with as a whole, I do so for the following reasons :—

1stly. Because I can offer the testimony of a working student—the verification of many of Turner's statements and Ruskin's notes on them having fallen in with my own course of study.

2ndly. Because it has been my experience that whenever the scene before me had served Turner as a model for what I had been wont to regard as one of his finest works, I could not but feel that the beautiful order of his picture had created itself in his mind at once, as the direct, unforced, almost unconscious expression of pleasure in a beautiful reality, and desire to tell us as much about it as possible. An instinct of order, of the pictorial sort, undoubtedly existed in his mind, and in such strength as to allow no appeal to remain unanswered; but whether I recognised his grasp of the character and large features of a scene, or his accuracy in some part of one, I felt that it was love of nature—love of some beautiful facts amongst an infinite number included in the scene before me—which had set that instinct in motion, and entirely directed its activity.

3rdly. Because landscape art in England being at present in a period of much transition, there are signs that the motive force of all truly great landscape painting, namely, an enthusiastic self-forgetting desire on the artist's part to paint nature's truth as he feels and is excited by it, is in danger, either of being exchanged for desire to paint the truth indeed, but to paint it without any involved and controlling expression of excited feeling, or of being overborne by influences, derived from other branches of Art, which tend to subject landscape painting to a conventional spirit, and injure its development by making the painter a slave of Art rather than of nature.

It is generally agreed that the scenery which had the greatest and most lasting influence over Turner was that of Yorkshire. His first visit was in 1797, when he was twenty-two years of age. It is hard to refrain from quoting the beautiful passage in which Mr. Ruskin imagines the joy of the first sketch among the Yorkshire dales, but I must pass on with a reference to it merely.* The drawings for the "Richmondshire," from which I shall take my examples, were begun in 1820. They were illustrations of a county history which is mentioned, I believe, with moderate respect by antiquaries of to-day. It is said that a committee of gentlemen well acquainted with the district was formed to choose Turner's subjects for him, which looks as if likeness to local nature (and a good deal of it) was expected from our artist. Now, with regard to my first point, I can declare that in a large number of instances in which I have visited the originals of these and other drawings by Turner of Yorkshire subjects, I have found them very truthful indeed. Often it was as if a wish, which I dare say we have many of us felt in days of youthful enthusiasm—the wish, I mean, to have a sight of some of the heroic people from whom our favourite characters in history or fiction were drawn—had been suddenly gratified; as if the reality of some fine poem had been set before me, and I could see for myself how all ruggedness had been rendered pathetic, all homeliness picturesque, all true nobleness commanding, by the serenely impartial and mirror-like representation of a true poet. Contrary to what I have heard artists remark as their experience, I never had the least difficulty, in Yorkshire, at all events, in spotting the point from which Turner had started in his sketch, and kept as the base of his operations. It was always the point which gave the best view. He had often made it impossible for any succeeding artist who might touch the subject at all to avoid being brought into inconvenient competition with him—he had chosen so well, grasped so much, and had exaggerated, when he had exaggerated, so truthfully, or, to speak more exactly, with such a feeling for the real character of the scene. Instances of local truth met me at every turn. In the third volume of "Modern Painters" Mr. Ruskin has engraved, as an example of true finish, an inch and a half of one of the ash trunks in the England and Wales drawing of Bolton Abbey. He has magnified and engraved also a portion of this inch and a half, and so made plain a tuft of moss and a scar where a branch has been broken off probably. That bit of darkness, whatever accident it may bear witness to in the history of that ash-tree, is, I declare, visible even now. The tree still rears itself gracefully by the side of the Wharf to show how carefully Turner once sketched it. In the fifth volume Mr. Ruskin shows us a bit of rock drawing from the foreground of one of the Richmond views. I found the actual rock readily enough, but for once was disposed to question Turner's carefulness either in his original note-taking or his subsequent use of his notes. Ledges of limestone by the side of a steep path, very much foreshortened and looked down upon, with their awkward perspective, might be mistaken in an artist's note book, without any great slip of memory, for rock fragments, and worked out accordingly. But it was clear to me that Turner had made a note. He had never thought of using ideal rock for his foreground, if he could help it, but had striven for local truth in this as in every other part of the drawing. And all the rest of the drawing—high-walled gardens, backs of houses, smoke drifts, field paths, and Norman keep high over all—is so exquisitely true. Indeed the amount of honest copying which is given us in these Yorkshire views, the fulness and accuracy of the artist's report on what he was sent to see and draw, will appear wonderful to any one who will tread in his footsteps, and imagine how much laborious wayfaring—what Spartan living—what tyranny and capriciousness on the part of weather, landladies, and other great forces of nature, must have been interleaved among those calm and orderly impressions of so many varied scenes. There is hardly a detail in them for which we cannot trace some authority on the spot even now, and as for faithfulness to the general cast of the scene, such drawings as 'Richmond,' the 'Aysgarth Force,' 'Simmerwater' (with that strange block of limestone in the foreground and pretty carrying of the hay over the water), 'Mossdale Fall,' 'Brignall,' 'High Force,' to quote only a few instances, are as straightforward views of the places named as any one could wish to have.

And yet they are not quite like (I pass on now to my second point) as likeness is counted in these days. Turner's drawings may be quiet and almost severe in their truthfulness; they may be "countercharms of space and hollow sky" in their pearl-like beauty, but we never expect them to be counterparts of a photograph, or even to vie with the imitative brilliancy of a downright study from nature, as we paint nature now. Even when they are chargeable, with hardly an exaggeration to speak of, with no violent upheavals and depressions of earth's surface for the sake of easy seeing or good grouping, no fetching of churches (as Mr. Ruskin puts it) from round this or that corner for the sake of their spires—even when they are quite free from license of this extreme kind, Turner's drawings, we all know, look strangely different from those of every other master, and we are not disposed at first sight to place that

* "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 298.

difference to the credit of their superior truthfulness. That credit, however, does really belong to them. Mr. Ruskin's vindication of Turner as having recorded a greater number of positive facts of nature's aspect than any other landscape painter is surely complete. But I have nothing to do at present with certain reasons why it is not possible to grasp and bind together picturefuls of these facts, heaped up in the quantity which Turner loved (and it must be confessed that he was awfully greedy), and to allot to them, in painting, their respective shares of truth, without bidding good-bye to all chance of producing an illusive or powerful effect of likeness on the mind of an ordinary spectator. Light, space, multitude, motion, atmosphere—if an artist, having won some little mastery of facts of this sort, will set himself to use them, freehandedly and just as his fancy or the needs of his story may direct, he must pay the price of his temerity in being often mysterious indeed, except to the few who have acquired almost as much knowledge as himself. But it is the elevation and strange beauty of Turner's quietest and simplest drawings, such as these Yorkshire ones, which I wish to bring out; and why, simple as they are, they surprise and perplex as well as delight us. The reason is not far to seek. They are poems, and though I may well hesitate to venture so near the perilous quicksands (to an artist) of mental philosophy, I think I can discern clearly two great mental qualities which must have gone to their production.

In the first place, I look upon Turner as a born composer, in whose hands the likenesses of nature's forms and colours were instruments for the expression of excited feeling—instruments used just as Beethoven used notes of music, or Shelley music of words, to give utterance to the subtlest thoughts, the noblest aspirations, the deepest joys and sorrows of their hearts. The forms and colours of objects in landscape, so far as those objects were capable of being chosen and set in a rhythmic or musical manner, were Turner's means of expression. In the second place, I feel that his sense of the beauty and grandeur of nature, viewed as a spectacle in which humanity played an important but subordinate part, was so strong as to require and find expression for itself by those means. There are men over whom the various aspects of earth, sea, and sky exercise exceptional power; with whom landscape beauty is a passion, and nature altogether a subject of affectionate study rather for the sake of her freaks and vagaries than her uniformities. The excitement of watching her processes soon passes, as in Shelley's case, beyond the point at which keen interest would probably ripen into scientific zeal in minds of equal observing power, but of a less emotional type. No tracing of laws will satisfy that excitement. The desire to know is surpassed in strength by the desire to yield to, to enjoy, to possess as much as possible of the influence which certain aspects of the external world are capable of exerting over us. That influence is sometimes great indeed—with some men, I might almost say, the dominating influence of life; for with them beautiful scenes and glorious visions of light and colour are as an enchantment or bewitching music—nay, more, are felt in their highest power as kindling impulses of love, pity, and devotion, which would put to shame and utterly conquer all unworthiness of thought or deed; they are felt as awakening memories of which they soothe the sadness and deepen the joy; they are felt, above all, as bearing with them, in retrospect at least, the vague sense of something infinitely ennobling and perfect in enduring calm. Given love of nature such as this, and intellectual power, fused, so to speak, with it, strong enough to play with the means, contained in the forms and colours of these beautiful sights, of acting on other men's minds, and you have your great landscape painter, from whom you will receive truth indeed, of an eloquent and far-reaching kind, but from whom you will not receive so much as a recording line which is not touched with feeling—still less a great picture which is not an attempt to convey some excitement of the whole mental frame. But both sensitive line and well-wrought picture will have all the truth of fact the artist can put into them, while doing his proper work as an artist, which is to make us share the excitement he has felt himself. Where an ancient Greek wrought out a myth, a story full of chances and changes, and interminglings of mortal, divine, and elemental life, to express his wonder at the play of natural force which he saw going on around him, your great modern landscapist creates a landscape poem to express his. Of course very different substrata of knowledge are represented in the two things, but the myth resembles the picture, so far as it lets us know how certain aspects of nature really told on the poetical and artistic faculty of certain men. I have no wish that landscape painting should part company with truth of a severer kind (I hope to show that it can absorb and reproduce any amount of it), but the nature-worshipping, picture-making faculty must rule all, and the truth it deals with is truth which has been subjected to the vivid glow of real delight, or shaped under the influence of awe which is akin to fear.

Turner's work then being always poetical in feeling and design, I hold that the shape in which it is cast (I am speaking throughout of his best and most spontaneous work) springs directly from his immediate unreflecting seizure of the facts which delighted him most, in as large a number as possible, and with as many of their subsidiary facts as possible, and his equally unreflecting refusal of any fact which would prevent these favoured ones from being worked out in his drawing with the utmost truthfulness, so as to satisfy his delight in them. Just as in poetry the thought which demands expression demands its own best form of expression—will choose for itself the form of immortal verse to which it will be married—so in landscape painting, what answers to the thought of the poet, namely, the joyful recognition of beauty or any other quality which is capable of conveying noble emotion through the sense of sight, shapes itself at once in a design which has its origin in the keenness of the artist's perception of that quality, and in the intensity of his sympathy with it. Each much-loved scene to such a one carries its own means of making its beauty felt. The square tower of a ruined priory stands alone, or with only a broken arch or two beside it in a narrow upland valley. The hollow sweeping lines of the dale, the full curves of the hurrying mountain river, are in conjunction and in contrast with the still upright, but weather-wasted tower. These things appeal to him strongly by their loneliness, by the decay of what was once beautiful human work for human nature's noblest need, and by the abiding charm of rounded hill and unresting stream. He sees them at once and altogether—they are a visible poem, with the measure or mode of artistic treatment given to him at one and the same moment, by the strength, clearness, and thoroughness of the first impression. It is in such and such contrasts and harmonies between the lines of dale and stream—in that scattering of copsewood on the hillside, with its pleasant complexity—that roughness of broken scar, or that calm line of distant fell to which the eye had turned for rest unconsciously, that the seclusion, the melancholy, the

romance of the scene has come to him. He will take care that the facts which have spoken so clearly to him are set down in the same forcible relation and unity of impression. The objects of which the lines and masses have played the largest part in his excitement will assert their supremacy in his design, and copsewood and broken scar and water-flags by the riverside and line of furthermost moorland will be breaks, cadences, dispersions, all ordered by the same imperious delight in the beauty of a Yorkshire valley.

In other words, Turner painted his impressions of nature, and, according to the story, seemed surprised that any artist should ever think of doing otherwise. But he would also have been greatly surprised if any one had asked him if he did not try to paint the truth and to make his pictures as like nature as he could. There is a story told of his being asked by a lady whether he painted his skies from nature, and of his replying, with not the best grace in the world, "How would you have me paint them?" This reply *may* be taken to refer to the impossibility of cloud-portrait painting, but I have no doubt in my own mind that it really expressed the great artist's astonishment at the utter ignorance shown by his questioner of his motives and methods of sky painting. I believe he would have felt more indignant still if he had been asked whether those charming Richmond drawings had been really taken from Richmond, and were meant to be like Richmond. As if Richmond, or Bolton, or Rokeby ever could have justice done to its beauty! What were his drawings made for (Dr. Whitaker and all meaner considerations being put in the background) but to show how those divinely beautiful places had appeared to him? I have my doubts whether he would have owned to a particle of exaggeration, but of this I shall have to speak by-and-by. I have always found in these Yorkshire drawings that they are the vital or story-telling facts of the scene, which are made to uphold the framework of the drawing. Whatever he may slur over, or use as an "artistic nothing" (to use a phrase of one of my friends), or lose in exaggeration, he gives his utmost pains to rendering the cardinal points of his impression. To miss their character would be to miss the power of his impression altogether. Take, as an instance, the engraving, I cannot say drawing (that has been burnt), of Brignall. You look down from the top of a bank on a bend of the long thickly wooded dell of the Greta. It is a typical Yorkshire stream, flowing for miles in its own deeply cut furrow, with frequent limestone cliffs and thickets of noble trees. Here and there, being small and wayward, it does not fill up the whole of its trench, but leaves little horseshoe meadows rich in flowers and enormous butterburrs. On one of these spaces left between the river, just where it gathers itself into a deep pool, and the slightly receding bank, you see a low gabled building. It looks as if you could jump over it, it appears so small from the heights above; but the belfry and the few gravestones planted around it show that it is a church. There is no sign of any hamlet near, and we are free to imagine that it was pure love of nature's quietness and solemnity which dictated the choice of site. Groups of ash-trees are scattered about the meadow. A few enclosures are carried up to the table-land on the right of the picture, and beyond, and linked with the lines which show the undulations of the upland fields, we have the horizon line of perfectly bare and desolate moors. The stream comes right down the centre of the picture with nature as with Turner—stream at the bottom of that beautiful abyss of woodland, church with its sacred adjoining space bordering the stream, and sinuous line of moor telling clear against the sky, being the great poetical facts of the subject; but before I speak of Turner's faithfulness in dealing with them, I may, perhaps, be allowed to draw attention to some points in the design which make it, to my mind, one of his finest works. He has chosen twilight, the time when heaven and earth do really in the after-glow of an early summer evening, with silent mists forming and vanishing capriciously, appear nearer to each other than in any other light. He has given us the mists floating up the ravine, and imprisoned as it were by its dark walls; he has made them stretch white arms across the distant moor, where they move in unison with the small multitudinous bars of cloud in the sky above. The horizon is perfectly clear. The base of the design is made up of a tangled mass of tree-tops, and withered stems, through which you look straight down on the river with its little gleam of foam at the foot evidently of a sheer precipice.

Now we can see the original of this picture any summer evening we please. The church and churchyard are indeed a wreck, the trees are much more luxuriant, and there are enclosures and pasture-fields where there was nothing but open ground in Turner's time; otherwise the place is unchanged since he drew it sixty years ago. In one thing his accuracy is manifest at once—the likeness of the Greta itself. He and his engraver must have spent wonderful pains on that. I feel as if I could vouch for his river-bed as having just the amount of water in it which belongs to that season, and for his swerving currents as not having amongst or about them one block or ledge of sandstone too many or too few for the truth of that lovely nut-brown river. There is a straight precipice—a wall below the bank from which the foreground trees, with their daring schoolboy, spring. There are yew-trees, large ones now, jutting out of that rock wall, and Turner has just indicated them—mere tufts of dark green they would be then. Indeed, I hardly know where the plain-real makes way for the conscious-ideal element, for which my enumeration of truths given by the engraving seems to be leaving very little room; unless, perhaps, it be in a too great steepness and undue contraction of length, which Turner has allowed himself in the matter of the dark sloping hill above the church. However, I have known that hillside surprise me very much by its look of steepness, when I have come upon it at twilight, my own impression of it then being different from the one I had repeatedly received at noonday, and we must take the artist's own time. No, the strength of that design is not due to any conscious exaggeration of any feature of that scene. Only, facts which are all there for any draughtsman to get hold of, are so woven together, that every line, every variety of texture which belongs to their due representation—every curve, break, repetition, or accident, down to the minutiæ of the stranded kite—not only has its power as an imitation indefinitely increased, but has its burden of poetical meaning brought home to us, by being made to tell in its own place, as a note or harmonized passage in a complete design. We may indeed read meanings of our own into that picture-music. We may set our own thoughts to the grandeur of those darkening woods with their deeply grooved, hollow-sounding stream and fading twilight; but one thought is conveyed to us clearly enough. It is but a commonplace one, the old story of the vanity of human life; but I do not know if the poets and moralists who, from the youth of the world until now, have treated that subject, have ever done so in a lovelier or more perfect way.

A. W. HUNT.

(*To be continued.*)



LITTLE-KNOWN SKETCHING GROUNDS.



FROM Bedford to Lynn nature has many aspects, and all of them are artistic, though some one may be more loved and imitated in Art than another. Nor are there at this moment indications wanting to show that English taste in landscape art is already tending towards the humble, the accidental, and the unconventional, rather than towards the panoramic and the heroic. Nature's own panoramas are always impressive, always fresh, always poetical; but as subjects for the painter they can easily become heartless, matter of fact, and devoid of interest. It may even be said that in pictures which achieve only a moderate order of merit, the higher the mountains, the deeper the cascades, the bluer the distances, the steeper the ravines, so much the colder do they leave us when they are transferred to canvas; so much the more closely, indeed, do they approach the cheap triumphs and terrors of a stage landscape. Nature herself is never self-conscious, but she may easily seem to be so when in pictures she is arrayed in so much deliberate grandeur. It is a relief to turn from such representations to the canvas of an artist who has caught her unawares, who has fallen in love with a grassy bank in flower backed by the sky, with the lines of a simple river in flat country, or with the sombre tints of those useful fields from which the labour of man is raising the humbler harvests of the year. A stunted thorn leaning away from a bright sea wind in a full-coloured autumn sunshine, a cold poplar rustling in midsummer, pearl-grey water under a pearl-grey sky—such unconsidered and careless incidents of the familiar world are full of a charm which the artist eye is quick to see, and for the rendering of which the present public are becoming more and more delightedly grateful. It is well that English artists should cultivate this taste; for England affords them a wide and varied field for such sincere, modest, and impulsive labour. Our poets have long felt the charm of the landscape we mean, and none more than Mr. Tennyson, who has



Lynn.

thrown a special glory on that part of it which was familiar to his own childhood—the country of the fens.

The long levels of fen country are by no means familiar to us in English Art. Mr. Macbeth, it is true, has gone thither, but his 'Lincolnshire Gang' and his 'Potato Harvest in the Fens' are representations of the people rather than of the place. The artist has still to arise who will show us the May Queen's haunts—

> "When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
> On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool,"

or bring before the outward eye a picture such as that



which has remained visible to the eye of the mind ever since the Laureate sang—

"The plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under roof of doleful grey.
With an inner voice the river ran.
* * * * *
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.
One willow over the river wept,
Above in the wind was the swallow
Chasing itself at its own wild will;
And far through the marish green and still
The tangled watercourses slept,
Shot over with purple and green and yellow."

Ely and St. Ives.

These reflections have been suggested by a visit by our artist, Mr. Fraser, not, indeed, to the Lincolnshire fens, but to much level and marshy land lying between Bedford and Lynn, on the track of the river Ouse. Is not the very name of this river suggestive of the scenery to which we have referred? of willows and long reaches of grey water? of bulrushes, of gentle cloudy skies, as well as of quantities of swallows? Let us not trust to suggestion and imagination, however, but take a few notes of actual glimpses at the scene.

Leaving Bedford by boat, passing through the inevitable lock, and into the Fenlake River, the hamlet of Fenlake soon comes to view on the right, with its straggling, old-fashioned cottages, a tall mill appearing at the end of a vista of willows. The stream is here and there narrow, and almost blocked up by small islands and beds of rushes; but it broadens out again and again before we come to the huge bend whence St. Neot's is visible, with its bridge.

Flat fields, a few mills, and more locks are the principal and monotonous features of the route from St. Neot's to Huntingdon, of which town we get a picturesque view from the river, now deep and broad. There is the stone bridge, with pointed ribbed arches; a cluster of houses so close to the stream that its cold ablutions lazily wear their foundations away; and on one side stretches an expanse of land as level as any that can be seen before the fen country itself is reached. Huntingdon, in Saxon times, was Huntadune, or hunter's down, and the whole district was a forest; but the trees were almost entirely felled by Henry II., Henry III., and Edward I., who little thought that the ground they cleared would harbour and nourish a yeoman family to break the kingly line and tread underfoot the crown.

Leaving Oliver Cromwell's town behind us, we follow the river till Hemingford Grey is seen round a gentle bend of the stream, here lined with unpollarded, and therefore lofty, willows. Hemingford Grey Church stands on the verge of the river, its tall, curiously topped tower reflected on the deep, calm water between bunches of water-lilies which straggle out from the opposite bank. The churchyard wall, rising some feet above the stream, is overgrown with stonecrop and wild plants, whose trailing leaves and delicately tinted flowers creep down in summer till they touch the stream; and, while the foreground is thus full of beautiful detail, the background of the church is made noble by enormous trees.

Past some more locks and another old grey mill, and the spires of St. Ives are seen. One of them, lately renewed, stands out against the sky as a landmark for miles round. On the bridge spanning the Ouse in this little town (which was appropriately called Slepe by the Saxons, but was re-baptized when Ivo, a Persian bishop who came over to England about the year 600, and preached the gospel here, died and was canonised), there still stands an old house, shaped like a tower, which adds to the old-fashioned aspect of the place. On one side of the stream is quite a steep elevation, crowned by a small wood, as if to accentuate the dead level of brilliant meadow upon the opposite side, and the utter flatness of the land that lies beyond. Entering this region, we perceive two or three windmills dotting the distant horizon; and the "bank," or dyke, which follows the course of the river from near the little village of Holywell and on to the sea, is seen in a level line traversing the view, to which some movement is given by rough boats propelled forward by long poles. As the land increases in flatness, the river increases in breadth. At Earith there are two different routes leading to Lynn, the last name on our improvised itinerary. One is the main river, passing through Hermitage Lock, and flowing round an immense curve by Ely; the other is the old Bedford Level, a cutting twenty-one miles long, over which the Russells and other landowners spent £400,000, and gained in return one hundred thousand acres of drained land. This immense canal



Hemingford Grey.

is in parts so straight that the water can be seen joining the sky on the horizon before and behind; while from the top of the banks which bound it may be descried far and wide the fens, nowhere broken by hedges, the fields being divided by broad trenches, about which the wild fowl fly. The breeze which ripples the surface of the barley and the corn has nothing to

thwart its onward progress save a group of cattle, or a straggling inn, or a rickety cottage (imperceptibly sinking into the turf), until it eddies round Ely Cathedral, now discernible like a little cloud in the distance.

The cathedral, being built on the only elevation for far about, looks quite near when it is still seven miles away. More closely approached, the minute city, with the sun shining on its roof-tops, appears to be composed of gleaming white metal, while, sharply defined against the sky, stand the huge and massive towers and pinnacles which perpetuate the memory of St. Etheldreda, virginal wife of King Egfrid of Northumberland. It was in 673 that this queen came to Ely Island, built the church, and founded a religious house for virgins, over whom she ruled. While barges glide past us, pulled by horses on the tow-path, it is impossible not to dream for a moment of those days, until gradually Queen Etheldreda's image becomes confused with that of the Lady of Shalott, and we can fancy ourselves at a veritable Camelot:—

> "On either side the river lie
> Long fields of barley and of rye,
> That clothe the wold and meet the sky.
> * * * * *
> By the margin, willow-veiled,
> Slide the heavy barges, trailed
> By slow horses."

And happy is the traveller if he is able to continue his dreams while Ely is reached and left behind, and the passage to Lynn between dreary mud banks accomplished. And happier still if with such pleasant dreaming he can flatter his fancy while in Lynn Regis itself, which, in spite of its fine avenue terminating in an old-fashioned gateway, is a place without any attractions or any dignity to bear out its royal name. And here the journey ends.

But alas! it is a large "if" on which hangs the continuance of these pre-mediæval imaginings. Mental pictures of Sir Launcelot riding in dazzling sunshine between the barley sheaves are too likely, in all this land of levels and locks, to be rudely broken in upon by clumsy and begrimed bargees, and their imprecations dispel the last lingering echoes of that "tirra-lirra" the knight sang by the river. And this brings us to a very homely and practical part of the subject, which can be by no means overlooked in a consideration of the mission and facilities of our artists for such scenes as those we have described. The difficulty of the English painter must always lie in the figures which are to animate his picture. Whether he be a painter of nature and man, or of landscape and figures—ambitious or lowly—he will be at a loss when he comes to putting in his groups. Gainsborough and his contemporaries peopled their lanes and commons with market carts and country folk who were tolerably true to the rural England of their day. But what can the painter of these later times do with the ill-made, ill-fed, ill-bred, and ill-clad agricultural labourer and his wife and child? If he is to be treated at all, the help of idealization must needs be called in, however some of our *naturaliste* may try to persuade themselves that they have done for ever with conventionality. Sooth to say, theirs is only conventionality of another kind; they seek the quaint rather than the wearisome old picturesque, whereas the English rustic is neither quaint nor picturesque. Mason painted men in the smock-frocks, and girls in the sun-bonnets of real life; he even stuck to the truth so far, if we remember rightly, as to reproduce the stay-laces—and very untidy stay-laces—of the milkmaid of pastoral England; but his line was Greek, his attitude was heroic, the turn and action and impulse of those lovely figures sprang from his own mind, and had no counterpart in the truth. Walker followed in his steps, with perhaps a little more faithfulness to facts, and Mr. Macbeth, whose Fen pictures we have already alluded to, does precisely what Walker did. His realism—for he will not abandon the name and appearance of realism—is fictitious; nor will those who know the truth ask that it should be more faithfully presented to them in Art. It is, of course, otherwise abroad; before Mr. Macbeth painted his 'Potato Harvest,' Millet had done a 'Récolte des Pommes de Terre,' in which real life, with the inimitable and irreplaceable value and pathos of reality, could be rendered without sophistication. Particularly ill suited to the needs of Art is, as we have hinted, the bargee, the homeless, graceless rough in greasy cloth who swears his way up and down the rivers and canals of England, from the Thames to the Tyne. Nor is that concomitant of man—his dwelling—easily susceptible of pictorial treatment in the fenny country. Hardly a building, in some districts, breaks the solitude, except the ubiquitous public-house.

Into one of these waterside taverns let us enter. Here, for instance, is the Anchor, a far more antique and artistic place than some of its fellows. The kitchen is a lofty room with a triangular roof, supported by immense oaken beams. The hearth is broad, and on it are three or four burning logs, over which a large black kettle is suspended. In the wide chimney, half-way between the hearth at the bottom and the patch of sky visible at the top, hang many hams. The landlord is very communicative. He sighs for the old days, when barges used to ply in larger numbers, and when gangs of twenty bargees would spend the whole afternoon on his premises, consuming incredible quantities of beer. The ceiling, he fancies, dates from the era of "them Calvareers and Cromwell and such loike," and he adds conclusively that he has been in the house thirty years, and it "ain't altered a inch, and he don't deceive you."

But if the buildings and the figures are not altogether satisfactory, there is one thing which can be studied in the flatter districts of England to perfection—the sky. The sky is the great and ample compensation for absent mountains, valleys, and lakes, for it has room above a free horizon to develop its own heights and distances, the design of its storms, and the composition of its scenery. Our artists cannot have a better school than that celestial one; for there they can study the power and the gradations of colour, the nobility of form, the immensity of perspective, the extreme of light, the magisterial laws of composition. The sky has been too much neglected in every school of landscape art which has existed in the world; but with the increase of that simplicity in the selection of meadow, wold, and reedy bank as the subjects of poetical pictures, of which we spoke at the beginning, painters may have more leisure for the lovely illuminations, the pomp and the processions of the clouds, and the infinite varieties of the firmament of heaven.

WILFRED MEYNELL.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.

MODERN DRAWINGS.

WITH the present paper we begin a series of memoranda and suggestions for the use of collectors, or would-be collectors, in various branches of the Fine Arts, taking as our first division the large class included under the name of "Drawings," and, as the special subdivision now to be considered, the modern drawings of the British school. We shall chiefly confine our attention to the graphic produce of the draughtsmen who have worked and died within the last hundred years; for it is in the century which has elapsed since the year 1780 that the school of water-colour painting has had its rise, progress, and culmination, as well as, in some branches, its decline and fall. Let us premise, however, that it is not the object of these notes to set a pecuniary value upon works of Art, but to offer suggestions as to what are most worth preserving in the interest of Art itself, and how the bringing together and disposition of specimens can be best made profitable in an intellectual point of view.

A difficulty presents itself at the outset in the extent and variety of the subject matter for discussion, and in the individuality existing among the many artists included within the long period under review. It would, in fact, be hopeless to attempt, within the space at our disposal, to do more than touch certain salient points; we shall therefore treat our subject in the somewhat desultory fashion in which collections are apt to be made, letting our remarks and suggestions cluster as they may about a small nucleus of great names, which we select as occupying a central place in the history of the art. Let us then take some of the works of Girtin, Varley, and Cox as the foundation of a collection, designed to represent the English school of landscape drawing in its strength as well as its variety. They are representative men who were once linked together by a concurrence in broad principles and aims in Art, and constituted the true strength and backbone of the school. They formed three successive generations in the line of artistic descent. In the paternal relationship of teacher and disciple, Thomas Girtin begat John Varley, and John Varley begat David Cox. They were born within eight or nine years of each other; but the first died in 1802, at the early age of twenty-seven; the second in 1842, at sixty-four; the third in 1859, at seventy-six, and the period embraced within the lifetime of the last-named veteran saw not only the rise and progress, but much of the decline of the school. In the work of Girtin, who disputes with Turner the name of its founder, we see in its broadest and simplest form the essential qualities of the art, apart from all refinements of manipulation. Transparent pigment, which alone was used in the typical period of the school, acquires its fullest power in his master hand; and while the impression of nature which he conveys is as deep as it is vivid, he satisfies the mind by the general harmony of the picture in form, and light, and colour, and the unity arrived at by a careful distribution of its parts. Girtin's principles can only be gathered from the contemplation of the drawings themselves, and from the teaching of his successors, for he left no writings on Art behind him at the close of his short career. Each of his pupils, however—Varley and Cox—devoted a large portion of his time to the exposition of principles as well as the setting of examples for practice, and both of them wrote treatises which all who desire to understand the essentials of the school would do well to study. The writings of Varley in particular are full of original thought and ingenious illustration. It will be found that with these masters it was neither the close imitation of natural objects which received their chief care, no the manufacture of a pretty and attractive picture, nor was it the methods and technical manipulations of the studio; but it was the due setting forth of some given subject by means of an artistic treatment. The first essential, in their opinion, was that every picture should have one distinct and leading subject, to which its whole character, as well as every object and part of it, should be subservient. The second was that the most appropriate conditions should be selected, and the best means within the artist's power should be employed to give to that subject its due character and importance. "The principle of landscape painting," says Cox, "is that it should convey to the mind the fullest impression that can be produced from the various classes of scenery; such, indeed, as shall excite in the spectator an interest beyond any other effect that might be chosen." David Cox carried this so thoroughly to effect in his own practice, that a collector, even though he may be little conversant with the artistic means employed in the result, will rarely do wrong in securing any work of this painter's which appeals strongly to his feelings as being a true representation of nature.

But in the principles above laid down we possess an invaluable test to apply to drawings by other artists of the school, and indeed to works of the highest aim in all departments of representative Art. Drawing is, in fact, as much a kind of language as writing is. The one suggests ideas, and produces impressions on the mind by means of more or less imperfect representation, the other by symbolic characters only; and the true measure of excellence in each is not mere caligraphy, but the clearness and intensity with which the intended idea is conveyed. It is with these objects that artists of the higher class employ the various devices at their command as means to an end.

Now, as it seems to us, the conversion of these means into an end in themselves, instead of employing them as means to other and nobler ends, constitutes the grand distinction between a lower and a higher kind of Art. A drawing that is all colour and light and shade is a piece of decorative Art only, and even where the devices of the artist are legitimately used, but he draws undue attention to his skill in using them, his picture is thereby weakened. The too direct imitation of unimportant details is but another example of the same kind of defect. Such are the tendencies which have deteriorated the art of water-colour painting in later times.

But they had begun their undermining work even in the early days of the school. We have seen, in the cases of Varley and Cox, that the occupation of teaching, to which they were both obliged to have recourse in their professional careers, has been the means of preserving to us a valuable

record of their principles; and it is probable that the necessity imposed upon them of imparting their knowledge to others compelled them to systematize that knowledge, and so to clear their own ideas, and strengthen their course of practice. But with Varley the reaction had, in his later days, an injurious effect. In his last drawings, which he used to exhibit under the name of "compositions," the subject itself seems to have departed, and we are left in possession of little beyond an harmonious arrangement and proportion of parts, conveying a sense of repose, and leading the willing eye to a distant horizon. We do not ask the collector to condemn these drawings; but we do say that, perceiving their aim and intention, and taking these at their true worth, he should value the result in proportion to its success. Even in the work of this painter's earlier time it is necessary to exercise judgment in selecting a really representative drawing. If Varley himself gave way under the temptations afforded by the drawing master's skill and dexterity, too many examples may be found, both in earlier and later times, of academic weakness, and undue importance assigned to the subordinate elements of Art. Among the first practitioners of the new art we find this drawing-master element asserting itself in the mannerism of Payne, and afterwards continued by his imitator Glover. Later on we have, in the works of Copley Fielding, one of Varley's pupils, and a man of unquestionable talent, but too long, perhaps, a fashionable teacher, much vapid repetition, caused in a great degree by magnifying the value of set processes and tricks of the studio. Again, the drawings of Harding, another artist of note, an excellent teacher and a thoughtful writer on his art, may be taken as typical of a class in which the variety of a picturesque composition is more often aimed at than a variety of treatment suited to the different characters of subjects. In work of this kind the effect is the primary element to which the subject becomes subordinate. Of this lower art we may trace a downward course among the works of later drawing masters, of whom the clever draughtsman, Rowbotham, is perhaps as good a recent example as we can select.

Another prolific cause of perverted aims in Art is to be found in the competition of attraction on the walls of picture galleries. The necessity of painting up to exhibition pitch, and the temptation to endeavour to outshine one's neighbour by startling contrasts or mere brilliancy of colour, have induced a meretricious showiness in modern Art, and modes of painting in rivalry with other media which have superseded the tender purity of the earlier drawings made with transparent washes.

But we have thus wandered away too soon from our trio of old painters, and run down a rather rapid incline in the history of Art. Let us return to them, and consider a phase of Girtin's art, which appeared in its fullest strength in the last year of his life. Whatever can be had of Girtin's should be secured and treasured, and few things more so than his Paris views made during the short peace of Amiens, not only as being historic records, but for the admirable artistic treatment and the wonderful realisation of the bustling streets of the old metropolis. Let us have one of these in our collection, and make it the nucleus of a group of topographic drawings of the same interesting class. We have no need, for this purpose, to despise the earlier works of Paul Sandby, or the old tinted manner in which they were executed. He, too, seems to bring us back to the time when he painted; and we see his aim, and the appropriateness of his characteristic figures. Let us have a specimen, too, of Girtin's master, Dayes, whose figures are also good; and, just for companionship, a street scene by Malton, Turner's master. Stepping aside, moreover, into the region of caricature, let us by all means have at least a specimen (as little coarse as may be) from the brush or pen of the marvellous designer, Rowlandson. It is sure to be teeming with life and fancy. From this group we may learn how much there is of real artistic invention, which is quite independent of elaborate textures and full local colour. It is the same art of treatment by well-chosen incidents which we see carried to its highest point by Turner in his immortal "England and Wales" series. And here we have one "hint," and one alone, in the way of a suggestion, to give to the collector respecting this greatest of all landscape painters. If you have a sufficiently various collection, arrange all the landscapes, except Turner's, according to their subjects. Place together, in separate groups, each class of scenery, mountain and moor, rock and sea-cliff, foliage and stream, river and lake, architectural subjects and marine, the various qualities of sunlight, moonlight, storm and rain, and so forth; or, if you please, class them according to the general sentiments which they convey, as repose and sadness, bustle, grandeur, and so on. When you have well settled the order of merit of the drawings in each group, get out your Turners, and you will see how easily, and as of right, they seem to come and seat themselves at the tops of the lists.

How far an approach could ever be made towards a complete arrangement of a collection with reference to the subjects and motives may, indeed, be doubtful, but separate groupings of this kind, even on a small scale, would be more instructive than a mere classification under the names of different masters can ever be. Let, for example, a hay-field by De Wint be set by one of Cox's, and Cox and Turner be compared in their delineations of Lancaster sands. Let Fielding's downs be contrasted with those of Turner of Oxford. Carry us away to Venice, and give us in succession the eyes of Holland, D'Egville, Deane, and Turner. Lay before us a folio of coast scenes with boats by Callcott, Cooke, and Stanfield, Vickers and Bentley, Bonington, Austin, Prout, Cotman, Francia, and William Anderson; and lay by their side the 'Flint Castle,' 'Marine Dabblers,' and 'Calm,' from the immortal "Liber Studiorum." Put out to sea, and let us sail on breezy waters with some of this artistic crew; with Chambers, too, and Owen, the brothers Joy, and others. We may even take some landsmen with us, who, knowing little of navigation, will employ their craft (artistic and marine) to unite in one broad harmony the waves and sky. Cox and Fielding are only passengers, but they are welcome, though the latter may be pining for his easel and his big brown wave near Fitzroy Square. Turner of course is here, revelling over the salt billows and sketching in the storm. Go back for a generation, and we come to another and a different school of marine painters. Artists of our day content themselves with imitating the waves, but with this old race it was the ships themselves that formed the important element in their drawings, and gallant fights between big men-of-war the "subjects" which they had to treat. Waves we have always with us, but the "glorious first of June" is a thing of the past, never to come again. By all means, therefore, let the records of these scenes given by contemporary artists be tenderly preserved. The pigments are fading, but the reality

of the scenes does not depend on paint, and the old drawings of Pocock, R. Cleveley, Serres, Schetky, and others of their class must ever be a source of interest. Drawings of such subjects made up in later times should never be intermingled with these. The former belong to a different class altogether.

Classifications of this kind, based on the unity of a common motive, would moreover tend to the assignment to painters of their true places in Art. At present their reputations are to a great extent a matter of fashion, if not of deliberate speculation among the dealers; and, in the case of any known artist, it is scarcely possible, even for the fairest critic, to avoid being in some degree under the influence of a name. Now, in making the comparisons which an arrangement of the above kind would enable, both the strength and the weakness of the greater men would be tested; those of great versatility, like Turner, would not only assert that greatness by their ubiquity, but would have their capacities more effectually analyzed by subdivision. There would also be proper places, which, under a nominal arrangement, do not exist for the "unknown," great or other, whose works have usually to be catalogued together as of one heterogeneous personality. Topographical collections, made by persons of no artistic proclivities, may often afford such opportunities of comparison between treatments by unknown as well as known artists. For example, we may have a group of views of a particular ruin, and among them interpretations of its character all different, some very widely so, and yet all true in the particular attributes or qualities which the artist has taken as his motive. Let the artists, say, be Rooker, Hearne (whose refined and delicate drawings the collector should not pass by), Paul Sandby, Girtin, Robson, Prout, Cattermole, and, of course, Turner. What a variety of manners of painting and drawing we have here! Yet they are all capable of being employed in the application of the same artistic principles in the treatment of the subject. In the Art aimed at by our fine old school of landscape the mere manner of painting is really of small importance. It only becomes important when it assumes a morbid condition, and degenerates into a mannerism. Yet even a mannerism may be a harmless deformity, when it is, so to speak, of a congenital kind. We make allowance for it in Cattermole, for instance, or in Rowlandson, and in the "blottesque" sketching of De Wint, and look only for qualities which are independent of such defects. It is only when it becomes a hurtful trick, limiting needlessly the power of varied representation, that it ought to be at once condemned. Thus De Wint's full brush (like Cox's) did not allow him to attempt details of foliage, and we are therefore content to see him treat his trees as broad masses, which they are in nature, as well as leaf-bearing things. But the artifice of the modern painter Jutsum, whose trees are infested with little parallel green touches made with a split brush, is false to nature, in pretending that her leaves are all alike. For the same reason, a laboured uniformity of texture, such as that to be observed in the drawings of Robson and Hills, is of the same class of hurtful mannerisms.

De Wint's works, however, of which those done directly from nature may be recommended without reserve for a place of distinction in our collector's gallery, are typical examples of the kind of sketches that are complete in a pictorial sense; that is to say, self-contained as compositions, and indicating all the essentials of the artist's thought and invention with reference to his subject, but belonging much more to the suggestive than to the imitative part of graphic art. Sketches of this kind gain nothing by further elaboration, and are apt to lose in the process those delicate suggestions of nature which the artist himself is only half conscious that they contain. The same may, indeed, be said of all work done from nature which is not intended to be merely the beginning of a drawing, and therefore incomplete even as a suggestion of the artist's meaning. The collector ought to have a due perception of this difference; for while sketches of the latter kind are of little value (apart from the technical interest, as showing us an artist at his work), those of the former, even though mere fragments, seem to bring us face to face with nature in a degree beyond the power of any other kind of Art. At the same time there is a danger peculiar to this class of works, and greater often in proportion to the artist's power of rapid and vigorous expression, of our expending too much of our admiration upon his handling and execution, and paying too little attention to the impression of his subject which he conveys to our mind. We have never been quite satisfied as to what proportion of the admiration accorded by amateurs to the powerful works of Müller (most, if not all, of which are only sketches) is due to the one source, and what to the other.

This brings us back to Girtin, the greatest sketcher of them all, and to the point from which we first started among the landscape painters of the earlier generation. Among them we may name as artists careful of treatment and composition, Wm. Havell, Wm. Daniell, R. R. Reinagle, Edridge; and among less-known artists, Thirtle (of the Norwich school) and Dorrell. Drawings by these artists may profitably be studied, and should be sought after. We must go back a little earlier, too, for it would be unpardonable to omit all mention of John Cozens, who, a hundred years ago, without the resources of the full palette, and still fettered by some of the conventionalities of the old topographic school with its black foreground, was the first to infuse poetry into the art, and whose drawings have the aspect of what, indeed, they were, the silent dawn and morning twilight which came before the advent of Turner's flood of sunshine. Passing onwards again to John Varley, there must be noted, both in his work and teaching, a classic element, derived from the study of Claude and Poussin, which distinguishes his style from those of Girtin before, and Cox after, him (though Cox himself had some classic tendency in his early days), but connects him with two delightful artists of like feeling, namely, George Barret the younger, three years Varley's senior, and his own pupil Finch. The morning and evening effects of these very similar artists have rarely, if ever, been surpassed, except, as usual, by Turner.

So far we have endeavoured as much as possible to treat the drawings under consideration as separate works of Art, connected only by such common artistic aims as give to their authors the joint character of a school. We have, however, had occasion to observe the influence exercised in the first place by the combination of tuition in Art with the practice of painting, and in the second by public exhibitions. We have now to speak of a third agent, which not only seems to have called the art into being, but has had an influence upon its whole career. We refer to the sister art of engraving. A full collection of designs made with a view to reproduction by the engraver would comprise some of the finest landscapes that have ever been painted. British water-colour painting, as applied to landscape, had its origin, no doubt, in a style of drawing specially adapted to the purposes of the engraver. The artists employed by the publishers of topographical

works towards the end of the last century contented themselves with making drawings in grey with pen outlines, and shadows washed in with a brush, the whole being then stained with transparent colours, as a faint suggestion of those of nature, chiefly those tints which were qualified to give an idea of space and atmosphere. This was enough for the engraver; and in the case of the aquatint etchings, coloured by hand, which came into fashion a little later, there was sometimes scarcely any difference between them and the original design. But the painters soon extended their resources beyond what were required for engraving. Being by their very occupation brought face to face with nature, they conceived a desire to possess a more complete registration of her charms, and saw the necessity of a more perfect manner of painting. Thus they came to try experiments with their colours and their paper, and to adopt many devices, some new, some known before, and eventually in the hands of Turner to bring the technique of water-colour painting to the highest state of perfection. These pursuits, and a rising demand for water-colour drawings generally, led them to consider the capability of effective translation into black and white as but one object among many in the task of the designer. Still, however, this quality continued to be recognised throughout the whole of the best period of the school, and until the old traditions died out, as essential to a landscape composition. A certain compactness in the arrangement of the picture, the treatment of every part as bearing a relation to the whole, and an harmonious and duly varied disposition of light and shade, were elements insisted on by all the great masters of landscape; and these considerations cannot but have been fostered by the practice, which was continued long after by some of the greatest, of drawing for the engravers.

To the same influence, however, which gave birth to the school of topographic landscape may also be traced its decline and fall. On the introduction of the steel instead of the copper plate, the facility which it gave for the printing of numerous impressions resulted in a flood of quartos containing representations of scenes all over the world, which gave employment to a clever but inferior tribe of sketchers and draughtsmen. Nevertheless, it would be rash to assert that in the drawings of Bartlett, Allom, Parris, Archer, Brockedon, Batty, and others there may not be original merit worthy of preservation. The great Turner, though he worked more than any one else for the engravers, was far above these influences; his earlier contemporaries did not come within their power; and there is an intermediate class of artists, including Samuel Prout, Stanfield, Roberts, and Harding, who worked for the landscape annuals, and of whose topographic drawings we should speak with a respect that is their due.

In the handling of architectural subjects we find certain broad distinctions which seem to be something more than merely analogous to those which exist among the different styles of engraving. The minute precision of detail required in plates of "Architectural Antiquities," such as those published under Britton's management at the beginning of the century, and of which the brothers Le Keux may be regarded as the typical engravers, demanded a similar style of workmanship at the hands of men like Alexander and Mackenzie. The aquatint style of the earlier engravers reflects exactly the architectural drawings of Paul Sandby, Malton, and Augustus Pugin. And, later on, the invention of lithography must have had a good deal to do with the adoption of a more free and rapid handling in the picturesque treatment of like subjects by Samuel Prout, Harding, Burgess, and Joseph Nash. Nor should we fail to observe the effect of chromo-lithography upon a certain class of water-colour painters.

If the school of landscape has thus felt the influence of engraving, it has been of perhaps no less importance to the figure painters. A good representative collection of designs made expressly for the embellishment of books, each accompanied by its corresponding print, would be one of no slight interest in illustrating the latter branch of our school. Such a series should properly begin with Hogarth's plates to "Hudibras," followed by Hayman's designs in the middle of the last century for divers standard works of poetry and fiction. Wale, Gravelot, Vanderbanck, and Highmore would follow, and then, for Bell's and other publications, Cipriani, A. Kauffman, Hamilton, and Wheatley, the first three influenced by the stippled manner of Bartolozzi; and, more especially connected with the school of James Heath among engravers, we have Stothard and Smirke, and their weaker followers, Richard Westall and J. M. Wright. Here, too, the downfall came, with the demand for more showy and less thoughtful work than before. Who cares now either for designs made for drawing-room annuals, or for the "Book of Beauty" itself? It is only useful as exhibiting an expiring stage of a school of British engraving, *sans* taste, *sans* everything.

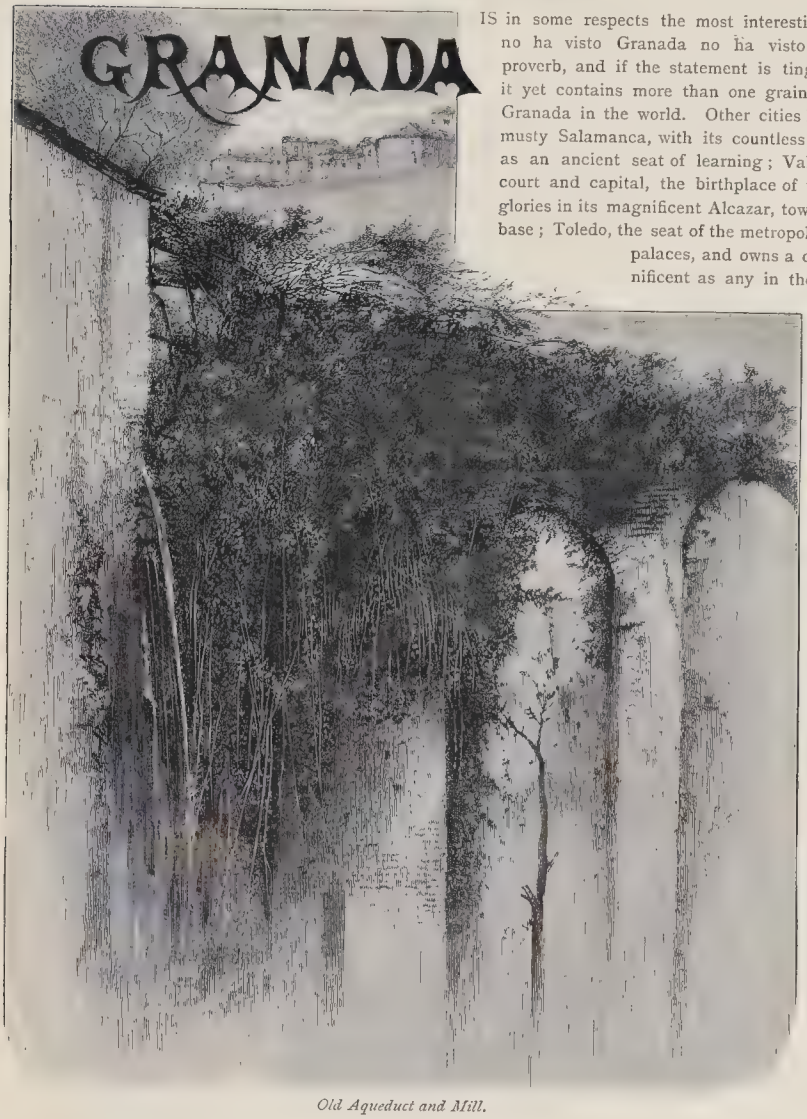
Until quite recent times the influence of wood engraving has been less apparent. The fact, indeed, that the designer's drawings on the block are cut away in the process of engraving would make it impossible to form a collection exactly of the kind above suggested. But, as the public have just now an opportunity of seeing, there exist some priceless drawings of Bewick's from which he worked; and we may be at least permitted to hope that the original designs of another remarkable artist, William Harvey, one of Bewick's pupils, may not be entirely lost. Of late years, however, thanks to the invention of photography, the practice of designing for the wood engraver has changed. It is no longer necessary for the artist to draw on the wood itself, and the original designs are preserved. At the same time the fashion in literature has changed. The spread of illustrated newspapers and periodical magazines, and the consequent substitution of cuts which can be printed with the type for plates which require a separate press, have brought into existence new classes of designers, and impressed a decided character upon a rising school of figure painters. But this living school, of which the late Frederick Walker may be regarded as the father, does not come within the scope of the present review.

Of those who are so included we observe that we have been necessarily silent respecting many distinguished water-colour artists, and of none more so than William Hunt, another pupil of old Varley's. But we may safely refer the collector to the deservedly high estimate of that excellent painter which was made by Mr. Ruskin in his recent pamphlet on the Prout and Hunt collection. One other name only have we space to mention, that of the late George Dodgson, an artist of the true stamp, and one of the very few of recent date entitled to rank with the fine old school of his ancestors in Art.

J. L. ROGET.

GRANADA.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.



Old Aqueduct and Mill.

IS in some respects the most interesting city in Spain. "Quien no ha visto Granada no ha visto hada," says the Spanish proverb, and if the statement is tinged with national bombast, it yet contains more than one grain of truth. There is but one Granada in the world. Other cities have their peculiar charms: musty Salamanca, with its countless colleges, is still venerable as an ancient seat of learning; Valladolid again was once the court and capital, the birthplace of the Spanish kings; Segovia glories in its magnificent Alcazar, towering high above its rocky base; Toledo, the seat of the metropolitan archbishop, is a city of palaces, and owns a cathedral as vast and magnificent as any in the world; Seville, last of all, bright and sparkling like a grain of rock-salt in a wide and arid plain, is a charming city, with its open spaces and picturesque streets always filled with a gaily dressed lively crowd. They, too, have many of them their Moorish monuments and remains—castles, bridges, palaces, aqueducts, mosques; but where, except in Granada, shall we find an Alhambra, a palace which, to quote Owen Jones, combines in its architecture every element required in a true style of Art? "Every principle," he goes on to say, "which we can gather from every other style of Art is not only found here, but is also most universally obeyed." In climate, in past associations, in historical and artistic possessions, Granada can compare favourably with any of the cities of Spain. Situated in a southern latitude, and at a high elevation under the wing of a lofty range of snow mountains, it enjoys weather most closely approximating to the happy mean. In the days of the Moors, owing to its perfect climate, Granada was especially esteemed as a health resort. The Moors from Africa constantly came thither to drink its waters. To this day to describe a place as more salubrious than Granada is an Arabic proverbial form of comparison. The Sierra Nevada, says Irving, "gives to Granada that combination of delights so rare in a southern city—the fresh vegetation and temperate air of a northern climate, with the vivifying ardours of a tropical sun and the cloudless azure of a southern sky."

This perennial snow reservoir stored at so high a level is a source of vast wealth to the plain below. After yielding willing service to the Alhambra and Generaliffe as it passes downward, filling their baths and fountains and watercourses, the icy element flows on to give the Vega perpetual verdure. This Vega is still well cultivated, but its present aspect must fall far short of what it was under the Moors, when, according to Arabic writers, it far exceeded in extent and productiveness the Ghauttah, or great meadow of Damascus. These old

writers, not strangely, indulged in Oriental hyperbole in speaking of the Vega, describing it as a terrestrial paradise, looking, with its green expanse dotted with white houses, like an emerald set with pearls. The Spanish poets even sang its praises, and in an old ballad it is styled "sweet and richly endowed, the lady's pleasaunce and the man's delight." If the Vega is still fertile, its present owners have to thank the admirable system of irrigation which they inherited from the past. The Moors were masters of the science of artificial watering, and introduced it everywhere. To this day the *huertas*, or gardens, of Valencia and Murcia and the Vega of Granada remain as monuments of their skill. At Valencia



The Wine Gate.

there is a special tribunal for regulating the water supply, which still legislates as in the days of the Moors. Seven syndics, or judges, chosen among the labourers, sit once a week in front of the cathedral, and decide upon all cases and complaints. "The chief object," says Ford, "was to secure a fair distribution, so that none should be left dry, none overflooded." Every one was to have his proper share, and this was accomplished by a network of canals drawing their supplies from a main artery, and distributing the water fairly to all. The Valencian system was adopted at Granada, and with the same excellent results. To accomplish this great object, the due provision of "the life blood of the soil, the

equivalent to fertility and wealth," they spared no pains. They bridged long valleys with aqueducts, and opened miles and miles of canals. A good specimen is that of the aqueduct and mill near the Campo de los Martires, which is shown in the first woodcut, and which serves to convey the water for the watering of the neighbouring gardens, once, long after, the property of the Carmelite monks. The Spaniards, it must be confessed, have not been slow to utilise the rich legacy of



The Prisoners' Tower.

water supply left them by the Moors, and if anything, they outvie their predecessors in their love for the limpid element. There is no trade more active in Granada than that of the *aguadores*, or water sellers, who carry it to and fro in tin vessels set in cork bark, which is supposed to act as a refrigerator: some load mule or donkey with a brace of jars,

the tops of which are covered up with green leaves to keep the water within both fresh and cool. The Spanish patron is nice, too, about the quality of the water he drinks, and has as many epithets for the various forms of fluid as a wine-taster of Bordeaux for his more generous liquid. This water is rich, and that poor; another is fat or silky, another harsh or thin. Perhaps the most popular of all the water sold at Granada is that obtained from the cisterns or tanks of the Plaza de los Algives in the Alhambra, which receive their supply from the Darro as it tumbles down from the mountains above.



Entrance to the Mezquita.

To many the first aspect of Granada is slightly disappointing. Much depends upon how and whence it is first seen. The general panorama, when approached leisurely by road, on horseback or on foot, is undoubtedly very fine. It is easy to distinguish the four hills upon which the city is built. The white houses, with their red-tiled roofs, clothe picturesquely the rising slopes. High amongst them tower the great dome of the cathedral—an ambitious pile, intended by its architect to be second to no church in Christendom except St. Peter's at Rome—and other church spires; while dominating the whole city like a central citadel or keep, as in effect it actually was, is the great fortress of the Alhambra, with its grand outlines and numerous massive towers. All this, moreover, is thrown into stronger relief by the magnificent background, the great barrier of the eternal hills, the lofty Sierra Nevada, next to the Alps the highest mountains in Europe, which raise up their jagged points like real "saw-teeth," and soar far into the sky. Seen as Gautier saw it, by the rosy light of sunset, the effect then is truly prodigious; the hills take tones by the side of which the brightest pigments would look muddy; "tones of mother-of-pearl, transparencies of ruby, veins of agate and aventurine surpassing all the magic jewellery of the Arabian Nights." But it is seldom that the visitor newly arrived at Granada is treated to this superb *coup d'œil*. He is landed more probably at the railway station, in not the best suburb, and is taken through half-ruinous, neglected streets, into the heart of the town. It is only by degrees that the sentiment of the place begins to take possession of him. He realises gradually where he is, and becomes slowly interested in his surroundings—places with familiar names of which he has so often read or heard. We will imagine that he has taken up his abode, not in the Alhambra, but in the town. The first perambulation of the streets or squares will make him conscious that there is much in this world-famed city to repay a close and loving inspection. He plunges into a labyrinth of narrow streets, and his artistic eye is pleased at once. The houses lean forward in quaint, irregular lines; there are overhanging balconies at the first floors, frequently draped with gaily striped stuffs; the street is kept cool by variegated awnings stretched from roof to roof above. Bright contrast is half the secret of the effect, strong colours showing up vividly against dazzling whitewashed walls topped with crimson tiles, and backed by a deep blue sky; the people moving to and fro are in picturesque, and, to English notions, unusual garbs.

But few sojourners in Granada will linger long in its streets while its great palace and show place remains unvisited. The usual and most-frequented approach to the Alhambra is by the Calle, or Street, of Gomeles, at the top of which is a substantial gateway, erected by Charles V., leading into the gardens of the palace. There is nothing remarkable in the entrance, or striking in the houses of the street. But the moment we pass the gate the scene changes as if by magic, and we seem to stand upon enchanted ground. The first impression is one of refreshing coolness, which is the more strongly realised if the season be that of summer. Outside all is heat and glare; within the precincts there is a comparatively low temperature, and everywhere abundant shade. The noise of falling waters, the innumerable rills and streamlets which, starting from the mountains, traverse all parts of the Alhambra

gardens, heighten the effect of pleasant freshness. For the shade the Alhambra has to thank our first Duke of Wellington, the great Duke upon whom, for his services to Spain during the Peninsular war, Ferdinand VII. bestowed an estate in the neighbourhood of Granada. The Soto da Roma, or pomegranate wood, which lies at a distance of eight or ten miles from the city, covers some four thousand acres, and was once celebrated for its pheasants. It had passed through many hands before it became the Duke's. It still remains the property of his family, although Ford, who hated the Spaniards and could see no good thing in the country, declared that they would eventually be cheated out of the land. But the Duke deserved better of the Granadinos—if for nothing else, for his seasonable present of elms with which he planted the gardens of the Alhambra. They are English elms, and have thriven wonderfully, not in amplitude, no doubt from want of thinning out, but under the action of sun and water they have grown to a great height, with abundant leafage. They are figured and well represented in the woodcut of the 'Prisoners' Tower,' where they margin one of the principal avenues and roadways, leading directly to the Great Gate of Justice and the chief entrance to the fortress. This is a substantial structure, more a square strong tower than merely a gate, which in times past served both as a defensive outwork and open-air court. For the first it was well adapted by its peculiar plan. The passage-way, carried between walls of great thickness and of massive construction, assumes the form of two letters L placed in contact with one another. This effectually prevented the straightforward rush of any attacking force, and concealed the second half of the defence. As to the *al fresco* administration of justice, the practice is Oriental, and is constantly referred to in Holy Writ. The monarch was the patriarch and father of his people, accessible thus to the appeals of the humblest and poorest of his subjects. The gate has two faces—the external, or that towards the enemy, stern and forbidding, although its orange-tawny tones, as it rises boldly into the azure vault, make a grand and beautiful picture; the inner richly decorated with beautiful coloured tiles, so unlike others still extant in the Alhambra, or in Cordova, Seville, or Toledo, that Sir Matthew Wyatt thinks they have been "a present from Damascus, Cairo, or Persia Proper." A great feature of the gate on its external face is the sculptured outstretched hand above the outer horseshoe arch. Over the inner arch is a key. Various explanations are given for these symbols. Some have said that the five fingers are typical of the five principal tenets of the Mussulman creed; others that the hand is meant as a talisman against the evil eye.

According to an ancient legend these two symbols upon the Gate of Justice were intimately bound up with the fortunes of the fortress. It was predicted that whenever the hand should be stretched down to grasp the key the fate of Granada would be sealed. Unhappily the place fell without the preliminary verification of this prophecy. This great gate passed, we enter a wide square, that of the Cisterns, which divides the palace proper from the Alcazaba, or citadel. The latter has been dismantled, but its principal towers remain. It is from the walls at this side, rising sheer and steep above the plain, that the best view of the Great Vega is to be obtained. On the most southern promontory of the hill stands the tall watch-tower, the Torre de la Vela, from which a constant look-out was kept day and night in ancient times. Here too is a loud-sounding bell, which rings out the hours when the waters are on tap for the irrigation of the meadows below. In the Alcazaba is the convict prison, a modern desecration of the time-honoured Alhambra, and it jars slightly upon one's feelings to see criminals, in hideous garb and clanking chains, working and scavenging under the eyes of Spanish sentinels, within the precincts of one of the most beautiful Art palaces in the world.

To the right of the Square of Cisterns is the Puerta del Vino, the Wine Gate, a most charming vestige of Moorish magnificence. This is an arched gateway leading to nothing. The small tower in which it is placed is supposed by some to have formed part of a mihrab, or chapel; others think it was a private and highly ornamented entrance to the citadel. The name it still retains, that of the Wine Gate, is traced to the fact that the skins of wine for the use of the garrison were stored within it. Whatever its original uses, it remains as a very beautiful and ornate monument of the past. "The strongly accentuated arch," says Girault de Prangey in his "Monuments Arabes," "shows that it belongs to the later period of Moorish architecture, in which may be remarked a certain exaggeration in the ornamented forms, and especially in those of the arcs." But the spectator as he gazes cannot but wish that there were more such remains. One is moved to wrath at the sight of its nearest neighbour, the gigantic building to make room for which Charles V., with an exaggerated Vandalism, threw down a portion of the Moorish palace. The new erection, it is admitted, would have been deemed fine anywhere else; it is a grand monument of the Renaissance, designed by Alonzo Berruguete, and decorated by bold, splendid stone carvings. But within the Alhambra, usurping ground once better occupied, we are inclined with Théophile Gautier to "curse it" as obviously out of place. It is another and a very prominent instance of the injuries which ignorant arrogance and reckless mischief have from time to time inflicted upon the Alhambra. Many generations of Spaniards, rulers and tenants, have done their best to mutilate and destroy one of the finest Art treasures they possess. When the owners of the soil have proved such Goths it was little likely that the ruthless invader even of the present century would spare. The ravages which the French committed in Spain are almost ancient history, but nowhere did they leave the mark of a heavier hand than at Granada. As Ford bitterly says, "Sebastiani desolated the Alhambra." Apart from the rapacity which drove the conquerors to plunder, there were military reasons for demolition and destruction. The French ruined and blew up several towers which were models of Moorish Art, and the great mosque was destroyed utterly by their hands. Some idea of what the palace was at its prime may be gathered from the woodcut of the entrance to the Mezquita, or small private mosque, of the palace. Such portions of this as remain, especially the delicate decoration like embroidery, are considered among the finest specimens of the Alhambra.

The entrance to the palace proper is by an unpretending portal, dwarfed and shouldered off by the colossal palace of Charles V.; but we will pause here on the threshold of what the Spaniards call the Royal Mansion of the Alhambra.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:

ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.

AS in traversing a country its by-ways often reveal to us more of its beauties, and afford us a truer insight into the habits and manners of its inhabitants, than do its highways, so, in studying history, the by-paths which diverge from the main route oft-times bring us nearer to important things, dimly and distantly seen as we hurry along the great highway. Along one such by-way our present excursion leads us. It is, indeed, the path which takes us into the household life of the middle classes of England, from the time when England began to have a middle class—a path surrounded by interesting objects of study at every step. Only one section of these, however, will be ours to observe—one which has more indelibly received, and more faithfully conserved, the characteristic of its source than have most of the others.

This is "OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE," those objects which have made the English home a peculiarly national characteristic, and endowed our language with a word which finds no true equivalent in any other tongue—HOME. "Every man's proper mansion house and home," says Sir Henry Wotton, writing about 1600, "being the Theatre of his Hospitality, the Seate of his self-fruition, the Comfortablest part of his own Life, the noblest of his Son's Inheritance, a kind of Private Princedom—nay, the Possession thereof an Epitome of the whole World, may well deserve by these attributes, according to the degree of the Master, to be delightfully adorned."

This was a thoroughly English sentiment long before Sir Henry wrote, and continues yet in force. Indeed, it may be questioned if it were ever stronger than it is now, for, to use a good old north-country phrase, "house proudness" is a prevailing feature of our present life. Touching on all we hold dearest—House and Home—the subject needs no further preface, and the only drawback to its consideration is its magnitude. Fortunately, however, a very considerable section of it has been already most ably treated on in these columns, the late Mr. Thomas Wright's articles on "The Domestic Manners and Sentiments in England during the Middle Ages" having fairly taken us into the home life of our ancestors previous to the Reformation. Indeed, works treating on all mediæval matters abound, and we are thus much more thoroughly conversant with all that appertains to the Art of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries than we are with the Art and domestic history of the three centuries which succeeded them. Yet the changes which ensued on the Reformation, continued during that unsettled period which intervened between it and the Revolution, and which culminated in the Commonwealth, had much more influence in forming our present domestic life than had any of the other, though equally great, changes which preceded these. The suppression, on the one hand, of that feudal relationship which existed between the lord and his retainers, and, on the other, of that domestic communism which prevailed in monastic communities, broke up that life in common which had previously formed so marked a feature in our domestic habits. Private life, indeed, only began when these had passed away, and the religious and political differences and bitter persecutions which marked those times restricted that intercourse which heretofore had been so free. It thrust home life into narrow channels, forcing it to concentrate itself in the family, for during these periods the friends of a man's own household were only those tried ones in whom he could place confidence, and of the many which had previously been called round the common board but few were chosen as sharers in the common life. Indeed,

> "When civil dudgeon first grew high,
> And men fell out they knew not why,"

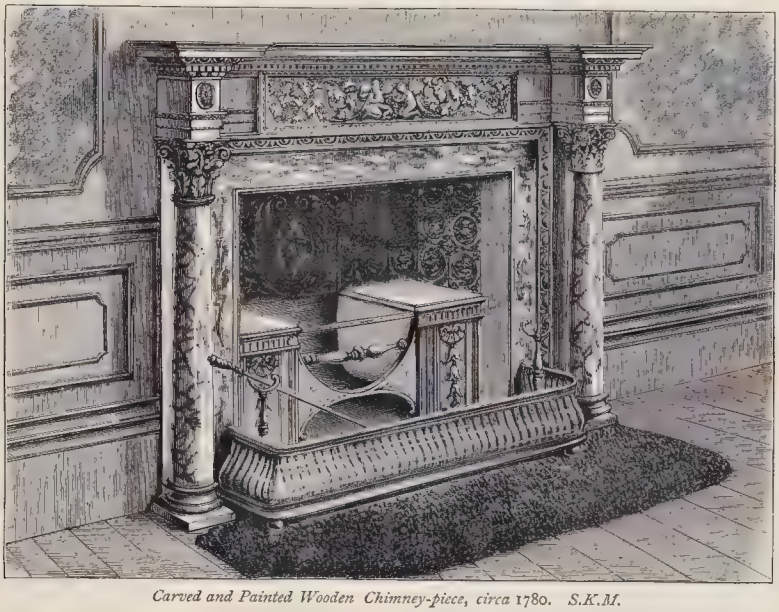
it was time to restrict the number of a man's intimates to the minimum, and that exclusiveness of home life in England which causes foreigners to reproach us, and which gives us so much pleasure, thus grew up amongst us, and became a national trait.

Of course these changes of feeling impressed themselves indelibly on our domestic architecture, and are permanently recorded in our household furniture. The great hall—the house place—the common meeting ground, where all had "board" and many bed—became a thing of the past. The deep bay window, used for those semi-private conferences between intimate friends, grew into a "parlour" where, as times became more dangerous, men could parley in greater privacy, until at last it branched itself off into the "withdrawing-room" for conversation and the "dining-room" for feasting. Changes like these necessitated changes of household furniture, nor are changes like these all its history records. The political alliances, the turn of popular sentiment, are all faithfully recorded by it. The affinity between the Protestant aspirations of England and Holland, and their struggles for religious independence during the sixteenth century, led to a close approximation of the arts of the two countries, and this especially in their household arts. The Renaissance in England is indeed but a translation from that of the Low Countries, fostered largely by those Flemish and Dutch traders who brought over the furniture and the wares of their country, who printed our books for us, and who arranged "an underground railway" for all our religious and political refugees; for, for well-nigh two centuries a common tie bound England

and the Low Countries together, a common struggle for political and religious liberty.

Trade, especially between two such nations of traders, naturally became bound up in such ties as these, and trade, especially the trade of things connected with domestic life, has always been the foster-parent of the Renaissance. Indeed its rise in Italy—whence it gradually spread over all Western Europe—is due to the Paduan tailor Squarcione, who used periodically to visit Greece in search of embroidery and laces for his suits, bringing back with him not only these new vanities, but fragments of antique Art—smouldering ashes from that pyre whence a new Phœnix arose. The Art of the Renaissance was as truly the child of the Home as Mediæval Art was the child of the Church.

The Dutch character, which had thus become so implanted in English Art during the reign of Elizabeth, was during the Stuart period considerably modified and "Italianate," to use a word then in vogue, by the more direct intercourse between Italy and this country which then prevailed. Sir Henry Wotton, whose words I have quoted above, was then our ambassador to the state of Venice, and he was continually sending to this country examples of the industrial art of that Republic. Inigo Jones, sent to Italy by the Earl of Pembroke, became the architect of the court. Italian literature was the favourite study of the *Culturkampf* of the day; thus an element of purer character was finding its way into our arts of design. Indeed, had not political matters clouded and extinguished the reign of Charles I., whose queen was a daughter of the Medici, a purer form of Renaissance than we have hitherto possessed would have grown up in this country. The unsettled state of home life prevented this growth, and with the Spartan severity of the succeeding Commonwealth a sterner and more rigid mode prevailed. With the Restoration came a French queen, a French court, French literature, French manners, and French fashions in everything, but especially so in household furniture. Enough has, however, been said to prove, if proof were needed, that the politics of a country are indelibly recorded by its Household Furniture, and after this general premise it will be well to at once proceed to the special purport of these papers, and see how that general principle affected the past history, and affects its present development.

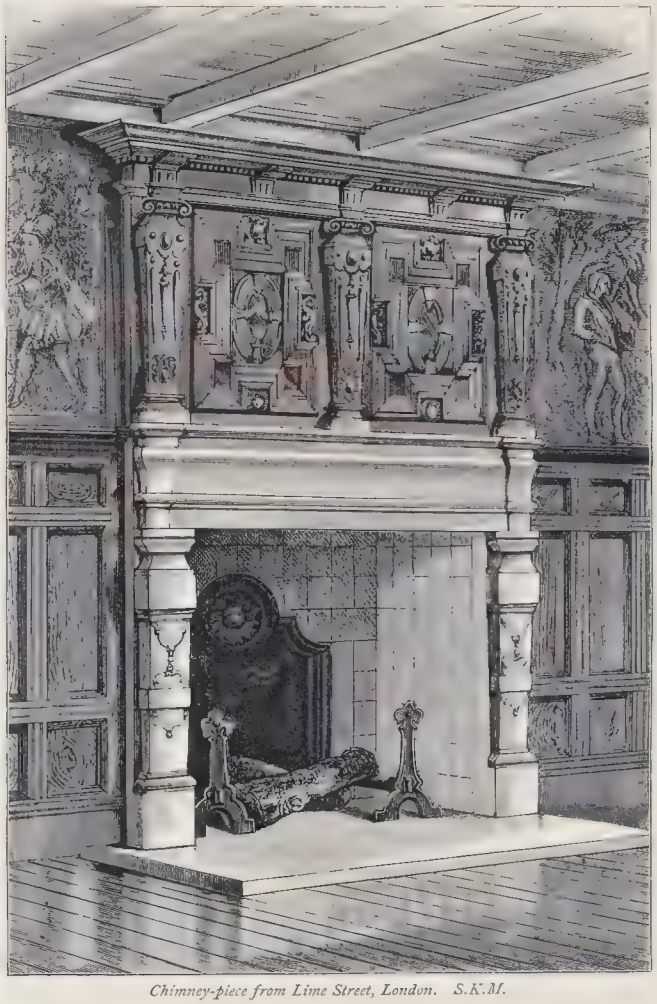


Carved and Painted Wooden Chimney-piece, circa 1780. *S.K.M.*

Let us begin then *in medias res*, and at once take up our position on the family hearth, the *sanctum sanctorum* of home life in England, and consider the history of the domestic chimney-piece.

Without going back in detail to its history during the Middle Ages, we may remark that during that period fireplaces were but few; at first a mere hearth placed in the middle of the hall, round which, as round a camp fire, the lord and his retainers shivered and scorched by turns, and the smoke found its way out as best it could through a "louvre" in the roof. Of course, as a chimney did not exist, no chimney-piece was then needed, and it is surprising to find how long this mode of discomfort was endured, for Leland, the itinerant historian, writing, so late as the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, of Bolton Castle, which was built during that of Richard II., expresses wonder and astonishment at the fireplaces. "One thynge I much notyd in the haulle of Bolton," says he, "how chimneys were conveyed by tunnels made on the syds of the wauls betwyxt the lights in the haul, and by this means and by no others is the smoke of the hearthe in the hawle wonder straungely conveyed." Gradually, however, the smaller fireplaces which had been introduced into the more privy chambers spread their influence throughout the house, and then the chimney built in the wall had its chimney-piece—at first a hood built upon corbels, a wide open gathering-place for the smoke the great wood logs gave out—and so soon as this became the gathering-place of the family it was lovingly decorated. The arms which set forth the family's history, and

told of deeds and times it gloried in, were carved and painted on it. It was hung with cunning needlework wrought by loving hands, and it became the shrine which held the pet relics—the household lares and penates of a loving worship. Gradually the hood sank back flat to the wall as houses grew higher and chimneys grew taller, and the draught thus grew better, until, by the time the fifteenth century was well on its way, the chimney-piece, here in England, dressed itself against the wall, or the wall, by means of a chimney-breast, came out to meet it, either way presenting more opportunities for decorative treatment. It is no new fashion which has burst out upon us of late to niche the upper part of our chimney-pieces into little nooks for pots, for as far back as Edward IV.'s day we find illustrations of chimney-pieces so treated, and as the privacy of home grew greater the chimney-piece received more loving treatment and personal care. By the time the Renaissance had well set in it was regarded as the most sumptuous feature of the room, and whatsoever necessity there might be for economical plainness elsewhere, it must needs be that the chimney-piece be well cared for. Extending from the floor to the ceiling, and elaborately carved with arms or allegories, or mythologies such as Shakspere describes, "with chaste Dian bathing," in wood or stone, ofttimes of marble and alabaster—rare articles when transport was difficult—the chimney-piece of the Renaissance supplanted the house altar of mediæval times in domestic affection and domestic luxury. Those who are familiar with "the Stately Homes of England," as recorded in these columns or depicted in Nash's "Mansions of Olden Time," cannot fail to have been struck with the important rôle the chimney-piece played during the Elizabethan epoch. It was relatively as important in those homes which were not stately, but unfortunately those elements of change to which such homes are more exposed have left us but few records of them; in fact, the very desire to make this feature a representative one of its time led to its frequent destruction, in order that it might be supplanted by a friend who spoke more of the language of their own day than did that old one of the past. Some have remained, and the annexed engraving is one of somewhat later date, showing the Home-place of a London merchant. It is by no means an extraordinary one, but represents a fair average illustration of such as adorned the homes of the middle classes when James I. was king.



Chimney-piece from Lime Street, London. S.K.M.

It is one, the plainest of three now in the South Kensington Museum, rescued from the "improvements" lately made in Lime Street, a street where, in old Stow's time, there were "divers faire houses for merchants," and of which the old gossiping chronicler, in his "Survey of London," descants more pleasantly.

Of stone as to its lower part, and of oak as to its upper, it is by no means costly in its character. Wide enough to burn logs of wood on its hearth, it is yet narrow enough to permit the use of an iron cresset filled with coal, without undue risk of smoking. For coal was now coming into general use in such places where the transport of the times permitted it.

Of course, like every new thing, coal encountered much opposition. Its use, indeed, was at first rigorously prohibited in London as being injurious to human health. Commissions were issued to inquire who burned sea coal within the city, and to punish them by fine. But this, like our Smoke-consuming Acts nowadays, was a failure, and more vigorous measures had to be taken. It was made a capital offence, and they hanged a man for it, and that and the opposition of the woodmongers checked it for a time. But wood

kept getting farther off, and transport of coals became easier, and the sanitarians and Dr. Richardsons of the day were beaten. Did they foresee London fogs so far off, and had they visions of double death rates, those wise ancestors of ours? They struggled hard—petition after petition was presented to Parliament to prevent its use—pamphlet after pamphlet full of allusions to the "Smoake of the bottomlesse pit" was written against it—"New directions of experience, authorised by the King's most excellent Majesty, for the planting of firewood" were issued so late as 1613; but all was in vain. King Coal conquered, and in Charles I.'s time the use of coal was common in London and all along the seaboard. Naturally this considerably affected the chimney-piece. Gradually the aperture which was found good for large logs became narrowed for small coal, for the coal was small in those days, owing to imperfect mining and transport, and it was chiefly used mixed with wood. As early as 1594 "an ingenious gentleman from Ireland, a great practiser of artificial conclusions," wrote a treatise, which was expanded and published by Sir Hugh Platt, "On the mixing coal dust with loam," similar in manner to the process now practised in Belgium, in order to consume this small coal more readily, and to avoid waste; but I am not aware that any such practice came into common use in those days.

One new craft came out of the introduction of coal fires, and one that has had a considerable influence on household art ever since—that is, the grate-maker. At first there were mere baskets—indeed a grate-maker meant a basket-maker then, and the word root yet exists in the form of "crate" when applied to large baskets, though of course it was originally applied to a grating or trellis, however used. It is needless to say that the grate-maker soon filled an important artistic function, for anything which came nigh the hearth received all the attention home lovers could give it. It is the happiest part of our nature which leads us to deck most that which we love best, and the domestic hearth has been much loved. This being so, it is not surprising to find the andirons or fire-dogs that erstwhile held up the blazing logs, and which these new-fangled fire-baskets were about to carry away, or to try to—for the mutilated remains of them yet exist as an adjunct, though a useless one, to our modern grate—received the most lavish care; they were hammered and chased with



Designed by Isaac Ware, circa 1750.

the most loving craft, quaint fancies adorned them, each change of popular thought was impressed upon them. At first they were tall, to accord with the high opening of the chimney-piece, and when the chase was man's chief delight, ornamented with the heads of animals, and particularly of that friend and companion of man which basked in front of them, giving them their name of "dogs," a name which yet hangs to a grate with standards, and which we still call a "dog-grate." Then the arms of the family or its tutelary saint adorned them, and as the classic lore of the coming time supplanted the hagiology of the passing one, Vulcan, Pluto, and all the fire gods of old time settled on our hearths in bronze and even choicer metals. Silver, too, was not deemed too good for these old dogs as wealth grew greater, and—besides the often-quoted and beautiful examples at Knowle—I know of some other of this precious metal in a northern home of even the date of the early part of this century, but in these burglarious days it is not well to definitely describe a locality where so much portable property exists.

They were treasured as heirlooms, or willed away with the family jewels, and every care and love which could be lavished on them was deemed fitting and well spent; indeed, a goodly chapter might be written on the Art bestowed on these fireside friends alone. They died game, for some of the finest examples we possess are those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the new-found art of casting in iron spent much of its early ingenuity in making them. These, and an ornamental plate to protect the back of the fireplace from being burnt away, were, in fact, the first things cast iron endeavoured to supply, and such kept the Suffolk iron works, founded by Ralph Page and Peter Baude in 1543, in blast for well-nigh a century. This use of cast iron demonstrated that it resisted the action of fire much better than wrought, and it was not long before the grate-makers took advantage of this knowledge, and it is noteworthy that this introduction of cast iron to the fireside was peculiarly English, for Daviler, in his "Art de Bâtir," describing a fireplace, "avec trois plaques de fer fondu, afin que la chaleur, estant resserrée," says, "On nomme ces sortes des cheminées à l'Angloise."

We have been chatting all this time in front of the Lime Street citizen's fireplace—a conservative old citizen, too, who sticks to his fire-dogs and wood fire; but we must leave it now to trace still lower down the stream of time the history of the chimney-piece.

Writing some half-century after the Lime Street chimney-pieces were erected, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, in his "Council to Builders," advises us that "chimney-mantels ought to be all of stone or marbel, but if (to spare charges) the upper frame, sides, and top be made of timber, it will be most seeming to have them painted as marbel. And if the building cannot suffer the chimney to be made even with the upright of the walls, both sides may be made up to serve for hoards, if they are rooms of state, but if of common use, for cabinets." He also bears testimony to the increased use of coals, saying, "The Hearth of a chimney ought to lie level, without a border, raised hearths being dangerous for the falling of coles on the boards, and likewise troublous." From which we may infer that the raised hearth, which had been common throughout the time of wood fires, was yet popular, and that fenders were not yet introduced. With a wood fire, the thick layer of ashes and the large size of the hearth rendered no such guard necessary; and the word, excepting as applied to the pad which "fends" off a ship from bumping against an obstacle, seems to have been unknown until the commencement of the seventeenth century. Fortunately Sir Balthazar's suggestion as to painting wood in imitation of marble does not seem to have been adopted largely; and as Sir Balthazar was for awhile the *arbiter elegantium* of the court, the friend of Rubens and Vandyck, the propounder of a scheme for a Royal Academy, the agent for Fine Arts to Charles I., and the chief decorator to Charles II., it says much for the common sense of the English people that they rejected his dictum.

Here for the present we must leave our subject, hoping in our next article not only to trace the history of the chimney-piece down to our own day, but to show by our illustrations what is being done to revive the somewhat decayed glories of this important piece of Household Furniture. The so-called "Queen Anne," but really "Georgian," revival has brought with it a strong homeliness of feeling, and our artists and Art manufacturers evidently agree with old Isaac Ware, who wrote in those days, and who designed the chimney-piece engraved on page 25, from a reproduction by Messrs. Geo. Jackson and Sons, of Rathbone Place. "With us," says he, writing on this subject in his "Complete Body of Architecture," "no article in a well-furnished room is so essential. The eye is immediately cast upon it in entering, and the place of sitting down is naturally near it. By this means it becomes the most eminent thing in the furnishing of an apartment."

G. T. Robinson.

(*To be continued.*)

E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

DURING the summer of 1867 the artistic circles of London were much occupied in discussing a picture, then on exhibition at the Royal Academy, which, though by an almost unknown artist, was undoubtedly the picture of the year.

Mr. E. J. Poynter, the artist whose work thus attained such a sudden success, was born at Paris on the 20th of March, 1836. His childhood was passed at Poets' Corner, under the shadow of Westminster, and at Westminster School he received his early education, until, his health rendering it necessary for him to leave London, he was removed to the Grammar School at Ipswich. At sixteen he passed a winter in Madeira, where he first became imbued with the strong feeling for rich southern colour which is evidenced in his early pictures. It was about this time that he finally renounced architecture, for which his father had intended him, and declared for the sister art of painting. The following winter he spent in Rome, and here he came under the influence of Sir Frederick Leighton, who encouraged him with advice, and aided him by permission to draw from his models and draperies. On his return to England he rejoined Leigh's Art schools, where he had studied previously at irregular intervals, and also worked for some time under Mr. Dobson.





In 1855 he joined the Academy schools, but going the same year to the Paris Exhibition, he was so much impressed with the French style of painting (to which he has ever since been faithful), that in the following spring he became a student in



'Miriam,' by permission of Messrs. Dalziel.

the atelier of M. Gleyre, where he worked until 1859 in company with Du Maurier, Whistler, and other artists. In 1860, after having occupied a studio in Paris for a short time, he returned to London, where he has resided ever since.

His first commissions included a series of decorative panels for Waltham Cross Abbey, executed under the direction of Mr. Burgess, and several cartoons for stained glass and other decorative works. While in Paris he had projected a small picture of 'Mercury with the Cattle of Apollo,' which he now painted, together with another from Dante of 'The Angel crossing the Styx.' This latter was at first rejected by the Academy, but two years later, upon being again submitted, it was accepted, but "skied." It was probably only chance that caused the picture which the Academy had treated so badly to be sent by Mr. Poynter, in accordance with the regulations of the Academy on his election as Academician, as a pledge until he had time to complete his diploma work.

These were the first of a series of small pictures—in subject Egyptian and classical, their archæology rather oppressive, and their colour wanting in quietness, balance, and tone which led the way to the 'Israel in Egypt.' The best of them, called 'Faithful unto Death,' represented the myth of the Pompeian soldier, who during the destruction of that city remained at his post until the ashen shower buried him. This was exhibited in 1865.

In 1868 he added to the success of his 'Israel in Egypt' by 'The Catapult,' a much finer picture in many ways than its predecessor, but hardly of the same engrossing interest.

In this year, too, he made a journey to Italy to study the principles of mosaic. It did not, however, prevent his painting; he produced several pictures, including one of 'Proserpine gathering Flowers.' This charming work has more feeling for actual beauty than any other work of his, except the 'Venus and Æsculapius,' exhibited last year.

In 1872 he received a commission from Lord Wharncliffe for four pictures to decorate the drawing-room at Wortley Hall. Of these the third, 'The Race between Atalanta and Milanion,' is in some respects his finest work.

Latterly Mr. Poynter has principally devoted himself to decorative work and portraiture, real and ideal, of which latter the most noteworthy is his superb 'Zenobia.' He has frequently exhibited small water colours—a medium to which he is very partial; indeed, we believe that at one time he aspired to become a member of the old Water-Colour Society. In his decorative work he has been unfortunate, his fine mosaics in the Houses of Parliament, at St. Paul's, and the frescoes in St. Stephen's, Dulwich, being so placed as to be invisible even on light days.

But important as Mr. Poynter's pictures are, the greatest mark he has made will be found to be on the general artistic education of the country, in the Slade School, of which he was the first Professor, and from which several of our most promising artists have proceeded, and at South Kensington, of which he has been Director since 1875. In both places he has always supported the French system of education; that is, shading with the stump in preference to point work, working from the undraped model, and limiting the time of a figure drawing to six days, instead of wasting weeks on it as the custom was.

Advantageous as it undoubtedly is to the Art of the country to have such an artist as Mr. Poynter at the head of its Education Department, it cannot but be regretted that so much of his time has to be expended on mere official work. A fac-simile of the artist's original sketch for one of the principal heads in this picture will be found in this number, as well as an example of his early productions from Messrs. Dalziel's fine work, "Illustrations of the Bible."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WITH the new year two innovations have been introduced as regards the illustrations of the *Art Journal*. After an adherence for over forty years to the system of line engraving, some justification for a step which reduces the importance of the position assigned to that branch of reproduction appears to be necessary.

Etching, the first of these innovations, has these advantages over engraving. When it is the work of the original artist it possesses qualities which cannot be found in work at second hand—expression, originality, personality, and mental properties, which common sense at once shows are not translatable by an engraver, however talented. "Painters' etchings" (as they are termed) have, therefore, at the outset an advantage over engravings. Etchings not executed by the original artist have none of these recommendations, but they have still an advantage in that they take a much shorter time to produce than a line engraving. This is a great one where pictures have to be borrowed, and leave blank spaces on the owner's walls for the purpose of reproduction.

In Mr. Herkomer's 'Babes in the Wood' we have all the elements which Mr. Seymour Haden says go to constitute a good etching: "freedom, expression, vivacity, and personality." The artist's children, playing at a game which is better known in Germany than here, pursue their way through a forest (represented by the old familiar wooden tree on the table) infested with lions, dragons, and other beasts of prey. The affected terror on their faces is delightfully rendered.

The second of the innovations, that of *fac-similes of artists' work*, has at the present time even greater claims for recognition. The modern systems of reproduction have now attained to a proficiency which places the possessor of a fac-simile almost in the position of the owner of an original work. Whether as representations of the artist's method of work, or as educational studies, they are a necessary adjunct to every journal which by its illustrations professes to represent the Art of the time. The fac-simile which we give this month is of a drawing made by Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., for his picture of 'Venus and Æsculapius' in last year's Academy.

Our steel illustration of 'Taking Home the Bride' is from a picture by Mr. J. D. Watson, better known and appreciated in the galleries of the Society of Painters in Water Colour, of which he is a member, than at the Academy. We say *better appreciated*, for after having been represented on the Academy walls for thirteen successive years, and thus earned a title to be exempt from the terrors of the hanging committee, the picture of which we now give an engraving was, on being presented to the Academy in 1878, rejected. In the following year, however, another "jury" saw merits in it which their predecessors had failed to discover, and it was well hung.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The feature of this society's Winter Exhibition is the collection of works by their deceased member, George Dodgson. Special reasons of friendship and charity, no doubt, prompted this exceptional act of kindness on the part of those amongst whom he had so long laboured; but it is well that one, the beauty of whose work was so unostentatious that it was overlooked by the majority, should not pass away without this testimony to its worth. Doubtlessly it suffers from being collected in a mass, but, with the exception of Turner's drawings, we never remember any one's, not even Landseer's, which did not; but where amongst the other exhibitors shall we see higher idyllic grace, or a greater love for the beautiful, than in his 'Summer Morning on the Lyn,' or his 'Stampede, Knole Park?' The exhibition is a level one—Mrs. Angell in her flower-pieces, such as 'Zinnias' and 'Chrysanthemums,' exhibits such strength of colouring that some of her neighbours on the wall must wish her anywhere else. Walter Field shows a curious inequality in two sketches of Henley, the one of the reach and foreshore being as big and thorough as its companion is weak and amateurish. H. S. Marks, R.A., in his 'Two Dromios,' is at his very best as an exponent of birdy eccentricities. Herbert Marshall gives evidence that he is at last trusting himself to launch out into colours after a very commendable and useful apprenticeship to neutral tints. In 'Autumn,' by J. W. North, there are some delightfully tender passages, especially in the distant trees. Thorne Waite has some exceptionally good studies of outdoor work, which he has the good sense not to part with until he has made a sufficient use of them. We regret to see one or two flagrant instances of members changing their style of painting in imitation of a lady's work which just now happens to be deservedly popular. Messrs. Tadema, R.A., A. W. Hunt, and Boyce by their absence weaken the exhibition.

Before leaving the subject of water-colour painting we would call attention to a drawing by an artist who is singularly unequal in his work, but who at times, as in this instance, shows a power and mastery over his brush which single him out for commendation—we refer to a drawing at the British Artists', 'A Valley Farm, Arthog, near Barmouth,' by Bernard Evans. For breadth, sunlight, effect of clear atmosphere, knowledge of cloud and hill form, and rendering of space, it is approached by no work amongst the whole of the nine hundred and sixty-two paintings and drawings which go to make up the Winter Exhibition of that society.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—This exhibition includes amongst its principal works Madame Henriette Browne's 'Preparations for the Festival.' The key of colour in which the whole is pitched is a difficult one; but the artist has absolute control over all the technicalities of her art, and the young servitor, whether in modelling, pose, or colour, is simply and adequately expressed. Above it hangs one of T. Weber's excellent sea-pieces, representing a string of fisher-folk struggling along the pier and pulling a fishing-lugger into the port of Flushing.

Landscape art finds in K. Heffner, of Munich, and B. W. Leader, of London, two able representatives. The cattle moving among the pollards 'In the Bavarian Marsh-lands,' by the former, is a very closely studied bit of nature. In quite another vein is B. W. Leader's "Making Hay while the Sun shines,' but not on that account less artistic.

The most important figure picture is 'Les Énervés de Jumièges' of E. Luminais, which called forth so much admiration in the Salon of last season.

Opposite this hangs a gallery picture of quite another kind, both in subject and in treatment. 'A Satyr Family' was in the Paris International Exhibition, and its author, L. Priou, gained no small praise for the fidelity with which he reproduced the spirit and smooth manipulative method of his master, Cabanel. Among other vigorous figure subjects we would name 'A Council of War,' J. Pettie, R.A.; 'Grandfather's Prodigy,' by A. H. Burr; and W. H. Bartlett's 'Netting Eels on the River Loire.'

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.—The fourteenth exhibition of cabinet pictures in oil contains four hundred and sixty-five works. In the matter of merit it is hardly up to its usual standard. The centre of the southern wall is occupied by Macallum's 'Luring a Tide-left Conger,' supported on the left by 'Morning on the Kennet,' by A. Parsons, and 'A Spanish Lady,' by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.; and on the right by F. Walton's well-defined hillside, with far reaches of country beyond and a breezy sky above. 'Westminster at Sunset,' a fine picture by Arthur Severn, also occupies a prominent place in this group.

The corresponding space on the opposite wall has for its central picture 'A Summer Storm' breaking over Venice, by J. MacWhirter, R.A. In the same neighbourhood will be found other works worthy of careful inspection: 'Maternal Care,' by N. Swift; 'The Mouth of the Yare,' by C. E. Holloway; 'Over the Bar,' by Napier Hemy—about the best picture in the gallery; 'April Weather,' by Joseph Knight; and faithful studies from nature by Rosa Brett, Helen Thornycroft, Helen Wirgman, and Miss Val Bromley.

At the far end of the room Heywood Hardy occupies the chief place with 'The Old Squire's Favourite.'

Other pictures worthy of note are G. F. Munn's 'Amusing his Lordship;' 'Near Seaford, Sussex,' by R. Malcolm Lloyd; 'Spring-time,' by E. A. Waterlow; 'The Old, Old Story,' by T. Walter Wilson; F. G. Cotman's 'Lace-maker;' John White's 'Counting her Chickens;' 'The King's Highway,' by S. E. Waller; 'The Old Maid,' by Howard Helmick; 'The Village of Giéz,' and 'On the Connemara Coast,' both by W. H. Bartlett; 'The Last Load,' by Percy Macquoid.

THE AGNEW GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET, contains a hundred and eighty-five oil paintings of unquestionable merit, but, as most of them have been seen before, we need only glance for a moment at two or three of those which are new to the public. Foremost among these for depth and boldness of colour is 'Towing Timber, Barmouth,' the strongest thing Mr. Ellis has yet done. Another fine work represents a calf being led by a little girl past a 'Woodland Pool,' with an elder one carrying a bundle of sticks, by Phil. R. Morris, A.R.A.; and under the same category of laudation come E. Frère's 'The Young Translator;' 'A Showery Day,' by his friend, L. Chialiva; 'Goats in Distress,' at the foot of

rocks in the midst of a snow-storm; and Colin Hunter's two men 'Landing Fish,' a very vigorous and lifelike performance.

Among names of note who contribute to the exhibition are Sir Noel Paton, F. Goodall, R.A., J. E. Hodgson, R.A., Thomas Faed, R.A., W. P. Frith, R.A., Luke Fildes, A.R.A., Alma-Tadema, R.A. The collection has been well selected, and will repay examination.

THE McLEAN GALLERY, which has now been favourably known to the public for sixteen years, is at this season devoted to water-colour drawings by native and foreign artists, and on the present occasion their works number two hundred and eleven. C. Visco's 'Pilgrims departing for Mecca' gives a capital idea of the life and bustle peculiar to an occasion of such high importance. The sense of space, too, is well realised, and the drawing altogether is of such merit as to warrant the honourable place it holds. It has on one side 'A Windy Day,' and on the other 'A Spanish Dancing Girl,' by J. G. Vibert. Each of these is a clever drawing of a single figure, but for force and individuality Fortuny's 'Musketeer' leaning on his musket-rest excels them both.

Another powerful drawing is that of 'War,' by Carl Haag. On one side of it hangs a strong low-toned landscape, 'Near Bolton Bridge, Wharfedale,' by Cecil Lawson, and on the other some capitally expressed 'Scotch Cattle,' by Rosa Bonheur. We would note also with commendation Aumonier's 'River Scene,' G. H. Boughton's 'Homeward,' T. Smart's 'Scotch Lake Scene,' and Birket Foster's 'Rustic Audience.'

THE TOOTH GALLERY.—We find here a collection of a hundred and fifty-four cabinet pictures, chief amongst which is the 'Besieged' of Frank Holl, A.R.A., a powerful study of light and shade. In a similar low key are the young mother's 'First Charge,' a baby in its cradle, by Josef Israels, and 'The Happy Home,' by B. J. Blommers. The place of honour on the left-hand wall is worthily occupied by P. A. J. Daquan's 'Accident.' It is flanked on either side by G. Jacquet's 'Meditation,' and 'A Venetian Lady,' by Hugo Salmson. Returning to the contributions of British artists, we would call special attention to Napoleon watching the Imperial Guard march past to make the 'Last Grand Attack at Waterloo,' by E. Crofts, A.R.A.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY.—The Bewick collection of drawings and woodcuts which this society has gathered within its walls will astonish visitors as much as it will delight them. The fame of Thomas Bewick, so far as the general public are concerned, is confined to wood engraving, but now we know that he was a proficient in the art of water-colour painting.

For the collection we are indebted to the artist's daughters, and as a link in the history of British Art all true connoisseurs will regard it as invaluable. The more Bewick's work is looked into, whether in respect of the figures of men, or of those of the lower creation, the more is the spectator charmed with the closeness and fidelity of his observation.

Besides the loan collection from the Misses Bewick, there are a hundred and fifty-six etchings by various masters.

ART NOTES.

The Editor will be glad to receive communications for insertion in these Notes. The 6th of the month is the latest day on which they should reach him. They cannot be returned, but all that are inserted will be paid for.

ART NOTICES FOR JANUARY:

The Royal Academy and Grosvenor Galleries open on the 1st, with Winter Exhibitions.

Art Schools, &c.—National Art Training, South Kensington, reopens 3rd; Slade School, 5th; Anatomy Lectures, Slade School, 18th.

Sending-in Days.—6th, Glasgow Institute; 22nd, Royal Hibernian Academy; Ipswich, 1st to 8th.

Royal Academy.—An election of Associates will take place this month.

THERE is probably nothing connected with our older exhibitions about which so much conservative feeling has gathered as the shape and colour of their catalogues. But the Royal Academy having taken the lead in giving their visitors the option of purchasing a pocketable volume instead of the huge quarto of heretofore, the old Water-Colour Society has perforce followed suit, and what is more, have had the good sense to exchange that.

THE authorities of the National Gallery have, we understand, arranged to purchase the well-known picture of 'La Vierge aux Rochers,' by Leonardo da Vinci, belonging to the Earl of Suffolk, for the sum of £9,000, which is much below its value. It was formerly in the chapel of the "Concezione" in San Francesco, Milan, having been painted in that city. The same composition occurs in the Louvre and the Museum at Naples, but these are the work of scholars. Even in the work now acquired the heads only are believed to be by the master. A curious story is connected with this picture. Many years ago it was stolen, and for a length of time the police of Europe were on the look-out for it. One day the Earl was sent for by an old servant who was on his death-bed, and who confessed that, incited by the remarks as to its great value made by guests at his master's table, he had purloined and secreted it in the garret up-stairs, where it was found. A similar death-bed story is narrated of Mandoo, the well-known negro model. When his end was approaching he sent for Mr. Frost, R.A., and said, "I've stolen hundreds of sketches from artists, sir, but from none more than from you; I've sent for you, therefore, to ask your pardon in the name of them all."

THE PRIZES TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY STUDENTS were recently awarded as follows:—Design in architecture,

travelling studentship, W. Millard; cartoon of a draped figure, medal, Chas. Knight Warren; painting of figure from life, medal, Bernerd E. Wood; painting of head from life, medal, W. C. Wontner—extra, Cecil Sykes; copy of oil painting, medal, Lily Schell; restoration of antique statue, Emmeline Halse; drawing of figure from life, medal, 1st, W. M. Loudoun—2nd, T. C. Sirrell Benham; drawing of head from life, medal, R. M. Watson—extra, M. Drew; model of figure from life, medal, 1st, O. A. Junck—2nd, R. Tucker Fallon; architectural drawing, medal, 1st, M. Allen—2nd, E. G. Hardy; drawing of statue or group, medal, 1st, W. Carter—2nd, Nelly Erichsen; perspective drawing, medal, F. Miller; drawing of figure from life, £10, W. M. Loudoun; drawing of statue, £10, not awarded; Armitage prizes for composition for figure painting, 1st, £30, H. Marriot Paget—2nd, £10, L. E. Lawrence. Mr. Knight Warren's cartoon of a draped figure was considered the most meritorious that has been presented for competition for many years.

A REVIVAL has recently taken place in an almost forgotten art, which was practised throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in France and Italy, namely, "tapestry painting," or painting with specially prepared liquid colours on a woven textile fabric. Being unattended by any serious drawback in the way of elaborate preparation, disagreeable pigments, or treacherous after-processes, it offers a new and wide field for the artistic employment of ladies. An exhibition of specimens will be held at Messrs. Howell and James's, Regent Street, during February and March, when a number of prizes will be offered.

ART QUERIES.—It has often been remarked to us by artists how impossible it was for them to obtain information as to the whereabouts of their pictures, and recently a club was started in London, the principal purpose of which was to afford a means of consultation on questions of Art. We propose, therefore, to devote a space every month to queries connected with Art. Answers, unless of public interest, will not be inserted, but will be forwarded to the querists.

WHEREABOUTS OF PICTURES, &C., WANTED:

'Stella' and 'Vanessa,' by J. E. Millais, R.A.

An engraved plate of 'Mortlake,' by Miller, after Turner, and the name of the work in which it appeared.

The Virginian Club, U.S.A., require engraved portraits of any Englishmen connected with that colony.

REVIEWS.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

We propose to give every month a complete review of New Engravings and Etchings, which the collector may turn to for reference with a certainty of finding full information as regards subject, size, number, and price of proofs, publishers, &c.

'CAPTIVES.'—Mezzotint by Samuel Cousins, R.A., after a picture by Briton Riviere, A.R.A. Size, 19 by 24½ inches. Upright. Proofs: 500 artist's, £10 10s.; 100 before letters, £6 6s.; 150 lettered, £4 4s.; prints, £2 2s. (Agnew and Sons). This, the most considerable work which our greatest engraver has produced, is taken from a picture which has not, we believe, been exhibited. It represents a young girl looking longingly out of a window, against the bottom of which the falling snow is rapidly piling itself. Her companion, a deerhound—a fine piece of engraving—evidently shares her feelings at being thus imprisoned by the weather.

'NINETTE.'—Mezzotint by Samuel Cousins, R.A., after a picture by Greuze, the property of Sir David Salomons, Bart. Size, 8¾ by 11 inches. Upright. Proofs: 325 artist's, £6 6s.; 200 before letters, £4 4s.; 200 lettered, £2 2s.; prints, £1 1s. (The Fine Art Society). A fancy name has been given to this sweet girl's head, which is said to be the portrait of the artist's daughter.

'THE LITTLE POUTER.'—Mezzotint by Samuel Cousins, R.A., after a picture by Greuze. Size, 8 by 9 inches. Upright. Proofs: 200 artist's, £4 4s.; 200 lettered, £2 2s.; prints, 10s. 6d. (T. McLean). This engraving was undertaken by Mr. Cousins a score of years ago, and has but recently been finished. The child, seated on a chair, pouts over her left shoulder, which is raised.

'PERSEPOLIS.'—Line and stipple. By F. Stacpoole, A.R.A., after a picture by B. Riviere, A.R.A. Size, 30¾ by 18½ inches. Oblong. Proofs: 300 artist's, £8 8s.; 50 before letters, £6 6s.; 100 lettered, £4 4s.; prints, £2 2s. (Agnew and Sons). The lines adopted as the artist's theme for this picture, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1878, are taken from a poem by Omar Khayyám, the astromoner poet of Persia:—

> "They say the lion and lizard keep
> The courts where Tamshyd gloried and drank deep."

A moonlight night: a lion and two lionesses ascend the ruined steps, which, with a few columns, alone mark the site of Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia.

ETCHINGS.

'THE BATH' (Strigils and Sponges).—By P. Rajon, after Alma-Tadema, R.A. Size, 12 by 5½ inches. Upright. Proofs: Remark (20 vellum, £21; 20 Japanese, £15 15s.; 25, £10 10s.); 100 artist's, £5 5s.; 100 lettered, £2 2s.; prints, £1 1s. (L. H. Lefevre). Three girls in a Roman bath. The water falls from a fountain over the back of the centre one.

'THE JOLLY POSTBOYS.'—By V. Lhuillier, after H. S. Marks, R.A. Size, 15 by 9½ inches. Upright. Proofs: Remark 100, £8 8s.; 100 artist's, £5 5s.; 100 lettered, £2 2s.; prints, £1 1s. An illustration of the old ballad, the scene being laid outside the Dragon where the "Three Jolly Postboys" are being waited on by a buxom maid.

NEW BOOKS.

"HISTORY OF PAINTING," from the German of the late Dr. A. Woltmann and Dr. Karl Woermann. Edited by Sidney Colvin (Kegan Paul & Co. 4to, 31s. 6d.).—The first volume of this work, upon which Professor Woltmann was

engaged at the time of his death last spring, has been translated, and is presented to English readers in a handsome quarto volume. Its English editor claims for it that "it will be found to be the most complete and trustworthy History of Painting yet written," and that it represents the existing state of knowledge better than the Handbook of Dr. Kugler, which has of late years been the standard book of reference on the subject. The volume now issued deals with, 1, Painting in the Ancient World, under which heading is comprised Art in Egypt, Western Asia, Greece, and Rome; and, 2, Painting in the Early Christian and Mediæval Worlds; the latter division carrying the art down from the paintings in the catacombs, early mosaics, and miniatures, through the work of the eighth and ninth centuries, as represented by Irish and Germanic miniatures and Byzantine mosaics, to the close of the fourteenth century, and the lead taken by Italy in all the varied branches of painting. Professor Woltmann's special knowledge of miniature and mural painting and mosaics has naturally led him to treat largely of these obscure branches of his subject. The volume contains one hundred and thirty-six illustrations.

"A History of Greek Sculpture," by A. S. Murray (John Murray).—The publication of a work of this character could hardly have appeared more opportunely, coming just when the minds of many have been moved towards Greek Art by the lectures of Mr. Newton last year. Nothing being more evanescent in its effects, however, than that mode of education, it is well that so thorough a work upon a branch of the subject should so speedily follow, a work fascinating not only by its illustrations, but by the mode in which it is written. Mr. Murray's conception and building up of the shield of Achilles will at once interest the reader and entice him into the work, although no doubt he will be surprised to find the author's conception of it to be of an entirely Assyriac or Phœnician character. There are nearly one hundred illustrations in the work.

"Lays of Ancient Rome" (Longmans).—A young artist, T. S. Weguelin, a pupil of Mr. Poynter, and an exhibitor in the last two exhibitions of the Grosvenor Gallery, has been intrusted with the delightful but difficult task of illustrating a new edition of Macaulay's "Lays." The illustrations evidence care, considerable searching after historical accuracy, and knowledge of anatomy. The artist has judiciously confined himself as much as possible to figure subjects, that being evidently his strongest point.

Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes." Illustrated in Nineteen Etchings by C. O. Murray. Imperial 4to, 21s. (Sampson Low & Co.).—When the Etching Club was young and started with illustrating Shakspere and Goldsmith, every one hoped that our English poets would all in turn be handed down to future generations in daintily executed etchings. But the bonds which connected the society did not prove strong enough to preserve vitality sufficient for such a continuous work, and a recently issued volume has been, we believe, in hand nearly a score of years. Thus it comes to pass that the representation of a subject, than which no better one could be found, has been left to a young etcher, who has evidently imbibed much of the method and mode of handling affected by that body. So many subjects are contained in the forty-two stanzas which comprise the poem that an artist setting about the illustrations must feel an *embarras de choix*. Mr. Murray has been specially fortunate in the objects he has selected, and in the delicate execution with which he has portrayed them.

"Picturesque Palestine," Parts I. and II. (Virtue & Co.).—This important work claims attention on account of its literary merits as well as its artistic features. Never before has this sacred country been so exhaustively illustrated. More than six hundred drawings bring before us every subject of interest from the Lebanon to Mount Sinai and the Desert of the Exodus, and the fidelity and beauty of the wood engravings have, we think, never been equalled. The staff of writers, introduced by Dean Stanley, and marshalled by Colonel Wilson, is not only the most competent one which could be found, but comprises almost every name of note connected with recent explorations and topographical research in that part of the world. It must obviously be the standard work on its own subject for many years to come, and its beauty and accuracy eminently entitle it to the position it aspires to fill.

"The Schools of Modern Art in Germany," by J. Beavington Atkinson (Seeleys).—It is almost superfluous to inform the readers of the *Art Journal* that Mr. Atkinson has for many years past been a student, and the leading exponent in England, of the German school of painting. The present volume is, indeed, an amplification of much that has from time to time appeared in these pages. When the President of the Royal Academy is but one of many of our leading artists who have formed their method of painting upon the lines laid down by the modern German school, it is time that an English handbook should be written. This has now been done in an exhaustive and very satisfactory manner. Some of the chapters, specially that on the rise of the Munich school, read almost like romances. The creations of these schools are in startling contrast to the feeble and flickering efforts which have in this country been counted as such. Mr. Atkinson shows how the politics, the religion, nay, even the climate and aspects of the country have—the creative genius being first given—produced as results this most interesting of modern revivals.

PRIZES FOR ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

THE award of prizes for the Designs for Art Manufacture which appeared during the past year in our columns has been made by Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., and Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., who, in conjunction with the Editor, kindly consented to act as judges. They did not consider that any design so excelled as to warrant their awarding it the first prize. They therefore suggested that in lieu thereof two prizes of ten guineas each, and one of five guineas, should be given, and these and the other two prizes they adjudged to the following designs:—Ten guineas each—Miss Jessie Hallam, Exeter, for Honiton lace; Mrs. E. Carroll, Kensington, for floor tiles; Mr. Hussey, of Kidderminster, for a carpet and border. Five guineas each to Mr. Peace, Sheffield, for a salt-cellar, and to Mr. Pearce, Lambeth, for an iron balcony.



OLD BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

NO doubt the embankment at Chelsea was needed; no doubt the broad margin of mud which used to fringe old Cheyne Walk was very unhealthy in summer-time; yet no one who cares for what is quaint and picturesque, and who clings to relics of the old days of which we shall soon have no traces left, can recall the river strand at Chelsea, with its wharfs and its water-stairs, its barges and its altogether indescribable but most picturesque aspect, and not feel, as he looks at the trim even wall of the embankment, and the broad monotonous pavement above it, even if he does not say in words, "Oh, the difference to me!"

And now the old bridge is to follow suit with the ancient water-stairs, and take its place in memory among the things that were. As one looks at the queer old structure, it is evident that its closely set piers must so effectually interfere with the water passage that it is only a wonder that the doom now pronounced on the bridge was not uttered years ago; yet its doom comes like the death-knell of the old charm of this part of the river. Cumbrous as it is, it is far more in harmony with its surroundings than any stone bridge, however massive and handsome, can ever be. One wonders why it need be a stone bridge either here or at Putney. Wooden bridges last a long while; this one at Battersea has been in daily use for more than a hundred years. The embankment has swept away the flights of water-stairs—so full of light and shade in bright clear weather; so old that Queen Elizabeth is said to have used them when living with her stepmother in Chelsea Palace; and has demolished the narrow street with a house built across it, so that vehicles could only pass singly beneath the archway—yet the old bridge remains a link—much later in date than the houses near it, but still a link to, though not a feature of, the times when Chelsea Reach, with its gay assemblage of gilded barges and pleasure-boats with silken awnings, used to be called "Hyde Park on the Thames." Pepys says in his Diary, "With my wife and brother spent the evening on the water, carrying our supper with us as high as Chelsea, making sport with the western barges, and my wife and I singing to our great content." Later still we find a record of grand entertainments on the Thames, when Handel used to conduct the music of some of these "water parties."

The building of the bridge was not decided till 1766, just after the brief-lived manufactory of Chelsea china was given up and transferred to Derby, so that when Bolingbroke went over from Battersea to see his Chelsea friends, and to be shaved at the famous barber's—Don Saltero's coffee-house in Cheyne Walk—he must have taken the ferry-boat which plied regularly between Chelsea and Battersea, and was said to produce an income of £8 a year. Many of us can remember Don Saltero's tavern; it was taken down only a few years ago, and the site is now occupied by a private house in Cheyne Walk. It seems sad that the old house should have been destroyed. One can see Addison strolling down from his house at Sand's End—if, indeed, he ever lived there—a neat and spotless figure, noting all that comes in his way. He is going down Cheyne Walk to meet jovial, careless Richard Steele at Don Saltero's. Perhaps Addison will be late before he gets back to Sand's End, or he may sleep at friend Richard's lodging in Chelsea. Swift, too, comes sometimes to this coffee-house, and meets Bolingbroke there; for Swift lived in Church Lane, opposite "a little black man of pretty nearly fifty," the famous Atterbury.

There are plenty of the old houses left between what is now Lindsey Row and Cheyne Walk, which were there in Addison's time—small houses, with now a crooked gable with a lattice below, or a quaint bow window. Then comes a red-brick house with massive cornice, and high roof with broad eaves. One wonders whereabouts Steele's lodging was, and where he wrote that amusing account of the museum in Cheyne Walk. The barber, whose real name was Salter, had once been valet to Sir Hans Sloane, who gave him many of his curiosities—the "10,000 gimcracks round the room and on the ceiling," which Steele is so humorous about. He says, "I cannot allow a liberty he takes of imposing several names (without my license) on the collection he has made, to the abuse of the good people of England, one of which is particularly calculated to deceive religious persons, to the great scandal of the well disposed, and may introduce heterodox opinions: he shows you a straw hat, which I know to be made by Madge Peskad, within three miles of Bedford, and tells you it is Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat." After this he names some other "rarities" which he "cannot tolerate," and declares that unless these are removed "the Don may expect to have his letters patent for making punch superseded, be debarred wearing his muff next winter, or ever coming to London without his wife." How perfectly the bright, racy humour of Steele, so like a mellow apple in its flavour, fits in with the quaint old scene! "The collection" was sold by auction at the end of the century, but Don Saltero and his treasures will never be forgotten as long as the *Tatler* is remembered and read.

The bridge is, as Mr. Whistler's etching shows, quaint and old-fashioned, the footway narrow, with halting-places at intervals. Spite of the loss of the water-stairs and wharfs, and of the little red-tiled houses built on the edge of the bank, the view from the bridge is still unique. Looking east, on one side is Battersea Park, and on the other Cheyne Walk, in itself a picture. Years ago, before profane hands

laid low some of the grand old trees, the view of those dignified red-brick houses, with tall iron gates and scroll-work, and massive gate-posts, some of them with huge stone balls at top, and the screen of tall trees between them and the river, was delightful; even now it takes one well away from the present to the days of Queen Mary and Queen Anne, the days of the *Spectator* and of the first George, and even beyond them, to the days when the beautiful and sparkling Hortensia di Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, came over from France to enliven and scandalise society. She seems at first to have lived at St. James's, and then in Kensington Square, and only now and then at Chelsea; but her extravagant hospitality, and perhaps her love of gambling, so impoverished her that finally she came altogether to Chelsea for economy's sake. Her house was farther east than Cheyne Walk, and the gay musical evenings, at which the first Italian opera was attempted in England, took place near the end of what used to be called Paradise Row, where there are still some quaint and charming houses, with climbing plants covering the walls, opposite Chelsea Hospital. Paradise Row extended from King James's College, on the site of which the Hospital stands, to the old Apothecaries' Garden beside the river. Chelsea Hospital looks best from the water; its fine old winged front, built of red brick, with an almost peacock-green roof, makes a fine show as one passes it in the steamer, and its gardens in summer and autumn time are a sight to see, especially on a bright Sunday afternoon, when the old soldiers, in their Sunday garments, are gathered in groups about their flower-plots, chatting and basking in the sunshine. In Charles II.'s reign Lord Ranelagh, one of the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital, bought a piece of the ground



Old Battersea Bridge, from an Etching by Mr. J. A. McN. Whistler, by permission of The Fine Art Society.

from the trustees, built a house upon it, and laid out the gardens with much taste. About thirty years after the Earl's death this property was purchased as a place of public amusement, the famous Rotunda was built, and Ranelagh was opened to the public in 1742.

We pass Victoria Hospital for Children, once Gough House, and one of the old Chelsea mansions, and we come to several new but picturesque red-brick houses, one of which, and the most charming, with windows that seem to overhang the river, is built on the site of the old Inn, and recalls by its name, Old Swan House, the days of swan-hopping, and also of Dogget's coat and badge, the prize of the best Thames waterman. Close by is the old Physic Garden, a most interesting retreat; this, too, has been robbed of its flight of water-stairs, presented by Sir Hans Sloane to the Company of Apothecaries after he had become famous, and so rich as to be able to purchase the manor of Chelsea.

As a youth he had studied medicine in this famous Physic Garden, in which his statue stands. The garden had such a reputation throughout Europe, and contained so many rare plants, that Linnæus paid it a visit when he came to England in 1736, and made a collection of plants there. It gives a glimpse into the charming leisure of those old days to picture the apprentices of the Worshipful Company of Apothecaries taking their summer excursion to the Chelsea Physic Garden, and gazing reverently at the Peruvian bark-tree and the tea-tree, and many other trees and plants for which it had a reputation. One wonders if, when the day's study was over, they solaced themselves on the way back to London—remember that in those days Chelsea was a rural retreat—at the Chelsea Bun House in Jew's Row.

Swift writes about Chelsea buns, and does not seem to have liked them. I remember tasting one when a child, and I agree with the Dean. Thousands used to flock to the Bun House for spiced buns on Good Friday; even George III.

and his queen came down to fetch their own buns; but in 1839 the quaint old place, which had seen so much "good company," was taken down and rebuilt, and its reputation departed. No one eats Chelsea buns nowadays.

The Bishops of Winchester had a palace in Cheyne Walk, and close by here was the ancient Manor House or Palace built by Henry VIII., where Katharine Parr wedded her fourth husband, and where Anne of Cleves lived afterwards.

After Cheyne Walk the massive old red church tower is the most striking feature from the bridge, and near it a large board in front of two of the small old houses announces that this is "Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children"—a most interesting and valuable institution for suffering little ones, who, hopeless of cure, are here tenderly watched over until they die, though, indeed, many patients received as incurables have been restored to health and to their friends. The turning next to this, Cheyne Row, is full of old houses, one of which is inhabited by Thomas Carlyle.

The old red church is full of interesting monuments and associations, but these seem to merge in the claims of the good Sir Thomas More. Even if he is not buried here, here is his monument; here every Sunday he sang in the choir; here was the seat occupied by his wife and family; and not far off was his house, the house where Holbein lived and painted, and to which King Henry came to visit his friend and ex-Chancellor. Sir Thomas, however, was not living here when he came home with Erasmus, who had lunched in the Lord Mayor's cellar on oysters and ale, while More finished his dinner up-stairs with the civic king.

Sir Hans Sloane sold all the fine old trees in the grounds of this house, called Beaufort House, when he bought it with the rest of the manor of Chelsea; but worse than



Whistler's House at Old Chelsea, after an Etching by, and with permission of, Mr. F. Seymour Haden.

this, he pulled down the interesting old house itself. It had been owned and lived in by many well-known personages. The great Lord Burleigh lived here, and after him his son, Robert Cecil. It was left to Lord Burleigh by the sister of Gregory Fynes, Lord Dacre, who also lived here: he was the son of the Lord Dacre of Hurstmonceaux hanged at Tyburn by King Henry VIII. for shooting a deer in his neighbour's park. Dukes, marquises, and earls inhabited this fine old place; Beaufort and Bristol, Winchester and Lincoln, George Villiers, father and son, Dukes of Buckingham, possessed this old mansion; and now the only remaining traces of it exist in the old wall of the Moravian burying-ground, and the chapel which stands on the site of the stables.

"Site of the stables!" my guide said, in answer to this heterodox inquiry; "tell ye, ma'am, it's the axial stables themselves. Know it, do you say? No, I don't, 'cos I'm sure on't; and them as knows better nor me's sure on't too."

I submitted in silence, but I do not think the Moravian chapel, now used as a boys' schoolroom, existed in the days of Sir Thomas More. The place beside which it stands, the burial-ground of the Moravians, is deeply interesting: it is a quaint old corner, and its existence, like that of the *aitre* of St. Maclou, at Rouen, is probably unsuspected by many who live near it. There was formerly beside the gate leading into it a curious old building called the Clock House, famous even in my recollection for the excellent lavender-water distilled therein. A hundred years ago herb essences of all kinds were distilled from the celebrated garden of the Clock House—one of the many gardens of Chelsea now built over—and country families, when in town, used to drive here in four-horse coaches to supply themselves with peppermint and other waters before going back to their rural homes. There were limes and fig-trees within its old walls; it is said that not so long ago camellias and myrtles flowered here without shelter, and lived all through the winter, before gas factories and chimneys came to pollute the air of Chelsea, and so much building to drain the once rich soil. At

the end of the grassed square, the only burial-ground of the London Moravians, is the old wall with a bricked-up doorway, said to have been used as the way to Lindsey House.

The grassed square is divided into four unequal portions, the two largest being used for married men and married women, and the two smaller spaces respectively for bachelors and spinsters. The resting-places are marked by small square flat stones, darkened and green with damp, set a few inches above the grass. On each stone is the name, and then, nearly always, the simple word "departed," the date of death, and the age. Sometimes it is "died" instead of "departed," and in a few instances the places of birth and death are noted, but these are infrequent. It is a "lone, lorn" cemetery; no token of human love, no utterance of faith or hope, beautifies or cheers its cold, damp gloom. Some of the stones are smaller than others, and these probably mark the graves of children; only one small stone has at head and foot a tiny Irish yew.

The grave-ground is fenced off, and the gate padlocked, the chapel being outside the fence. Formerly the building was used for Moravian worship, now only the burial service is said here. It is a substantial old-fashioned brick building, with a red roof and projecting eaves. On the wall is a smoke-stained stone tablet, telling that "Near this spot lies Christian Renatus, Count of Zinzendorf and Rollendorf, born December 19, 1727, departed May 28, 1752."* A tablet on the same wall is to Maria Theresa Stonehouse, the adopted daughter of Count Zinzendorf.

Lindsey Row, those quaint high-roofed houses with gardens in front, in autumn ablaze with chrysanthemums, was once the famous Lindsey House, built on the site of that belonging to Sir Thomas Mayerne, the physician of Henri IV. and Louis XIII. of France, and then to James I. and Charles I. of England. But Lindsey House derives its chief interest from Count Zinzendorf, who, in the midst of the cold unbelief of the eighteenth century, stands out a colossus of faith. His idea was to provide a refuge for persecuted Moravians, whom he had already largely befriended, and to form a colony, to be called Sharon, and to be united in some special branch of industry. But the idea of Sharon failed, though the Moravian settlement at Lindsey House continued for twenty years. Count Zinzendorf had, however, before this time retired to Hernhuth, where he had given land to the dispersed Moravians, in order that they might build their village, "The Guard of the Lord." Zinzendorf seems to have been a bishop among the Moravians, and a most devoted pastor to his scattered flock.

Beyond Lindsey Row, in one of two small sunken houses, lived J. M. W. Turner, though he was only known in Chelsea by the name of Booth. Beyond this a Cremorne House, afterwards Cremorne Gardens, Ashburnham House and its charming grounds; but all have passed away, with many of the nursery grounds for which Chelsea was famous. Some of these occupied the site of Eaton Place; there are still a few gardens remaining between Battersea Bridge and the gas works—one of them the "exotic nursery" of Messrs. Veitch.

* This was the only child of Count Zinzendorf, who died in the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, before his father took possession of Lindsey House.

As we look up the river we can see traces of water-stairs in front of Lindsey Row, and boats in front of Greaves', the boat-builders. On the opposite bank is Battersea, with its chimneys and factories, and in front, making an admirable foreground, is the crowd of red and black steamers resting after their day's work. Behind them, a prominent feature in the Reach is the copper spire of Battersea Church glistening in the evening light: the church itself is without interest, except that attached to Bolingbroke's monument. Part of his grand house, which had forty rooms on a floor, still stands on the river bank near the church: he died here in 1741, and the greater part of the house was taken down in 1778. In the wing still left standing, in a parlour of panelled cedar, Pope is said to have written his "Essay on Man." Swift and Arbuthnot, Thomson, Mallet, and all the talent of the day must often have been gathered together in Bolingbroke House. One of the upper rooms is said to be haunted; it has a richly ornamented ceiling in stucco, with a painted centre. There are also two other rooms with curious paintings in the centre of the ceilings, and there is a fine old staircase.

Beyond rises a forest of gasometers; and behind these is hidden Sandford House, an old-fashioned mansion, nestled in trees, with three gables at the side and a high roof. Here Charles II. is said to have visited Nell Gwynne. Nearer to Veitch's nursery is what was once Stanley House, now Stanley Grove, and the dwelling-place attached to St. Mark's Training College. This, with the land near it, was the estate of Sir Robert Stanley, whose monument in Chelsea Church says that he died in 1632. Stanley House was rebuilt at the beginning of this century: the two smaller houses between it and the nursery ground, now called Stanley House and Stanley Place, stand on ground formerly Stanley Close. Beyond is the railway bridge, and then through the grey mist we get a vision of the market grounds of Fulham and the tall trees of Hurlingham. Long may it be before this part of the river's banks becomes covered with houses! Even in Addison's time there were market gardens beside the Thames, and Steele tells us, in his water-journey from Richmond, how the gardeners brought their wares to market:—

"When we first put off from shoar, we soon fell in with a Fleet of Gardiners bound for the several Market Parts of *London*; and it was the most pleasing Scene imaginable to see the chearfulness with which those industrious people ply'd their Way to a certain Sale of their goods. The Banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable Plantations as any spot on the Earth; but the *Thames* itself, loaded with the product of each shoar, added very much to the Landskip. It was very easie to observe by their sailing and the Countenances of the ruddy Virgins who were supercargoes, the Parts of the Town to which they were bound. There was an Air in the Purveyors for *Covent Garden*, who frequently converse with Morning Rakes, very unlike the seemly sobriety of those bound for the *Stocks-Market*. NOTHING remarkable happened in our Voyage, but I landed with Ten Sail of Apricock Boats at *Strand Bridge*, after having put in at *Nine Elms*, and taken in Melons consigned by *Mr. Coffe* of that place to Sarah Sewell and Company at their Stall in Covent Garden."

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

TURNER IN YORKSHIRE.*

ALMOST any other of the Yorkshire drawings would serve as well as the 'Brignall' to show this interpenetration of truth with poetical feeling. Turner does really give us the chief facts of Yorkshire scenery in abundance; but he edits them in a fashion of his own, in twofold obedience to an instinct of beautiful order and to a dominant sentiment inspired by the scene. I cannot call to mind a single failure among them. For a contrast, let us look to what he has done with some other country which he did not love so well. It is a mournful thing to me that he does not seem to have cared for anything in North Wales but its castles. He only skirted the coast; the heart of the most picturesquely perfect country in the world—as I imagine picturesque perfection—was unknown to him; and although that was left for an artist of genius only second to his own, no one who loves the purple, grey-dappled slates and ice-furrowed hollows—not to speak of the birch woods and ferny glades—over which Snowdon reigns, can help wishing that Turner had shared David Cox's love for them. But it was not so. At Flint, Penmaen-Mawr, Carnarvon, Criccieth, we can trace his journey along the coast, with now and then a dash inland, until he comes to the finest thing of all—a view which I cannot imagine a landscape painter seeing without thankfulness as great at least as that of the Swedish botanist when he first saw gorse-blossom, and thanked God openly and frankly—on his knees, it is said—for having made anything so beautiful. Many of you, no doubt, know Harlech Castle; how it stands four-square on a great shoulder of rock which thrusts itself out a little from the coast-line of the Merioneth hills; how it looks over the sea and the sandy flats, and the two "traeths," or estuaries of many mountain streams, towards an array of peaks and ridges of exquisite beauty—a beauty, too, which is ever and anon reflected in wet gleaming sand or lake-like sea, as the tide ebbs and flows among those far-branching friths and rocky promontories. Now if, after having left these mountains behind you, crossed the "traeth," toiled over the marsh and up the steep castle hill, you pass on for a few hundred yards beyond the castle, and then on the old road (the only one in Turner's time), at a height just a little above the castle and village, turn and look back—you have the view of Harlech which Turner has drawn in the "England and Wales." That drawing is to me a disappointing one. I see no important truth well grasped in it; I think of ever so many fine ones missed. And the strange thing is, that it is surely an eminently poetical subject, and Turner was, of all artists, the most keenly alive to the difference between Nature's own poetry and prose—between the pleasantness of an ordinary scene and the excitement of a grand one. It is told of him, that the hardest thing he was ever known to say of a brother artist was said when some one mentioned to him that Mr. Dewint was painting Goredale. "Goredale!" said Turner; "why that is a poetical subject!" So most certainly is Harlech, but it has not taken hold of Turner. He has shown no right feeling for the delicate succession and gradual uprearing of the whole mountain chain, landward, nor for the "traeths" with their islets and mocking reflections, which steal in as a line of mysterious light over the broken turrets of the castle—between them and the dark strength of the hills beyond; and he has minimised to nothing the plunge of the castle rock into the plain below. Why he has cared so little for these things is strange to me; clearly they have not sunk deeply enough into his mind to be subjected to that unconscious sifting which is worked by one touch of true love. The rhythm of the design is unnatural, the exaggeration falsely directed, and altogether this "England and Wales" Harlech, alone in its series—alone, perhaps, among the artist's works, reminds me of that low type of creature which admits of being cut up into a number of pieces, each possessing neither more nor less life than the original subject of division. The "England and Wales" Llanberis is also unsatisfactory. I cannot but think of what Llanberis must have been in Turner's time, when the soft grey gloom of those tremendous mountain gates knew no tool-marks save those of frost and fire; and Dolbadarn Tower was lonely and silent enough to be the "Dark Tower to which Childe Roland came;" truly a gathering-place of ghostly presences, when the mists coiled and whirled among the riven crags of Snowdon, and gusts swept by, to pass with a shiver over the stillness of the lake below. All power of this kind has vanished from Llanberis now; the age of blackest iron is not worse than that of quarried and blasted slate; and Turner's engraving yields me no comfort when I turn to it. There, too, want of affection shows itself in a design which, if not incoherent, like the 'Harlech,' is somewhat commonplace and theatrical. Turner was bound, on this side of the Channel, to the two counties of York and Devon; and the northern one was his first love. He could not be careless and mercenary with a north-country stream before his bodily or mental sight; and those who do not know those streams cannot know one great proof that he drew well, because he loved well.

This theory, I may remark in passing, according to which a great landscape-painter poet, designing at his best, only troubles himself about getting as much of the fact he is impressed by as possible, and thinks very little about the business of arrangement—trusts mainly to his rhythmic instinct for that—helps to explain two things which have often been noted with surprise. One is, that as the facts, with all their complex associations and keenly-felt suggestiveness, have stamped themselves on his mind as excitements of form and colour, and he has wrought them out as such to the utmost of his power, he will seldom find his meaning come nicely to him in words, and will show little thankfulness sometimes for the meanings which his best admirers may draw out for him. Another is, that such an artist will stoutly maintain, as Turner actually did to my dear friend William Kingsley, that it is all a matter of sheer hard work, and that he knows nothing about genius. Much fatigue of body out of doors—much wrestling with the perverseness, not to say malignity of matter, in the shape of paint, paper, and canvas, within, have done everything—the weaving of the poem, the dream of recollected loveliness, little or nothing.

So far I have dealt only with those Yorkshire drawings which we can recognise at once as illustrations of the places named. There are others, in which the artist's impressions are radically different from what our own could ever be—

* A Lecture delivered at Birmingham before the Society of Arts. Continued from page 8.

different from what we can imagine any artist of equal genius setting before us now. The "England and Wales" Bolton Abbey is a perfect instance. Mr. Ruskin has shown how Turner could have quoted chapter and verse from Wharfedale for every detail in the drawing—only the range of reference would have to be stretched a little. Ash-trees, shaly precipice, white pebbles, dark-brown treacherous river are there; and Simonseat, with his 1,500 feet of elevation, only wants to be coaxed forward slightly to come into the view—at any rate, if moral support is wanted for the exaggerated height of that shaly precipice opposite the Abbey, Simonseat is there to afford it—but I am bound to say that the scene, as a whole, does not exist in nature. Nevertheless, I hold that Turner's picture was right as coming from Turner. It is beautiful, as a space filled with forms and colours—it is full of beautiful truths—and the beauty which it was intended to describe is that of an earthly Paradise. Though I cannot, in any degree, share the kind of impression he has worked with, I can see that, as pictorial ideas and consciences went in those days, it was a true and natural impression with him. If what he cared for in the scene demanded such a recasting of it, or appeared to him to admit (as would not, I think, be the case with a Turner of to-day) of being enclosed in such a compression of it, he was right—having full faith—in doing what he did. An artist, with such scenery around him, feels like the man whom the Lydian king allowed to enter his treasury just once, and take for his own all the gold he could carry out at that one time, by strength of body and ingenuity of packing. I think Turner often packed his gold too tightly. We must recollect, too, before we put down this free dealing with the literal camera-containable fact as evidence of Turner's disregard of truth, that he really saw nature to a great degree through the eyes of the forerunners from whom he had learned his art. Now, heights of mountains or widths of valleys were the last things they were particular about. There was not the faintest notion in those days of drawing or describing rock, hill, or mountain without gross exaggeration. One instance will show what I mean. Scott, speaking of the rocks—from twenty to sixty feet high at most—which border the Greta, in Rokeby Park, says—

> "'Twould seem a mountain rent and riven
> A passage to the stream had given."

Moreover, it must, I think, be admitted that, even in Turner's case, the rhythmic instinct of picture-making took a little too much on itself. Perfect knowledge of the purely decorative power of lines and colours is, indeed, to a great landscape painter, a bondsman whose obedience never flags, or rather an inseparable but self-effacing minister whose services mount up in value, in proportion to the range and variety of his master's projects. Landscapes are painted which owe little or nothing to this minister's aid; but it is impossible that they should be such as to show the full range, in a great subject, of nature's power over us, or reveal much of the artist's sympathy with it. We artists know our own griefs in the matter of foregrounds—how the wide-sweeping grandeur of a fine distance cannot, sometimes, be expressed at all without a trifling something at the base of the picture, which the tantalising fact never will supply exactly to our mind; and how hard it is to sum up an impression of nature's splendour by putting a specimen of her crowning work just where it is wanted. For these things the harmonic faculty is required, and must have large liberty accorded to it. But in the days of Turner's studentship, this most valuable servant (or was it not a wretched thing which had got the place by means of a forged character?) was lord and master. There were few landscapes which did not aspire to be elegant pastoral arrangements then. What should we think if such a process of picture-manufacturing as this were gravely mentioned in an address from any presidential chair of to-day? Sir Joshua, "discoursing on the talents of the late Mr. Gainsborough," says, "He even framed a kind of model of landscapes on his table, composed of broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of looking-glass, which he magnified and improved into rocks, trees, and water." Sir Joshua has doubts about the practice—"thinks upon the whole that unless we constantly refer to nature, it may be more likely to do harm than good," and says that "he mentions it only as it shows the solicitude and extreme activity which Gainsborough had about everything that related to his art; that he wished to have his objects embodied, as it were, and distinctly before him; that he neglected nothing which could keep his faculties in exercise, and derived hints from every sort of combination." The great President shows his common sense in that cautiously-worded disapproval of such an aid to landscape painting, but that he should mention it at all shows us what manageable things trees, rocks, and water were considered then (they were capable of being distinctly embodied on the artist's table), and what a high value was set on any hint of combination or arrangement, whencesoever derived.

Far be it from me to think with a moment's disrespect of so true an artist as Gainsborough, but it happens that I have seen a sketch by him of a scene which I know well; and this sketch does seem to me to embody a touch of condescension to nature. A pretty cottage in Yewdale, near Coniston, has afforded, if I mistake not, a subject to Wordsworth, as it certainly has to many an artist unmarked by fame, since Gainsborough drew it. It is there still, only the trees which he sketched in their infancy—the filmy ash and massy sycamore—are now magnificent in patriarchal age; but I could recognise them, lightly pencilled in, as young things—the sketch was careful enough for that. Now, Yewdale Crag, one of the finest sights of its kind in the Lake district, rises in this view immediately behind the cottage, which hides the slope at the base of it; so that you have a most noticeable mountain cliff, with, of course, any number of weather-stains and lichens on the warm ground of the bare rock, and rifts and ledges, traceable by little thickets of dwarf birch-trees and ferns, to make its rather unwieldy Cumbrian massiveness beautiful. Gainsborough has hardly noticed the crag—I forget if he has touched in the outline of it correctly—but the sketch contains two written memoranda. One is the word "grey" on the cottage roof; the other, in the corner of the paper, runs thus, "Mountains usual colour, grey, brown, and purple." Surely this looks as if Gainsborough thought he had got a formula for one of the elements of landscape at all events. The most reverent and strenuous student might make a note of this sort, but there is no sign in Gainsborough's landscape-work of his ever having been such a student. He was content with a feeling for landscape, and a steady practice of agreeable composition.

Now, with that passage of a Presidential discourse and this Gainsborough sketch in our minds, does it sound very strange to hear Turner called a Pre-Raphaelite? The right name for that famous brotherhood would have been the "truth-at-any-price party," only, be it recognised, that the truth which they did really give was no more free from artistic bias than that which all true artists ever have

given or will give to the world. The more determinedly they strove to be, before all things, realists, the more their enthusiasm stiffened every line and rang out in every colour. In landscape, the undue weight of authority against which they rebelled was undermined by the silent advance of knowledge, not thrown off by revolt, and Turner was not the only worker in that advance, but he sums it up so far. I have no patience with the contention of those who will have it that because Turner was poetical, therefore he cannot be said to have been as careful as any Pre-Raphaelite in getting, storing up, and exhibiting truth. His conscious effort, I take it, was to get his mist like mist, his pebbles like pebbles, his ash-trees—even his most beloved pear-shaped ones—like ash-trees, and so on through all the subjects of his poetry; his conscious delight was to obey the promptings of his familiar spirit, which bade him make harmony, and so approach to an expression of the grandeur and beauty which to him shone through these and all things which belonged to the fair face of nature.

I have left myself little time for the few remarks I wished to make respecting the course which landscape painting has taken since Turner's time, and especially in recent years. Probably neither he nor David Cox, were they with us now, would like the way things are going in their branch of art. There is a tendency to break off from the old paths in two opposite ways, and with neither divergent school would the view I have tried to sketch out of the action of the poetical faculty in landscape painting find much favour; nor, indeed, the whole theory of the connection between art-expression and moral feeling on which it depends. Let us take the strong, well-equipped, unfaltering realist first. He would deny that he ever allowed his eyes to be persuaded out of rigid accuracy by any fascination or witchery of nature whatever. The philosopher's "dry light" of truth would be to him the only light worth striving for—the poet's "light that never was on sea or land," he would be quite sure, might just as well be let alone. His scene once chosen, no sign of special love or liking for anything especially winning within its limits; no admission of helplessness; no extravagance of admiration (and these feelings, when they have existed, are, I assure you, to us artists at all events, perfectly legible in the language of paint), is permissible in the representation of it. You must take all or nothing. The scene has not flashed on the painter's mind with some vivid impression of a crowning delight. It has been a series of intellectual perceptions, and as such, unless the artist is nobly false to his purpose and creed, it will be represented. For my own part, however, I hold it to be well-nigh impossible for such a student of nature not to be false to his creed. The strength of purpose and equipment of gifts which I attribute in imagination to my thorough-going realist, cannot but give us poetry, at last, of its own kind. What are called, in certain circles, inroads of the scientific spirit need have no terrors for us. We cannot be kept too closely on the watch in our study of nature's aspects. We may regard landscape pictures as translations of an ancient poem of unapproachable beauty—with each advance in scholarship, with new readings well established, new refinements of meaning apprehended, with another whole manuscript perhaps discovered, the translator's task will, indeed, become more difficult—but who that worships the author will grudge the increased pains? Nor need our reverence for a good old translator be diminished, if, with less learning, he yet gave us something of the spirit of the original, or even if, with the license of genius, he built, not irreverently, a poem of his own upon it. No doubt science has made landscape painting the least degree more difficult. There are facts which we cannot play with as we used to do—points on which the artistic conscience, once awakened, cannot be easily laid to rest. The distinguished editor of *Nature* will not allow us to put the silver sickle of the waxing or waning moon in our pictures where we please, and at what inclination we please. Any excuse of its "balancing the picture better" just here than just there is met by the advice to balance with two moons at once. Rainbows, double or single, are felt to be hazardous things; he who meddles with them, in broad daylight, must look well to the casting of his shadows if he does not wish to be "caught out" ingloriously. For merely pictorial purposes, however, a trifle of study will put us sufficiently abreast for some time to come of nature's laws in these celestial matters. If we may not any longer give Snowdon a fanciful and impossible height, the height of an Alp at least, we may console ourselves by the thought of the grand stories which a painstaking realisation of the basaltic rock of that region will tell to those who know. At least, we shall feel for ourselves that of the two hills the Welsh one is much the older and the more venerable, were it only for his enormous losses. But assuredly it will not be long before we again recognise that nature is beyond all human power of perfect translation; or, to put it otherwise, before we find that her claims, direct and indirect, are becoming so utterly unmanageable, that in our dealings with her we must always, like the negotiators of a certain famous treaty, be content with "the less accurate expression."

I confess to having so little sympathy with the divergence on the other side, that I may be unable to form a fair judgment of it. It is the excess of Art-culture, not of Nature-worship, which meets us here—the effort not so much to extend as to contract the scope of landscape-painting, and so get back to ancient limits, within which a quiet satisfaction of legitimate art-desires may be safely counted on. Old masters, it is said, have found out those limits for us. Foreign schools in the main keep within them, and show what success can be won by ignoring truths in nature which it would put a strain, to say the least, on the powers of art to attempt to express. For example, continental landscape art is marked by greater subordination of colour to the exigencies of light and shade than is considered necessary with us. Nature's gaudy trim is not recognised. Grey and green are favourite colours, and perils innumerable are avoided with consummate skill, into which we islanders plunge recklessly. We are left alone to protest, as well as we can, against that short method of obtaining tone and proper separation of earth and sky, which consists in lowering the colours of the earth—studying them as engraver's values of black and white—and degrading them accordingly, until what, I must say, seems to me, in some cases, a rather sooty ideal is well attained. We would fain hope to discover means by which a lesser sacrifice will serve. Now, so far as it is contended by admirers of this school that landscape, like every other kind of painting, to be worth anything, must have design, and aim at the satisfaction of all fair demands in respect of simplicity, harmony, and agreeableness, I wholly agree with them. But I call it a mere simulation of these admirable qualities when the love of nature—the desire to search out and tell of her marvellous beauty—is evidently made secondary to the exhibition of the artist's cleverness in picking out, learning, and adapting a set mode of painting, whether ancient or contemporary, which will gain him the credit of possessing them. Such pictures will show ability and sentiment

often, but rarely genuine poetical feeling. The chances are we see that the moulds of composition have been selected beforehand, and the stuff run into them—and very cold and hard it will have become. But these are matters in which it behoves me to speak with diffidence, for I know, to my regret, that I have never been able to take to heart anything that "savage Rosa dashed or learned Poussin drew," and am, therefore, perhaps, unable to judge rightly of any art which is conceived in the spirit of those masters. I feel myself on surer ground in noticing how, through nearly all the utterances, literary, critical, and professorial, which have proceeded lately from this school of High Art Culture, there runs a distinct antipathy to the doctrine that there is a moral quality in our impressions of beauty, and that, consequently, a great picture is the index of a man's whole nature, body, soul, and spirit, and not of the intellectual and highly clever craftsman's part of him merely. Mr. Ruskin maintains that "our ideas of beauty are the subject of moral, not of intellectual, nor altogether of sensual perception." "The mere animal consciousness of pleasantness in the outward qualities of any material object" is one thing; "the joyful, exulting, grateful perception" of it, another; and it is this latter only that he would call an idea of beauty. A very distinguished painter and lecturer has decided, although with reluctance, that even if the truth—the philosophical truth of this view of ideas of beauty be admitted, it is beside the question, and misleading with respect to Art; in which, so far as production of pictures is concerned, ideas of beauty "are and must be purely æsthetic," *i.e.* sensual, in the best sense of the word. Nay, in the denial of their purely æsthetic character, Mr. Poynter sees a noble cause of much that is false in the art of this country. He attributes to that cause the production of a great deal too much "merely recording work," and a forgetfulness of the true aim of art. It may be so, yet I cannot think we shall suffer in the long-run from too much humility, or be one whit the more likely to keep our aim in art true by disconnecting art-production altogether from moral feeling. I am well content at times to think how very little words and theories have to do with brush and palette. In the modest art of landscape painting, at all events (which, by the way, is declared in the same lecture to be "but a record and an imitation, even if the impressions recorded be of the highest beauty"), I trust it will be long ere the old notion is relinquished, which, before Ruskin's voice was heard, prevailed in a school—a very simple and earnest school—which I once had the happiness of knowing well. Without question, David Cox would have considered "a joyful, exulting, grateful perception" of the pleasant appearance of Siabod an essential condition of making a good drawing of it. His greatness, like Turner's, depended, to the best of my own seeing, on the twofold simultaneous action, on the one side, of intense noble human feeling, which loved nature, and saw in nature a reflection of our life and of something above our life; and on the other, of a keen, well-disciplined perception of the subtleties of form and colour in which every varying impression had come to him, and by which alone it could be told of to his fellow-men.

Again, what a world of difference there is between Mr. Hamerton's view of Turner's colour, as given in his most interesting life of Turner, and that which I venture to say is held by the great majority of English landscape painters! They will be slow to believe, with Mr. Hamerton, that Turner's "habitual condition of mind, as a colourist," was one of "seeking colour-combinations *for themselves*, without reference to the truth of nature;" they will be startled by his assertion that it is not the great or splendid colourists, but only the minor ones, who are quiet-minded enough or humble enough to give us fidelity. I take it that the idea of a really great and splendid colour-faculty which never stoops to, or even seeks to preserve, at its own lofty height, any relation with, the low-lying truth of nature, is alien to English Art. My own thoughts on this large and difficult subject would lead me to say, with Mr. Ruskin, that "only the sternest fidelity can reach colouring." I may remark, however, that a great deal of Turner's work, having been done for the engravers, is coloured in a non-natural way, so as to be easily translatable by them into black and white, while it carries out, often in an extreme form owing to that requirement, certain schemes of colour which he was wont to use, as the best means, according to his feeling and special affections in colour, of getting truth of that kind along with truth and harmony of light and shade. His characteristic colouring was, I believe, like his design, the expression, as complete as the conditions of art appeared to him to allow, of fervent zeal for the colour-truth.

One more instance of the tendency to divorce art-form from strength of feeling, and I have done. The latest of Turner's biographers,* and in many respects a good and sympathetic one, while dwelling on the contrast, which is undoubtedly striking, between the works of the artist and the life of the man, makes the following assertions:—"There is, of course, no reason why a landscape-painter should be refined in manner or choice in his habits." I quote the whole set of sentences for fear of misrepresenting the author, but it is the next two which surprise me, spoken, as I take them to be, of an artist of (admitted) supreme greatness. "There is no necessary connection," we are told, "between the subjects of such an artist and himself, except his hand and eye. He lives a life of visions that may come and go, without affecting his life or even his thought as we generally use that word. The most tremendous phenomena of nature may be seen and studied and reproduced with such power as to strike terror into those who see the picture, and yet leave the artist unaltered in demeanour and taste."

And this is what we have come to in the land of Turner and David Cox! "For one man who has the æsthetic faculty of being pleasurably affected by the beautiful forms and proportions of the Venus of Melos," thus says the distinguished lecturer whom I first quoted, "there are a hundred who can feel the glory of a sunset." Well, the next time it happens to any of you to see a glorious sunset—one of a sort which is not commonplace in its frequency—when even to the least emotional of mankind there would appear, as it were, a message writ in the burning lines of the horizon, and a gathering as of angels' wings, waving together, in the soft scarlet films of the zenith—if at such a moment, or in retrospect of such a moment, Shakspere's "fretted with golden fire," or Milton's—

> "Think not, though man were none,
> That heaven would want spectators, God want praise,"

should occur to your mind, and you can at all imagine that great poets could speak thus, without being conscious of something more than an æsthetic perception of magnificence in the sunset or the starry heavens—then, perhaps, you will be able to believe that a great landscape painter can record, however faintly, his vision of such things, with heart unstirred and thought unoccupied, save only by the play of line and colour.

A. W. HUNT.

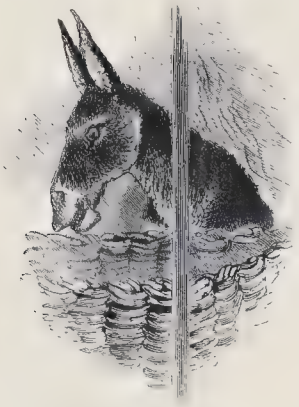
* "Lives of Great Artists: Turner." By W. Cosmo Monkhouse.

NATURAL HISTORY IN ITS RELATION TO ART.

WHY should it be the first impulse of most people, on perusing such a title as the above, to quickly turn the page in hope of finding more congenial matter? And how is it that natural history is not popular with those who know or care much for Art? We will endeavour to sift the reasons.

The proportion of paintings dealing with pure natural history is very small indeed compared with the number of pictures which have landscapes for their subjects, and of course, in comparison with those dealing with the human form, it is absolutely microscopic. Why should the scale of interest descend thus—human figure, landscape, natural history? It is right that the human should take priority, but why should the herbs or vegetables, or any number of herbs or vegetables massed together as in a landscape, be placed before the creatures for whom they were made? We distinctly reverse the old idea that every green herb was given as meat for the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air.

An artist well known to fame was heard the other day to express himself in the following words of some pictures



A Middle Age Donkey.

which were under his notice:—"Very good—very good; nice colour, truthful in drawing; but!—but they are natural history subjects." He at once saw an objection, a "but," in these works of Art. And why? Because the artist, forsooth, had neither painted the figures nor faces of the children of men, nor the land they have spoilt, but had preferred to their marred faces and conventional coverings* the children of nature, with their simple covering of fur and feather. He saw an objection, we have said, not perhaps to the pictures as works of Art, but to their acceptability by the public; and



"Animals" from the National Gallery.

in this most undoubtedly he was right. Who amongst us ever volunteers an observation on any branch of natural history?* People talk readily and easily enough on the



An Example of a spirited Drawing of Bird Life from the National Gallery.

fine forms and colours of clouds, of drapery, or of flowers; but ask any one's attention to the graceful little warbler

* These conventional coverings for the human form receive vast attention. Artists will spare no pains to find out the exact shape, colour, and pattern of some poor fool's cap and bells, or patiently plod through dusty manuscripts and folios to settle if dandies at a certain day arrayed themselves in blue or red, whilst they carelessly and with insolent indifference never lift their eyes so that they may paint properly and draw accurately the infinitely more lovely and absolutely unvarying coverings of nature's children. It is quite beneath their notice to find out exactly the colour of a bird's foot, the plan on which the leopard's spots are arranged, or the grouse's patterned feathers placed.

* I do not regard the chatter about the pet poodle's appetite, or the interesting fact of the canary having a bald head, or any of the desultory or vapid observations on domesticated animals as coming under natural history at all—it is all entirely un-natural.

stealing quietly through the hedge, and you will be given to understand at once that he knows and cares nothing about it, does not know its name, is none the wiser if you tell him, and, indeed, will most likely, if you do tell him, brand you as a naturalist and a scientific bogey. Why is all this, we repeat?



The Two Partridges.

For this lack of interest is only of comparatively modern growth. Long ago the dwellers by the side of the Nile studied their animals and birds, and freely drew them—drew them anywhere and everywhere. And the picture,* which is said by some to be the oldest in the world, has for its subject a flock of geese feeding in the grass! It gives with the utmost fidelity the plumage, characteristic colour of the body, and even the peculiar gait of the goose. Surely, to those who can think, such a fact should have some significance. All agree that when Art was young* it did have a certain freshness, a keen perception and power, that it has never had since. This brings us then to the second point. Not only do we believe this dulness and lack of interest in natural history are owing to the secondary position which during long series of ages up to our own day it has had in the scale of precedence, but also that this feeling has been decidedly increased by the poverty of intellect and power possessed by those who have attempted to teach it. Poverty most notable! Here is a partridge sketched from the corner of Bellini's 'St. Jerome in his Study,' and which is slavishly copied in the picture, No. 234, 'A Warrior adoring the Infant Christ,' of the National Gallery Catalogue. We have given both the birds, and have been honest in not trying to increase resemblance. Fortunately Bellini does seem to have, at some remote time in his life, seen a partridge, but he certainly never thought it worthy of close study. But what are we to say of the awful menagerie of animals and birds which other



A Modern Lion.



A Middle Age Lion.

painters have given us in the Middle Ages—lions, leopards, storks, donkeys, monkeys, hawks, deer, and "other animals," as they are bound to be catalogued? for no mortal man could exactly specify what the appalling creatures are that promenade in the background of some of the saintly pictures, evidently inserted as mere padding and to fill corners and give interest—as if such parodies of living things could give one moment's interest! And yet these same accessories, which fail to hold one for a second, might have been a source of very real interest, had they been faithfully and lovingly

* Rev. W. J. Loftie's "A Ride in Egypt." Macmillan & Co., 1870, pp. 207, 208.

* A notable example of this is to be found in an illustration to a book just published. It shows an incised engraving done on reindeer horn by some prehistoric man—a hunter, probably, who knew of little save the animals he hunted, but of these he knew much, and he has given us in his rude sketch a specimen of his power. He has cleverly caught all the salient points of an old reindeer buck; no one could mistake its meaning; and those who know the animal well will be astonished to find the utmost fidelity in every part. This interesting example of early Art was excavated at the Kesslerloch, near Thayingen. (Taken from p. 221 of "Early Man in Britain," by W. Boyd Dawkins, M.A. Macmillan & Co., 1880.)

treated, as Briton Riviere did the lions in his 'Daniel.' But allowance may be made for the painters of the past where none can be for those of our own day, who, with vastly more light, yet still cling to the conventional superficial treatment, seldom going far for new material, though the fields open to them are boundless, but clinging to the old timid paths. The subject cannot be properly handled till those who wish to demonstrate the beauty to others are themselves thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of it; for too often the would-be animal painter knows nothing of his model but the bare outside, not waiting to study its bones and muscles in close detail before attempting the whole. We should laugh at the artist who would attempt to paint the nude human figure, and who knew not where one single muscle began or ended. But this is exactly what the generality of so-called animal painters attempt in their works. They paint the nude animal figure, and we wonder why it fails to interest, and the would-be wise amongst us say, "Ah! you see, this kind of subject is not the right thing to attempt to paint!" forgetting that maybe the artist, and not the subject, is at fault. Landseer's and Briton Riviere's pictures go to prove (it is irritating to think proof is necessary) that there is an infinity of interesting material when the subjects are handled by men of power and knowledge. The curse and the unspeakable bane of modern natural-history painting is the puerile copying of stuffed specimens—a crime which past painters had no opportunity of committing. A bird or animal barbarously stuffed by some mere tradesman is thought to be a safe and proper model for an artist who wishes to introduce a rabbit into a landscape, or a gull or heron into his seascape. Worse, infinitely worse, is this plan than were the human figure painter to go to the British Museum and draw his representations of *living figures* from the mummies there; for nearly every ordinarily stuffed creature is infinitely more distorted than the mummies by the stuffing process, crammed as it is with foreign bodies not its own, its skin made to bulge out in meaningless protuberances of cotton wool or hay, or allowed to shrink and wither into ghastly hollows, and finally daubed on its legs with yellow, green, or vermilion, in supposed exact resemblance of the healthy colour of the flesh: we repeat, it would be less false to paint a mummy sitting on a mossy bank—since the mummy does in some degree keep a kind of proportion in its contour—than to portray the bloated bodies of stuffed birds distorted in every way, standing on a rocky ledge, or flying with impossibly actioned wings over a stubble-field. In any Royal Academy summer exhibition you will see plenty of examples of this sort.



A Hawk from Nature.



A Hawk from the National Gallery.

These two causes, the backward place natural history has in Art, and the bad and unfair treatment it receives from those who attempt it, have had much in bringing about the present paucity of interest. Other minor reasons might be mentioned. For instance, many seem to think sport and natural history are synonymous terms. We remember once talking to a man who had a fixed idea that the study of natural history was a debasing one, because every one connected therewith—and he instanced jockeys, gamekeepers, drovers, and pigeon-fliers—was contaminated and debased thereby. Another class of people, who, professing great love of the subject and calling themselves keen naturalists, travel to foreign countries, and see in their haunts the wild free denizens of the forest and the desert, do incalculable harm instead of good by their writings, as their volumes read like one long day-book of a butcher, showing their love of animals and birds by slaughtering every possible specimen, and rewarding the confidence of some innocent deer which comes with curious gaze to watch the traveller by a bloody welcome of lead. This sort of treatment has rightly given to many a great distaste to reading books of so-called sport and travel much to be regretted, since from these sources alone can we stay-at-home folk enlarge our knowledge of foreign animal life. Then, again, the treatment which pure natural-history subjects receive at the hands of the Royal Academy is sufficient to break the heart of any artists taking up that line of study, for in the front of every catalogue is placed on record this notice to exhibitors: "Rule 5.—No mere transcripts of the objects of natural history are admissible:" just as if natural history were some contemptible study likely to pollute the sanctity of its walls. Mr. Ruskin has lent his powerful voice to obtain the revocation of the rule, but without effect. In his "Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Royal Academy, 1875," page 37, he wrote, "There ought to be a separate room in our academy for the exhibition of the magnificent work in scientific drawing and engraving, done, at present, almost without public notice, for the illustrations of great European works on

palæontology, zoology, and botany. The feeling on the part of our artists, that an idle landscape sketch or a clever caricature may be admitted into their rooms as 'artistic,' and that work which the entire energy of early life must be given to learn, and of late life to execute, is to be excluded merely because it is thoroughly true and useful, is, I hope, likely to yield some day to the scientific enthusiasm which has prevailed often where it should have been resisted, and may surely therefore conquer in time where it has honourable claim." They do not object to hang in their exhibitions of the old masters what they refuse to recognise in the artists of to-day. For but a year or two ago a drawing of a jay's wing, cut from the body, without a background, a "mere transcript from natural history," if anything ever was, was not only hung, but received much notice; it, however, was by Albert Dürer, and not by a nineteenth-century student.

Thus it is that earnest study is debarred, whilst entrance is given to the idle landscape sketch, the work perhaps of an hour. Is it wondrous if such treatment is gall and wormwood to the few who with patience have studied nature all their life, and who find not even the Academy intelligent enough to understand their work? This fact has at last chilled many men from attempting pure natural history as their walk in life. For none except those who have tried it know the absolutely exhausting nature of studying animal life. The human figure is easy in comparison with it, since for every want you may quickly get your help from the living model, who, for so many shillings, will sell for a time, and completely hand over to you, his body, soul, and spirit for your complete guidance. Landscape is as child's play, for though we are quite aware of the fleeting nature of certain effects of cloud and atmosphere, yet, as a whole, it is a steady model, and you may sit for a whole day in the summer with hardly any change—no change at all in the form—some, of course, in the light and shade as the sun moves round; but that difficulty applies equally to animal painting, whilst it is certain that one is fortunate indeed if, even for one short minute, there should be no change to the eye in one's volatile model's form.

Both the painter and the public have been in the wrong in the past—the painter because, feeling that the public know little or nothing, he gives them, if possible, less than nothing. This, of course, is wrong and suicidal, as it is the absolute duty of all who attempt this branch of Art, by the closest possible study, to obtain knowledge, so that when they paint or demonstrate they may be able to tell something—tell some truth, and not lies as heretofore—and then gradually we should have the subject rising from the disrepute into which it has fallen, and a more real and lively interest taken in it; for we cannot but believe that those creatures which are capable of expression of the keenest emotions, such as we ourselves are partakers of, are a more fit and worthy study, and infinitely higher and grander, than the mere green things of the earth—after which, under the present system, they are placed—to follow as if in disgrace, or at best humility. Take any bird or animal you like, and we ask you fairly, is not that a higher, grander form of life than the most lovely flower? What two flowers were ever capable of attachment one to another? Have you never watched the eye of a deer dilate, and the hot breath come, as you approached too close to its young, or seen the ring-dove circling round, absolutely unable to leave the spot where lies the dead body of its mate, though perhaps it knows every moment it stays it is in danger of death itself? What! is not this worthy, more worthy, of the artist's attention, after the human expression of love, than anything else? A third-rate class of subject do you call this, and hardly one suitable for pictures?

On one other ground we think our subject claims attention. All competent critics and teachers give as one of the truest functions of Art in any age the registering for all future time the manners and customs and condition of the world in that particular age. The natural history of our own land, like that of every other land, is changing year by year—has been changing year by year ever since England was—so that those forms of animal life which were once common now are not known to us. But where, if we wish to discover the exact forms of those strange animals that once roamed here, shall we look for any pictorial representation of them? Alas! to find out the natural history of Egypt four thousand years ago is an easier task than to find out our own of the last four hundred years. We can absolutely name thirty different sorts of birds alone from the various tombs and decorated walls of temples of that old country, while, with shame be it said, one can hardly get any exact figures of our own bears, beavers, or wolves, the latter animals having given our painters a chance up till as late as the reign of Henry VII. in our own country, and in Ireland until 1770.

Art, we then consider, has not properly or sufficiently treated natural history. By its neglect the whole subject has with many lost all interest and fallen into disrepute, and unless a very material change of opinion takes place, it is likely, in this increasingly unnatural age, to be completely blotted out and lost sight of. The charming allusions to the crane, the swallow, or the sparrow will have no meaning to our children as they read the sacred stories, if indeed they have not already become rather too deep for us ignorers of nature to comprehend. And as to their ever thinking of them as worthy subjects for their intelligent pencils or brushes, they will never dream of it. If we therefore go on in this evil course we shall be not only losing vast pleasure now, but also absolutely put a block of stumbling, a stone of offence, in the path of our children's intelligent appreciation and reading of the sacred book. Christians we call ourselves, but Christians in this respect we do not show ourselves, since we care not for the sparrows which Christ has taught us his Father cares for, and which therefore we may be quite certain He also meant we too should think of lovingly, and not lightly esteem.



THE STATE AND ART.

THE attitude of the State towards Art is a question which is at length beginning to attract the attention which its importance demands. Various proposals are already before the public, and the Government cannot at least complain of want of instruction and advice. That Art has some claims upon State recognition is admitted with general unanimity, but in discussing the method in which State aid should be accorded there is a diversity of opinion which may fairly furnish an excuse to the Government to delay, and perhaps also to do nothing. We shall endeavour, in the course of the following remarks, to make no suggestions but such as are obviously practical, and which, if adopted, would in no way interfere with the vested interests of semi-public bodies, whilst they would not impose indefinite and unremunerative duties on already overburdened public departments.

We have little confidence in a State-endowed Academy of Fine Arts laying down laws of taste and putting unnecessary restraint upon individual efforts. The history of the decline of painting in Italy coincides too nearly with the foundation of State Academies not to suggest to observers the fatal result of paternal fostering; whilst the method adopted in France and other continental countries of annual purchases of pictures by the State has had a far from ennobling effect upon Art. It has, at the best, served to flood provincial churches and museums with works which private purchasers ignored, and kept alive a phase of Art, be it religious or historical, which was in no sense the expression of contemporary taste or feeling. Happily for the cause of Art and for the future of our artists, there seems to be no strong current in this country setting in this direction. Most of us here are agreed that only to foster taste, so far as it can be practically applied to the industry and commerce of the country, does it behove the State to lend its aid. Any sure means by which the value of the products of the country can be enhanced, and the competition with foreign nations sustained, deserve to come within the recognition of the State; and the scheme which should most point towards this result is that most likely to attract the support of practical politicians.

By including in the education section of the estimates those applied to the support of our various museums, Parliament has already indorsed the view that they have some common ground; and moreover a careful analysis of the £4,000,000 which make up the education votes shows that, more or less directly, they all tend to instil or promote the knowledge and pursuit of Art in some form. Even in our elementary schools drawing is one of the recognised branches of instruction. According to recently published reports, there were, in 1879, no less than 4,489 schools in which drawing was systematically taught, and the number of children under instruction was more than three-quarters of a million, of whom nearly two-thirds passed a sufficiently high standard to obtain the Government grants, amounting in the aggregate to £38,822. If we look back we find that in 1870 the number of pupils under instruction was less than 150,000, only 70,000, or less than one-half, of whom passed the necessary examination, earning grants for their respective schools, and prizes for themselves, to the value of £8,463. Without going further into these statistics, it may be fairly argued that there is amongst all classes a desire for self-improvement in this branch, and a growing tendency amongst the masses to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded of acquiring at least the rudiments of drawing.

To meet this growing taste for Art and Art studies the State supports, either wholly or in part, a variety of institutions, each with presumably specific objects, but each in some degree allowing its functions to overlap those of its neighbour, and without promoting generous emulation, threatening at times to provoke costly and useless rivalry. Of these the Science and Art Department, with its head-quarters at the South Kensington Museum, is at once the best known and the most active; and to its energy are mainly due those successes in great international competitions which have been achieved by British industry and manufactures. Although the idea of a Central School of Design (which was the nucleus of the present South Kensington Museum) has long since developed into a wide-spreading school of instruction, some trace of its original intention yet remains, and we cannot but feel that it would be better policy for both the department and the public were this phase of the institution to recover its former prestige. In an admirable speech made last session in the House of Commons Mr. Slagg, M.P. for Manchester, on the vote for the Science and Art Department, commented upon the meagre sums provided for those purposes, by which many of the important manufactures of the country would be most beneficially stimulated. We shall have occasion to revert to this speech, and therefore here we will only say that the Vice-President of the Council thoroughly indorsed the speaker's views, and promised that they should receive careful consideration.

The other public departments devoted to the fostering of the Fine Arts which receive Government support are the British Museum (£120,000), and the National Galleries of England (£17,374), Scotland (£2,100), and Ireland (£2,339); to which may in a sense be added the National Portrait Gallery (£2,390), though it is nominally under the control of a body of irresponsible trustees, and the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, which receives a grant in aid of £2,000 per annum. For the purposes of our present remarks no further allusion to the three National Galleries is necessary. We have, it must be explained, no desire to depreciate the value of pictures, or to ignore their influence upon Art students; but it is obvious that for all practical purposes all collections made at the public expense must be retained in a central spot, where at all times they are available for students. The value of copies of pictures, however skilfully executed, is for the true purposes of Art absolutely nil, whilst the resources of the State would be severely taxed were every local museum or town-hall to be led to expect original works of great masters provided for them at the public expense. The danger of most provincial galleries is that they will rapidly become choked with poor copies and poorer originals, or with inferior modern pictures possessing, perhaps, a certain technical skill, but valueless for all purposes of education. To avoid this not only a much higher knowledge of Art, but more tact in dealing with would-be benefactors, would have to be displayed than could be reasonably expected from voluntary trustees. To ward off the almost inevitable avalanche of valueless paintings, we would gladly see a body of *ex-officio* or other duly qualified

"tasters," whose permission should be obtained before any "work of Art" were exhibited in any public gallery. The task of selection would be an invidious, and at first an onerous one, but in the end it would justify itself, and give to this country a proud pre-eminence over every continental country. This committee of experts, being always under public notice, would be on their guard against those weaknesses which might not unnaturally beset any local body, however expert as connoisseurs, and stern in their judgments of their neighbours' tastes.

Whilst on the subject of picture galleries we may remark that the sum allotted to the National Gallery for the purchase of pictures, viz. £10,000 per annum, is under ordinary circumstances adequate; but there should, it seems to us, be some machinery available by which advantage might be taken of any unforeseen opportunity to secure a masterpiece. The terms of the Lewis bequest are, it is true, such as to place a small but wholly insufficient sum at the disposition of the trustees; but once their annual grant from Parliament expended, they are without means of taking advantage of any of those opportunities which, in the early part of the calendar year, but at the close of the financial year, not unfrequently present themselves. For instance, we are reminded that a few months hence, as soon as society returns to town, two of the old historical collections of the country are to be dispersed by public auction. It would be no reflection on either the trustees of the National Gallery or those of the British Museum, if we were to assume that in the event of the Marlborough and Hardwicke collections being sold before the 31st of March, not one of the historical treasures they contain can be secured for the nation, because the amount placed at their disposition for the service of the year 1880-81 has been exhausted. A still greater blunder was made not long since when for a number of years the National Gallery was actually mulcted of its annual grant until the £50,000 advanced in a lump sum for the purchase of the Peel collection was recovered.

There is another point in connection with the National Gallery to which we feel bound to refer. It has been urged by some that there must needs be in the possession of the trustees many works of Art for which no place is found in the rooms open to the public. This rumour is, we believe, without any foundation. There are in the vaults of the building in Trafalgar Square a certain number, not very many, of paintings which have from time to time been presented or bequeathed as the works of great masters, but which on examination have proved to be copies, often so inferior as to threaten to bring into contempt the reputation of the master to whom they are ascribed. In declining to distribute these works among provincial museums the trustees of the National Gallery are clearly acting within their right, and in accordance with a true sense of their duty towards Art. Whether their action with regard to the Turner drawings, of which they possess so many, is equally defensible we will not now discuss. To us they seem admirably adapted for disposal among picture galleries. But whatever may have been the shortcomings of that body—and their "record" is far from a clear one—the charge of hoarding public property cannot fairly be brought home to them. They have, perhaps, rather erred in the other extreme of forcing upon the public works of but secondary interest, and which, rightly or wrongly, were attributed to artists whose influence was rather due to the schools to which their names are respectively assigned than to any intrinsic beauty or merit in their individual productions.

The case of the public against the trustees of the British Museum is a more serious one, for not only have some of their most valuable treasures been sedulously concealed from the public eye, but, when want of space obliged them to part with numerous duplicate copies of valuable etchings and engravings, no opportunities were offered to local museums to acquire, on specially advantageous terms, works of real interest unobtainable elsewhere. The truth is, that although the pressure of public opinion has brought about a more liberal display of the unique works of Art accumulated in Bloomsbury, yet the authorities are essentially collectors, and are possessed with the genuine collector's secretiveness. This is the only reasonable explanation of the jealousy with which any demand for greater privileges for the public and for students is met. It is impossible to suppose that the keepers of the coins, medals, engraved gems, etchings, &c., can think that the exposure of their treasures to sunlight would be as prejudicial as possibly it may be to the delicate butterflies and humming-birds of the Natural History Department, and it is at the same time too insulting to the trustees to suppose that they framed general rules for the exhibition of specimens in all departments alike, without a moment's thought as to the special wants of students and amateurs from the outside world. If either hypothesis has any foundation in fact, we can only hope that the now imminent separation of the Natural History collections from the rest of the Museum will be marked by the introduction of a more enlightened treatment of the Art treasures of all descriptions in which the British Museum is fabulously rich. What may be the real extent of their riches in the various departments is probably unknown even to the authorities themselves; for until the public verdict has been challenged and obtained, the value of Art treasures cannot be assessed. As for the public, it may be with confidence asserted that nine-tenths even of those who frequent the British Museum for the purpose of self-improvement are absolutely ignorant that it contains collections of coins, medals, prints, engravings, &c., unexcelled in any public or private gallery in Europe. That the British Museum should have obtained this position is, considering the funds at the disposal of the trustees, most praiseworthy; but we fancy that were a catalogue prepared in each department, showing how much came by gift or bequest and how much by purchase, we should have greater reason to be proud of the private beneficence of our countrymen than of the enlightened liberality of our Government. A mere glance at the amounts expended in the current year would prove this; for although the expenditure on printed books may have been temporarily reduced from £10,000 to £7,000, the sums set apart for purchases in the other departments are quite up to, whilst in some cases they exceed, the average of previous years. The total sum expended by the trustees is in round numbers £120,000 per annum, of which about £25,000 is devoted to purchases and acquisitions of all sorts. At the present moment £3,000 is allowed for the excavations in Assyria and Mesopotamia going on under the supervision of Mr. Rassam, and we may fairly look to some important discoveries in this early phase of civilisation. For the purchase of Greek and Roman antiquities only £2,100 is provided, an absurdly inadequate sum if the Museum were desirous to make any additions to its collection of classical sculptures. Failing the resources to compete in this field with private collectors, the Museum busies itself with bronzes, coins, gems, vases, and such-like bric-à-brac of Greece and Rome and their dependencies in the east and west.

But if it be urged that in specimens of Greek and Roman

sculpture—the highest phase of ancient Art—the British Museum is already richer than any rival establishment, there is the more reason that the extent and value of such riches should be made as widely known as possible. Hitherto the sole object of the trustees has been to collect for themselves, and for the metropolis, whilst from any attempt to educate their visitors in town or country to appreciate their treasures they have, until the last year or two, held aloof. It would, however, be unfair and ungenerous to pass by in silence the course of lectures explanatory of Greek Art given by Mr. Newton, the success of which should prove to the trustees the need for some more extended and more systematic teaching. The restrictions under which the right of drawing from the antique models is accorded are far more onerous than they need reasonably be, whilst, except in the one department of the coins and medals, no attempt has been made to popularise the master works of Athens, Ephesus, Halicarnassus, and Rome with which the Museum abounds. We believe, moreover, that we speak without exaggeration when we say that from the first founding of the School of Design at Marlborough House down to the present time, the trustees of the British Museum have never stretched forth a finger to assist either the London or provincial schools of Art with reproductions of their most important works.

The history of the rise of the South Kensington Museum, to which we now pass, is too well known to need recapitulation. Springing from the small beginnings of an almost local school of design, it owes its first start in popular favour to the Exhibition of 1851, and to the steadfast and enlightened support of the late Prince Consort. Doubtless its managers may have made blunders, and at times may have allowed their zeal in collecting to outrun their judgment in selecting. But on the whole it must be admitted by every unprejudiced person that the intentions of the Museum authorities have been excellent, their proceedings liberal, and their influence for good unquestionable. If at the present time the taste for good Art predominates amongst those who have the means to gratify their taste, the origin is due in a very large measure to the action of the South Kensington Museum, in which, from time to time, have been—borrowed from private collections—the choicest works of every period. The public eye has been accustomed to see beautiful things there, and the demand for something truer and better than satisfied our fathers has spread through every class of society, benefiting, above all, the artificers and artists, of whom choicer designs and better workmanship were demanded. Complaints have arisen in Parliament and in the press that the Science and Art Department—of which it should be remembered that the South Kensington Museum is merely a branch—absorbed too much of the public money; but the annual estimates have gone on steadily increasing under every administration, because statesmen of both parties saw that the expenditure incurred by it was absolutely reproductive. The total sum of the present year's costs amounts to £329,768, but of this by far the largest portion goes towards supporting and extending scientific training throughout the three kingdoms. The sums devoted to Art training properly so called are small, if we except the £38,000 given for instruction (chiefly limited to drawing) in public elementary schools already referred to, and £21,000 earned by artisans attending Art classes held in the evening after their day's work is ended. The most ardent advocate of economy would scarcely grudge these sums, which, it must be remembered, are earned by the proficiency of the pupils; and though we are still far from urging, with Pamphilius of Sicyon, that it is the duty of the State to oblige every child to learn to draw, we cannot forget that the adoption of a law in that sense gave to Greece not only Phidias, Apelles, and Ictinus, but the public which encouraged and appreciated their works. So far from money being spent lavishly on the South Kensington Museum, we are disposed to hold that its usefulness is impaired by the parsimony with which it is treated. Those who visit its well-stocked rooms will scarcely believe that the total sum expended on this particular service, the cost of the buildings excluded, is under £20,000 per annum; and of this amount nearly one-half is devoted to spreading throughout the provinces the knowledge and appreciation of the Art treasures of this and other countries. The principal items of which this total is composed are as follows:—Circulation of works of Art especially applicable to industry, £6,000; exchange of works produced for schools of Art in this country for specimens of corresponding value abroad, £500; specimens to complete the illustration of British oil and water colour painting, £1,000; Art books, prints, and drawings for the Art library, £2,500; purchase of works of Art, £6,000; and finally, for the reproduction of ancient and mediæval Art by castings, electrotypes, &c., £1,500, and for photographing Art objects, etchings, and chromo-lithographs, £750.

These last two items are those to which, in conclusion, we wish to draw especial attention, and it was to these that the member for Manchester, speaking in the name of the great industrial centres of the north of England, called especial notice last session, enforcing upon the Vice-President of the Council the need of their extension. It is through reproductions alone that the enormous majority of our working classes can hope to become acquainted with the great works of antiquity and the Renaissance, for not one in a thousand has the time or means at his disposal to make a journey in search of them to the metropolis, where they are now stored. By their well-organized system of lending to local museums and exhibitions objects from the central collection, the South Kensington authorities have done much to disseminate a love of true Art, but their efforts are restricted both by the meagreness of the sums at their disposal, and the want of original works from which to take casts. It is easy to see that if the long-threatened union of the British and South Kensington Museums were ever to be brought about, there would be some chance of a different result being attained. At South Kensington the machinery requisite for taking copies by casts, photographs, and electrotypes already exists, though not in a form to be desired in a public institution. Trade jealousies have been allowed to interfere, and private interests have been permitted to elbow aside the public good. As an instance of this we may refer to the sudden and unexplained withdrawal of the Holbein photographs, which some years ago were sold to the public for a few pence, and cannot now be obtained for nearly as many shillings; and a parallel instance might be found at the British Museum, where a private dealer actually made use of the Museum moulds to reproduce, at a high price, casts of the national sculptures. No explanation has ever been vouchsafed of this extraordinary claim of private traders to exercise a restrictive right of reproducing public works purchased by public money, and it is high time that such an anomaly should be put an end to.

But it is rather in the direction of the reproduction of sculpture by casts and of coins by electrotype that we should wish

to see the first efforts of Mr. Mundella tend. At present the Italians have a certain reputation for deftness and delicacy in their art, but we venture to think that after a very few months we should see repeated at South Kensington, or wherever the modelling school was established, the experience of the late Duke of Northumberland when restoring Alnwick Castle. It may not be generally known that the wood carving of the interior of the castle was intrusted to Signor Bulletti, of Florence, who brought with him a number of Italian workmen, who were associated with the best wood carvers in the district. At the end of a few months the Alnwick workmen had attained such a degree of perfection that their work was deemed superior to that of the Italians, who were sent back to their own country. But in the case of modelling no such artistic qualification is required. The moulders (*formatori*) might as well be English as Italian, and with a supply of models such as the British Museum would for many years be able to furnish, every local museum which cared to incur the expense of the casts would be provided with reproductions of the great works of the Parthenon, the Temple of Halicarnassus, and the other gems already in this country; while under the direction of such men as Messrs. Burton, Poynter, and Newton, representing the National Gallery, South Kensington, and the British Museum, the public might rest satisfied that none but works of the highest interest and merit would be reproduced in this country, or obtained from the national collections of other countries. Another point which should not be lost sight of in discussing this question is, that for all the practical purposes of the student and copyist the pure white cast is absolutely more useful than the original but time-stained marble. The difficulties to be surmounted in copying the antique are already sufficiently great, and anything which legitimately facilitates the task of the student is to be encouraged.

The adoption of some such scheme as we have here roughly sketched out would, we are bold enough to believe, be of incalculable benefit. Local museums, instead of being cumbered with worthless pictures and meaningless rubbish, would become guides in the art of design, attracting all who, whatever their handicraft, wished to draw inspiration from the highest and purest sources. The arts of decoration and design have been carried to their highest pitch by men who, like Raffaelle, Donatello, and Ghirlandajo, were masters of the human figure, whilst never did decorative work fall to so low a point as when the study of the antique and of nature was practically neglected. In France the need of some such Art instruction has been recognised for generations; at Lyons, Sèvres, Dijon, as well as at Paris, schools of design have been maintained by the State with marked results, and the need for increased energy on the part of the State is recognised in every manufacturing centre of that country. At Vienna, at Munich, at Moscow, and at Boston in the United States the establishment of similar institutions has been followed by renewed activity in those branches of industry in which artistic design plays an important part. If we are told that North Germany for a long time held aloof from any such innovations, we have only to recall the crushing report made on German manufactures by Professor Reuleaux, himself a German, when attempting to explain the terrible failure of his countrymen to hold their own at Philadelphia against other countries, and to recollect that his strictures were followed by the active participation of the Government in the labours of Dr. Schliemann at Olympia.

In the face of positive and negative testimony so overwhelming as the continuous supremacy of Lyons and Rouen and the hopeless insignificance of Elberfeld and Barmen, will any one contest seriously that the study of the highest and best models has no civilising effect upon public taste, or that it does not matter to the nation whether its industry is inspired by true or false principles of Art? Is it not universally admitted that the influence of Flaxman upon more than one branch of industry was the source of wealth to a large body of artificers at a time when Staffordshire pottery was threatened by numerous rivals? and was it not to his own studies of the antique that Flaxman owed his renown? If only on the low ground of expediency we hold that the State should intervene to refine public taste, yet on that ground the establishment of some centre, whence the highest and purest models are obtainable, may be defended. Moreover, there is no reason to doubt that even as a commercial undertaking the Museum of Casts might be made almost, if not quite, self-supporting. Local museums or schools would rarely hesitate to purchase at cost price reproductions such as we have described. They would form the nucleus around which the special requirements of the industrial centres would group themselves, without which no museum would be complete, but from which each special industry would take its start. From Manchester and Leeds, for instance, we should expect in time to have demand for reproductions or drawings of Art work bearing on textile fabrics; from Birmingham and Sheffield, those relating to metal-working; from Nottingham, old lace designs; from the Potteries, the history of Ceramic Art; and so on throughout the country; and thus, whilst each branch was sensible of the benefits it derived from the vitality of the parent stock, the funds requisite to maintain its vigour and influence would be freely voted by the representatives of the affiliated branches. We should not see the Minister of Fine Arts, if ever such an official be appointed, forced to reduce his estimates to some paltry sum for fear of arousing provincial jealousies, for the local authorities would feel that they had their share and interest in every fresh work acquired; and above all, we should not hear the constantly recurring complaint that in taste and beauty our fabrics are being left behind in the great competition of the world. The true and permanent foundation of industry, except in the earlier stages of society, is Art; and in the present day, unless our Industrial Arts be of the highest excellence, we shall be speedily distanced by those nations which better understand the wants of our phase of civilisation. If the home supply be poor or defective the demand will turn to another market, to the obvious detriment, as may be seen in Germany, of our home trade, and once gone it will be difficult to recover. We believe that English manufacturers are willing, and English workmen are capable, to produce work of the highest standard; but they have neither the means nor the power to attain to it without some direction and encouragement. It is at this point that the State can and should make its influence felt, not by any fictitious stimulus or false protection, but by throwing down all the obstacles which hinder both purchasers and producers from accustoming themselves to the sight of what matured opinion has recognised as the best outcome of Art in the various stages of its development. This necessity of a perfect ideal is no new theory or modern conceit, but the desire of the poet, artist, philosopher, and philanthropist of all ages.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

GRANADA.*

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

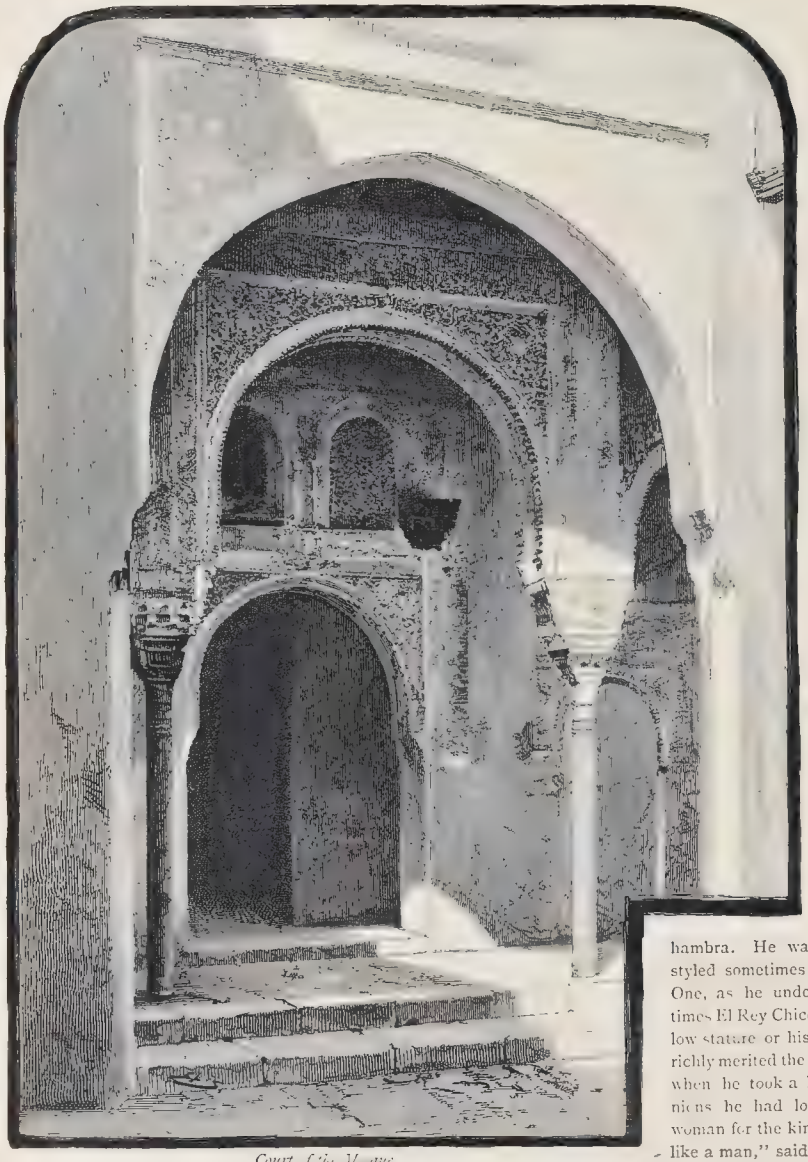
THE present aspect of the Alhambra Palace, viewed from the outside, admirably conveys the ruling idea with those who designed it. The superstitious Moslem purposely avoided all exterior ostentation and display. He dreaded the evil eye, which "scowls at the prosperous and mars their felicity," and sought by an affectation of humility to propitiate and avert it. The outer façade of this world-renowed palace is simple and unpretending even to meanness. No one would for one moment suppose that the low doorway, reached by a narrow alley to the left of the palace of Charles V., is the approach to perhaps the most beautiful building in the world. Directly we pass the threshold a step or two bring us to the Patio de la Alberca, and we are conscious of a change as sudden and extraordinary as the transformation scene in a play. An accurate impression is at once obtained of the charm and beauty of the palace from this its first and thoroughly characteristic court. Water, verdure, architecture, decorative symmetry and gorgeous colours are here exquisitely and artistically combined. The limpid element, reflecting the sky, fills a vast marble tank or pond in the centre of the court; on each side are low bushes of myrtle neatly trimmed; all around are slender pillars supporting fairylike horseshoe arches, and ornamented with a "petrified veil of the most delicate lace." At the end is a vista of cool corridors, and through the open door we gain a glimpse of the great gilded throne-room, the hall of the ambassadors, where the monarch, in days of Moorish dominion, received lesser potentates and emissaries of high rank. High above all rises the great square tower in which this hall is situated, and which, with its tawny red tones, stands out clear cut against the deep blue sky. This court is the immediate ante-chamber of the mezquita, or private mosque of the palace, and the waters of the pond no doubt served for the numerous ablutions which the Koran imposed upon the faithful. For all who were privileged to enter their Royal Chapel the tank must have been very conveniently situated. The mezquita is reached through a door at the end of the Patio de la Alberca, but it has its own *patio*, or courtyard. A notable feature of this is the portico, or entrance, with its triple horseshoe arches, figured in page 50. This is as admirable a specimen of Moorish architecture as any in the Alhambra. The ornamentation is surprisingly elaborate, and its richness when perfect must have been extraordinary. Time and neglect have laid their heavy hands upon it; the tiles which once adorned the upper part of the cornice have long since disappeared, and it has suffered greatly in other parts. At one time this charming patio was used as a sheep-pen, at another as a poultry-yard, and the general effect is marred by a barbarous Spanish modern gallery, which runs along one side. The mosque beyond has also been mutilated and damaged. The Moorish remains are exquisite, such as the elaborate niche which served as the *mihrab*, or sanctuary, for the Koran, and the carved roof resembling tortoiseshell, which Ferdinand and Isabella repainted. But the inconsistent Charles V. could not at Granada tolerate a Mahometan place of worship within the precincts of the palace, and just as the Great Mosque was replaced by the parish church of Santa Maria, so was this mezquita converted into a chapel. The alteration certainly did not tend to the artistic improvement of the place. It is somewhat surprising that Charles V. should have lent himself to this conversion, seeing how indignant he was with the chapter of Cordova when they had modernized a portion of the far-famed mosque of that city. His words have been preserved. "You have built here," he said, "what you or any one might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world—you have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you could not finish." Monarchs are capricious and whimsical people; and Charles V. committed a still greater crime than that which he here reproved when he himself destroyed half the Alhambra to make room for his own Renaissance palace.

The finest word painting would be inadequate to do justice to the internal glories of the Alhambra. The most remarkable features of this lovely place are its architectural perfection and the completeness of its decoration. In the former, the truest and soundest principles have been implicitly and universally obeyed; in the latter, "the eye, intellect, and affections," says Owen Jones, "are everywhere satisfied." The halls and corridors, the long colonnades, the deep and shady recesses, the constant dripping of the fountains, all bear witness that in plan and general arrangement the architects of the Alhambra followed Oriental lines. The objects sought were to combine permanence with great elegance, durability with delicacy and extreme finish; to secure cool shade and spotless cleanliness, and with it rich colouring and pleasing decorative effect. In its palmiest days the ornamentation must have been superb. Colour was used everywhere with a lavish hand—in the upper parts red and blue, with yellow representing gold; on the lower levels, and nearer the eye, as in the dados and pavements, the secondary colours—orange, purple, and green—were employed, as seen in the well-known *azulejos*, or Moorish tiles. The Moors, although handicapped by their religion and forbidden to reproduce any presentment of animal life, were yet masters of decorative art. This limitation drove them into the development of geometric ornamentation and the elaborate employment of inscriptions.

The Moorish system of ornamentation may be summed up by saying that they invariably decorated construction, and never constructed decoration. And in their treatment, as Wyatt has pointed out, they rigidly observed two principles. First, they preserved the continuity of all scroll-work from root to fully developed foliation; next, they sought after effect in the larger surfaces, as seen from a distance, before they added the minor details of elaboration needed to satisfy a closer inspection. They were most scientific workmen moreover. In devising intricate combinations they have never been rivalled, except perhaps by the Chinese. Their ceilings, the honeycombed ceilings, with their stalactitic pendentives, are constructed on true mathematical principles, and by the repetition of the simplest elements; so are the perplexing and

* Continued from page 27.

seemingly hopelessly confused involutions of lines and curves upon wall spaces and floors. With all this they had great command of materials and marvellous technical knowledge. They were great adepts in wood inlaying, they had inherited many secrets in glass-making and mosaic, and they were especially skilled in the manipulation of plaster. How very largely the last-mentioned material was utilised in the Alhambra is probably little known. Yet it may be called a stucco palace from beginning to end. Nearly all the ornament is composed of it. But it was stucco of a very superior kind, according to Wyatt, harder, tougher, closer in texture, and much less absorbent than plaster of Paris. The same authority sees a strong resemblance between it and the Indian *chunam*, a substance produced much as was the fine stucco used in ancient Rome. Like it, he thinks the Moorish was made of the finest lime, and mixed with pounded earthenware, to which some saccharine stuff was added to retard setting and keep the mass plastic under the tool.



Court of the Mosque.

No little of the joy which possesses us as we tread the halls and courts of the Alhambra arises from the memories and associations which linger round them all. Each has its peculiar stories and legends, many of which have been perpetuated in the pages of Washington Irving. It is impossible to enter the great Hall of the Ambassadors without a certain emotion as we think of the pomp and pageantry which had their home here in the past. The Hall of the Abencerages with its apocryphal blood stains, recalls one of the foulest deeds ever perpetrated in the palace, the murder of thirty-six members of an opposite faction by Boabdil, the last king. This cruel but unhappy monarch fills a large space in the annals of the Alhambra. He was the last of his race, styled sometimes El Zogoybi, the Unlucky One, as he undoubtedly was, and sometimes El Rey Chico, the Little King, from his low stature or his narrow brains. Boabdil richly merited the rebuke of his stern mother when he took a last farewell of the dominions he had lost. "Yes, weep like a woman for the kingdom you could not keep like a man," said Ayesha; and this sentiment is repeated by the Moorish chronicler when describing Boabdil's subsequent death, when fighting for an African kinsman in Fez. "Wretched man," this is his epitaph, "who could lose his life in another's cause, and yet not dare to die in his own." In Boabdil the enervating effects of a sensuous religion, fed and fostered by the delights of this

artistic and æsthetic home, had reached their culminating point. The Moors must have greatly degenerated in the latter days of their rule, and become more and more lapped in luxury and self-indulgent ease. This thought is uppermost as we pass through the Court of Lions. Close by were the female apartments, the harem of the uxurious Mahometan khalif, whose numerous wives, accompanied by the ladies of the court, no doubt came duly guarded to enjoy the fresh air and the fragrance of flowers in this richly gifted spot. Who has not heard of the Court of Lions, with its central fountain surrounded by quaint beasts, unlike lions or any other known animals, from whose mouths streams of icy-cold water—drawn from the Darro—fall perennially into the alabaster basin, and so pass downward and onward and away? Near here is the Hall of the Two Sisters, another chamber which was actually part of the harem, the ladies' sleeping apartment probably, as it has recesses or alcoves on each side to receive the beds. This hall has already been mentioned as one of the most beautiful in the whole palace. It takes its name from a couple of slabs of Macael marble in the pavement, which are wonderfully similar in size, shape, and colour. The decorations, many of which are in fair preservation, especially the wonderful stalactite roof, made up of five thousand pieces, are very gorgeous and brilliant—the rich setting or framework for the dark-eyed beauties who made it their home. Upon an upper floor is a balcony with latticed windows, in which, no doubt, the Mahometan women might, without impropriety, gaze down at games and entertainments in the hall below. At the end of this ladies' chamber is a window looking into the charming garden of Lindaraja, an especially favoured sultana, who gave her name to the spot; and a little farther on is the Queen's *tocador*, or tiring-room, a kind of *gazeebo*, or coigne of vantage, from which a superb view is obtained of the Generaliffe and Snow Mountains on the one side, and of the verdant Vega on the other.

If further proof were needed of the luxurious life led by the Moors in the privacy of their delightfully voluptuous home, it would be found in the part appropriated to the baths in the Alhambra. The climate, no doubt, backed up the Koran in rendering frequent ablutions imperative, and the Moors were not slow to follow the dictates of comfort combined with those of the law. These spacious baths are, of course, Oriental in their arrangements: the Moorish process was identical with that practised at Damascus, as well as in the East generally, as it is to some extent in the *hammam*, or Turkish bath, of our own day. Each chamber, from the vapour-room to the shampooing place, and so to the place of immersion or plunge bath, was cunningly contrived and richly adorned. There are marble and azulejo tiles everywhere on walls and floor; the ceilings are vaulted and massive, intended to keep the light out and the heat in. Each roof is pierced by ventilators made of earthenware, and glazed green; and these, which glitter above like stars in the firmament, serve to give both light and air together. Any quantity of warm water was constantly on tap: it was heated in great coppers (long since sold for what they would fetch), and conducted by a clever system of pipes from the furnaces to the baths. Nor were the delights of the bath-house confined to ablution. After the operation the bathers were regaled with sweet music from the concert-room, which still exists. The musicians were in a gallery or tribune above, while the audience sat upon carpets and couches upon the pavement below, enjoying true Oriental *kāf* the most luxurious form of doing nothing and enjoying much ever known in the world.

In taking their pleasure the old Moorish monarchs did not confine themselves to the Alhambra. They had, higher up the slopes of the Sierra, a second dwelling house, essentially a summer residence, or place of *villeggiatura*. This is known as the Generaliffe, a title signifying the "house of love or pleasure," and it is as lordly a pleasure-house as that decreed by Kubla Khan. In plan it is simpler than the palace of which it was the *succursale*, but its architecture is as perfect, and its internal decorations little inferior. What gives the Generaliffe its chief charm is the wealth and profusion of vegetation which fills its gardens with leafage and flower. Well-grown cypresses soar high into the sky; laurels, a very favourite shrub with the Moors, are to be seen everywhere a blaze of brilliant blossoms; great beds of roses scent the air half the year, and please the eye with variegated colours, in sharp contrast with their border fences of fantastically cut box. All this richness is fostered greatly by situation and



The Bath Room, Alhambra.

the abundant water supply. The gardens may well bloom perpetually; most of the trees are evergreens, and the place, well sheltered on three sides, looks south on the fourth. The irrigation comes from the great reservoir of the mountains, and the waters, in a wide stream, traverse the gardens from end to end. If these were not joys sufficient, the Moors might have superadded those of possession; for from the terrace of the Generaliffe there is the most unrivalled view of the Alhambra. The square towers and long walls of the fortress fill the immediate foreground with grand outlines of strong red-toned stonework; even the palace of Charles V. looks less unsightly. Down below are the roofs and spires of the town; beyond these the broad expanse of the Vega, stretching like a colossal carpet of richest green, till it ends in the purple of the far-off hills. Such a view as this may well recall the sympathetic speech of Charles V. when he gazed



View of the Garden of the Alhambra.

at the Vega and thought of Boabdil: "Ill fated the man that lost all this!"

Granada was the last stronghold of the Moors in Spain; with it power passed from the Crescent to the Cross; khalifs succumbed to, and were replaced by, the Catholic kings. It is impossible to dissociate Ferdinand and Isabella from this their last and greatest conquest, and but natural to find that they are buried in the city they so long and zealously besieged, and at last so valiantly won. The sovereigns lie side by side in the Royal Chapel attached to the cathedral of Granada. The entrance to this chapel, given in the following woodcut, marks in itself the distinction between the two régimes. Moorish architecture is replaced by Gothic, and of the latter the arch of the entrance into the chapel is undoubtedly a good specimen. The whole façade is certainly fine, with its richly sculptured escutcheons and figures of saints, or, as Ford puts it, "with emblems of heraldic pride and religious humility." Within the chapel a most splendid iron screen,



Entrance to the Tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella.

or *reja*, the work of one Bartolomé, a native of Jaen, and dating about 1522, separates the royal tombs from the rest of the church. Wyatt calls this reja the finest in design that he ever saw, having to a wonderful degree the three great merits of transparency, stability, and propriety of design. As for the tombs, Art and material are combined to make them perhaps the most magnificent mausoleums in the world.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

IVORIES.

FEW of the various classes of objects which engage the attention of the collector are more justly entitled to it than that of carvings in ivory. From the very earliest period in which Art and civilisation began to flourish to that in which we live, ivory has always been a material much loved by the sculptor. Sir Digby Wyatt, in the beginning of the lecture which, in the year 1856, he delivered before the Arundel Society, has so well summed up the qualities and circumstances which have caused this to be the case, that it would be difficult or impossible to state them more truly or more lucidly. "The value of ivory," he says, "has always consisted, not in its intrinsic worth, but in its admirable adaptation for expressing in outward form the inspirations of the sculptor. Hence it has always been reserved for the ripest talents of every period, while at the same time it has never offered the same temptations to the destroyer that have been presented by the precious metals. The happy consequence of this quality has been that, while almost every work of ancient Art convertible into bullion has disappeared in the successive dark ages of barbarism, many a relic, the intellectual part of which has been embalmed in this apparently less durable material, has come down to our days almost as uninjured as when it passed from the hand of its sculptor to the possession of its original owner. Another circumstance which has preserved to us in ivory carvings many a phase of religious iconography which fanaticism in one form or another would have remorselessly defaced, had the design of the artist been embodied in wood or marble, is the portability of the majority of the specimens, and the comparative ease with which they might be concealed from menaced sacrilege. The effect of these happy immunities has been that the student in Art history may find, even in the small collection (that of casts sold by the Arundel Society) now brought together, illustrations of styles and periods of plastic dexterity to which he cannot hope to find parallel specimens in any other material, serving to throw many a light upon times otherwise absolutely obscure."

It is somewhat depressing to the amateur whose zeal has been fired by Sir Digby's eloquence into an ardent wish to gather together a fine collection of these little gems of Art, a tolerably complete series of which is an epitome of the art of sculpture from the classical period to the present day, to be obliged to remember that good and genuine specimens are rare; that as the material is perishable if exposed either to damp or to excessive dryness, we cannot hope that many new examples will be disinterred from tombs or ruins; to call to mind that public museums have swallowed up a very large proportion of the floating capital, if we may use such an expression, of objects of this nature; and that many of the most remarkable examples are the property of ecclesiastical bodies not likely to alienate them. Still he should not despair. Within not very many years past several remarkable examples have been brought from some obscure corner in house or sacristy, and passed into the possession of those capable of appreciating their beauty and interest. One of the very finest known ivory carvings with Christian subjects—a round box or pyx, now in the museum at Berlin—was discovered not many years ago in the house of a peasant on the Moselle. Sir Digby Wyatt does not hesitate to call this "the most beautiful specimen of a detached object in ivory I have ever seen." On it are sculptured figures of the twelve apostles, Christ teaching, and the sacrifice of Isaac: it dates probably from the earlier part of the fourth century. The writer, about ten years ago, found in the possession of a dealer in Rome a circular ivory box, on which was carved the martyrdom of St. Mennas, dating from about A.D. 500, and probably carved in Alexandria. It is engraved in vol. xliv. of the *Archæologia* of the Society of Antiquaries. The finest known example of a very curious phase of Art, which we may call secular, as distinguished from hieratic, Byzantine sculpture in ivory, a coffer covered with singular versions of classical stories, such as that of Europa, was not very long ago sold by the chapter of the Collegiate Church of Veroli to Mr. Webb, from whom it passed to the South Kensington Museum.

The fine collection of carvings in ivory belonging to Signor Castellani and to several French amateurs, exhibited in the Trocadéro at the time of the great Universal Exhibition of 1878, proves that although it would probably be impossible to bring together such collections as those formed by Mr. Douce (which passed to Sir Samuel Meyrick), or by Mr. Maskell (now in the British Museum), good gleanings are still to be had in this field. Probably even in this country many a remarkable example of this art lies hidden in some remote country house, or even in some drawer or wardrobe in the metropolis.

But the unskilled collector would do well to be cautious; there is, perhaps, no class of objects of virtu which the fraudulent dealer has so persistently and frequently copied with the view of imposing upon the unwary. A dealer in antiquities at Venice, deceased now some fifty years or more, has the credit of having been one of the earliest at work, for it does not appear that the admirably clever Italian forgers of the period of the Renaissance, who have deceived so many excellent judges by their bas-reliefs in bronze, or their intaglios in gems, tried their hands at imitations of antique carvings in ivory. The worthy in question acquired a fine carving in ivory—the cover of a book—a Byzantine work, in which the Saviour is represented, in somewhat high relief, seated on a throne. This he caused to be copied in bone; and not content with this, he had a cast in brass made from his copy. The writer has seen both of these—one in a celebrated German collection, the other in England. The same dealer, having acquired a genuine Consular diptych, caused it to be copied in bone, and palmed it off on a purchaser more eager than experienced.

At the present day the dealers' shops on the continent are filled with these spurious objects, usually, it must be owned, but badly executed—so badly that those who buy them deserve their fate. A collector should bear in mind that ivory was

* Continued from page 16.

always a valuable material, and that objects roughly and carelessly executed are the very small exceptions among genuine examples. The Art may be bad and grotesque, but the sculptor almost invariably could use his tools, and did his utmost to carve delicately and minutely what he attempted to represent; the folds of the garments may be absurd and impossible, but they are executed with diligence and care. The sculptor of the present day who can work really well can usually turn his talents to better account than in carving forgeries for which he will be but ill paid, and the knavish dealer probably finds that it answers his purpose better to pay low prices and sell comparatively cheap than to pay such sums as would secure the services of a really competent artist.

Still it must be owned that carvings do exist the execution of which is extremely rough: such are the two sides of a quarto book cover in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris (*vide* Westwood's Cat. of Fictile Ivories in the South Kensington Museum, p. 45). This roughness of execution has caused the genuineness of these and some like examples to be doubted, among others by M. Didron. It is obvious that much knowledge as to all the details of costume, architecture, movable objects, weapons, ecclesiastical ornaments, social usages—in short, an intimate acquaintance with all that concerns the habits of life and manners of each period—in the nearly two thousand years which have elapsed since the commencement of the Christian era, to say nothing of the earlier period, is required to enable the connoisseur to form a reliable judgment on doubtful objects. But he must add to this knowledge a keen and discriminating eye for the mannerisms and peculiarities of execution which mark each period of Art. We are unfortunately without information as to the names of artists who in the dark and Middle Ages worked in this material, and cannot, therefore, like Vindex, assign, as Statius tells us he could do, each genuine work to its maker; but we ought to be able to refer it without hesitation to the period to which it belongs, and consequently, if we find that the manner of rendering draperies, human features, or the like is not in accordance with the treatment of the subject or its accessories, we may with reason suspect its authenticity.

Another index of date is the condition of the ivory. This, as has been already said, is a perishable material; it is composed of particles of phosphate of lime held together by a web of gelatine; damp decomposes the gelatine, and the whole rots. If, on the other hand, it is long kept in too dry an atmosphere, the gelatine shrinks, and the mass is pervaded by innumerable cracks. Hence an experienced observer can often—not, of course, invariably—confirm the opinion he may have formed from the character of the sculpture by examination of the state of the ivory; he will find, as might be expected, that it differs largely in the greater number of examples, in proportion to the greater or less age of its execution, though allowance must be made for the localities in which the object has been preserved. A curious instance of this may be observed in the two leaves of the "Diptychon Meleretense" (*vide* Gori. Thes. Oct. Dipt. vol. i. pl. vi.), which formerly served as the doors of a reliquary in the convent of Moutiers, in France. One of these, which passed into the possession of Mr. Webb, and thence to the South Kensington Museum, having been carefully preserved, is still, with the exception of some fractures, in excellent condition; the other, now in the Hôtel de Cluny, is extremely mutilated, large pieces have flaked off, and much of the substance is reduced to a chalky consistence. This deplorable state of things is easily accounted for, if it be true, as is reported, that what remains of it was fished up from a well.

Forgers of ivory carvings are very well aware that an appearance of age is required, and endeavour to obtain it by various applications—acids to act on the surface, stains to give colour, and so forth.

It is scarcely necessary here to write of the remains of Assyrian, Egyptian, or Greek Art; in this material they are few, and seldom found in dealers' hands. When they do occur, it is usually in special circumstances—either they are found in some excavation, or they form part of some well-known collection, their existence in which is almost a voucher for their authenticity.

Objects of considerable size and importance, exhibiting the Art of the Roman classical period, are most rare; the few which exist owe their preservation, in many instances, to their having been adapted in some church or monastery to ecclesiastical uses, as ornaments of the bindings of Gospels or other service books, or of reliquaries. Consular diptychs were occasionally used in churches, liturgical formulas being, as in the case of the diptych of Flavius Clementinus, Consul A.D. 513, which formed part of the Fejervary collection, and is now in the Meyer Museum at Liverpool, inscribed within the ivory tablets. A considerable number of smaller objects have from time to time been discovered in tombs, and very many in the catacombs about Rome, it having been a frequent practice to attach to the wet plaster with which the marble slabs or tiles that close the *loculi* (hollowed spaces like berths in the cabin of a ship, in which the corpses were placed) were affixed to the native tufa rock, objects of the most varied kind. The glass discs with figures in gold leaf, which have been the subject of a special work by Padre Raffaelle Garrucci ("Li Vetri Ornati d'Oro"), are found thus attached, as also children's toys in terra-cotta, glass, ivory, wood, or bone, and many other miscellaneous articles.

Numerous statuettes and other objects in ivory have been discovered thus utilised. Sometimes these are works of very good Art, and it is stated that many of the objects in this material in the museum of the Vatican come from the Catacombs; others have been found at Pompeii or Herculaneum. It may be said generally of all these examples long hidden in damp and dark cavities below-ground, that the material has undergone serious deterioration, the gelatine has decayed, and the ivory acquired a chalky appearance and lost strength and consistency. Under such circumstances the statuettes are often in a very fragmentary condition, limbs, noses, or other prominent portions having separated from the trunk.

Want of sufficient artistic power has perhaps prevented forgers from making attempts to produce imitations of classical work of large scale and importance, but some years ago a considerable quantity of small objects, such as combs and little boxes, sometimes circular, sometimes oblong, with subjects in low relief carved upon them, appeared in the hands of dealers both in the towns on the Rhine and in England: many of these were not of ivory, but of smooth hard bone, probably portions of leg bones of horses. The state of preservation of these was remarkably good, the carving well executed, and not without resemblance to late Roman work, but it was

marked by a want of character, and the general opinion of well-informed antiquaries who examined them was that they were spurious, the produce of some manufactory near the Rhine.

Occasionally a tyro in collecting is led to believe that a work of some Fleming in the seventeenth century in pseudo-classical style really belongs to the earlier centuries of our era. The writer some years ago was told at Rome by an acquaintance that a friend of his had had the great good fortune to "pick up" two ivory cups of the Imperial period. On examination they turned out, as might have been expected, to be sections of elephants' tusks carved by some Flemish artist with battle subjects, soldiers in Roman costume careering about on prancing dray-horses—such ivory carvings as are so often seen mounted with silver bases and covers, and used as tankards.

Another and much rarer class of objects are often supposed, and with greater show of reason, to date from the classical period—small coffers with mythological subjects: these are probably of the eleventh or twelfth century, and of the manufacture of Constantinople. It will, however, be better to defer what has to be said about objects of this class until ivory carvings of Byzantine style are mentioned.

A class of carvings in ivory which is highly important in the artistic, and of the utmost interest in the historical point of view, is that of the diptychs usually, for the sake of conciseness, spoken of as "Consular Diptychs." This is not, strictly speaking, a correct expression, as though the far greater number were gifts from the ordinary consuls on their nomination, others are attributed to emperors, and one is that of a Vicarius Urbis. They are tablets of ivory varying somewhat in dimensions, but usually measuring from 12 to 14 inches in length by from 4 to 7 in breadth, joined together by a peculiar description of hinge. They are, for the most part, sculptured on the exterior with the effigy of the consul whose gift they are, and hollowed within to receive a thin layer of wax which might be written on with a style, as was customary at the time: they were, in fact, memorandum books on a somewhat large scale. It was a custom to distribute these as presents to the senators and other great dignitaries of the Empire, and, by a provision in the Theodosian Code, the Consul Ordinarius alone was allowed to give diptychs of ivory. This rule, it would seem, was not in force at an earlier time, for the diptych of Probianus, Vicarius Urbis A.D. 322, is of that material.

As has been said above, these objects are of the greatest interest in several points of view. They usually bear the names of the consuls by whose orders they were made, and can consequently be unhesitatingly assigned to their respective dates; they are therefore invaluable monuments of the condition of Art at those periods, and, as they range in date from the third to the sixth century, they enable us to study and gauge the decline of the art of sculpture as do no other extant works of Art. The subject of the great majority is the consul sitting in his curule chair, dressed in the embroidered tunic and toga which he wore when triumphing, or, as he is represented on the diptychs, when presiding at the games of the circus; below the figure of the consul is usually a compartment in which games, such as fighting with wild beasts (*venationes*), or races in the amphitheatre, are represented. Sometimes, instead of such subjects, the distribution of the doles furnished by the consul's liberality is depicted.

On one diptych, that of the Consul Anicius Probus, A.D. 406, preserved in the treasury of the cathedral of Aosta, a standing figure of the Emperor Honorius appears in place of the effigy of the consul.

It will be easily seen, from this brief summary, how much of archæological interest these remarkable objects possess; nor are they unworthy of attention as works of Art, for some of the earlier examples are of great artistic merit and power. One remarkable instance is the single leaf in the Meyer Museum at Liverpool, on which men fighting with stags are sculptured with much character and vigour. This is attributed to Marcus Julius Philippus, son of the Emperor Philip the Arab, Consul A.D. 248. We have diptychs of eighteen or nineteen consuls, in some cases in duplicate, or even in triplicate, and the whole number of extant memorials, more or less of this class, which have been noticed is under fifty. It is, therefore, not surprising that when an example comes into the market it brings a very high price; a single leaf, a good deal mutilated, of a diptych of Anastasius, Consul A.D. 517, now in the South Kensington Museum, has been sold for £420, and the entire one of Orestes, Consul A.D. 530, was purchased for £620. It is, therefore, not surprising that the attention of forgers has been turned to the possibility of palming off a modern copy as an original, and one purporting to be of the Consul Anastasius was actually sold to the Belgian Government for £800. A distinguished English antiquary, however, recognised it as spurious, partly on the ground of incorrect style and execution, and partly as being deficient in certain peculiarities which always distinguish genuine diptychs; the vendor was compelled to refund the purchase money, and moreover, it is said, severely fined for his imposture.

When we remember that each consul must have distributed some score of these objects, and that the practice of giving them extended through several centuries, we may perhaps indulge a hope that more still lie *perdus* in obscure recesses of some sacristy or library. Many, however, were used up as mere material to be carved with subjects more acceptable to the taste of the ninth or some later century.

Several diptychs exist which are sculptured with mythological subjects: perhaps the finest of their class is that on which are figures of Æsculapius and Hygiea, now in the Liverpool Museum.

Nearly contemporaneous with the Consular, as regards the earlier examples, but extending down to a much later date, are the ecclesiastical diptychs, of which a considerable number exist, carved with a variety of subjects on the outside, and often containing in the inside a list of names of persons who were commemorated at a certain period in the eucharistic office, their names being read aloud from the diptych. The usage would seem to have lasted down to the twelfth century, and ecclesiastical diptychs may be found of great variety of style as well as of subject.

A. NESBITT.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:

ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

THE CHIMNEY-PIECE (*continued*).

DURING that luxurious period of the Restoration when men and manners, recoiling from the undue strain which had been imposed upon them under the Commonwealth, ran somewhat riot in excesses, the chimney-piece followed very much the lines of its predecessors. It was adorned with more carving, it had larger projecting columns and a wider shelf; and as the arts grew more popular and people grew richer, the panelled surface over the opening became a frame for a picture—portraits at first, sometimes in mosaics, as is one at Wimpole, and afterwards for flower-pieces, which were then much affected as decorative accessories. Flowers indeed bloomed everywhere, and with dainty cunning Grinling Gibbons wreathed them in festoons, or planted them in clusters about some of the most beautiful chimney-pieces which have ever been executed in England, but which, from their very richness, place themselves somewhat out of the range of our subject. The grate meanwhile was undergoing important changes, and the best wits of the best men were bent upon devising how to induce the heavier coal smoke to go up the chimney which had served for the lighter wood smoke. The size of the flues was very much reduced, and this led to a reduced size of opening and a narrower chimney-breast, thus altering very greatly the proportion of the chimney-piece. Instead of being nearly or quite as wide as it was high, it became about twice as high as it was wide, and so pedimental heads were introduced to bring down its over-tall proportions; and all this came of the substitution of coal for wood. The Marquis of Worcester's cousin, Sir John Winter—happier in his fate than his celebrated relation—left steam alone and confined himself to smoke. He invented a grate having communication with the outer air by means of an air drain placed below it, accelerating the power of combustion, but sending a good deal of heat up the chimney in consequence. Then Prince Rupert tried his skill—no mean skill either—and really hit upon the basis of all our modern patents. By its means the draught was placed very low down on the fire, and passed up behind the grate; but this did away with the high old chimney opening, and an Englishman's love of a big fire and a big fireplace was too great to be influenced by either science or economy, so his notion passed away into the limbo of prematurely born ideas, and has only been revived of late years. Chimney-pieces were, however, coming down in the world, and during the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne they gradually fell until they only occupied about half the space between the floor and the ceiling. From being lofty they became square again, and in consequence landscapes began to compete with kit-cat portraits for the post of honour over them. Their architectural features became less pronounced, and their decoration was more fanciful. "Orders" were going out, and frames—still retaining the architrave, frieze, cornice,



Chimney-piece, by Messrs. G. Trollope and Sons.

* Continued from page 26.

and pediment which had crowned the complete order—came in, and in the Georgian era, in spite of the struggles of the architects, they gradually ceased to be architectural. Kent, under the influence of that "man of taste," the Earl of Burlington, and Gibbs, the pupil of Sir Christopher Wren, designed many excellent chimney-pieces; and Isaac Ware—one of whose designs we engraved on page 25—strove hard to keep up their dignity, but in vain.

Soon the pediment, which marked the first severance of the chimney-piece from the main cornice, and constituted it an adjunct to the room instead of being an architectural portion of it, descended to the shelf itself, and then disappeared altogether, having now no function to fulfil, and being a mere encumbrance. Still it was felt that the chimney-piece was the principal feature of the room, and as such needed emphasis; so mirrors, with more or less ornamented frames, began to be placed over it—long, low, "landscape" shaped glasses at first, for as yet the shelf was high, and the aperture large, so the position of the mirror was too lofty to permit it being regarded as a "looking-glass;" nor until about 1770 were large plates, big enough to form a combination between the "mirror" and the "looking-glass," made in England. The doom of the chimney-piece, as an architectural and almost monumental structure, was, however, now sealed. Shorn of its altitude by the glass-maker and the frame-maker, and attacked from below by the stove manufacturer, it had a severe struggle for existence, and gradually succumbed to their united onslaughts, concentrating all its expiring energies in the production of elaborate friezes such as the one at the head of our first chapter, and which is the production of the father of Sir Humphry Davy, a notable wood carver at Penzance, about 1770.



Chimney-piece, by Messrs. Collinson and Lock.

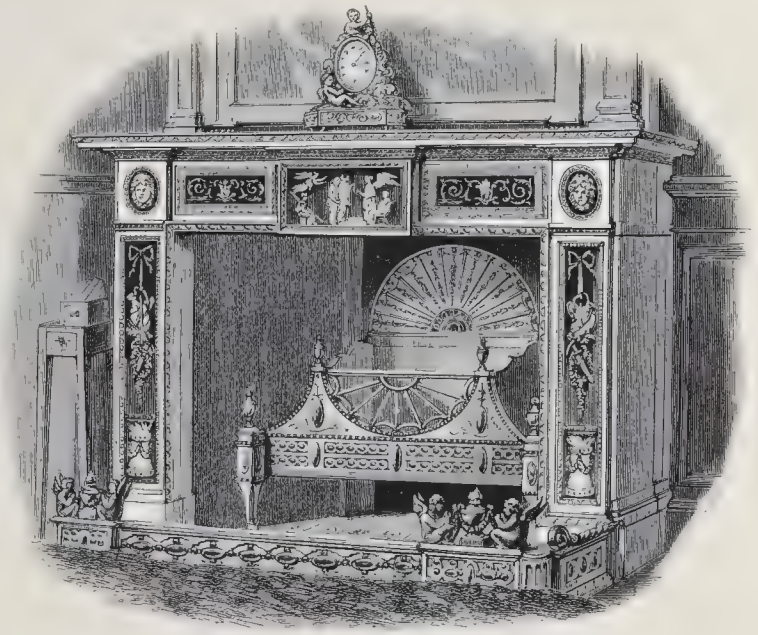
Coal had during this period completely supplanted wood, and the necessity of placing the fire nearer the opening or "throat" of the chimney led to many ingenious and to some elegant arrangements of grates. As popular taste still clung to the high opening of the chimney-piece and its tall shelf, the fire had to be raised up as high as it well could be; so the fire-basket was stilted on high supports, which became the representative of the old fire-dogs, and which received much clever ornamentation at the hands of the steel and brass worker. But it was soon found that much loss of heat resulted from this, and in spite of reflective sides of tiles the heat still went up the chimney, and in spite of high foot-stools the feet grew cold, and so a wrinkle was taken from the kitchen and imported into the living-room.

Now, from the earliest attempt to burn coals for cooking purposes, it was found that the best thing to do was to build low walls of brick or stone the required width apart, and place horizontal bars across and between them. "Cat stones" these fixed walls were at first called, to distinguish them from movable iron fire-dogs, and also probably from pussy's proclivity for them; but as they were also the much-loved corner for the men-servants and *Hob*ledehoys of the farm, those "countrie gnuffs, *Hob*, Dick, and Hock," the greater animal supplanted the lesser in fact and name. Cased in metal,

then, and variously decorated, these "hobs" rose in the world and our living-rooms, and soon "hob-grates" became the fashion, and the illustration given on page 23 shows us a chimney-piece of the latter half of the last century, with such a grate within it.

The chimney-piece, which is now in the South Kensington Museum, is finely carved in wood, and of very delicate execution, the columns being painted in imitation of marble, and the tablet having the ground stained of a darker colour than the ornament, suggesting a cameo-like treatment, which afterwards played a great rôle in the Art of Design as applied to chimney-pieces.

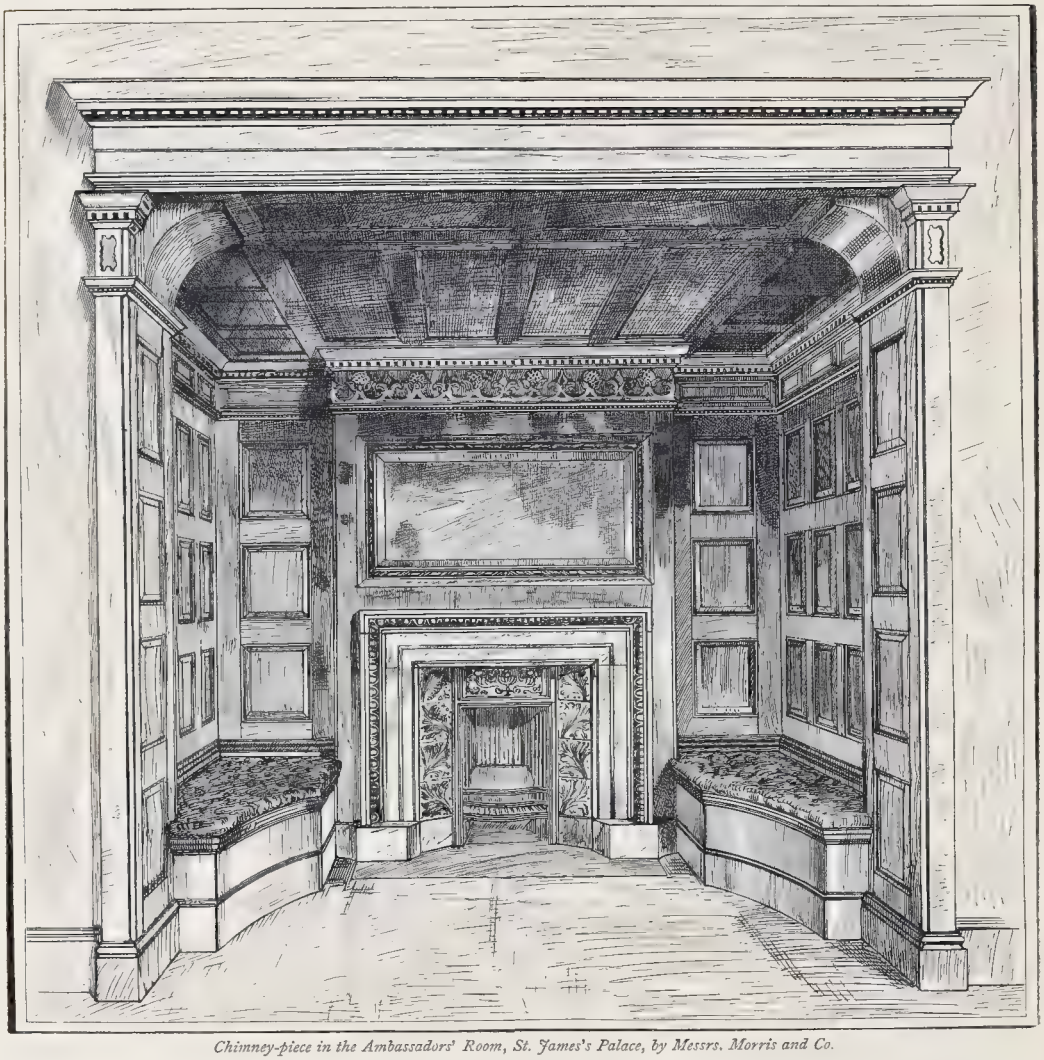
Dignity was sacrificed, and elegance now began to reign. Minute detail and fine moulding were of the first consideration, and general proportion seemed of less account. Moreover, the then new fashion of hanging rooms entirely with silk or paper—for paper-hangings were now the vogue—had an enormous influence on chimney-pieces. "Rooms which are hung," says one of the dictators of taste in the latter half of the seventeenth century, "are debarred by the rules of the science" from having tall, or, as they were then called, "continued" chimney-pieces. Sir William Chambers, too, an architect who ought to have known better, abandoned the upper part of the chimney-piece entirely, and though he designed many most elegant ones, never executed one with any dignity. Although he wrote that "neither the Italians nor the French have excelled greatly in the composition of chimney-pieces," he had not grace given him to see that it was because they did not care so much about them as we English did, and that the superstructure either never existed among, or was early abandoned by them. But then he was a Swede. In his travels in Italy he and Wilton—both of them founders of our Royal Academy—picked up a good many Italian sculptors of great talent and ingenuity in little things, and brought them, and the fashion of marble chimney-pieces with them, into England. These Chambers designed, Wilton sold, and the Italians carved. "England," says Chambers in his "Treatise on Civil Architecture," "is at present possessed of many able sculptors, whose chief employment being to execute magnificent chimney-pieces, now happily in vogue, it may be said that in this particular we surpass all others in taste of design and goodness of workmanship." Charmingly delicate much of this sculpture was, and it yet forms the glory of many a dull London house. Of very low relief, it has suffered comparatively little injury from usage, and where bolder work would have been destroyed, this is yet in good conservation. "Neatness" reigned in all ornament then, and the full embossage which had marked the Caroline and Queen Anne periods quite passed away: our English boldness was deemed coarse and vulgar. John and Robert Adam were the popular architects and designers of this time, those Adelphi who have left their name and mark so strongly impressed on the metropolis, and they also imported much foreign labour, especially from France, whence the troubles of the times were driving many followers of the arts of peace, and with them came the low delicate ornament formed in "composition," and stuck on cameo-wise to wooden frames. This "composition" was the direct descendant of the old gesso-work of Italy, and which, though extensively used throughout Italy and France in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, seems not to have found a permanent home in England until the closing year of the last one. When the Adams brought over their assistants, the great-grandfather of the present representatives of the house of George Jackson and Sons was employed as clerk of works to these architects. By dint of watching what materials went into the laboratory established by the foreigners, some glimpse of the nature of the "compo" was obtained, and thus was established a trade which has developed itself into a very large English industry under many hands and in many places; so it will be seen that the history of the chimney-piece thrusts itself into national commerce in many ways.



Sir Dudley Majoribanks's Chimney-piece, with Plaques by Wedgwood.

Nor was this the only result this new importation produced; for, struck with the analogy between the processes thus employed and those he was using in his own art, Wedgwood commenced those beautiful plaques and friezes which are such an honour to English Ceramic art. Sir William Chambers pooh-poohed them; they militated against the interest of his friend Wilton and his sculptors. The Adam brothers did not much encourage him, and even Boulton, of Soho Works, near Birmingham, who was the manufacturing genius of his day, compassing all things from

steel toys to steam-engines—even he endeavoured to dissuade Wedgwood from the attempt. But then Boulton was just at that time stamping tin wreaths and festoons for the same purpose, and endeavouring to drive the new-fangled "compo" back to the country whence it sprang. Despite these rebuffs, and despite many and many a technical failure, Wedgwood, who was as persevering as Palissy of old, proceeded, and his Science and Flaxman's Art gave our chimney-pieces a new charm. Yet the architects did not take to their united work, and writing to his partner Bentley in 1779, Wedgwood says, "We were really unfortunate in the introduction of our jaspar into public notice, that we could not prevail upon the architects to be godfathers to our child. Instead of taking it by the hand and giving it their benediction, they cursed the poor infant by bell, book, and candle, and it must have a hard struggle to support itself and rise from under their maledic-



Chimney-piece in the Ambassadors' Room, St. James's Palace, by Messrs. Morris and Co.

tions." It did rise, and Wedgwood's friezes were widely used, not only in our own country, but also on the continent. Many a chimney-piece in which they found a place has since been destroyed for the sake of these now highly and justly valued artistic decorations; but many still exist, and by the permission of the owner of one of the finest of them, Sir Dudley C. Majoribanks, we are enabled to engrave it. The tablet is the very fine one of the 'Apotheosis of Homer,' an early impression of which was sent to Sir William Hamilton at Naples, who, acknowledging the receipt of it in June, 1779, says, "Your Bas-relief astonishes all the Artists here; it is more pure, and in a truer antique Taste, than any of their performances, tho' they have so many fine models before them." But then this was modelled by "the Genius of Sculp-

ture," John Flaxman. The side panels are perhaps over-delicate, but they are very lovely, and over-delicacy in detail was the fashion of that day.

As if in revenge for the architects' neglect of this very available source of chimney-piece decoration, chimney-pieces were now slipping away from the hands of the architects. They ceased to be designed for their special places, and no longer formed part of the architectural accessories of the rooms. Manufacturers took them up in large quantities, and they soon became a stock article of commerce, sold with the grate, and made to suit purchasers, not rooms. Strange whims flourished all over them. They appeared now "in the Chinese taste," now in the "Gothick mode," and usually in some extravagant burlesque on the French styles of Louis XIV. and XV. There was, however, one good character of chimney-piece peculiar to this time, and this was the beautifully painted one, decorated with garlands and wreaths of flowers on the natural wood, with plaques of subjects in grisaille or in colours. Catton and other Royal Academicians painted the floral work, and the old coach-panel painters found a new field for their really beautiful but expiring art. The figure subjects were frequently by Angelica Kauffmann, Cipriani, and even greater painters. Often of rich woods, such as satin-wood or the newly imported mahogany, these were a very lustrous foil to all this painting, and not unfrequently marble itself received its chief decoration from the painter's rather than from the sculptor's hand. And thus, in spite of all attacks, the chimney-piece held its place in family affection.

But chimney-pieces were still dwindling in size; the grate was making them less and less year by year. The old hobs left a big space above them, where the smoke gathered thickly, and "covings," or bent pieces of metal, were inserted between the top of the hob and the mouth of the chimney. Once they found themselves at home there, they spread themselves all round the grate, ousting "hobs" and "dogs," and thus creating the modern stove-grate, with its metal casings and all the horrible atrocities in cast-work we endured so long, and which culminated in the circular front which finally killed the chimney-piece as an artistic accessory. At the end of the long war which united the last years of the last with the first years of the present century in one period of artistic desolation, an even worse period succeeded. Speculative building became the rage, and the builders rushed to the continent for cheap marble chimney-pieces, and then came the deluge, bringing with it a huge débris of "blocks" and "trusses," and other vile things, until the pride and glory of our forefathers became such a lump of horror that the only thing to do to render our firesides endurable was to hide as much as possible of the hideous monster under a pall of velvet. Its wide shelf was then bedizened by a big bronze clock, which never kept time, and two candelabra under glass shades, to prevent them even appearing to be of any use; and to back all this up with the biggest piece of silvered glass obtainable, in the wildest and most gorgeous frames of gilt papier-mâché that money could produce was deemed a true delight. Art on our hearth seemed dead; it was but sleeping, for Art can never die. Its sleep was sound and unbroken for a time, but when Sir Walter Scott had turned the popular imagination into that mediæval channel which Walpole had previously trenched out, our domestic architecture followed the current, as it always does, and "the Gothic revival" saw many attempts made to liberate the chimney-piece from the thraldom the wholesale manufacturer had imposed upon it. After its fallow-time it grew again, and though many of the Gothic chimney-pieces of this time were fearfully and wonderfully made, they manfully struggled for freedom, and in the end won their emancipation. Once again it was felt that they should be especially designed for the place they had to fill, and so once again they became fitting and decorative. The "Tudor" and the "Elizabethan" phases of the revival of national Art raised the chimney-piece to its ancient importance and dimensions, and once again Art was lovingly lavished upon them. The history of the Gothic revival has, however, been so ably written by Mr. Eastlake that it is needless here to follow his footsteps, but we will strike our by-way at the point where he leaves it, and notice the revival of that eighteenth-century character which is the mode just now, and illustrate this by designs of what is being done in this immediate present.

Our first woodcut (p. 57) shows a pleasantly proportioned chimney-piece emanating from the firm of Messrs. G. Trollope and Sons. Here the design, though based on the main lines of those of the latter half of the last century, is adapted for the unfortunate differences which have manifested themselves since that day; and the dust and dirt of London have had their influence on design by suggesting those glazed cases in which the more delicate and valuable of the lares and penates of the hearth can be enshrined without injury from these, or the still more iconoclastic attacks of the zealous housemaid. There is not a bit of carving to hold the dust, and the mouldings have apparently been designed with the intention that they can be wiped clean without trouble or risk. Of dark mahogany and of "black and gold" marble, refinement and simplicity are its principal characteristics.

Our second illustration (p. 58) is more characteristic of a country house than a town one, and is an excellent illustration of the modern "Jacobean" style, which Mr. Talbert and some few other Scottish artists generated some few years ago. Purged from some of the coarseness which marked its ancestral features, this style has been admirably refined in the present instance, and Messrs. Collinson and Lock have rendered it in execution with the most scrupulous care.

Our last example of modern art is the important one designed by Messrs. W. Morris & Co. for the Ambassadors' Waiting-room in St. James's Palace—a veritable "ingle nook," where court courtesies may be mingled with friendly chat, and state secrets whispered, or the latest scandal breathed.

Such "ingle nooks" as these—deeply recessed fireplaces forming a family gathering-place, a mediævalism happily introduced into later styles—have become common in our present domestic architecture, but it may not be inapt to remark that this word "ingle" was one which never dare have ventured into polite society until long after Elizabeth's days, poets and dramatists of that period using it to express the worst and most inglorious of friendship; by-and-by it meant to "wheedle" or to "coax," so perhaps there may be a peculiar fitness in adopting this form of fireplace for the waiting-room of the princes of diplomacy. If, however, every stray spray and flower which attracts our attention as we meet it in our by-path were to bid us stay and ponder over it our progress would be but slow indeed. A volume might be written on chimney-pieces alone; but with the whole range of household furniture before us we must quit the genial fireside, and look around us in other directions.

G. T. Robinson.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE OLD GERMAN MILL' may be taken as collected reminiscences of a tour in that land. Mr. A. H. Haig has, within the last year or two, sprung into fame as the etcher of some plates of a highly imaginative character, especially so as regards the piles of buildings which he has reared up in the backgrounds of the scenes he has depicted. His previous education as an architect has enabled him to avoid incongruities of style, and to erect structures of the greatest elaboration, which have proved by their success the pleasure and delight they afford. The etching presented this month has been constructed from sketches made by the artist during a tour in the north of Europe last autumn. Mr. Haig's best-known works are 'The Quiet Hour,' 'The Vesper Bell,' and 'The Morning of the Festival.'

Next month we hope to give an etching, by Mr. Birket Foster, of 'An Old English Mill,' presenting a very different aspect.

'THE GUESTS.'—In 1866 we spoke of Baron Leys as follows:—"His genius is of so diversified a character that he can mould it into any form, and adapt it to any purpose—to the humorous or the pathetic, to the grandeur of history or the incidents of ordinary social life; and his pencil portrays, with equal truth, vigour, and delicacy, the Art of an age long passed away and that of his own time." The picture of 'The Guests' evidences this. We feel that the picture is really a lesson on the manners and customs of the past, taught by a master cognisant of every phase of it, and that in the old days of Flemish hospitality the well-to-do burgher and his wife, in accepting an invitation to dine, were most certainly distinguished from their less well-to-do brethren not only by their more costly apparel, but by their having in attendance upon them waiting-maid and page to carry for them the wrappers, the sword, and the lantern, which will be necessary protections on their homeward way. The artist has evidently delighted in the task of filling his picture with memorials of the past, all rendered with the fidelity and pains to be expected from the head of the modern pre-Raphaelite school of Belgium.

'GALATEA.'—Professor Francesco Altini, the sculptor of this divinity of the sea, has a greater notoriety in Italy than in England; in fact, until this statue was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery in May last, his name was almost unknown among the records of our exhibitions. At Rome he ranges in the front rank of sculptors. Besides being an Academician of San Luca, he is an Associate of the Academy of Ferrara and an Academician of Perugia and Bologna. Among notable works from his chisel is a colossal statue of 'Meditation,' to which, with its companion statue of 'Prayer,' was adjudged the prize in 1873 by the municipality of Rome at a competition entered into by all the sculptors of note in that city. They are now placed at the entrance gate of the Campo Santo at Verano. In the same cemetery are magnificent monuments from his hand erected to the memory of the Marchesa Soncini, and to the Mancini family. In the Campo Santo at Ferrara is one of his earliest works, a colossal mausoleum of the Golmello family. This work was intrusted to him when a youth, at the suggestion of Tenerani, on account of the talent displayed in his statue of Dante's 'Beatrice,' which gained the first medal in the Florence Exhibition of 1861, and was purchased for a gallery in Hungary. Visitors to Rome may also remember the monument to Cardinal Bianchi in the church of San Gregorio at Celso, and that to Cardinal Bofindi in Santa Maria Campitello.

Signor Altini is at present engaged upon a statue of 'David,' which will probably be exhibited in London this season. He was born at Fabriano in 1830, and was educated in the school of San Michele and the studios of Soldini and Tenerani.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ART NOTICES FOR FEBRUARY:

Exhibitions Open.—Glasgow Institute of Fine Arts, 1st; Royal Hibernian Academy, 16th; Dudley Water-Colour Exhibition, 28th. The British Museum closes for a week, from the 1st. The Soane Museum is open Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 5.

Lectures, &c.—Society of Arts, 9th; paper on "The Present Condition of Wood Carving in England," by J. H. Pollen.

Sending-in Days.—Royal Scotch Academy, 1st; Dudley (Water Colours), 7th; Lady Artists, 7th and 8th; Yorkshire Fine Art Exhibition (pictures, drawings, and statuary), applications for space before the 14th. The first exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers will be held in May next, at the Hanover Gallery, 47, New Bond Street; all forms of original engraving are admissible. An election of original Fellows will take place shortly after the opening.

Royal Scotch Academy.—Election of an Academician in the stead of the late C. Lees, 10th.

THE recent fashion of painting the exteriors of London houses a dull brownish red has received a sudden check at the hands of Mr. William Morris, the originator of nearly all that is good in recent "high Art decoration." In a lecture lately delivered before the Society of Arts, he cautioned his hearers against what he termed "cockroach" colour. The ordinary house being ugly in form, it would bear no ornamentation in the way of colour, and a whitish hue should therefore be assumed. The sash-bars of the windows should always be painted white, so as to break up the dreariness of the outside. He went out of his way to praise the London School Board, it being inspiriting to see their fine buildings rising over the sordid level of their surroundings. Mr. E. R. Robson, the architect of the Board, has consented to contribute an illustrated article to this Journal on "Art as applied to Schools."

MR. GEORGE HOWARD has been appointed a trustee of the National Gallery; and Mr. J. C. Robinson Inspector of her Majesty's Pictures, in the place of Mr. Redgrave, R.A., resigned.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) has promised to contribute an article to this Journal on "Cheyne Walk, Chelsea," which will be illustrated with an etching and drawings by Mr. Arthur Severn.

THE autumn exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine Art Society at Leeds closed on the 1st ultimo, having been attended by nearly forty thousand persons. About a hundred and ninety



pictures were sold, realising £2,300. During the present year it is intended to hold three exhibitions.

MR. JOHN COUSEN, whose name has for many years been before the subscribers to the *Art Journal* as an engraver, died on the 26th of December, at South Norwood, aged seventy-six. His larger plates, 'Mercury and Herse,' after Turner, 'Towing the *Victory* into Gibraltar,' and the 'Morning after the Wreck,' both after Stanfield, evidenced the excellence of his work, but his exquisite taste, artistic feeling, and power of execution were never displayed to greater advantage than in the plates he engraved for this Journal for the Turner Gallery. He was loved by his friends for his genial humour, the strength of his affection, and the unaffected simplicity of his manner. He retired from the practice of his profession some sixteen years ago.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—The feature of the present exhibition is the large space devoted to decorative Art. Never before has such a gathering been seen, and it is a pleasure as well as a surprise to all who are interested in the Art progress of the country to find that the principles of decoration are so well understood by our leading artists, and that so many of our public buildings are being submitted to their transfiguring hands. To those unfamiliar with the canons under which the decorative artist works, 'The Sea Nymph' of E. Burne Jones—and we accept this as what many will call an extreme representative of its class—will be regarded as a very portentous affair; but those who understand the conventional laws of the decoratist will see nothing in it but a fine abstraction of the sea combined with an excellent idea of endless motion. The decorative gem of the collection is the rich golden picture in low relief which Mr. Burne Jones calls 'Cupid's Hunting Ground.' A masterpiece equally worthy of his reputation fills the place of honour at the far end of the gallery, and is named 'Dies Domini.'

Another decorative artist of a high order is H. Holiday: lovely in form and design are his 'Circular Panel with Allegorical Figures of the Arts,' his 'Apollo and the Muses,' and his 'Music and Painting.' The coloured design for a 'St. George supported by figures of Fortitude and Purity,' by E. J. Poynter, R.A., is large and simple in treatment, as a mosaic ought to be. There are good qualities in Walter Crane's cartoons of 'Earth, Air, Fire, and Water,' and 'Apes and Peacocks.' This artist's sense of the grotesque, so necessary in certain forms of decoration, is very keen, as he shows repeatedly, and in none of his contributions with a greater charm than in his 'Goose Girl.' We would draw attention also to W. B. Richmond's original treatment of 'The Birth of Venus,' and to the 'Design for the Tracery of a Window,' by J. E. Millais, R.A. In this latter the mullions enclosing the three leading lights represent three pairs of angels kissing each other. The lines are graceful, and in a side light such tracery should look very effective. The idea of modelling reminds us that a couple of the most telling groups in this respect come from the hands of L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. 'Mars and Venus' and 'Bacchus and Silenus,' both on blue paper, are two of the Art gems of the exhibition.

Another novelty of the exhibition is the collection of drawings by the French Water-Colour Society. Lack of space prevents our naming more than a few of the more prominent contributors. 'Encore Six Kilomètres' is excellent in spirit and truthful in execution. U. Butin is no less loyal to the sentiment he would depict in 'Gros Temps.' The sheep pictures of E. Brissot de Warville are boldly drawn and harmonious in effect. E. Yon's 'Environs de Villerville,' a piece of open ground with trees, is quite English in its treatment. Outdoor fashionable or popular haunts, for the clear rendering of which French artists enjoy a deserved reputation, find approved illustrations in E. Holtericke ('Rotten Row'), and in N. Goeneutte ('Au Pont Royal'). The French drawings, however, only take up one side of the gallery, and on the western wall and in the smaller gallery are works by Carl Haag, A. Parsons, F. Walton, A. Severn, R. Beavis, E. Hayes, H. J. Stock, F. E. Cox, D. Carr, P. R. Morris, W. E. Lockhart, J. W. North, J. Orrock, C. Whymper, Mrs. E. Pfeiffer, and A. Stokes. Flower painting is also vigorously illustrated by W. J. Muckley, J. M. Jopling, Mrs. Stillman, and Miss M. Naftel. Miss E. Pickering has suspended, for the moment, her figure painting, and has sent two pretty Tuscan landscapes.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Institute carries out very consistently the original idea with which these winter exhibitions originated, by introducing amongst the finished drawings an instructive selection of 'Sketches and Studies.' The room at the far end of the gallery is devoted exclusively to drawings and studies in black and white, and these ofttimes show the peculiar individuality and strength of the artist better than his more finished works. This remark is borne out in a special manner by the various studies of T. Walter Wilson, one of the most promising of our young figure painters. How artists block out their first ideas of a subject, and mass in the general effects of light and shade, are well illustrated by J. Aumonier's 'Sunday Evening,' by H. Herkomer's 'Grace before Meat,' and L. P. Smythe's 'Short-handed.' These are all "studies" for pictures, and the young student will find in them much that is suggestive and helpful. The last-named artist is the latest elected member, and though, with the exception of the pretty drawing of the girl swinging in an orchard, he has sent no finished pictures to the exhibition, his several studies and sketches for pictures would have amply justified his election.

Turning to the older names familiarly associated with the Institute, such as Louis Haghe, W. L. Leitch, John A. Houston, E. Hayes, J. Tenniel, J. Absolon, C. Vacher, and the like, we find them all fairly, and in some cases fully, represented. J. D. Linton, it is true, confines himself to studies of single figures, reserving his power, no doubt, for the regular summer exhibitions. J. Orrock, on the other hand, we never saw in greater force.

Among other pictures which assert their individuality, we would name 'Beggar my Neighbour,' by Mary L. Gow; 'Lucerne after Sundown,' by W. L. Thomas; 'Stonehenge,' by J. A. Houston; 'A Cornish Bulwark,' by J. G. Philp; 'Loch Ling,' by E. Hargitt; 'Sketch of a Snow-storm,' by T. Collier; 'Old Coaching Days,' by A. C. Gow; 'The Sand Cart,' by R. Beavis; 'Evil Frustrated,' by H. J. Stock.

THE WATSON-GORDON PROFESSORSHIP OF FINE ART AT THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—On the 5th ultimo the new professor, Mr. Baldwin Brown, delivered his inaugural address of the chair. Commencing by a reference to the belief of the founders that the Fine Arts formed a subject which legitimately fell within the scope of university study, he proceeded to inquire how far scholarship could be applied to the study of Art. The question regarding a work of Art was not, how much could be found out about it, but what it was as an individual, independent thing; and it was the answer to this question, whether asked about picture, statue, symphony, poem, or temple, that was the measure of the true interest for them of the creations of Art. The history and the theory of Art might be held as growing out of the study of general history, of ethics, and of mental science. Speaking first of the history of Art, Professor Brown showed how light was thrown upon it by an accurate chronology based on documentary evidence, the patient scrutiny of existing monuments, with special reference to repaintings and restorations, a wholesome scepticism about the statements of biographers till they were verified, joined with a close investigation into obscure connections of schools, and a criticism of styles founded on a comparison of all accessible examples; and by the theory of development there could be little doubt of the value of looking at Art from the point of view of its natural history, at any rate in its earlier periods, though it was doubtful how far the history of Art could be regarded as a development. It was possible that the Art of days to come might present forms of beauty and interest surpassing everything of which the world had had experience, but, as regards the Art of the past, it was clear that it had not hitherto advanced with the "onward movement of the human race."

The history of Art seemed to be summed up in a series of periods rather than in a scheme of development. The connection of these periods was a much more subtle and occult matter than the obvious relations of each artistic phase to the age in which it showed itself. It was in the connection of the artist with his age that we got the real groundwork upon which the historian of Art could build. Every distinct phase of artistic production had its roots elsewhere than in Art itself. Before Art was understood and recognised in its independence, Art was employed as a means of expression, and it was at first only valued as a forcible way of bringing certain ideas before the spectator's mind. That explained the religious and political character of the dignified artistic productions of Egypt, the civic aspect of the early works of the Hellenic chisel, and the wholly ecclesiastical character of the first efforts of German and Italian painters. There was there no handing on from age to age of the torch of Art, as if it burned by its own light. Epoch succeeded epoch in Art, not in virtue of its subtle links of continuity, which it was often difficult to discover at all, but

in virtue of the successive appearance on the stage of the world of different forms of human society. In illustration of this Professor Brown referred to the case of Giotto, and proceeded to speak of Turner, asking what place in the history of artistic development he occupied, and tracing his inheritance not through Claude and Cuyp, but through the men who, at the epoch of the Revolution, felt to the full the newly awakened interest in man and nature, Rousseau, Goethe, and Shelley. In all phases of Art there was a certain order of progress, which culminated when the idea and the form balanced each other in perfection. From this moment of culmination all further progress concerned the form alone, which in the end came to acquire an independent importance and value. This was the explanation of those periods of Art history in which the work to be represented was of small moment, and the artist's individual power of representation became the measure of artistic value. Since the end of the sixteenth century Art had, on the whole, assumed this character.

After a warm eulogy of the Dutch school, in which were shown the homely joys and interests of an heroic people enjoying peace and industry secured by what their historian had called the most unequal conflict ever waged, the speaker referred to theories of Art, showing that the analytical method might be carried to a certain length with advantage. The "spirit bund" of Goethe was in a work of Art the essential matter, which the scientific analysis of Art seemed to miss. Amongst the matters which might be discussed from the chair, Professor Brown spoke of imitation, and its place in painting and sculpture; the meaning of the ideal in Art; of the nature and functions of the imagination; of the canons of artistic criticism, and their relations to Art; of genius and taste; also of subjects of a more technical kind, such as artistic treatment in general style, manner, and composition. It was a truism that no one could make good pictures or statues, or design beautiful buildings, by theory, and also that Art which was mere imitation of the past was but a poor substitute for Art which sprang from fresh inspiration of nature. It might, therefore, be argued, with some show of reason, that the less an artist had to do with theories of Art, and even with bygone forms of it, the better. But there was no need of argument upon the point; either a man was an artist, or he was not; and if the artist gift in him was genuine and strong, there was no fear that he would let anything stand in the way of his exercise of it. All his study and reflection would be only added gain—an increase to his mental and moral stature, and an addition to that store of experience out of the fulness of which great artists had spoken.

Speaking, in conclusion, of the Art of to-day, Professor Brown referred to the Scottish school of Art, and the school of England, which was at present so largely influenced from Scotland. The love of nature, especially in its wilder aspects, and an interest in humanity in all its forms, seemed to mark an epoch in Art history as distinct as any of those into which it had been divided in the past, while the combination of figures and landscape seemed to offer a new form of pictorial Art, the capabilities of which for imaginative treatment were inexhaustible. They heard complaints about the evil days upon which modern Art had fallen; but those who complained most were generally those who lacked the true artistic eye, which was for ever seeing new beauties in unlikely places. The artist of to-day occupied a position of much freedom and advantage. The immense range of modern sympathies gave him the utmost latitude in his choice of subjects. If to these advantages was added the stimulus given by a study of the works of the great masters, there seemed no reason why the Art of this country should not take a high position in history.

By the will of David Cousin, architect, Edinburgh, a sum of £500 has been bequeathed towards the foundation of a Fellowship of Art in connection with the chair.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

'GEE UP!'—Engraved in a mixed style by Arthur Turrell, after a picture by G. B. O'Neil, exhibited in the Academy 1880. Size, 24 by 18 inches. Upright. Artist's proofs, £6 6s. (A. Tooth and Sons). A little child is riding pickaback on her mother, and brandishing a willow wand as a whip. The background is formed of an ivy-covered brick wall.

N.B.—*Finding that in many cases it will be impossible to give information respecting the numbers which are printed of proofs of engravings and etchings, we are necessarily obliged to discontinue it, as the object we had in view could not be met by giving it in some and not in all cases.*

AUTOTYPES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

'COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.'—Autotype of a monochrome, from a picture by Walter Field, exhibited in the Royal Academy 1873, and at the Paris Universal Exhibition 1878. Price 21s. and 42s. (the Autotype Co.). The scene is laid at Swanage, where, the tide being low, five children scamper along the flat sands.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Messrs. A. Mansell & Co. have obtained permission to take a series of two hundred photographs direct from the original paintings in the National Gallery. The negatives are not tampered with, and the copies are printed by the silver and platinum processes. The prices and sizes are as follows:—9 by 7 inches, 1s. 6d.; 14 by 11 inches, 3s. 6d.; 22 by 16 inches, 7s. 6d., unmounted. Those submitted to us appear, in many instances, to be better than any previous impressions that have been taken.

NEW BOOKS.

"LIFE OF WM. BLAKE," by Alex. Gilchrist, 2 vols. 8vo (Macmillan).—It will be remembered that in 1863, just prior to the issue of this work, the author was seized with a fever which carried him off in the full tide of health and work. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, his brother, Samuel Palmer, W. Linnell, and others of the small band of Blake's admirers, aided his widow in putting the work before the world. In the seventeen years which have since elapsed the followers of the painter-poet have increased so largely that the first edition has become scarce, and a second, of a more sumptuous character, has been called for. It includes many additions in the way of correspondence and illustrations, the latter printed on India paper and mounted, the whole being a worthy tribute to a man who, whatever his peculiarities, all must acknowledge to have been a genius.

"ETCHING," by Maxime Lalanne (Sampson Low & Co).—This work, having long been known and used as a text-book in England under the title of "Traité de la Gravure à l'Eau forte," has recently been translated for the use of an American public by Mr. R. S. Kochler. We can confidently recommend the work of this delightful French etcher, having ourselves used it in its original form as our text-book in learning the art of etching.

"THE YEAR'S ART," 1881, by Marcus B. Huish, 8vo, 2s. 6d. (Macmillan).—This handbook of all matters relating to the Arts has in its second year considerably increased its bulk. It apparently is what it aims at being, thoroughly comprehensive, accurate, and concise.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING," by George H. Shepherd (Sampson Low & Co.).—Compiled to meet an apparent want in Art literature, namely, the supply in a concise form of accurate information respecting the names, characteristics, and principal works of the painters of the British School. By the division of these under the headings of Landscape, Historical, Portrait and Genre, Pre-Raphaelite, Incident, Still Life, Water Colour, a more readable work than a mere dictionary, such as Redgrave's, is aimed at. The difficulty of such a classification as this, in a work intended for hasty reference, is that many men come under more than one division, and loss of time is thereby incurred. For instance, Mr. Millais would hardly now be sought for under the Pre-Raphaelite School, and Mr. Alfred Hunt would rather be looked for as a water-colour than as an oil painter. Then again the names are inserted in no fixed order. Up to a certain point they follow the date of birth, but when that is uncertain their vagaries are peculiar—thus, for instance, Miss Thompson, Crofts, Woodville, Herkomer, Orchardson, Morris, Long, Prinsep. It is a pity that in a handbook which promises to be useful there should be a necessity for a constant reference to the index, and, what is unpardonable in a work of this kind, all the leaves to cut.

"PENCIL AND PALETTE," 2s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus).—In one of the small handy volumes issued by this firm, and known as "The Mayfair Library," Mr. Robert Kempt has collected a number of interesting and amusing anecdotes of contemporary painters, gossip about pictures lost, stolen, and forged. Those who have lived in the world of Art for any length of time must not expect to find much novelty, but to the large class outside these limits we can recommend the book as a *passe-temps*.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE fears which have often been expressed that the Loan Exhibitions of the Royal Academy could not be kept up annually for want of material seem this year further than ever from being realised. This is now the twelfth year that the Academy has appealed to the generosity and public spirit of owners of pictures, and seldom, if ever, has the appeal been more magnificently responded to. Some of the previous exhibitions have, indeed, been larger, but few have contained so many interesting examples; while for the Art student an especial treat is provided in the beautiful collection of drawings by the great sculptor, John Flaxman, R.A.

A large proportion of the pictures are contributed by Earl Cowper and Mrs. Hope, of Deepdene, the former lending thirty-seven and the latter thirty-nine out of a total of two hundred and thirty-four. The reputation of the Panshanger gallery is well known, and no such collection of Dutch pictures as Mrs. Hope's has ever been seen at these exhibitions. Other owners are also well represented; while her Majesty the Queen has, as usual, allowed some fine works to be selected from the royal treasures.

Thanks to the kindness of Lord Cowper, we have been permitted to engrave three of the most celebrated works in his collection. These will be referred to as we proceed.

The earliest masters represented are Giotto and Simone Memmi. "I have known," says Petrarch in his letters, "two painters, talented both, and excellent, Giotto of Florence, whose fame amongst the moderns is great, and Simone of Siena." The fame of Giotto is also celebrated by Dante, who says that he has surpassed Cimabue in popular estimation. Such praise, however, might well seem exaggerated if tested by the two examples lent from the Roscoe collection at Liverpool (223, 226), which formed part of a series of frescoes in the Church of the Carmine at Florence, destroyed by fire in 1771. "They have been," say Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "so much damaged, and are now so dark in outline, that, though Giottesque in style, it would be difficult to affirm that his hand produced them." Two heads of St. John and St. Paul in the National Gallery belong to the same series, which is supposed to have been executed in 1330. Twelve years afterwards, according to the date 1342 inscribed on it, Simone painted the picture representing a scene from the life of Christ (225), also belonging to the Roscoe collection. It is entitled 'The Virgin and St. Joseph remonstrating with the youthful Saviour on his return from the Temple,' but from the book in the Virgin's lap it is more probably intended for one of those incidents related in the apocryphal Gospel called "The Infancy of Jesus Christ," where the Virgin, though knowing that her Son requires no human teaching, thinks it right to chide Him for his inattention to his studies. Passing on to the masters of the fifteenth century, Mantegna's picture, called a Pietà, is probably intended to represent Christ in Limbus, the "border" of hell, as Dante calls it. It is curious to note that all the architectural portions are covered with Oriental characters, which is very characteristic of Mantegna. Whether we have in No. 186 a real presentment of the features of the gifted Masaccio it is impossible to say. There is certainly no trace in the well-arranged hair and neat cap and dress of the carelessness about all matters external to his art, which gained for him the nickname of "Tommasaccio"—"Slovenly Thomas." Other portraits of this period worthy of mention are those by Francesco Francia of himself (192), and of Giovanni of Bentivoglio (200). But here again we are in doubt as to how far these likenesses are authentic. Some trace of the influence exercised by Mantegna upon the early Venetian masters may, perhaps, be seen in the Virgin and Child (232), belonging to the President of the Academy, ascribed to Bartolommeo Vivarini, one of the chief masters of the first important school of painting at Venice, that of Murano. Another picture (222), also stamped with the approval of ownership by a member of the Academy, Mr. G. Richmond, is ascribed to the same school. We suppose the attribution has nothing to do with the letters M which occur in the inscription at the bottom, as they are no doubt merely the first part of the date, Millesimo ccccIxxii—1472. Of more importance in many ways, during the latter half of the fifteenth century, than this Italian school, was the school of Nuremberg in Germany; but it is doubtful whether the pictures (228, 229, 231) here ascribed to the great masters and founders of that school, Michel Wolgemut and Albert Dürer, are really their work. During Wolgemut's long life of eighty-five years (1434—1519) the number of works executed by him, or rather in his studio, must have been very great, and yet almost the only ones that can with any certainty, in default of signature, be traced back to him, are a few large altar-pieces; and it is doubtful how much of these was the work of his own hand, for it is known that he employed a large staff of assistants. The pictures from the Roscoe collection formed, no doubt, the wings of some altar-piece executed in his studio, perhaps while Dürer was his pupil. Of Mrs. Meynell Ingram's beautiful picture (229) it is enough to speak in terms of admiration, without discussing the correctness of its attribution to Dürer. German it certainly is, and shows abundant evidence of the influence of the Van Eycks, which made itself felt during the fifteenth century in Cologne, Colmar, Augsburg, Nuremberg, and Ulm.

To the end of that century and the beginning of the sixteenth belong the greatest names in Italian Art, and no finer or certainly no more attractive specimen of their

work has been seen in these exhibitions than the beautiful 'Holy Family,' by Fra Bartolommeo, belonging to Earl Cowper (207), which will be preferred to the other work from Panshanger ascribed to the Frate (135), but assigned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to the Sienese Beccafumi. The two beautiful specimens of Raphael, for which the Academy is indebted to Earl Cowper, were painted, the smaller (148) in 1505, about the time of his first visit to Florence, and the larger (152), of which we give an engraving,



Virgin and Child, by Raphael, from the Picture in the possession of Earl Cowper, K.G.

in 1508, the year in which Fra Bartolommeo painted his beautiful 'Holy Family,' and just before Raphael himself began his successful career at Rome. Both pictures show, in an eminent degree, the peculiar qualities of Raphael's art, which, always most exquisitely refined, was devotional without being mystical, and familiar without vulgarity. Mary is at the same time the pure, Blessed Virgin and the affectionate mother; the Infant Jesus the playful, innocent child and the Divine Being, conscious of a prophetic mission. The larger of the two Panshanger Raphaels is known as the Madonna Niccolini. In Zoffany's picture of the 'Tribune of Florence,' at Windsor Castle, the great-grandfather of the present earl, who purchased most of the pictures in the Panshanger collection while ambassador at Florence, is represented among a group of people with this picture by his side.

Michel Angelo is reported to have said to Raphael that there was "a little fellow in Florence who will bring sweat to your brow if ever he is engaged in great works." This "little fellow" was Andrea del Sarto. He is here represented by six works, all from Lord Cowper's collection. Of the three portraits, the finest perhaps, in point of execution, is that of a young man (153), towards identifying whose features no attempt is made. Fitly matching it on the other side of the Raphael is a male portrait, said to be that of Andrea himself (150); but the features do not resemble the other known likenesses of him, and at the time this picture was painted, as recorded by the date on the inscription it bears, 1523, Andrea would have been thirty-six, whereas the face is that of a man some ten years younger. Crowe and Cavalcaselle think it may be the portrait of Andrea's friend and pupil, Domenico Conti, who is probably the Domenico mentioned in the inscription. The third portrait (159), the one represented in our woodcut (p. 67), is commonly known as the 'Laura,' from the fact of the lady having a volume incribed "Petrarcha" in front of her. It is a rich, sumptuous piece of painting, and the lady and her magnificent dress are well worthy of one another.

Of the great masters of the Venetian school of the sixteenth century the examples are not very numerous. Whether by Giorgione or not, every one will admire Lord Strafford's picture of the buxom damsel (156) who looks out of the canvas so simply and straightforwardly at the spectator. The other picture assigned to him (206), belonging to Sir W. N. Abdy, is remarkable for its rich beauty of colouring; but on what grounds is the incident depicted described as 'Malatesta da Rimini receiving the Pope's Legate?' The three persons represented are, no doubt, portraits, but there is nothing to show that the individual in pilgrim garb, with a skull in his hand, is the Pope's legate, save the cross-keys and tiara embroidered on the left sleeve of his cloak. The landscape, too, with the castle on an eminence and the blue hills beyond, but little accords with the position of Rimini, which lies in the middle of a plain. To Titian three pictures are ascribed, but two of them find no place in Crowe and Cavalcaselle's life of that painter. Both the Earl of Strafford's 'Holy

Family,' however (149), and Earl Cowper's 'Virgin and Child' (141), will command many admirers, regardless of whether the great Venetian during his long life of ninety-nine years ever saw them or not.

The third, which documentary evidence shows to be Titian's own work, contains portraits of three little children, whose sex is so little betrayed by their appearance and garb that they figure in the Panshanger catalogue as 'The Archdukes of Austria.' They are in reality three of the daughters of King Ferdinand, brother of Charles V., and were painted by Titian at Innspruck in 1548. Of the remaining examples of the Italian Art of the sixteenth century, Mr. Butler's charming Bonifazio of 'Moses and Pharaoh's Daughter' (202); Lord Strafford's powerful 'Portrait of a Virtuoso,' by Parmigiano (145); and the two Sebastian del Piombo's, one the 'Portrait of a Man,' belonging to the Hon. R. Baillie Hamilton (205), and the other the Prince Sapieha's (214), which professes to give us the likeness of the beautiful and learned Vittoria Colonna, the friend of Michel Angelo, will all command admirers. Nor will any one pass unnoticed the gorgeous 'Mars and Venus' of Paul Veronese, belonging to Lord Wimborne (146), and Mr. Baillie Hamilton's other fine examples (164, 166) of that master of colour and decorative effect. Moroni's fine portraits, belonging respectively to Earl Cowper (158) and Lord Wimborne (162), will cause every one to indorse the recommendation which Titian is said to have given to the distinguished inhabitants of Bergamo, to sit to that artist for their portraits. The gorgeously clad warrior (215), ascribed to Dosso Dossi, and belonging to Sir W. N. Abdy, may be the Constable de Montmorenci, killed at the battle of St. Denis. Earl Bathurst's stately portrait of 'Lady Apsley and her Child' (212), by Federigo Zucchero, the painter of the frescoes on the cupola of the Duomo at Florence, may represent the wife of Sir Allen Apsley, Constable of the Tower at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It would be interesting to know if the child is Lucy, who afterwards married Colonel Hutchinson, and wrote the well-known memoirs of him.



Portrait of a Lady, by Andrea del Sarto, from the Picture in the possession of Earl Cowper, K.G.

Before we leave the painters of the sixteenth century two German artists claim attention, Lucas van Leyden and Hans Holbein—the former represented here by a large canvas belonging to her Majesty the Queen, 'The Adoration of the Magi' (196), chiefly remarkable for its being the only picture signed by that artist with the peculiar monogram which he regularly affixed to his engravings. Mrs. Henry Huth's example of Holbein, 'Portrait of Sir Thomas More' (194), is well worthy to rank with any of the genuine portraits from his hand which formed so interesting a feature of last year's exhibition. The difference between a genuine work of the master and the sort of thing which is so frequently ascribed to him may be seen by comparing this picture with the 'Portrait of a Lady' (201) that hangs not far off.

The examples of Italian Art of the seventeenth century are few and uninteresting. The great painters of this epoch belonged to Spain, Flanders, and Holland. At the head of the Spaniards stand Velasquez and Murillo, the latter represented here by three very beautiful pictures:—the Marquis of Aylesbury's 'Marriage Feast in Cana of Galilee' (154), the Earl of Strafford's grand and imposing 'St. Joseph and the Boy Christ' (170), and the 'Ecce Homo' (218) belonging to Mr. Baillie Hamilton. Of the Flemish school the only representative is Van Dyck, whose largest and most important work is the family picture from Panshanger, representing 'John Junior, Count of Nassau, his Wife, and four Children' (137). Lord Strafford's family picture, from Wrotham Park, representing 'Thomas Wentworth, first Earl of Cleveland, his Wife and Daughter' (90), is, on the whole, more pleasing. Lord Aylesbury's full-length portrait of 'Christian, Countess of Devonshire' (143), is a fine example of Van Dyck's numerous English portraits of this class; while Mrs. Hope's 'Assumption' (132), though but a sketch, is in tone and composition most harmonious and pleasing. Holland's greatest artist, Rembrandt, is seen to much advantage in the exquisite portraits of 'A Lady and Gentleman' (75), belonging to Mrs. Hope, and in Lord Cowper's

magnificent equestrian portrait of Marshal Turenne (165), painted probably when that famous commander was in Holland in 1649. His 'Christ and Disciples in the Storm' (168), also known as 'The Ship of St. Peter,' belonging to Mrs. Hope, hardly deserves its reputation, and is disfigured by the vulgar realism of the sick disciple. The cabinet school of painting in Holland is very strongly represented. Of all the works there is hardly one that does not merit examination. The jovial Jan Steen reigns supreme in four masterpieces, one (88), Mr. Butler's, the other three Mrs. Hope's (100, 104, and 124), all depicting the kind of scenes he loved to take part in and to paint—eating, drinking, dancing, and love-making. "Lightly come, lightly go," the appropriate motto over the chimney-piece of the room in which the gentleman is regaling himself with oysters and champagne (104), might well have been the painter's own device. Of that rare master, Peter de Hooghe, there are no less than three examples, each one a gem, and it is hard to know whether to give the palm to her Majesty's (113), Lord Strafford's (101), or Mrs. Hope's (126); they all light up the wall like bits of brilliant sunshine. Hardly inferior in beauty of finish and light are Mrs. Hope's four Metzus (105, 125, 127, 130), and the exquisite sample of that unusual master, Van der Meer, of Delft (93). Cuyp is but poorly represented, Mrs. Hope's (117) being the only one of importance, though we fancy that the fine group of figures in a landscape from the same collection, called, with doubtful accuracy, 'The Arrest of the De Witts,' and attributed to Van der Helst, really belongs to Cuyp. Space will not allow of the examination in detail of all the beautiful examples of Wouverman, Gerard Dou, A. van Ostade, Paul Potter, and Terburg in this gallery, chiefly belonging to Mrs. Hope, though Sir William Abdy's so-called 'Portrait of a Burgomaster,' by the last-named artist (80), deserves special mention.



Lady Melbourne and Child, by Sir J. Reynolds, P.R.A., from the Picture in the possession of Earl Cowper, K.G.

Merely drawing attention to the works by two French painters of the seventeenth century, Claude and Nicholas Poussin, the latter being here represented, in addition to the usual landscape, by an interesting portrait of his friend, the Flemish sculptor Dufresnoy (74), and to the sole work of an English artist of the same period, Dobson (64), we pass to the English painters, beginning with Francis Hayman, and ending with James Ward. We say beginning with Francis Hayman, because, though Hogarth was born before him, the picture of a 'Cricket Match' (6), by Hayman, belonging to the Marylebone Club, was probably painted in 1743, sixteen years before Hogarth's 'Lady's Last Stake.' A cricket picture, by Hayman, of that date, was engraved by Benoist, and published by Bowles, in St. Paul's Churchyard, and this, no doubt, is the print also belonging to the Marylebone Club. But if so, what is the meaning of the written inscription on the print, evidently of a later date, of "The Royal Academy

Club in Marylebone Fields?" since in 1743 the Royal Academy of Arts did not exist, nor, so far as we know, any other Royal Academy, unless it was the one at Woolwich. There is another cricket picture in the Pavilion at Lord's, attributed to Hogarth, which forms a worthy pendant to this one. That the lady in Mr. Louis Huth's Hogarth (55) was intended for a portrait of Miss Salusbury, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, is proved by a letter from her in 1815 to Sir James Fellows, published in her autobiography.

Gainsborough and Reynolds are both strongly represented. 'The Wood-gatherers' (172), belonging to Lord Carnarvon, and the splendid full-length portraits of Lord and Lady Ligonier (171, 177), the dark-eyed beauty for whom her husband fought a duel with Alfieri, belonging to General Pitt Rivers, are noble specimens of the former artist's varied talent, as also is Lord Bateman's 'Miss Tyler' (31). Colonel Alexander's curious picture of 'Fox addressing the House of Commons' (27) hardly seems like Gainsborough's work, nor does the delightful little maid, 'Miss Tryon' (38). The charming group of 'Lady Melbourne and her Child' (138), by Sir Joshua, which Lord Cowper has allowed us to engrave, may be compared with another similar subject, 'Lady Elizabeth Herbert and her Child' (180), belonging to Lord Carnarvon. The two archers from the same collection (181) will command almost equal admiration; and so will Mr. Angerstein's arch little 'Nymph' (35), and Lord Carysfort's sketch of the witty, beautiful, and too well-known 'Kitty Fisher' (58). Romney's portrait of 'Mrs. Bankes from Kingston Lacy' (175) forms no unworthy pendant to Gainsborough's naughty and beautiful Lady Ligonier; but the chief interest in his work here attaches to the sketch of 'Lady Hamilton' (36), which, if the story in the catalogue be correct—and as the picture comes from the place, Ickwell-Bury, where it was painted, there can hardly be any doubt about it—not only disproves the hitherto received account of Emma Lyon's birthplace and her first meeting with Romney, but shows that either her beauty increased with years, or Romney, in his subsequent delineation of her, very much idealized it. Morland's series of Moralities (14—19), interesting as they are, need not detain us here, as they are fully described in the catalogue. We doubt if Thomas Erskine, Earl of Kellie, ever found himself in life between two lovelier dames than his portrait by Wilkie (176) now occupies. This fine work was exhibited at Somerset House in 1829. We had almost forgotten to mention Stubbs's fine family group from Panshanger (2), far superior to the Zoffany of the same kind (41). This picture must have been repeated for other members of the family, as, unless we are mistaken, one if not two replicas of it have been sold at Christie's. The two examples of Turner are widely different. Mr. Bischoffsheim's 'Kilgarran Castle' (173) is nature as Turner saw it, Lord de Tabley's 'Lake at Tabley' (178) is nature as it actually existed. One word of genuine admiration for Lord Durham's bright and luminous Callcott (46), and of respectful wonder at Flaxman's genius as shown in the marvellous collection of drawings in Gallery V., must conclude our notice of this interesting and attractive exhibition.

STAINED GLASS.

FASHION in Art, as in other matters, is subject to serious alterations, and the laws which regulate its vagaries are undiscoverable. The mysterious influence which carries back a prevalent system of decoration now to Classical, and anon to Mediæval times, is so subtle as to elude detection, and no one can pronounce confidently upon the style of the future from the most elaborate study of the methods of former days. But there often occur in the history of Art, epochs, the result of a peculiar combination of circumstances, in which the age, rightly guided, selects the style most suited for the exigencies of the time and the subject, and thus fashions the channel in which succeeding Art shall flow. Such was the recent revival of Gothic Art in architecture, which has revolutionised established usages and reconstructed the canons of criticism.

In no branch of Art is the influence of this rebound more visible than in Stained Glass, nor was there any which called more loudly for reform. The vitiation which this art had undergone during the dreary period of the eighteenth century demanded a total alteration in the methods and style employed; and the taste which counselled the abandonment of classical for Gothic stone forms required also a revival of that style of stained glass which had long been looked upon as antiquated and obsolete. The impetus thus given to the study of mediæval Art in this direction has awakened an interest in the subject within these few years which was quite unknown in the early portion of this century, and now so widely spread is the desire to understand somewhat of this subject that a brief description of the process of production, and a comparative statement of its past and present position in England, may be useful as a contribution upon a topic whose literature is scanty and seldom accurate.

Only a few years ago the manufacture of purely British stained glass was unknown. The secret art of tinting and colouring glass to those shades suitable for this purpose had been so carefully kept by the glass-workers of Venice and Florence that the English makers hopelessly abandoned all attempts at its discovery for a considerable period, but renewed efforts, undertaken at the instigation of the late Mr. Winston, were at length crowned with success, and "antique" glass of every shade, from the raw primary colour to the subdued tertiary tint, can now be produced within the island, and glass may here be procured which will rival the finest productions of the Venetian or Florentine artisans both in colour and texture.

Much of the brilliancy and sparkle of the ancient glass was obtained through the very imperfection of its manufacture. The minute nodules and air-bells which the roughly cast glass of olden times continually showed by transmitting refracted rays of light rather increased than diminished the splendour of its effect, and the unequal thickness of the metal gave precisely those gradations of tint which the artist would otherwise vainly seek to produce. By imitating this very rudeness and avoiding the over-elaborate process of a more

civilised time, the glass-maker can now supply the material necessary for a thirteenth-century window.

There are two methods of treating stained glass, which are so widely different in their results that it is necessary to understand the distinction betwixt them. These are technically known as "mosaic" and "enamel painting," and as the former claims the greater antiquity, and is now likely to supersede its more modern rival, we shall explain this process first.

As its name implies, mosaic stained glass is produced by taking separate pieces of coloured glass and arranging them in such a way as to obtain the harmony of tint desired, and then joining them into one panel by means of a double-grooved lead; it thus resembles scagliola-work, save that it is intended to be looked through, and, as the colour in the glass is a portion of the metal, the ray of light which falls upon each fragment assumes its hue. By this method a geometrical design may be so arranged, with a due attention to the harmonies of colour, as to satisfy the eye of the most critical observer.

But when figures are to be introduced a somewhat different process is necessary. The subject is drawn full size in such a position as to admit of the lead-lines being kept in subordination to the design, and so adapted to the drapery of the figure as to emphasize the folds and shadows. From the full-size cartoon a tracing (technically called the "cutting-drawing") is taken, which shows only the course of the leads, and consequently the shapes of the different pieces of glass required for the composition. Upon this latter drawing the colours of the separate portions are marked as a guide for the cutter. By a deft and skilful use of the diamond, only attained after long practice, he shapes the differently coloured fragments of glass into their requisite forms, and they then pass into the hands of the painter.

As yet the glass merely presents the appearance of a kind of puzzle, in which all the pieces fit into each other, but still convey no coherent idea. The artist, laying each piece of glass upon the full-size cartoon and using a colour principally consisting of brown oxide of iron, traces the lines necessary to show the folds and patterns of the drapery as indicated on the finished drawing. The outlines on the face and hair are traced in the same manner, and a delicate flesh tint given by using a thin wash of red oxide. A clear, transparent yellow is obtained, when required, by using chloride of silver, which combines with the glass, under the action of extreme heat, in the kiln. To prevent the chloride from neutralising the oxide, the two chemicals are placed on opposite sides of the glass.

Having been thus outlined and coloured, the glass is now ready for firing. A strong cast-iron box, fitted with shelves, is so placed in the centre of the flue that the fire rises all around it, and raises the interior to a nearly uniform temperature. The glass is laid upon the shelves, and the door tightly closed so as to prevent any sulphurous fumes from entering, and the whole kiln is subjected to a heat which brings the glass to a cherry-red colour. When this stage is reached, the fire is withdrawn, and the glass is suffered to anneal by cooling slowly. It is then ready for the lead-worker.

To this artificer belongs the task of framing these loose bits of glass into a complete picture. This is accomplished by means of milled lead with double flanges, into which the glass is inserted; and, as the metal is without alloy, it is easily bent into the varied forms which the lead-lines indicate. The different pieces of the glass are thus built into the shape of the cartoon, and when the leads are soldered at their several points of junction the window is completed. A strong cement is used to cause the glass to adhere to the lead, and to render the window water-tight.

Enamel painting differs from mosaic in several respects. In the latter it has been seen that every piece has the required colour incorporated with the glass, whilst in the former the tint is produced by laying a pigment upon the surface of the glass, and fixing it permanently by firing in the kiln. In the one case the colour is always brilliant and transparent, since the rays of the sun are transmitted, though coloured; but in the other the solar light is to a large extent absorbed, and the glass is rendered partially opaque by the enamel colour. There can thus be no question as to the superiority of the mosaic method, for the richness and depth of colour which are possible under this system are quite unattainable in enamel painting.

The process is as follows:—A sheet of tinted glass, without any definite colour, and only so far altered from colourless glass that you may call it either "warm" or "cool tinted," has the required design traced upon it in brown oxide, as before described. Where colour is required, various mineral oxides are used, compounded with a "flux" of borax, which forms a silicated surface under the action of heat, and thus encloses the colour, so to speak, between two glasses. Iron, copper, lead, and silver are the minerals chiefly employed, in the chemical form of oxides and chlorides; and though very fine effects may be obtained, and skilful combinations of colour executed with comparative ease, there is ever a feeling of flat deadness and opacity inseparable from this style, which frequently renders it objectionable. The most important works of the Munich school of stained-glass artists have been thus injured, to some extent, by the adoption of this method; and the ease with which meretricious harmonies of colour may be obtained makes this very facility fatal to high Art.

Doubtless the introduction of enamel painting was chiefly due to the revival of the classic style of architecture some years ago, for which the closely leaded and sometimes dingy appearance of the mosaic method was not altogether suitable. But the application of enamel glass to Gothic form is as serious a mistake in Art as could well be made, for the concentration of light which a heavily mullioned Gothic window throws upon mosaic glass brings out all the brilliancy of the coloured metal, and causes it to sparkle and glitter with a gemlike lustre. Enamel glass, in similar circumstances, ever appears thin and washy, and the amount of light which the absence of lead-lines makes it possible to transmit forces the window into a painful prominence, likely to destroy the dignity of the most perfect Gothic stonework. Nevertheless it has been our lot to see some of the finest ecclesiastical buildings in the kingdom thus handed over to a reprobate spirit, and utterly destroyed by having the window apertures filled with outrages upon good taste, in the form of glaring enamelled glass. The love of foreign Art which haunts the British mind is, perhaps, largely to blame for this fact; and hitherto, in the matter of stained glass, there was little room for patriotic patronage. But this can be no justification for the adoption of styles of fenestral decoration which are out of harmony with the architecture amid which they are placed. And now that the art has reached to such perfection in Britain, and a more intelligent understanding of its limits is possible, doubtless the most ardent free-trader will examine into the claims of his countrymen ere he commissions some enterprising foreigner to execute his stained glass.

A. H. Millar.

THE NEW YORK AND DUNDEE STATUE OF BURNS.

THE veteran sculptor, Sir John Steell, has added another leaf to his laurel chaplet by the production of a truly superb statue of the great Scottish poet, Burns. It was Sir John's good fortune, at an early period of his career, to produce the now famous statue of Sir Walter Scott, the greatest of Scottish novelists. The statue of Scott, placed as it is within one of the finest monuments in Europe, captivated the hearts of American visitors to the modern Athens, and they entered into negotiations for obtaining a bronze duplicate of it for the Central Park, New York. Sir John Steell was commissioned to reproduce his statue of the great novelist, and this he did so successfully as to create a desire on the part of the Americans to possess more of his work. This resulted in a *carte-blanche* commission to execute for them an original bronze statue of Robert Burns, at once the greatest of Scottish poets and the greatest of song writers.



The American people love Burns, and they were fortunate in their selection of Sir John Steell as their sculptor, for he, too, is an ardent admirer of the ploughman bard; indeed, it is within our knowledge to state that it has been the ambition of Sir John's life to produce a great statue of Burns. The New York Burns statue was unveiled in the Central Park, New York, on the 2nd of October, 1880, amid great rejoicings, and produced quite a furore of enthusiasm.

Our American cousins had an opportunity of being courteous to the mother country in turn. A duplicate statue of Burns was solicited by the citizens of the enterprising and wealthy town of Dundee, and the American people at once, and in the most kindly manner, acceded to their request. This international exchange of courtesies is very gratifying socially and politically, and it augurs well for the future of Art, as it tends to do away with the exclusiveness with which

many seek to invest great original works. Art is intended to soften and refine, and the oftener original works of merit are reproduced, the better for humanity at large. There is, however, another powerful argument in favour of the multiplication of approved works of Art in our country. They are liable to destruction from accident and exposure, and what proves the destruction of one statue in one situation is not necessarily the destruction of another and similar statue in another situation. Sir John Steell has every reason to be proud of the success he has achieved on both sides of the Atlantic, in India, and other parts; but we question whether he ever achieved a greater triumph than he did on the unveiling of the Burns statue at Dundee on the 16th of October, 1880. Dundee is Sir John's native place, and of his numerous and much-appreciated works the Burns is, for many reasons, that by which he is disposed to place the greatest store. The unveiling of the Burns statue in Dundee was the signal for a perfect outburst of enthusiasm, not only for the immortal Scottish bard, but for the eminent sculptor himself. The occasion demanded a universal holiday; the town fluttered with bunting; the guilds formed processions; the members of Parliament, provost, and bailies made complimentary speeches, and public dinners on a large scale terminated a day of universal rejoicing to the satisfaction of everybody.

The new Burns statue, of which we give an engraving, is of colossal dimensions. It is designed on the scale of a twelve-foot figure, measures rather over nine feet in height, and contains about three tons of bronze. The pedestal elevates it other six feet. The statue had quite an ovation before it left the foundry, which is interesting in a way. The working men of Edinburgh by some accident came to know that it was to be on view, on the afternoon of a certain day, to a limited number of Sir John's friends and patrons. At the close of the afternoon's séance the artisans presented themselves in force, and politely requested extension of privilege. Sir John, with characteristic urbanity, at once gave instructions for their admission, and they came and went in the most orderly manner, in relays of one hundred or so, until over eight thousand of them had seen the statue. This says much for the appreciation of Art in the Scottish capital, and it is to be hoped that many statues of the Burns type may yet issue from the studio and foundry of the father of Scottish sculpture.

The New York and Dundee Burns represent the poet in the heyday of his youth, and the mental and ethereal rather than the physical aspects of the poet are portrayed. The latter, however, are not neglected, as the fine contours of the body and limbs abundantly show. Sir John has been at very great pains to produce a lifelike representation of the departed bard, and while relying chiefly on the fine portrait of Burns by Nasmyth, he has freely availed himself of every portrait and engraving of the bard extant. The artist has aimed at nothing less than the actual reproduction of Burns at his best, when body and mind were in their zenith, and he has produced a statue which will be as dear to the hearts of the American and Scottish people as are the name, the memory, and the works of the bard. The time seized is when the poet muses under the star-spangled canopy on his much-loved, never-to-be-forgotten Mary; when, in fact, he was engaged in composing that exquisitely tender and melting "Ode to Mary in Heaven:"—

> "Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
> That lov'st to greet the early morn,
> Again thou usherest in the day
> My Mary from my soul was torn.
>
> Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
> Where is thy place of blissful rest?
> See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
> Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
>
> * * * * *
>
> Eternity cannot efface
> Those records dear of transport past,
> Thy image at our last embrace;
> Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!"

The episode has afforded Sir John an opportunity of representing Burns in one of his most elevated flights, and the effect is completely successful. The poet, in the new statue, appears with elevated head, dreamily, but lovingly and reverently, contemplating the heavens. The eyes are literally "in a fine frenzy rolling." The reverie of the poet, and the big heart and tremendous energy of the man, are delineated in a way which it is impossible to describe. Indeed, it is difficult to believe, when contemplating the inanimate bronze, that you are not actually in the presence of the living Burns.

The poet is represented as seated on the fork of an old elm-tree, with broken limbs rising on either side to form a rustic chair. He has a pen in his hand, and a scroll and plough-sock at his feet—the former indicating his connection with literature, the latter his relation to agriculture. On the scroll the first and second stanzas of Burns's inimitable "Ode to Mary in Heaven," quoted above, are inscribed. The disposition of the body and limbs is particularly fine. The body is full of manly vigour, and the limbs are remarkable for their strength, their graceful proportions, and their lifelike ease. The right elbow rests on one limb of the tree, which is hidden by drapery, the hand being held in front, with a pen between the fingers, as if ready to record the poet's quick-springing fancies. The right leg is drawn back, and the left thrust considerably forward, both having an appearance of muscular relaxation, which is significantly repeated in the left arm, as it rests with drooping hand on the projecting stump. It is to be noted, among other telling points of the composition, that the line of the left arm reproduces that of the right leg, their direction being again contrasted by the run of the plaid folds, which, alternating with effective shadows, cross the body diagonally from the left shoulder, and are made to fall on both sides over the thighs. In the head, as well as in the costume, the artist has (as already indicated) been mainly guided by the Nasmyth portrait. The antiquated coat and waistcoat appear at the throat, while the ample skirts of the former fall freely behind; and the legs are encased in knee-breeches and "rig-and-fur" stockings, through which the strong muscular contours plainly assert themselves. When viewed from a point well to the right (the spectator's left), the work perhaps shows to best advantage as regards its dominating sentiment; but as seen from the opposite side, with the face in profile, it presents an equally attractive ensemble as regards the leading lines of the composition. The whole statue is exquisitely modelled. The time spent on the work has necessarily been great; it was, however, one of those subjects which could not, which would not be hurried. If we may trust the testimony of brother artists, the new statue is at once the most truthful and powerful representation of Burns yet given to the world. The man and the bard are both depicted, and with a power and delicacy which reveal both sides of the poet's nature. Burns could be severe on occasions, but he was essentially a tender and loving man, and the attributes of tenderness and strength constitute the chief charm of the new work. The citizens of New York and Dundee are to be congratulated as the custodians of a statue at once lofty in conception, vigorous in design, and faithful as to execution.

BARCELONA.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

BARCELONA, capital of the important province of Catalonia, has been styled the Liverpool of Spain. It may, indeed, be compared to several of our great Lancashire cities rolled into one, for in Barcelona import, manufacture, and export are carried on side by side. In population it ranks second to the capital, but in commercial activity, in wealth, prosperity, and general "go," it is far ahead of Madrid. The Catalans have ever been a thriving and industrious people; commerce has been in all ages highly esteemed amongst them; their most illustrious families were prouder of their "trade marks" than of heraldic possessions. During the Middle Ages Barcelona was "the lord and terror of the Mediterranean." Admirably situated, with an enterprising population and a vigorous government, it was long the successful rival of Genoa and Venice. It was, moreover, a city of culture, the favourite home of the troubadour and all who followed the "gay science." But the Catalans were never enervated by the luxury which commonly accompanies power

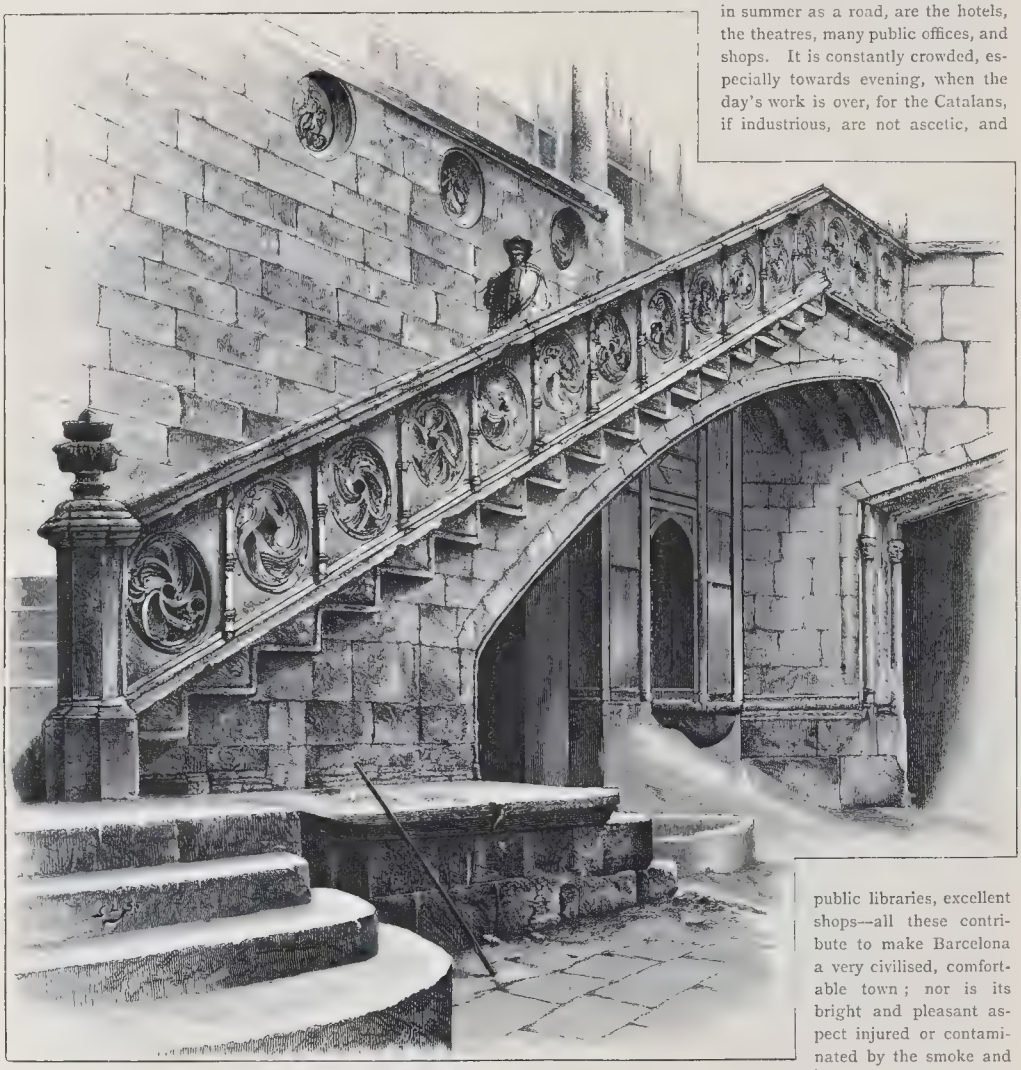


Monjuich, from the Harbour.

and a general diffusion of wealth. They were strong, rich, and prosperous, but were always, as they have since remained, of a robust and hardy temperament. Independence with them deepened often into turbulence, and Barcelona has for centuries been a centre and focus of political disturbance. The Catalans never fully coalesced with the other elements which make up the Spanish nation, and have chafed at their subjection to what they deemed alien rule. They were jealous, too, of their ancient rights, or *fueros*, the privileges and monopolies of trade, gained in times long past, when the rest of Spain was under the Moorish yoke, but Catalonia was comparatively free. Hence in every revo-

lution and in all intestinal wars Barcelona has taken a leading part. There is something Irish in the Catalan's eagerness to fight. To rise and rebel against existing authority is with him at once a duty and a pleasure.

The whole aspect of Barcelona is flourishing. The city has been much modernised; not beautified, possibly, but undoubtedly improved. Wide, handsome streets, based upon Parisian models, have replaced the narrow, tortuous alleys which were as decidedly inconvenient as they were picturesque. In the very heart of the town, traversing it from end to end, is a broad boulevard, the Rambla, margined by tall and umbrageous plane-trees, a mile in length, extending from the country suburbs to the sea-wall. Upon the Rambla, which takes its name from an Arabic word signifying a river bed or dry water-course used in summer as a road, are the hotels, the theatres, many public offices, and shops. It is constantly crowded, especially towards evening, when the day's work is over, for the Catalans, if industrious, are not ascetic, and fully realise the old adage that work must be sweetened with play. The number and size of the theatres are a proof of their love of amusement. It is not very generally known that Barcelona owns the largest theatre in the world, and the performances in it are not unworthy of a people devotedly fond of music. Numerous large cafés, a club, good public libraries, excellent shops—all these contribute to make Barcelona a very civilised, comfortable town; nor is its bright and pleasant aspect injured or contaminated by the smoke and noise of the many busy factories which testify to its commercial importance. These nuisances are all relegated to a distance, and the "hands" reside far out in the suburbs. The seafaring population, again, have a quarter or suburb to themselves, Barceloneta, on the east side of the crowded port. This harbour is well indicated in the first woodcut, with its steamers and sea-going ships lying close up



Staircase at the Entrance to the Casa de la Disputacion.

to the mole, and under the shelter of the high hill crowned by the historic castle of Monjuich. This may seem but a pigmy fortification nowadays, but it must be ever memorable to Englishmen on account of its capture by Lord Peterborough. Well might Macaulay say the "genius and energy of one man had supplied the place of forty battalions." A more hazardous enterprise was never more brilliantly carried through. What thousands of troops, with a heavy siege train, had been unable



Entrance to the Church of Santa Maria del Mar.

to accomplish in three weeks, Peterborough did with a handful of English soldiers in a single night.

Barcelona is not without picturesque features and many fine monuments of the past. It has a good cathedral, of that kind of Gothic which is typical of the ecclesiastical architecture of Catalonia, "sober, elegant, harmonious, and simple,"

the chief characteristics of which are "the elevated flight of steps, the belfry towers, the lofty roof supported by slender elegant piers, the painted glass." The same features are reproduced in what many consider a finer specimen than the cathedral, namely, the church of Santa Maria del Mar, which, built almost entirely by contributions from the working classes, was originally intended as a shrine for the body of St. Eulalia, the patroness of Catalonia, a Catalan lady martyred under Dacian, and long profoundly venerated in Barcelona, where her bones worked many marvellous miracles. So much esteemed was she that King Ferdinand and Isabella went to pray at her shrine the moment they arrived at Barcelona, although it was at the end of a long journey, and the hour was already past midnight.

Nor is it in church architecture alone that Barcelona shines. There are many fine historic buildings in the place. The Casa, or Palace, de la Disputacion, an edifice intended to house the Commons, or representatives of Catalonia, is a fifteenth-century building of considerable merit. One of its most beautiful features is a charming *patio*, or court, with delicate arcades, under which lawyers and clients still saunter on their way to and from the courts of justice, now held here. In this patio is the grand staircase figured in the second woodcut. There are, moreover, in Barcelona many interesting private houses, the homes of the *magnificos*, or merchant princes, who made the city so wealthy and so great. These are remarkable because built on plans which are not the least



Plaza de Palacio.

Moorish. There is no attempt to secure that Asiatic privacy noticeable in all the old houses of other parts of Spain. They are open and spacious, with "roomy stores and warehouses on the ground-floor facing the entrance, domestic offices to the left, and counting-house and living-rooms on the first floor, with bedrooms above." The woodcut of the Plaza de Palacio, a much-frequented square, is a good specimen of the street architecture of Barcelona.

Barcelona is distinctly affected by its propinquity to France. It is not much of a Spanish town. The rolling, sonorous Castilian is almost a foreign language, and the common talk is a rough, rasping dialect, a branch of the old Limousin tongue. Even the distinctive costume of the province is rapidly disappearing; the blue blouse and casquette of the French working classes are much more generally worn than the long loose plush trousers coming high up the waist, the short jacket hanging over the shoulder, and the long red cap, not unlike the Phrygian or cap of liberty, which was once general in Catalonia. The city, too, has much of the gaiety of Paris; its inhabitants may be brusque in manner, and not quick to make friends, but they are honest, straightforward folk, who improve greatly upon acquaintance. They have a keen sense of fun, and are disposed fully to enjoy life, as all will admit who, during the Carnival, visit this genial city, so richly gifted in climate, position, and material wealth.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

A SIENESE FESTIVAL.

PERCHED upon a series of hills in the very heart of Tuscany, the solitary imposing walled town of Siena rises from the valley of the Elsa; solitary, in that as far as the horizon extends, no village, no hamlet, not even a group of houses meets the eye; imposing, in that the very atmosphere is charged with the ancient reserve, pride, and stately grandeur of the thirteenth century. The eight gates with their watch-towers, the small cobble-paved streets, the quaint old bits of architecture, and broken scraps of columns left in high stories of houses which look battered and grim, all tell their tale of past glory and antique richness. The ages seem to have rolled back, and as you drive past the historic battlemented palaces, with their banner sockets, torch holders, and loop rings, you almost expect to see gay ladies and stately cavaliers troop down their grim stone stairs.

Unlike their grave city, the Sienese are cheerful and gay, with a passion for spectacles and festivals of all sorts, fond of dancing and eating, full of hospitality, mixed with a good deal of pride, and a religious sentiment almost amounting to superstition. Dante called them a "gente vana" (a frivolous people); but then it must be remembered that Dante was a Florentine, and Florence and Siena were always at daggers drawn. They are true descendants of the Romans in that they delight in all fatiguing games and gymnastics, and there are two especial festivals which are dear to their hearts, viz. the annual horse-races, which take place on the 2nd of July and also on the 15th of August. The latter is by far the finest, as the participators dress in mediæval costumes, and the whole pageant resembles one of the fifteenth century.

The 15th of August is the festival of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the fêtes begin a day before and last till the day after the festival. Last year, on the 14th, the statue of Sallustio Bandini, the economist, was unveiled in the Piazza Spannochi, opposite the old Gori Palace. It is an imposing piece of work, and represents him in his archdeacon's robes.

Siena is divided into seventeen districts called "Contrade," and each of these districts sends to the races a jockey and horse to represent it. Each district has a name and a symbolical emblem on its flag, such as the "Goose," "Snail," "Wave," "Tortoise." Out of the seventeen districts only ten are permitted to run, on account of the narrowness of the track, and these are chosen by lot. For three days before the race takes place there are *prove*, or trials, given twice a day—at nine in the morning and six in the evening—and these are almost as interesting as the race itself, which takes place in the old Piazza del Campo (now rejoicing in the name of Vittorio Emanuele). It is in the shape of a concave shell, and naturally, as all Siena is uphill, the curves are very sharp, and there is great danger in rounding them; therefore mattresses are placed along the lower parts of the houses, at the descending corners, so that in case of an overthrow the rider may not break his neck.

On the day of the Assumption the city is gay with flags and bell-ringing, and the great Mangia Tower bell gives tongue also to its sweet deep tones. The cathedral, snowy and fresh in its bride-cake beauty, is crowded and thronged with peasants from a long distance, and is beautifully decorated. Down its entire length the different Contrada banners float from the columns. The stained-glass windows add a faint ripple of colour to the already gorgeous effect of choir, priestly vestment, costly altar ornaments, and crimson canopy covered with gold. The music is fine, and the show of priestly power strong in numbers; for there never was a place like Siena for priests, and a goodly attendance at church. As afternoon approaches the city is like a large bee-hive in the bustle of preparation for the race. The first notice being given by the rolling of the drums, a hurried rush is made to the little church of the "Torre" quarter to see the horse and jockey blessed. There is a good deal of untimely merriment about the ceremony. The priest laughs and chats with the jockey, and the people giggle and whisper among themselves. However, the holy water is finally sprinkled over both man and beast, and very fine the party look as they emerge from the church, pages, standard-bearers, captain and jockey with their bright steel collars, and dresses of crimson velvet slashed with dark blue. One must climb the steep hill of Sant' Agostino to see properly the assemblage for inspection of all the seventeen Contrade: the ten that race and the seven that are not elected all walk in the procession which precedes the race. In the square in front of the church of Sant' Agostino there is a strange and beautiful crush of colour, as the different squadrons make their appearance one after the other. The dresses are of velvet and silk: the "Owl" in crimson, black, and white; the "Glow-worm" in green, blue, and gold; the "Wave" in blue and white; the "Dragon" in green, red, and yellow, and so on.

There is just time after the inspection to scramble into one's seat before the little mortar cannon sounds for the clearing of the square. And now what a sight the grand old Piazza exhibits! Every window is decorated with strips of gay colour, brocade or carpet; the balconies lined with heads; the tiers of seats arranged against the houses crammed with people, laughing, and anxious for their own Contrada to win—for is not the prize a silk banner, a plate, and 500 francs?—no mean sum for a peasant, who, together with the moneys made by a collection, is often enabled to marry upon what he wins. The centre of the square is a mass of peasants huddled together, their large Leghorn hats making a curious wave of motion as the wearers turn their heads as the horses pass. The fans glitter and flutter in the setting sun; the little mortar cannon sounds once more and the procession appears from a steep side street. Preceded by the city band, in grey, black, and white, the ten jockeys of the different running Contradas ride side by side, a mass of brilliant colour, with steel and gilt corslets, gauntlets, and helmets with waving plumes. Each district has quite a little pageant company of its own besides the jockey, consisting of a trumpeter, a captain, two standard-bearers, an equerry, and four pages, two of whom carry short spears, one a shield and one a mace. Then follows a battle car with heralds and flags; after these, the seventeen equerries walk two and two, and this completes the procession.

As each standard-bearer passed the judges' stand, he waves his banner aloft, some executing graceful movements whilst so doing. As each pageant arrives at the Palazzo Pubblico, it takes its appointed place on either side, with

the car of banners in the midst, and make a glow of the richest conceivable colour against the ancient grey walls. It is all so mediæval, so in keeping with the quaint fifteenth-century square, the old Palazzo, the crenelated battlements and the Mangia Tower, that it seems like a piece of the Middle Ages revived, and one could hardly believe that the rivalries of Guelph and Ghibelline were not being re-enacted.

The race now begins. Three times the jockeys are turned back for a fair start, until the horses become almost unmanageable; but at last they are fairly off and helter-skelter they pelt round the track, beating each other unmercifully with their bone whips, and trying to push and crowd each other out of place. For a long time the "Snail" and the "Eagle" have a neck-and-neck struggle for victory, but the "Eagle" wins at last, to the frantic joy of his friends and protectors. The jockey soon reappears capering and dancing with his prize held aloft, almost carried off his feet by his exultant and delighted friends. They go to the nearest church to thank the Madonna, and so the pageant ends, the square fast empties, and the faint afterglow of the sunset colours the grey solemn old palace which must have witnessed so many generations of her children in turn enjoy this truly Sienese festival. Here is a subject for a painter!

SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A., LL.D.

THAT ideal and imaginative aim, that glamour and witchery, that perception of the weird and the supernatural which we usually associate with the Celtic genius, has hitherto been little characteristic of Scottish Art. Its feet have stood very firmly on the earth, its eyes have been widely opened to the realities around it; its spirit has been mainly that of the Border ballads, mainly that of Burns—the most typical of Scotsmen. With keen and kindly observation it has regarded and reproduced nature and life, but has seldom added to the one such poetry as we find in Italian figure pictures, or given to the other the strange magic with which Turner floods his landscapes. A picture like Robert Scott Lauder's 'Trial of Effie Deans' may be regarded as typical of quite the highest tendencies of the school—a work dealing in no wise with the unfamiliar and the recondite, but strongly realistic in its basis, yet with all the every-day facts penetrated and kindled by an imagination which renders them vivid and dramatic.

There have been but two Scottish painters, David Scott and Noel Paton, the spirit of whose works has been strongly at variance with the general tendencies of the school. It is little to be wondered at that the productions of Scott were unpopular during his lifetime, for while his faults of form were such as the merest tyro could have corrected, the grandeur of his colour and design were naturally invisible to the multitude, to whom also his fearless and original imagination was nothing but an offence—a quality strangely unfamiliar, calculated to startle and bewilder. Since his death the fame of Scott has been growing slowly but steadily: Sir Noel Paton, the subject of the present paper, has been happier in this, that his imagination is of a gentler sort, which, embodying itself in forms of more grace and amenity, has not, in its day, failed of popularity.

Sir Noel Paton was born at Dunfermline on the 13th of December, 1821. The place, a pleasant town in itself, has interest for the antiquary from its intimate connection with the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland; to young Paton the ruins of its abbey and palace would have something of a more intimate and personal charm, for he could claim far-off kinship with the regal personages whose memory haunts the antique walls, and whose dust is at peace within the consecrated enclosure—with Malcolm Caenmore, and St. Margaret, and Robert the Bruce himself. His mother was a Highland lady of the house of Strowan by the maternal side, and claimed, through that family, descent from the old royal race of Scotland. His father was a man of much individuality and of singular kindliness of heart. Originally a Quaker, he had in his later days stronger sympathy with Swedenborgianism, believing that the latter form of belief represented more essentially the true spirit of George Fox than did the modern development of Quakerism. There is little doubt that the parental creed—a creed capable of being turned to fine issues in the thoughts and life of an earnest and imaginative man—had its own stimulating effect on the son. A belief in the spiritual powers, a calm realisation of their perpetual presence and ministry, would surely be habitual in that household, and habitual in some more ardent form than that of the languid acquiescence to a mere dogma which popular Christianity is too apt to make it. If the lad did not in his daily walks behold, like Blake, companies of angels in the common trees and among the hedgerows, we may at least believe that his heart disclosed to him "visions of his own," visions to be afterwards embodied by Art for others. Within the house itself—Wooers' Alley it was called—there was much to stir the imagination, for every corner was filled with curiosities—old pictures, armour, oak carvings, casts, ivories, enamels—quaint, rare things, less considered in those days than now, which the father had gathered round him, guided only by his love for the beautiful and his reverence for the past. In his youth Mr. Paton the elder had been a student of Art—had been a favourite pupil of Andrew Wilson, the excellent landscapist; so he encouraged the childish efforts of his son to embody with his pencil the scenes from history and romance of which his thoughts were full: he seems, however, scarcely at all to have insisted on that correctness of technical work, that imitative dexterity, which is the initial requirement for true progress.

By-and-by Robert T. Ross, R.S.A., then a young man beginning his Art battle, comes to Wooers' Alley to paint one of the ceilings with subjects from Raffaelle and other masters, and young Paton has his eye on the work as it progresses, and picks up what knowledge he can of the processes of colour. Ross, too, has with him a study after Etty, which Paton in his turn transcribes—almost his only copy, if we except a few drawings from the antique made in London, and some portrait illustrations done at this time, out of kindness, for the



Rev. D. G. Goyder, the phrenological lecturer, a friend of his father's. Mr. Goyder—so he tells us in his autobiography—duly examined the youth's head, pronounced it especially powerful in form, size, ideality, &c., but "with not an organ in the entire brain deficient in power," and added that the lad must become an artist, a fact already sufficiently recognised in the family. In the meantime, Noel pursues his general studies, and, at odd times, helps his father by making designs for the damask fabrics which were a staple manufacture of the town. When he is about seventeen a friend engaged in a similar industry in Paisley comes to Dunfermline in urgent need of a capable draughtsman. Could young Paton not assist him for a time? He, on his part, is eager for what freedom, and experience, and knowledge of the world the change may bring, and, after some opposition from the parents, the offer is accepted, and the temporary engagement ends in a residence of three years. Every spare moment of the time, we may be sure, was occupied with ideal and imaginative work.

A water-colour drawing of 'The Combat between Bothwell and Balfour,' from "Old Mortality," and an oil picture of 'Annot Lyle' from "The Legend of Montrose," may be mentioned as early efforts; and at this time he contributed gratuitously to the *Renfrewshire Annual* poems as well as illustrations. When about twenty Paton went to London, made his preparatory drawing from the antique in the British Museum, and studied for a very short time in the Academy schools, under George Jones, R.A., surprising those who knew how destitute of systematic study he had been by the grace and accuracy of his drawing. One friendship then formed—a life-friendship it became—was with "quite a small boy, no less noticeable for personal beauty than for amiability and genius," since known to the world as John Everett Millais. Shortly afterwards he returned to his native town, where, with the exception of another brief residence in London, he remained till about 1857, when he settled permanently in Edinburgh.

Among the more important of very early works are extensive series of outline illustrations to *Comus*, the *Tempest*, and the *Prometheus Unbound* of Shelley, the two last being etched by the artist and published in 1844-5.

It was in 1844 that he first exhibited, sending a 'Ruth Gleaning' to the Scottish Academy. In 1845 he contributed a large cartoon, 'The Spirit of Religion,' to the Westminster Hall competition, where it gained one of the three prizes, the other successful competitors being Armitage and Tenniel. Two years later the large 'Christ bearing the Cross,' and the 'Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania,' from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, gained a prize of £300 at a similar competition. Both pictures attracted attention, and for the latter, in particular, there was much competition among buyers, the King of the Belgians, among others, being anxious to possess the work. It had, however, been previously secured by the Scottish Academy, and now hangs in the National Gallery in Edinburgh, along with 'The Quarrel' from the same play, painted three years later. From this period the artist's life is one of unceasing labour and uninterrupted popularity; of thick-coming honours, too, for he was speedily made Associate of the Scottish Academy, and then, in 1850, full Member. In 1866 he was appointed her Majesty's Limner for Scotland, in the following year he received the dignity of knighthood, and in 1876 the University of Edinburgh bestowed on him their honorary degree of LL.D.

If we were even to name all the important pictures produced after this date, our paper would be little more than a catalogue. We shall therefore refer to only a few of the more important, and then pass to some consideration of the general scope and aim of Sir Noel's Art. In 1854 'The Dead Lady' was produced, a subject pathetic in feeling, harmonious in effect, and simple in its component parts. In the succeeding year came the well-known 'The Pursuit of Pleasure,' one of the most important of the painter's works. To the same year is referable a very wonderful design of 'Christian at Vanity Fair,' a work of considerable size, containing hundreds of figures, filled, every inch of it, with symbolic and suggestive invention enough to furnish *motifs* for many pictures. The fact that this drawing was made in three days proves how swift and passionate the artist's execution can be on occasion. He worked the design group by group, inventing as he went along, sketching in pencil and inking the lines, till the whole paper was covered. Then, it is worth adding, laying down the completed work, he went out to refresh himself with an evening walk in the wooded grounds of his father's house, and, the intense strain of production being removed, the reaction came suddenly, nature collapsed, and he fell on the grass in a swoon.

Among the productions of the years 1856-62 are a few very interesting works, dealing more strictly with contemporary life than is the custom of the painter, and executed on non-absorbent white panel—a method which tends towards purity and brilliancy of colour, but necessitates very direct and unhesitating handling. Many of the early pre-Raphaelite subjects—Millais's 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' for instance—were painted in this way; and, indeed, these pictures of Sir Noel's approximate more nearly to the aims as well as the methods of pre-Raphaelitism than do any of his other works. The first of them, 'Home'—a maimed and worn soldier returned from the Crimea—called forth Mr. Ruskin's hearty praise, and a replica of the subject was commissioned by the Queen. Next, and greater, is 'In Memoriam,' a group of terrified women huddled together on the floor of an Indian dungeon, in momentary expectation of a dreadful fate; a third, a quiet domestic scene, is entitled 'The Lullaby.'

To 1859 and 1860 belong certain smaller and slighter works painted with copal varnish, a method which insures much richness of tone and depth of colour; one of them, 'Sir Bertram's Dirge,' was engraved in this Journal. 'Dawn: Luther at Erfurt,' a very complete and highly finished picture, dates from 1861, and gained the Hayward gold medal at Manchester. In 1862 six small scenes from "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow" were painted to be engraved for the Royal Association of Scotland, and in 1863-4 a series of designs illustrating "The Ancient Mariner" were executed for the London Art Union, from sketches made some eight years before. On the completion of these works Sir Noel was called to Windsor by the Queen to paint a memorial picture, for which he made many portrait studies of the royal family. Three years later he finished 'The Fairy Raid,' a band of elfin chivalry flashing from the darkness of a wood, and winding along beside a quiet moonlit space of grass, with its fairy mounds and its solemn Druid stones. From then till now we have had an unbroken succession of important works, most of them too well known, both as pictures and through the engravings of Simmons, Varin, and others, to require description here. They include 'Faith and Reason,' 1871; 'Oskold and the Ellé

Maids,' 1873; 'The Man of Sorrows,' 1875; 'The Spirit of Twilight,' 1876; 'Christ the Great Shepherd,' 1876; 'The Man with the Muck Rake,' 1877; and '*Lux in Tenebris*,' 1879. They are generally on a larger scale than his earlier works, and aim more at breadth and large massing of form. The work presently occupying the easel of the painter is a large subject, 'Faith arming the Christian Warrior,' a picture well advanced towards completion.

Even from the slight notes of Sir Noel's works which we have been able to give, the reader will not have failed to gather that they are invariably earnest and ideal in aim and choice of subject; they are also wonderfully rich in their "subsidiary thinking," in the imaginative or fanciful accumulation of details by which the painter, like the early Italians themselves, repeats and intensifies the main sentiment and impression of his picture. When we come to consider the technical method of the artist, we cannot but touch on those shortcomings which cause his works to be less appreciated by painters themselves, and especially by Scottish painters, than by the more cultured and sensitive portion of the atechnic public. The aim of his Art—which conditions its method—is widely at variance with the aims of most modern work. With most contemporary painters, and notably those of the Scottish school, immediate truth to actual and present nature or humanity is the main quality that is valued—truth of colour, of lighting, of atmosphere, and of tone—while in Sir Noel's more ideal work, the absolutely perfect rendering of such things is of less indispensable consequence. That want of complete mastery over technique which undeniably strikes us in Sir Noel's pictures, and which none recognises more fully than himself, is due partly to his want of systematic training in youth, partly to his pursuit of quite other aims. We must remember the wide distinction, for ease or difficulty, between the work of the painters whose models are forms of "fixed and ponderable flesh," or who paint the face of nature changing only through the gleaming of sunshine and the gloom of storm, and of his who strives to paint visions that appear but for a little while, brightening for a moment the "moon-lit air" of his own chamber of imagery, and towards the realisation of which, in visible shape, nature can, at best, aid only by hints and suggestions. And if a discriminating criticism must pronounce the works in question to be deficient in some of the bolder qualities of the brush, there are certain departments of technique in which he has few rivals. In exquisiteness of flower-painting, in decisive and delicate rendering of the colour and surfaces of old volumes, carvings, and other precious objects of still-life which play an important part in many of his subjects, he can fully hold his own.

But Sir Noel's main technical excellence is his power of draughtsmanship—by which we do not mean that power proper to the sketcher, of which the slighter etchings of Rembrandt are standard and unsurpassable examples. Sir Noel's way of work is not at all to suggest by thin and apparently wayward and careless lines the very essence of the thing before him. His drawings are either frank first attempts, mere painters' sketches, feeling mainly after composition, and never intended for the public eye; or else they are carefully considered and finished drawings, executed with firm, regular, unbroken lines, dwelling much on beauty of outline and contour, and shaded with straight strokes which have affinity with the work of the engravers. The predilection, indicated by this method of draughtsmanship, for qualities that are Greek and classical in their character rather than mediæval and picturesque, is curiously evinced in his treatment of the knightly scenes which have so often employed his pencil. In these, though every accessory would satisfy the most scrupulous antiquary, the artist never insists very strongly on the spirit of the time, never, for instance, gives us any "Gothic gusto" and quaintness, but sheds over all a certain classical grace; like William Morris, in his 'Earthly Paradise,' he uses the past only for purposes of present beauty, only for the sense of freedom and widened horizon with which its remoteness enfranchises the imagination.

The exquisite sense for form which we have noted as characteristic of the artist would lead us to expect his success if he set his hand to sculpture; a presumption amply justified by the efforts he has actually made in that direction, by his various first models in clay and wax, and by his elaborate sketches and suggestions for several public statues and memorials, very notably by his symbolic group of a 'Lion and Prostrate Python.'

But when we have spoken of Sir Noel's work in painting and in sculpture there remains much else, in his singularly rich and varied personality, deserving of mention. A learned and enthusiastic archæologist, his knowledge of early armour is especially wide and accurate, his own collection being exceptionally rich in such suits and pieces. He has contributed various valuable papers to the Proceedings of the Scottish Antiquaries, and his addresses delivered to the students of the Scottish Academy in 1874 and 1875 were no less remarkable for their eloquence than for their sound practical wisdom. His two volumes, "Poems by a Painter" (1861) and "Spindrift" (1867), attest his skill in delicate verse; while "A Dream of Rannoch," published in *Macmillan* some five years ago, shows a wild rollicking humour which would scarcely be expected by those who know its author only through his solemn pictures. Uniting to a presence more than usually impressive a manner of uncommon courtliness, his conversation is "full of matter" and full of charm, irresistibly suggesting the idea that a mind so vigorous as it reveals, and so well equipped at all points, might have done excellent work in almost any of the higher and finer departments of human endeavour. Those who know Sir Noel best will be readiest to praise him in their thoughts, with that fine praise which Dürer received from Melancthon, who, after expressing warm appreciation of his dead friend's pictures, goes on to say, "and his art was the least admirable part of him."

We are fortunate in being able to give with this memoir a fac-simile reproduction of a drawing kindly lent by Sir Noel Paton for the purpose.

J. M. Gray.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

IVORIES—*Continued.*

THE period which we now enter, that of the dark ages, was one in which the art of sculpture relapsed into barbarism. This fact gave a great opportunity to the forger, for barbarous work can be easily, and therefore cheaply, executed: abundance of examples may be seen, which, if they were genuine, would date from some period between the sixth and the ninth century. With this latter date came a remarkable revival of Art in the West, perhaps in some degree consequent upon the iconoclastic persecutions which commenced in Constantinople, under Leo the Isaurian, in the earlier part of the previous century. A considerable number of tablets exist, some still attached to the covers of copies of the Gospels, with which they are probably contemporaneous, which exhibit a marked similarity of style, and often of subject, the latter being very frequently the crucifixion of our Lord. These works show a prodigious advance upon anything executed in the west of Europe in the seventh or eighth century, the human figures being tolerably well modelled, the attitudes fairly natural, and the draperies arranged in elegant folds. Tuotilo of St. Gall, who belongs to this period, executed some tablets still preserved there, on which animals are cleverly represented, though the human figures are less successful. The ornamental foliage in the borders and elsewhere is of uncommon beauty, and shows much originality of design.

From the tenth to the twelfth century the sculptor's art was at a low ebb in almost every part of Western Europe; some good work in ivory was, however, executed in the tenth century near the Rhine, probably at Cologne.

It is obvious that a good deal of time and patience is requisite to enable any student of Art to qualify himself to form a confident judgment upon the authenticity of a work supposed to belong to this period: the styles of various countries, even of various districts, were diverse; individuals impressed their own feeling on their work, and executed it in their own manner; hence great doubts and differences of opinion have been expressed by experienced antiquaries as to the authenticity of some objects. A notable example of this was a small situla, or pail for holy water, which remained for many months in the hands of a dealer in London without finding a purchaser, but which, in the opinion of the writer, was a genuine work of the ninth or tenth century. Another of these situlæ, that given to the cathedral of Milan by Archbishop Gottfried (A.D. 973—978), and preserved in the treasury there, has been extensively reproduced, and several copies have been sold to the ignorant or unwary as originals.

It will be well here to make mention of a very important class of ivory carvings, viz. those which exhibit the neo-Greek, or, as it is commonly called, the Byzantine style. This word Byzantine, it may be remarked *en passant*, has been much misused, particularly by German writers, who have employed it to designate not only that which was really the work of Greek artists, or in the style which they used, but whatever Art was, or was supposed to be, derived therefrom; *e.g.* the Rhenish churches of the twelfth century were called *Byzantinisch*, and the sculpture and painting of the same period were labelled with the same title, while in truth there is a very great and real distinction between what was really Byzantine and what was German.

Art at Constantinople, from being in the fourth century identical in character with that of Rome, gradually, though less rapidly, declined. The diptychs of Anastasius, Consul in the East A.D. 518, are far superior in artistic qualities to the nearly contemporary diptychs of Roman Consuls. The sculptor has shown his inability to deal with the human face by the dull unmeaning expression and defective modelling of the head of the effigy of the Consul; but there are life and movement in the small human figures in the scenes in the amphitheatre which occupy the lower part of the tablets, while the savage beasts and the horses which appear in these are fairly modelled, and their action is animated.

Either in consequence of the nationality of the artists, or of the neighbourhood of the East, and the influence which the works of Eastern artists may have exercised, the change of character in Byzantine Art is not, as in that of Rome, to roughness of execution and barbarism in design, but to increasing minuteness and delicacy of execution and feebleness of design. The influence of antique tradition and of works of classical Art would, however, appear to have been—strange as it may at first sight appear—greater in Byzantium than in Rome. This may, perhaps, be attributed to two causes: first, that works of classical Art probably existed in greater number in the former than in the latter city—very many are known to have been transported from the elder to the younger metropolis, and the growing opulence of Byzantium, as compared with the increasing misery and poverty of Rome, no doubt led to a brisk export trade in works of Art from one to the other; and, second, that from the fifth century onwards ecclesiastical influence was dominant in Rome, and classical Art was more and more eschewed, all available wealth being directed to the sumptuous adornment of churches and the furnishing them with vast stores of vessels of the precious metals, and hangings and vestments of the most costly stuffs.

Unfortunately there is a want of monuments of Byzantine Art of well-authenticated dates (coins only excepted) during the sixth and several subsequent centuries. The mosaics of St. Sophia, some part of which may perhaps date from the time of Justinian, have not as yet been reproduced by photography, the only method which is thoroughly satisfactory in such matters to the archæologist; but one head, that of the prophet Habakkuk, given in plate xxx. of Van Selzenberg's magnificent work, shows much artistic power. Labarte, who has figured in his "Histoire des Arts Industriels" ("Album," vol. i. pl. iv.) the leaf of a diptych bearing a figure of an angel, now in the British Museum, attributes this fine work to the sixth century. It must be remarked that this is far superior in artistic power to the diptychs of Anastasius mentioned above, and perhaps it ought rather to be given to the previous century. Certain illuminations in manuscripts, if correctly attributed to the sixth or seventh century, show that the traditions of classic Art were not lost at that date,

* Continued from page 56.

but the precise condition of Art in Constantinople in the beginning of the eighth century is a very obscure matter. Beyond doubt, however, the iconoclastic persecutions greatly affected Art and artists, and probably produced a temporary paralysis, succeeded by a great change of style. A few examples of ivory carvings exist, among them a tablet in the British Museum, on which the raising of Lazarus is represented, which may be reasonably supposed to date from the eighth or ninth century, and to be the work of men striving to recover an almost lost art: the figures upon them are drawn with all the stiffness which characterizes Byzantine Art, but with far greater incorrectness.

In the eleventh century the neo-Greek style would seem to have reached its highest point of excellence, and to have remained at about the same level until the thirteenth. During this period, though there is much dryness and stiffness in the drawing of all subjects of a religious character, there is also much of elegance, and even sometimes of grace, to be found in the best examples, while the execution is of the highest order. Perhaps the finest example extant is the triptych in the Christian Museum in the Vatican (*vide* Gori. Thes. Vet. Dipt., vol. iii. pl. xxiv. and xxv.), sculptured within and without, with Christ seated on a throne in the upper part of the central compartment, and numerous whole-length figures and busts of saints in three rows. After the twelfth century a decline set in. The carvings of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries are far less well executed, tame, and wanting in character.

Allusion has already been made to objects for secular use, the style and subjects of which bear sufficient resemblance to those of classical Art to lead to their being supposed to belong to the earlier centuries of the Christian era. Most of these are small coffers of wood covered with tablets of ivory. The finest example which has been as yet noticed is that from Veroli, now at South Kensington. On this we find Bacchus drawn by leopards, a dance of mænads and centaurs, Bellerophon and Pegasus, and Europa landing on the back of the bull: in this last subject a mob of men receive the voyager with a shower of stones. Several other classical subjects appear, many of them as freely treated. The Labours of Hercules are a somewhat favourite theme: they form the subjects of portions of a casket which have been affixed to the front of the "Cathedra Petri" preserved in St. Peter's at Rome. The throne, in the opinion of Padre Garrucci and Cav. de' Rossi, is really of the ninth century, and was probably made for Charles the Bold, whose effigy, as is thought, appears upon it, but it has long been held to be the curule chair presented to St. Peter the apostle by Pudens the senator. These ivory tablets, having been erroneously supposed to have formed integral parts of the chair, have been adduced by several writers (among them Cardinal Wiseman) as proofs of the early date of the chair itself.

The carvings of this class differ most remarkably from those in which holy personages supply the subjects. The human figures, instead of being in very stiff attitudes, are often thrown into the most extraordinary contortions, particularly when represented as dancing or hunting: animals are drawn with great truth and beauty, and the execution is often extremely clever. Examples, however, exist —one is in the British Museum, the other in the Museum at Berlin—in which both styles of Art are to be found in the same tablet, the hieratic style being used for sacred personages, the secular for others. This phase of Byzantine Art has been dwelt on at some length, as being curious and interesting in itself, and as having been frequently misunderstood, even by experienced antiquaries, who have supposed them to be really works of the classical period.

In Western Europe Art during the eleventh century was still in a very undeveloped condition, design was crude, and modelling very imperfect; but we find at times a certain rude vigour and animation in the figures. Examples of this date are rare, but a remarkable monument, the frontal of an altar preserved in the sacristy of the cathedral of Salerno, is probably of the period: on this are forty-six sculptured tablets, many of which contain two subjects. These are taken, for the most part, from the history of our Lord, but several are from Genesis. It would seem probable, from many of the details, that this was the work of some artists of the country. Two very important examples may be ascribed to A.D. 1079: one is on the cover of a MS. of two of the Gospels in the Vatican Library, which was rebound at that date: the other, a corresponding book-cover, is at South Kensington. Both are, however, probably copied from originals of the sixth or seventh century, probably of Byzantine work, with certain alterations of detail. In the twelfth century Art in many countries advanced rapidly; excellent carvings of foliage, grotesque animals, and the like were executed in the south of France, on the Rhine, and in England, but the sculptor was still very much at fault when he attempted to deal with the human figure or with drapery.

Very many small works were executed in Germany, and probably also in Scandinavia, in the ivory of the tusks of the walrus. These are not homogeneous throughout, the exterior being of a very fine-grained, hard ivory, but a good deal of the interior has a peculiar granular, or what might almost be called a crystalline appearance. As the tusks are not of very large diameter, few of the statuettes or other objects carved in this material fail to show in some part this internal structure. The very curious chessmen in the British Museum, which were found in the island of Lewis, are of this material, and many others of like character are scattered about in various collections. This walrus ivory was for many centuries a much-valued material, under the name of whales' bone, often corrupted into huel bone, rewel bone, &c. It is frequently mentioned by mediæval writers, as by Chaucer in the "Rime of Sire Topas," "his saddle was of huel-bone." The small figures of saints on the fine octagonal relic casket of Rhenish enamel, bought at Prince Soltikoff's sale, are good examples of the power of the German ivory carver of the period.

Carvings in elephant ivory (Byzantine excepted) of the twelfth century are by no means common, and those which do occur are not unfrequently palimpsests, some diptych or other ancient tablet having been recarved. Two examples, which display the character of twelfth-century sculpture in a very marked manner, are both probably of English work: both are large combs, carved in a very bold manner with scrolls of foliage and human figures. One of these is in the South Kensington Museum; on the other, at Hardwicke Court, Gloucestershire, are several subjects from the history of our Lord.

With the thirteenth century, however, the supply of elephant ivory would appear to have increased, and many beautiful pieces of carving are extant which bear the stamp of the Art of this period. Large pieces of ivory, 10 to 14 inches long, by 4½ or 5 inches wide, were carved with subjects transversely.

These subjects, in the majority of cases, are taken from the Gospels, and comprise a selection of the events in the life of Christ; more rarely legendary subjects are found. The scenes are usually crowded with figures—too much so, indeed, from an artistic point of view. In very many cases a range of canopies and pinnacles fills the space above the heads of the figures: this presents the architectural detail of the period in miniature, executed in the most exquisite manner. The figures, though sometimes carelessly or mistakenly modelled, are usually full of grace and beauty, and the execution is of extreme delicacy; many are really gems of Art. Perhaps no school of ivory carvers has ever shown so much skill in taking advantage of the peculiar qualities of the material, its strength and firmness, its moderate hardness, and its extreme fineness of texture, as did those of the thirteenth and early part of the fourteenth century. Most of the works of this class were probably carved in France, for the architectural details have often a distinctly French character, but some are perhaps English.

Two such tablets as have been described were hinged together, so that the carving should be on the inside, the outside being usually left plain. Such pairs are often called diptychs, and it cannot be said that the word is incorrectly applied, as it means no more than an object folded in two; but it is perhaps to be regretted that it has not been reserved for writing tablets carved on the outside, and the phrase devotional tablets been applied to such as have been described above.

The comparative abundance of ivory led to its being increasingly employed as the material of objects of personal use, such as crosiers, sword and dagger hilts, combs, and the like, and also for coffers and other small articles for domestic ornament or convenience. This occurred even more in the fourteenth than in the thirteenth century, and we have still in existence a prodigious quantity of small boxes and caskets, or portions of them, which belonged to this period. The subjects with which they are sculptured are for the most part taken either from the metrical romances at that time in the height of their popularity, or from scenes of every-day life. The story of Sir Lancelot and Queen Ginevra, that of Pyramus and Thisbe, the siege of the Castle of Love, defended by ladies and attacked by knights, are subjects of frequent occurrence, as also pairs of lovers, or knights and ladies riding out to hunt or hawk, or seated at a chess-table. The latter subjects were favourite decorations of the cases used to enclose the small metallic mirrors then in vogue: these cases were circular, in two pieces, which joined at the back by a simple contrivance, the outsides being carved. A considerable number of single pieces exist, but pairs are of the greatest rarity: perhaps the finest pair known is in the Fountaine collection, at Harford. On one side of this a tournament is represented; on the other a castle, from the gate of which a lady issues on horseback about to charge a knight, her weapon being a rose on a long stalk, which she holds couched in the fashion of a lance. This probably dates from about 1380, but the majority, both of mirror cases and caskets, would appear to have been made in the earlier half of the century. The objects of this domestic class often exhibit very much elegance and beauty, belonging as they do to the best period of mediæval Art; and there is a life and gaiety in their design which makes them very attractive.

Contemporaneous with these is a very important class of devotional tablets, which differ from those of the thirteenth century in that the whole, or almost the whole, is occupied by one large standing figure, very commonly the figure of our Lord on the cross sculptured on one tablet, and that of the Virgin Mary on the other. In some examples the ivory is of considerable thickness, so that the statue, which is usually enclosed in a niche, is in almost full relief. Many statuettes of this period also exist, the vast majority representing the Virgin Mary either seated or standing; some of these are of great beauty, though at times grace is degraded into affectation, and sweetness of expression into a simper. A statuette, the work of Andrea Pisano, is said to exist in the treasury of the cathedral of Pisa, but it has been of late years invisible.

Most of these are doubtless of French origin; a very small number are Italian, but these are usually inferior to the best of the French school; some few are English. One tablet, now in the British Museum, bears the arms of Grandison, Bishop of Exeter, and is quite English in style. A pair of tablets, probably by the same hand, and remarkable for the high relief of the figures, their dignity of character, and the breadth and beauty of the draperies, was in the Meyrick collection, but unfortunately has been allowed to leave England.

In the fourteenth and following centuries an immense quantity of carvings in bone were executed in Italy. The material would seem to have been the leg bones of horses, for each piece presents a semicircular section, and is carved with only one or two figures: a subject comprising many figures was executed on a number of separate pieces, which were arranged side by side, and framed in borders of wood mosaic. The style of these carvings is generally good, the figures fairly well modelled, and the draperies falling naturally; but there is no great fineness or delicacy of execution, the material not lending itself to these as well as ivory. Innumerable caskets and coffers, sometimes oblong, sometimes octagonal, decorated in this manner, are to be met with. Triptychs with sacred subjects are also common, but perhaps the finest example of the class is the "Retable de Poissy," now in the Louvre, which is 7 feet 6 inches wide, and upwards of 9 feet high. It has three arcades surmounted by canopies, which are filled with figures representing subjects, some from the New Testament, and some legendary. Another very fine example, in the Certosa of Pavia, is attributed to a Florentine artist, Barnardo dell' Uberriaco, who lived at the close of the fourteenth century.

The subjects on the coffers are not unfrequently mythological, the Judgment of Paris, the Voyage of the Argonauts, &c.

The forger has, of course, tried his hand at the imitation of work of this period, but probably with no very great success: the excellence of the work of the greater part of the ivory carvings then executed is such that it would require a very good artist to produce an imitation likely to impose upon a tolerably good judge, and such a man could probably earn a better living in a more honest way. A collector will do well to reject without hesitation anything purporting to be of this period which does not exhibit both good style in the design and excellent manipulation in the execution.

The fifteenth century was in England, France, and Germany a period of decaying Art: the spirit which had animated the mediæval artist in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was dying out. Still many very beautiful ivory carvings were executed at this period, but they exhibit rather the industry of the skilled craftsman than the genius of the artist. In



preserved in the collections at Munich and Dresden. Francis and Dominic Heinhart are said to have spent thirty years in carving the vast cabinet of ebony and ivory which is preserved in the Colonna Palace at Rome. The principal subject is a copy of the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo, which occupies a space more than 18 inches high, by about 12 inches wide.

M. Labarte ("Histoire des Arts Industriels") has collected the names of many French sculptors in ivory who worked in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Guillermin, who in 1659 carved the magnificent crucifix preserved in the Chapelle de la Miséricorde, at Avignon, which is said to possess "vérité anatomique, sublimité de la pose, expression poétique, perfection des détails," and Joseph Villerme, who worked chiefly at Rome, and died about 1720, may be mentioned as among the most remarkable.

The forgers have not failed to exercise their ingenuity in the attempt to produce passable imitations of the work of the period which we have been so rapidly traversing. Many a tablet, many a tankard, which, to use an Italian expression, "Vuol essere di" Fiammingo, or some other artist of the period in question, will tempt the inexperienced collector. His best safeguard is to avoid what is mediocre in quality, and to buy that only which is really good; for, as has been often said before, the great difficulty of the forger is to find workmen possessed of sufficient skill to imitate fine ancient work in such a manner as to deceive those who know what good Art really is.

A few years ago some of these ingenious persons produced and sent into the market a great many hunting horns carved with various devices—among them very frequently the armorial bearings of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. They also manufactured many sceptres adorned with the arms and insignia of that or other sovereigns. One unfortunate dupe in France was taken in by a sceptre of Charlemagne, and hurried up to Paris to present it to the late Emperor, who, however, though not an antiquary, was too keen-witted to be deceived.

In this brief review of the history of the art of carving in ivory many classes of works of the kind have necessarily been passed over without notice, as, for instance, the class of sculptures of Hispano-Moorish style, and that of Anglo-Saxon carvings in bone; but this will not appear surprising when it is remembered that the attempt has been to give some account of the progress of an art during a period of nearly two thousand years—an art the examples of which are prodigiously numerous and most diversified in character. The collection of casts from ivories catalogued in Mr. Westwood's volume, "Fictile Ivories in the South Kensington Museum," numbers nearly nine hundred, and it may be safely said that, while very few could be removed from it without injuring its value as affording means for the study of the subject, a large number of additions are required in order that it should even come near to being a really complete collection.

In fact, not a few pages, but more than one volume, would be required to do anything like justice to the subject. Those who may wish to pursue the study may be recommended to procure the Catalogues of Ivories, Ancient and Mediæval, in the South Kensington Museum, by Mr. Maskell; that of Fictile Ivories in the same collection, by Mr. Westwood; Notices of Sculpture in Ivory, by Sir Digby Wyatt; and to read the chapters on Carving in Ivory in M. Labarte's "Les Arts Industriels." Engravings of a large proportion of the Consular diptychs, and of many other very remarkable pieces, will be found in the three folio volumes of Gori, "Thesaurus Veterum Diptychorum."

A. Nesbitt.

PHASES OF THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

With Drawings on Wood and an Etching by Birket Foster.

JUST as printing from type was practised by the Celestials long before the time of Gutenberg, so also plates were prepared for the purpose of yielding impressions centuries earlier than the European employment of the art of engraving. And if in the realms of thought, philosophy, and literature the modern world reproduces rather than creates, so also in more material and palpable affairs its new lamps are often but the old ones refurbished and relighted for second use. It is given to nearly every great thing, from a planet to an artistic process, to be discovered twice over, sometimes simultaneously in different parts of the globe, and sometimes after centuries of oblivion have enveloped the proto-discoverer and his toil. The art of reproduction by printing is a case in point. To the fifteenth century belongs the credit of the European discovery or adaptation of printing from both type and block. These two methods of reproduction did not suggest themselves at the same moment or to the same man; and a little later the art of working off from plates of copper was independently hit upon by Maso Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, who accidentally threw a plate into melted brimstone, and observed that the exact impression of the engraving was left on the yellow surface when cold, marked by lines of black. Taking the hint, he tried moistened paper and a roller instead of brimstone, with results that are known. From him Baccio Baldini learned the art, and engraved several of the works of Sandri Botticello; from Baldini, in turn, it was learned by Andrea Mantegna, nor had it been long in vogue in the city of Dante before Hugo de Carpi deserted copper in favour of wood—the medium elsewhere earlier employed. From Italy plate-engraving soon travelled into Flanders, where Albert Dürer shortly brought it into fame, though not till Marc Antonio had been trained by Raphael did it reach to the full measure of its dignity and success.

At what exact date the art reached England is not definitely ascertained even by Vertue, most patient of Art historians, and himself an engraver. Indeed, he thought that the work in this kind produced here before the reign of James I. was not worth a record; but his annotator and editor, Horace Walpole, does something to supply the deficiency—not always, however, with great discrimination as regards drawings on wood, of which he frankly expresses a very poor opinion. "For two reasons," he tells us, "I have said, and

shall say, little of wooden cuts; that art was never executed



in any perfection in England. Engraving on metal was a signal improvement of the art, and supplied the defects of



cuttings in wood. The ancient wooden cuts were certainly carried to a great height, but that was the merit of the masters, not of the method." When we remember what the wood cutter's craft was at the time of which Walpole wrote, we may not be altogether disinclined to forgive his sneer. That craft has had its phases—from the rough blocks which were fit for little else than stamps for the cards that would amuse the idle moments of a mad king, down to the delicate, subtle, refined work of Bewick, or that which multiplies such drawings as those by which Birket Foster—Bewick's fellow-Northumbrian—has illustrated "The White Doe of Rylstone" and some of Barry Cornwall's "Dramatic Scenes," and which we here reproduce. It is since those early days, and in consequence of this improvement, that wood drawing has undoubtedly become more extended, more popularly loved, and has exerted more influence on the age than any other department of pictorial Art.

The very first printers, equally with the publishers of to-day, saw the utility of illustrations—the best they could get—to vary the monotony of page after page of letterpress. Caxton's "Golden Legend," printed in 1483, has in the beginning a group of saints, and other cuts in the body of the work. Similarly illustrated were the second edition of his "Game at Chess" and his "La Morte d'Arthur." A little later, and Wynkyn de Worde prefixed to his edition of the statutes, in the sixth year of Henry VII., the King's coat of arms and crest—a species of design vastly improved upon by John Rastell in the "Pastyme of the People" and in "Gratton's Chronicle"—both of these works containing portraits, those in the former being sometimes attributed to Holbein. The first book that appeared in England with cuts from copper plates was a volume called "The Birth of Mankind, or the Woman's Book;" it was dedicated to Queen Catherine, and published in 1540. So early had the friendly war begun between the rival metal and wood, whose respective claims, though so facilely decided on by Horace Walpole, are clashing to-day as much as ever they did in times gone by. But it may safely be said that the popularity of etching at this moment in England—a popularity already large, but also rapidly increasing—has really succeeded in depriving the wood block of some of its prestige. In this respect the art of illustration is passing through an important phase under our eyes, and therefore, perhaps, without our fully perceiving it; for, just as the world knows not its greatest men until they are out of it, so the movements of thought and of Art can hardly be estimated by those who are in the very midst of the heat and dust of the transformations. Yet the evidences of the change are plain. Take up a book by an author who appeals not to connoisseurs, but to the million—such a book, for instance, as Dr. Samuel Smiles's "Life of Edwards," and the frontispiece is an etching by Rajon, instead of the regulation wood engraving in which our fathers revelled. The editors and publishers of Art magazines, practised in feeling the pulse of the public, offer as attractions etchings, where formerly the steel and wood engraving have done duty. It is Mr. Hamerton, we think, who defines, in one concise story, the whole history of the Art dealer's attitude towards etching a very few years ago. This type of his class at the time, when spoken to about etching, retorted that he was a dealer only in "high Art," and, on being asked what "high Art" was, he named the works of Birket Foster; but now Birket

Foster is also among the etchers, as this very number of the *Art Journal* bears excellent witness. And here let us say, while speaking of the change in favour of this art—a change primarily due to Mr. Hamerton, though he has not been able to influence all the phases of the fashion he formed—that his "noblest of the linear arts" has achieved a yet greater triumph than even the conversion of the most orthodox of English draughtsmen on wood; it has, we hear rumoured, won over into admiration the great Art critic himself, whose former description of it as "the blundering art" perplexed, perhaps even saddened, the votaries of the needle.

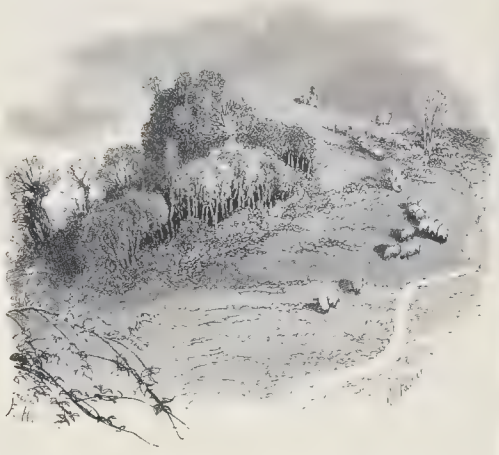


In a recent political controversy "monarchs and statesmen" were impugned by a commoner, and subsequently defended by a peer who catalogued the great achievements of the members of his own and of the royal order; but he omitted to include in his chronicle the discovery of mezzotint by Prince Rupert. By one of the paradoxes of every-day life, the most dashing of soldiers and men devised the mechanical process which the dashing among plate-workers—the etchers—disavow. Accident, even more than necessity, has been proved the mother of inventions, and so it was in Prince Rupert's case. Walpole tells the story with a gusto. He takes us to the Brussels laboratory of the King's nephew, whom he imagines unshaved, perhaps, in a dirty street—certainly not finished off by his valet today to charm Miss Hughes. Going out early one morning, the Prince sees the sentinel bending over his piece, on which the dew had fallen in the night and made the fusil rusty. While the soldier scrapes and cleans, the Prince is struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel with innumerable holes close together, like friezed work on silver or gold. He conceives that some contrivance might be formed to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground, which would give an impression all black, and that, by scraping parts away, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter whom he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller with projecting teeth and points, which could be cut away or diminished at pleasure to produce gradations of light. Among the first of those to whom the secret was divulged was John Evelyn of Wotton, a name which suggests a class of workers with needle and burin existing then as in our own day. John Evelyn, like John Ruskin, was author and gentleman rather than designer, yet he chose to draw and to engrave for his own books. Henry Peacham, too, of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of "The Compleat Gentleman," and of a popular little tract entitled "The Worth of a Penny," has left us a fine print after Holbein. Mr. Hamerton had in some sort his prototype in Mr. Francis Place, "a gentleman of Yorkshire," who drew, painted, and etched, and wandered about the country with his congenial friend, William Lodge, making sketching tours, during one of which they were suspected for Jesuits and thrown into prison. This same Lodge is he who is credited with being a mononeirist—having only once dreamed, and that once not without strange results. Being near to a place called Harwood, he dreamed he should be buried in its church. The vision vexed him, for he wished to lie elsewhere, beside his mother. However, he died at Leeds, and as the hearse passed through Harwood the



carriage broke, and the body was actually interred in the church.

But we must not here wander into the by-paths of biography, though it is certain that without a real knowledge of the personality of engravers the student will not rightly understand or interpret the phases through which their art has passed. And this reflection leads us to lay down an axiom which all who know human nature will admit, and which brings us back to, and partly explains for us, the current movement in favour of etching. The producers have always complained of the reproducers, and the creators of their interpreters. The dramatic author is discontented with his actors, the musician with his singers, the poet with his reciters, and more than all these, the artist with his engravers. It is indeed hard to feel frustrated in one's artistic intention, to be translated wrongly, to reach the public warped or distorted by the medium of communication with it, and to have no redress. "Wait until next Wednesday, and see how they will spoil it," Leech was wont to say to any one who admired a drawing of his for *Punch*. And the engravers made him, by degrees, a melancholy man. The artist who, though he works alone, is obliged to appear through another, is often forced to see his personality dissipated and lost by the very medium which should express it. And this is a loss which the public, if the truth must be owned, is better inclined to bear than the artist. No wonder he seeks to become his own interpreter; no matter if his audience perceive the difference or not, let the thing he has conceived in his heart go forth entire; he would not be worthy the name of artist who did not care for that. And this desire is undoubtedly one of the reasons why the etching-needle has lately been seized by every other artist in England. To be reproduced and multiplied, and that by one's own hand and in one's own way, is a true delight. Slips and faults and failures there may be in the method, but they will be the faults of the creative mind, and therefore not inharmonious—nay, they will be in a manner valuable. Of course artists might have applied themselves to engraving, and reproduced their work by means of the burin; but engraving is too mechanical an art to find favour with them, whereas etching is more purely artistic than colour. Whether or not etching is only a passing phase—a fashion—among us, as some aver, time will show, and the critic would be rash to predict.





WILFRID MEYNELL.

THE VENETIAN FRUIT-SELLER.

By LUKE FILDES, A.R.A. Engraved by THOMAS BROWN.

SELDOM has a picture of Venetian life been more slightly, and yet more charmingly put together than this of 'The Venetian Fruit-seller.' Mr. Fildes in his visits to Venice had ample opportunity and capabilities of composing much more ambitious representations of the life of the past as evidenced in the old buildings which border the canals, or that of the present in the picturesque groups which are still to be found in abundance in the city. But he has been wisely content to hold his hand and give a charming episode of every-day life—nothing more, in fact, than what is to us the daily visit of the greengrocer to the area gate. This picture was the result of a sojourn at Venice. We understand that he has but recently returned from a second visit, the results of which will probably be seen on the Academy walls this year.



OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:

ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

THE DINING-ROOM AND ITS FURNITURE.

HAVING in the preceding chapters briefly glanced at the one constant feature in all rooms, the chimney-piece, we will proceed to consider the furniture of the separate rooms which compose a house, taking some note by the way as to how these various rooms grew into their especial designation and purport in our later civilisation. And firstly, let us consider the rise and growth of the modern DINING-ROOM.

It would at first sight seem to be a self-evident fact that ever since people dined they must have had a dining-room; yet this, like many another first sight of an apparently self-evident fact, is an illusion.

It is indeed one of the latest additions to our household system, and sprang from that disintegration of life in common, the causes of which I have hinted at in the prefatory remarks affixed to the first chapter. In its earlier stage it was merely a portion of the great hall or house-place screened off from the rest for family retirement, and which gradually grew into a separate room distinctly apart from it. A change like this, however gradually it might be brought about, was certain to encounter strenuous opposition. The Church naturally banned it; for a common life was the essential of the great monastic communities whence all her hierarchy sprang, and Bishop Grosteste, seeing very early this tendency to class severance, commanded the laity to abstain from it, "without peril of sychnesse and werynesse," says he, "etc all of ye in the halle before your meyny" (*i.e.* menage, or household); and such was the impress of his great political authority that his directions became a text-book for several centuries after his death.

The People naturally objected; they suffered both in pride and in person by this withdrawal from them of their superiors, and their being thus handed over to the care of underlings; hence Piers Plowman, the radical rhymer of the fourteenth century, complained that in his day

> "In the Halle
> the lord ne the lady lyketh not to sytte;
> now hath eche syche a rule to eaten by himselfe
> in a privee parlour."

The "ordinances of Eltham," issued by the Court in 1526, notes with reprobation that "sundrie noblemen and gentlemen and others doe much delighte to dyne in corners and secrete places;" yet, in spite of all this remonstrance from Church and People and Court, the disintegration, once begun, continued and spread, affecting all classes as it widened, and was rapidly augmented by the religious and political dissensions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

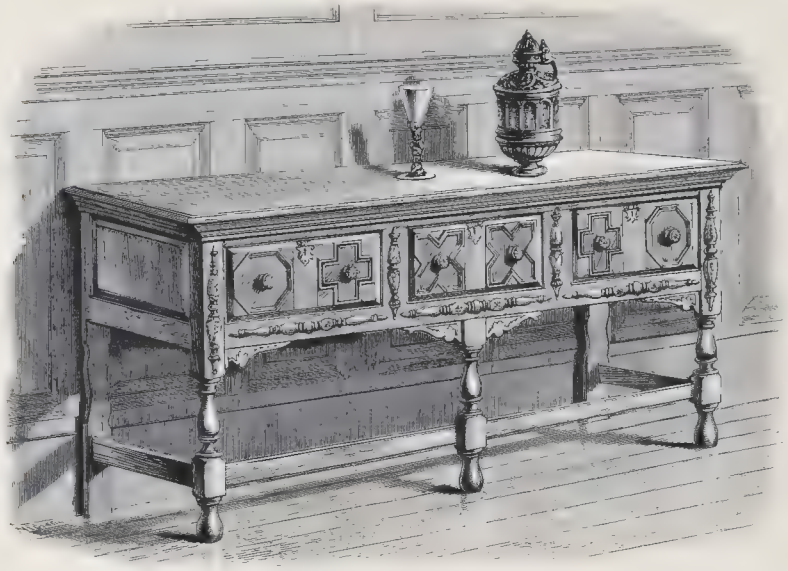
The "privee parlour" thus created was, however, by no means the equivalent of our dining-room; indeed, it was rather a bedroom furnished with larger tables and cupboards than the other sleeping chambers, hung with a richer wall covering, and indulging in the newer luxuries, such as chairs and carpets, somewhat earlier than the other rooms of the house. It usually abutted upon the hall, which still served as the general reception-room, and only intimates of the higher degree were "parlour company" in those days. A very good idea of what such a parlour was may be gleaned from the inventories of old wills. Here is one of a gentleman, made in the reign of Philip and Mary, whose parlour contained "one jointed bedstead," with all its requisites, and covered with "a counterpoint of emegrie worke with iij. cortayns of greene and red serge, one counter and ij. olde coverings for the same, ij. long damaske sylke chussings, v. sylke chussengs, one dozen olde chusshings, one table, one joned forme with a counterpoint to the table and ij. trussels, iiij. thrown chayres and vij. joned stools, one great payre of andyrons, one payre of tongs, one fyre shovel and a pare of bellows, and one Flanders chest." This was rather a better-furnished parlour than was common in those times, and richer than some in "thrown chayres," or chairs with frames of turnery-work, the "joned" forms and stools made by the local joiners being the chief things to sit upon usually found in such apartments, and, from their hardness and rude construction, demanding that large quantity of "chusshings" which always appear in the inventories of the time.

The "counter," or side-table, and the "Flanders chest" were the forerunners of the sideboard, for this article of furniture has a very interesting parentage, and to its pedigree we shall shortly turn; but we must first follow the parlour a little farther down the stream of history. In an old will, dated 1579, 'Carpets and xiij wrought pylloues or cushons as chiefest for parlers and chambers with the tables, forms, and cupboards lying in ye dining parlour" are bequeathed; and this is the earliest mention of a room devoted to dining—apart from the great hall—I have met with; but even this parlour contained a bed, and the dining-room proper was not yet established, nor was any room, saving the hall, kept especially and solely for that purpose. Out of a very large number of inventories of the sixteenth century almost the only instance of a parlour without a bed I have encountered is that of the goods and chattels of William Glasseor, which were in 1589 "remayning in and about the house at St. Jone's, within the cittie of Chester," whereof he was an Alderman and the Vice-Chamberlain. He must have been a very cultured man for those days, dabbling in literature and music, and the arts generally, and as no room in his home is designated by the style and title of a dining-room, doubtless this "parler" served for that purpose. In it was "a drawinge table of joyned work with a frame," which was valued at "xl." shillings, and as money then represented ten times the value it does now, this would be equal to about £20 nowadays. A "drawinge table" was one that drew out, not in the same manner, but for the same purpose, as do our modern dining-tables, but on the technical difference between them I shall have to say somewhat when I speak of that important article of furniture. To this "drawinge table" were provided "two formes covered wth Turky work to the same belonginge, xiij$^{s.}$ iiij$^{d.}$; a joyned forme, xvj$^{d.}$; one cubbord, ij$^{s.}$ vj$^{d.}$; a little side table upon a frame, ij$^{s.}$ vj$^{d.}$; a paire of virginalls with the frame, xxx$^{s.}$; six ioyned stooles

* Continued from page 61.

covrd wth nedle werke, xv$^{s.}$; sixe other joyned stooles, vj$^{s.}$; one cheare of needle werke, iij$^{s.}$ iiij$^{d.}$; two litle fote stooles, iiij$^{d.}$; one long carpett of Turky worke, vj$^{li.}$; a shorte carpett of the same werke, xiij$^{s.}$ iiij$^{d.}$; one cubbord carpett of the same, x$^{s.}$; sixe quysshens of Turkye, xij$^{s.}$; sixe quysshens of tapestree, xx$^{s.}$; one old longe greene carpett, iij$^{s.}$ iiij$^{d.}$; one longe quysshen of nedle worke, vj$^{s.}$ viij$^{d.}$; one longe quysshen of purple velvett embrothered wt gold and silver and armes in the middeste, xx$^{s.}$; one square quysshen of purple velvett w^{t} a silver faulcon embrothered, v$^{s.}$; a curten of redd serge drawen upon a rodd of iron, xviij$^{d.}$; eight pictures, xl$^{s.}$; a joyned frame w^{t} the Earle of Leicestor's pedigree, xij$^{d.}$; a mapp of the Lowe Cuntreys, vj$^{d.}$; a frame of the princes arms covered wth glasse, ij$^{s.}$ vj$^{d.}$; one long greite of iron, ij$^{s.}$ vj$^{d.}$ [an early indication of the use of coals in living-rooms, due, no doubt, to the vicinage of the Welsh coal-fields]; a paire of andiron, vj$^{s.}$ viij$^{d.}$; a Byble Englishe, vj$^{s.}$ viij$^{d.}$; the booke of marter, x$^{s.}$; the paraphrase of Erasmus, iiij$^{s.}$; an old Chauser, ij$^{s.}$; a Latten Bible with moste of the Olde and all the New Testamt, ij$^{s.}$ v$^{d.}$; The Chronicolls, iiij$^{s.}$; a presse in the closett wth in the pler, v$^{s.}$ Sum. xx$^{li.}$ xiij$^{s.}$ vj$^{d.}$" A pleasant parlour truly, and bright enough when adorned with cupboard plate to the value of cxljx$^{li.}$ xvij$^{s.}$ ij$^{d.}$, the particulars of which I long to give you, but space forbids, for Alderman and Vice-Chamberlain Glasseor was a man of taste, and his "Mawlmsey cupps," and his "casting bottles" of silver gilt, for sprinkling perfumes after dinner, prove him to have been a *petit-maitre* in his day. He had a country house, too, "at the Lea," well furnished also, but here his parlour has "a canapy bedd" in it, and accorded with the customs of the time.

Dame Dorothy Leigh, of Worsley, had a "dyning chamber" in 1639, but the old dictionaries are as yet ignorant of the existence of the word "dining-room." These old dictionaries often afford a good insight into the manners of the time by the varying definitions given to the words they translate. Thus we

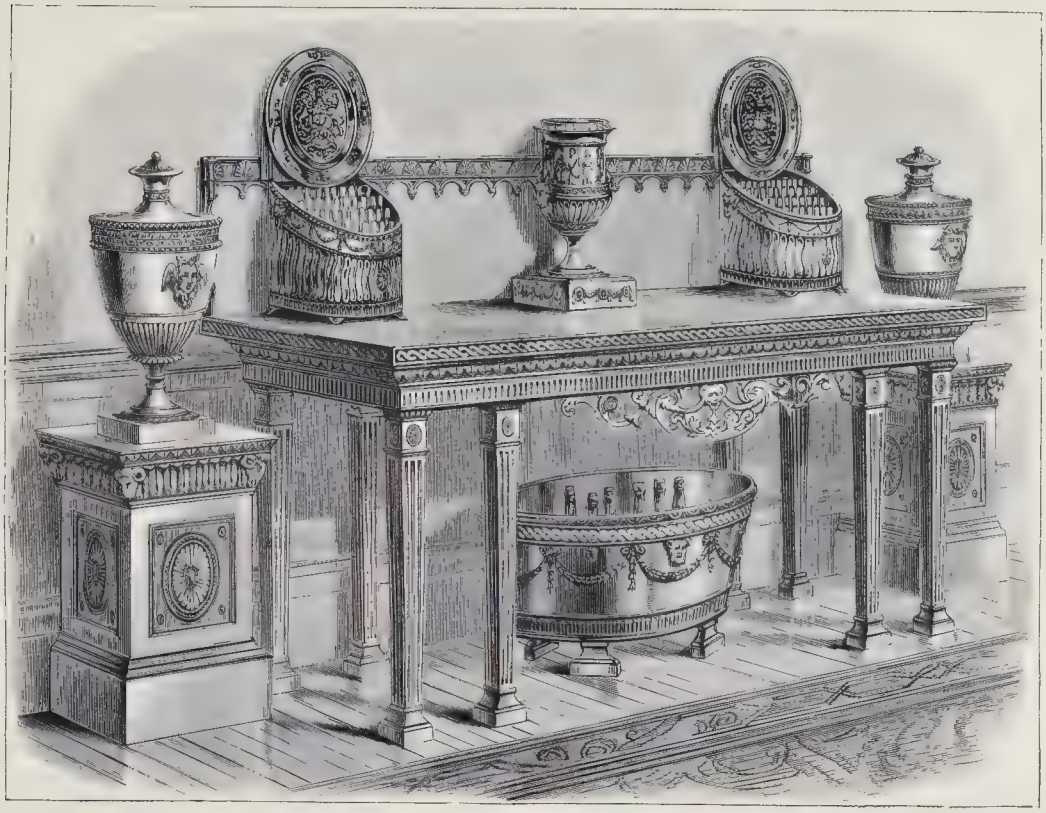


Sideboard, temp. William III. S.K.M.

find "parlour" mentioned by Barret in his "Alvearie," published in 1580, as "a place to suppe in"—dining in common in the hall yet being general, private suppers being the meal of intimates alone. Minshew, in his "Guide unto Tongues," published in 1617, further enlarges the sphere of the parlour, and describes it as "an inner room to dine or suppe in," whilst Johnson, whose first edition was published in 1755, bears testimony to the change which had taken place in giving it as "a room in houses on the first floor, elegantly furnished for reception or entertainment."

The dining-room had established itself with both a local habitation and a name in the interim. "I never come into my dining-room but at eleven and six o'clock—I found excellent meat and drink i' th' table," says old Merrythought, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestel*, and the dining-room soon definitely separated itself from the bedchamber parlour, suppressing the hall and becoming the chief refectory of the house. Yet with us in England the dining-room retained much of that general living-room character which marked its growth, and never became solely a place for eating in, for only of very late years has that feeling which Mr. W. Morris, in his recent lectures at Birmingham, deprecated, asserted itself. "A dining-room," says he, "ought not to look as if one went into it as one does into a dentist's parlour, for an operation, and came out when the operation was over—the tooth out or the dinner in;" and the cold frigid character of a continental *salle à manger* is, and always has been, uncongenial to us Englishmen. Adam, the architect, writing in 1793, endeavours to account for this feeling of ours. "In one particular, however, our manners prevent us from imitating them" (the French), writes he; "their eating-rooms seldom or never constitute a piece of their great apartments, but lie out of the *suite*, and in fitting them up little attention is paid to beauty or decoration. The

reason for this is obvious. The French meet there only at meals, when they trust to the display of the table for show and magnificence, not to the decoration of the apartment; and so soon as the entertainment is over they immediately retire to the rooms of company. It is not so with us. Accustomed by habit, or induced by the nature of our climate, we indulge more largely in the enjoyment of the bottle. Every person of rank here is either a member of the legislature, or entitled by his condition to take part in the political arrangement of his country, and to enter into those discussions to which they give rise; these circumstances lead men to live more with one another, and more detached from the society of ladies. The eating-rooms are considered as the apartments of conversation, in which we are to pass a great deal of our time. This renders it desirable to have them fitted up with elegance and splendour, but in a style different from the other apartments." Now, though neither the enjoyment of the bottle nor the abstention of ladies from political discussions is a marked feature of the present, yet to a very large majority the dining-room is the family gathering-place in the early part of the day, and it is to be hoped it will long retain its cosy family character—the reflex of its parlour history—and not degenerate into a mere "eating-room." It is this essentially domestic character which has made our English dining-rooms in some degree family treasure-houses; hence care and thought have always been lavishly expended



Sideboard designed by Robert Adam, 1770.

on their furniture, and after the chimney-piece, or even outvying it, has been the SIDEBOARD.

Very complicated is its history, for though the sideboard of to-day is the sole remaining representative of many former articles of furniture, yet the word itself is of comparatively recent introduction. Even in its original meaning of side-table, I do not think it occurs before the latter half of the sixteenth century, and the earliest usage of it I have found is in the will of Dame Anne Langton, dated 1573, in which she mentions "two long tables or syddeboardes in the hall, wt ffoure fformes accordinglye;" but these were evidently additional dining-tables, like the side-table in Alderman Glasseor's parlour before referred to. Milton uses the word in its modern sense, when

> "At a stately sideboard by the wine
> That fragrant smell diffus'd;"

and Dryden, writing of a simpler age, tells us that "no sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd;" but none of the early dictionary-makers had found the word of sufficient currency to warrant its admission to their vocabularies, nor until the time of Johnson did it obtain the mint-mark of authority.

The Cup-board was its earliest ancestor—a raised stage on which to place the plate and cups, which formed the glory of

many a household of old, a mere open framework, without what we now call "cupboards" underneath it; for these receptacles at first had nothing whatever to do with that piece of furniture whose name they filched, and the manner in which they committed this larceny is an interesting illustration of how much history is locked up in our household furniture. Now it was not the custom, until a comparatively recent period, for each person to have a separate drinking vessel, and even so late as 1586, Harrison, in his "Description of England," says, "As for drinke, it is usually filled in pots, goblets, jugs, bols of silver in noblemen's houses, also in fine Venice glasses of all formes, and, for want of these elsewhere, in pots of earth of sundry colours and moulds, whereof manie are garnished with silver or at the least in pewter. All which, notwithstanding, are seldom set upon the table, but each one, as necessitie urgeth, calleth for a cup of such drinke as him liketh: so that when he hath tasted it, he delivereth the cup again to some one of the standers by, who, making it clean by pouring out the drinke that remaneth, restoreth it to the cupboard from whence he fetched the same."

A "cupboard richly garnished" was therefore a necessity in those days, and the multitude of vessels we read of in the old inventories was for no merely ostentatious display of wealth, for of course separate vessels were required for the different variety of liquors, and Lord Fairfax, in the directions for his household service so late as the middle of the seventeenth century, says, "Let no man fill beere or wine but the cupborded keeper, who must make choice of his glasses or cups for the company, and not serve them hand over heade. He must also know which be for beere and which for wine, for it were a foule thing to mix them together." What with the multitude of flagons and cups such service demanded, the ewer and basin, which supplied the place of our finger-glasses, and above all, in the earlier period of its history, the big alms-dish, the cupboard was necessarily an article of furniture of considerable size. Its framework was always covered with a "cupboard carpet," and for this purpose rugs of "Turky worke" were imported from the East, and became the first harbingers of those larger coverings to which nowadays alone the word carpet is attached. The change from the open stagework to an enclosed "cupboard," in the modern sense of the word, was a gradual one, and arose out of the pilfering tendencies of the servants of those days in robbing the poor of the best portion of the broken victuals, or "alms," which were distributed to them after each meal, for when "trenchers" were rounds of bread the quantity of food which went from even a moderate table was by no means inconsiderable. "Almeries," or closets, were therefore placed in the lower part of this staging, into which the alms were placed until their proper distribution could be seen to by the lord, or more frequently by the lady, of the house. The cupboard then became a "gardeviance," and as such is frequently mentioned by old authors. In after-times, when alms were no longer daily given in kind, the "gardeviance" became a "gardevin," and the origin of the cellarette, which forms a usual portion of our modern sideboard, is distinctly traceable to the old aumbry. The necessity of these "cupboards with ambries" as a check on perquisites may be inferred from an ordinance drawn up for the government of a nobleman's house in 1587, wherein it is expressly stipulated that "the yeomen of the pantrie shall sell no fees of Chipping, but that the same to be at my Lō his disposion to be distributed to the Poore or otherwise, and my Lō to allowe unto them yerelie at eurie audett in lve thereof thirtie shillings as to the Butlears." It is evident that with these aumbries "cupboard love" came in, though I do not think the phrase appears in print before the middle of the seventeenth century.

The enclosed cupboard thus created was at once seized upon as a field for decoration, and was carved with many a quaint device. It was frequently of "Estriche bord" or "Danske"—the finer qualities of oak imported from the Baltic, "for our wainescot is not made in England," says a writer of the latter part of the sixteenth century: sometimes it was "paynted" with imagery, "French panelled," and even of "Indyworcke." On its covering cloths much embroidery was bestowed, and when set out with its plate or pewter it was a brilliant and a beautiful object in the room, and a thing longed for by every housekeeper. James Sandford, in his "Creed of an Epicure," printed in 1576, puts it as an article in such a one's belief, that it is before all things necessary to have "My chaumbers (I sayed my parlours and other such romes) hangyd wyth clothe of golde, my cupboardes heades set out and adorned after the richest, costliest, and most gloryous manner, wyth one cuppe cock height upon another, beside the greate basen and ewer of silver and gold filled at tymes with sweete and pleasant waters;" and that such faith was something more than the substance of things not seen is evidenced by the most prosaic of all things, the inventories for probate of the time. In that of William Anderson, a merchant of Newcastle, who died in 1570, his plate was valued at £369 17s. 10d., over £3,000 at our present rate of money value, and I presume probate valuations were not more liberally assessed in those days than in ours. In this we find "a basen and ewer psell gilt with the armes enamelled." "One greate standing peace," "two stone potts wt covers and bands doble gilt," "one maser wt cover doble gilt," "a white peace for butter," "a water pot doble gilt," and "one cald a faucon wt two heads dble gilt." Nor is this a solitary example, but, from the wills of this period remaining to us, many similar instances of the wealth in sideboard plate of the middle classes could be extracted, and old Harrison, whose "Description of England" I have before quoted from, states that "it is not geson to behold generalie" "in the houses of our merchantmen and some wealthie citizens," "costlie cupboards of plate worth five or six hundred or a thousand pounds," and "that manie farmers who by vertue of their old, and not of their new, leases have for the most part learned also to garnish their cupboards with plate." But troublous times were at hand, and soon there were no cups for their cupboards to bear, and during the Commonwealth period, when each side looted the other, and King and Parliament melted into coin the grand old heir-looms of their ancestors, these great ornaments of the parlour dwindled away until a small side-table or sideboard sufficed for cupboard, aumbry, and all.

Our sideboard is, then, a combination of the side-table, the cupboard, and the gardeviance, and is peculiarly English in its build, differing greatly from the "buffet" of our continental neighbours. Its form has undergone many changes, and the illustration we give of one of the time of William III. shows a "dresser" arrangement, with drawers for the table linen, really an article of furniture which is now almost entirely relegated to the kitchen.

G. T. Robinson.

(*To be continued.*)

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

EXHIBITIONS.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION AT THE OLD BOND STREET GALLERIES.—This collection has been carefully selected and judiciously arranged. In point of time the drawings embrace almost the whole of the present century, and as regards schools and styles, both domestic and foreign, they are pleasingly varied and representative. The charm of these spring exhibitions, in short, is their retrospective and quasi-historical character, so that an hour spent in the Agnew Gallery brings with it instruction as well as pleasure.—The admirers of Turner will find his early and middle period capitally represented on the First Screen. The masterly vigour of David Cox, who has half-a-dozen drawings on the same screen, is not to be gainsaid; and the luminosity and strength of James Holland are qualities which will hold their own against any master. George Barrett had neither the variety nor the strength of Turner, but he possessed in a very remarkable degree what, upon the whole, made Turner so supreme among his fellows, viz. a thorough knowledge of the principles of Art, and especially of classic composition.—Copley Fielding also is seen here in considerable variety. On the Second Screen there are a series of the exquisite little pastorals of Birket Foster; eight drawings of birds by H. S. Marks, R.A., as faithful zoologically as they are pleasing pictorially; four masterly drawings of scenes in Rome by Andrew MacCallum; and not a few Venetian and other continental subjects from the faithful and facile pencil of W. Wyld. Nor is William Hunt forgotten. His rustic boy in blouse 'Blowing the Horn,' and his 'Bird's Nest and Apple Blossom' are a couple of as fine examples as any Art lover could wish to possess. Among those whose works in this medium are rare, or at all events rarely seen, may be mentioned Madox-Brown and J. E. Millais, R.A.—Continental water-colour art finds very adequate exponents in E. Frère, L. Chialiva, Fortuny, and Édouard Detaille. 'The Scots Guards returning from Exercise in Hyde Park' to the sound of their fife-and-drum band, of the last-named artist, quite surges with motion. The rare qualities of the late Sam Bough's pencil may be studied advantageously in this gallery; and if the visitor desires to look at one of the most perfect bits of composition which ever came from the cunning hand of Sir Edwin Landseer, he will search on the walls for his 'Two Dead Stags' lying motionless with interlaced horns on the hillside.

VENICE PASTELS AND ETCHINGS.—In the rooms of The Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, there is at present an exhibition of works by Mr. Whistler, which, unlike former collections from the works of a single artist, such as Turner, Prout, or W. Hunt, lately exhibited there, is not a gathering of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of a lifetime, but the result of one twelvemonth's labour in one spot. Although subject to these rigorous unities of time and place, so varied are the moods of the artist that in studying his productions we feel no sense of weariness or repletion—the sadness, almost approaching solemnity, of some, contrasting so delightfully with the playful brilliancy of others. We need not tell those who are acquainted with Mr. Whistler's art that there is nothing here to remind them of the products of the many distinguished artists who before him have gone to the city of painters for subjects for their brush. Of the Doges and the faded glories of the past we have few records, but instead, notes full of life and vigorous colour of the present living Venice. From sunrise to sunset, through the long dreary winter and under the brilliant skies of summer, in its streets and on its canals, with its beggars and its bead-stringers, its busy markets and its resting-place for the dead, the Venice of to-day is here presented to us—not simply in topographical sketches, but in a series of pictures, each a complete work of Art. It is not our intention to revive any painful controversy as to Mr. Whistler's position in the world of Art—the works upon these walls will go far to settle that; but there is one idea that we wish most strenuously to combat, namely, the mistaken notion that these pictures can be the happy accident of a wayward genius. Nature does not unfold her chiefest beauties but to her closest observers, and the power of reproducing them is given only to him who combines with the rarest gifts of form and colour that aptitude for tireless labour which alone makes the hand a helpmeet for the brain. Let those who have by them any of Mr. Whistler's early etchings of the Thames—such, for instance, as 'The Hungerford Bridge'—note the tender, patient rendering of details; and then let them turn to the 'Little Lagoon' (one of the etched plates of this collection), and they will appreciate the truth of this view. These plates, indeed, exhibit not only the matured skill of a most accomplished etcher, but a quality which could only be obtained by constant use of the brush as well as needle. There is a breadth and massiveness in them which a painter alone could give. And the skill obtained by long and varied practice is exhibited quite as decisively in the pastels. One of the great secrets of their charm is the perfect frankness with which they are drawn. We never feel that the hand has stopped or hesitated for a moment. Problems of colour and light, the most difficult which the artist has to solve, are grasped with a certainty seldom realised in such variety. And withal there is no bravura. He is never posturing and saying, "See how clever I am!" but only, "Here is loveliness; come and rejoice with me in it." It is the same hand, but apparently with the most watchful check put upon it, that draws the nocturne as the sunset; and the shimmering of the distant gas lamps through the vaporous air could only be given by a touch as delicate as true. This we hold to be undoubtedly one of the secrets of the success of these drawings. But there is another and not less important one, and that is the power which Mr. Whistler possesses of getting at, and presenting to us, the very essence and kernel of his subject. This is the power men call "genius," and which distinguishes its possessor from his fellows, whatever be the station in life he may fill. But it bears its penalty in that strongly marked individuality both of selection and treatment of subject which, whilst it creates its admirers, provokes opposition from those who are content to travel along the beaten track. Hence arise those complaints of "want of finish" with which many of those who admit their exquisite beauty, "as far as they go," qualify the praise they cannot withhold from the works in this collection. A well-known modern author has defined "finish" as "added fact." If this be a true definition—and we hold that it is—who can be a better judge than the artist himself of the number or character of the facts which he desires to bring before our eyes? Is the poet ever treated to this sort of criticism?

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION AT THE HANOVER GALLERY.—The existence of the Hanover Gallery came to the knowledge of the public last year from the circumstance of Makart's noble work of 'Charles V. entering Antwerp' being exhibited within its walls. Since then it has maintained the reputation thus happily acquired, and bids fair to take its place among the favourite haunts of Art lovers. The collection, including the black and white sketches in Albania and Montenegro by R. C. Woodville, the original drawings for the *Graphic* by C. Green, and for *Punch* by Messrs. Tenniel, G. Du Maurier, C. Keene, and Linley Sambourne, reach a total of nearly three hundred. This gallery is much affected by our younger artists. The following are a few of the subjects they have sent:—R. W. Macbeth, 'The Empty Spindle,' a young mother weeping over her cradled child; Lexden L. Pocock, 'The Ending of the Day,' a man ploughing with a couple of oxen under a rosy effect of evening sky; Walter Duncan, a monk explaining to two warriors 'The Legend of the Mountain;' E. Cox, 'Why Dorothy was an Old Maid,' a young lady dropping her parasol on seeing under the distant trees her lover paying osculatory court to her rival; H. Herkomer, A.R.A., life-sized head and bust of 'A British Tar;' E. J. Gregory, 'An Artist's Holiday,' in which he is seen sketching under a bosky tree; A. C. Gow, A.R.A., a group round a table having 'The Siege explained' to them; and T. Pyne, a quiet reedy bit of water, with poplars and other trees beyond, 'Near Cookham.' This last-named artist bids fair to achieve a reputation for himself, like his father before him. The rough, ready, and telling manner of J. W. Buxton Knight is illustrated by his 'Village on the Cliff,' just as J. Orrock's more carefully and artistically balanced style finds expression in his glimpses 'On the Ure.' Another landscapist of a high order is Joseph Knight, who has a work entitled 'Sand-hills near Barmouth.' Very impressive also is A. W. Hunt's 'Land of Smouldering Fire.' J. W. North, Lucas Seymour, R. Caldecott, E. F. Brewtnall, J. O'Connor, and E. Radford are all well represented. J. Burr has sent a powerful study of 'La Première Danseuse.' 'Sheep under the Hawthorn-tree' is

one of those fresh, sparkling glimpses of nature which come so gratefully to the beholder from the hand of J. McWhirter, A.R.A. The Academy is further represented by Sir John Gilbert, whose 'Battle of Marston Moor' is certainly one of his masterpieces; and by Alma-Tadema, whose triptych setting forth the legend of Chilperic and Fredegonda must also be regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*, and Briton Riviere, A.R.A., who shows us Apollo piping to the wild beasts assembled at the edge of a wood. We may also mention the works of Hugh Cameron, R.S.A., 'Evening;' E. Ellis, 'A North-east Wind on a North-east Coast;' C. Green's 'Something Wrong Somewhere,' a girl going over her father's ledger; and Sydney Starr's girl 'Sewing' before the fire—a vigorous bit of colour.

An Exhibition of Paintings by Essex Artists at Chelmsford—which, unfortunately for its financial success, was held in most inclement weather—contained upwards of four hundred pictures, comprising two examples of Contsable—'A View in Salisbury, the Cathedral in the distance,' and 'A View near Godalming, in Surrey;' several by Miss E. Wilkinson, of which the best were 'Feeding Pigeons,' 'A Word of Advice,' 'By the Old Gateway,' and 'The Belle of the Market;' some vigorous paintings by the late Lady Wood of incidents in the life of Sir Evelyn Wood; a 'Cock' and 'Peacock' by John Carter, who painted upwards of eighty pieces with his mouth; B. J. Nightingale's (aged sixteen) 'Clare' and 'Mare and Foal;' and works by Mrs. Benham, Mrs. Johnston, Misses Branfill, Turner, Durrant, Wendon, and Spurling; Messrs. Holland, Holgate, W. Brown, Youngman, Woodhouse, Chancellor, Branfill, Lance, and Parish.

An Exhibition of English Etchings will open, on the 1st of April, at the Royal National Gallery, Berlin—a compliment to our young school of painter-etchers.

An Exhibition of Select Works of Decorative Art will be held during the season at extensive galleries which are being erected at 103, New Bond Street. It will include decorative paintings, designs, and sculptures; works of Art in gold, silver, and other metals; porcelain and pottery; enamels, glass, carvings, and Art furniture. It will be under the direction of Mr. T. J. Gullick, who has had considerable experience in the projection of exhibitions.

ART NOTICES FOR MARCH:—

The Winter Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House closes on the 12th.

Sending-in Days.—Royal Academy, paintings and drawings, 28th and 29th; sculpture, 31st. Birmingham.—Royal Society of Artists' Spring Exhibition of Water-Colour Paintings, Cabinet Pictures, and Black and White Studies, 11th and 12th. Brighton.—Water colours, 19th. British Artists, oils and water colours, 7th and 8th; sculpture, 26th. Candidates for Associateship of Society of Painters in Water Colours send in works 21st, the election taking place on the 28th.

Opening Days.—Dudley Gallery, 7th; Bristol Academy, 8th; Institute of Art, 1st; Lady Artists, 14th.

Art Schools.—National Art Training School Spring Session commences on the 1st.

Forthcoming Sales of Works of Art.—3rd inst. The Oriental porcelain of Val Prinsep, Esq., A.R.A. 8th. Pictures and drawings of the late Tom Taylor, Esq. 9th. Engravings and etchings of the same. 11th. Library of the same. 17th to 19th. Pictures and porcelain of the late W. G. David, Esq., of Nottingham. All the foregoing at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's. On the 15th and following days, the collection of the late Charles Hargitt, including important specimens of the painters of the British school, from Sir Joshua Reynolds downwards, at Liverpool.

ELECTIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The unusual occurrence of the election of five Associates by the Royal Academy (Messrs. Dicksee, Thornycroft, Brett, A. Gow, and Burges) appears to be a fitting moment for an analysis of the branches of Art followed by the members who now compose it. There are now thirty-eight Academicians and thirty-five Associates, divided as follows:—

	Academicians.	Associates.	Total.
Genre painters	25	17	42
Portrait painters	2	1	3
Animal painters	3	1	4
Landscape painters	2	5	7
Sculptors	3	4	7
Architects	2	5	7
Engravers	1	2	3

A perusal of these figures at once raises the inference that the various classes of painters are not at all equitably represented. Especially is this the case with our landscapists. The Academicians who follow that branch are but two in number—Mr. Redgrave, who has unfortunately, through loss of sight, been obliged to abandon his profession, and Mr. Hook, who is a painter of the sea rather than of the land. The Associate landscapists are Vicat Cole (R.A. elect), and Messrs. McWhirter, Graham, Oakes, and Brett. One-tenth of the whole number is certainly a very small minority to represent a branch of Art which has shown far more vitality than any other during the present century. Nor does this minority arise from want of proper material from which to select. The names of Alfred Hunt, Henry Moore, Keeley Halswelle, C. E. Johnson, C. E. Holloway, W. B. Leader, and Albert Goodwin at once present themselves as more fitting candidates than several of the recently elected Associates, who are so young in years that they might with actual good to themselves have been set aside for a time in favour of their elders.

The names of those who would be elected were pretty accurately foretold by those qualified to gauge the strength of the various parties, and it was confidently asserted that neither Albert Moore, Mrs. Butler, Alfred Hunt, nor Henry Moore would come in, spite of their pre-eminent claims. We understand that Albert Moore obtained some eight votes at each election, and that Alfred Hunt and C. E. Johnson had each a small but persistent following.

The election of an exhibitor of five years' standing to an Associateship is, we believe, unprecedented. Mr. Dicksee, born November 27th, 1853, first exhibited, in 1876, 'Elijah confronting Ahab,' the picture for which he obtained the gold medal in the Academy schools. In 1877 his work of 'Harmony' at once brought him into notoriety. It was purchased by the Academy, and has recently been etched by Mr. Waltner. In 1878 he was unrepresented. In 1879 'Evangeline,' hung in a bad light, was not seen to advantage. Last year a portrait picture of Sir Welby Gregory and his wife, entitled 'The House Builders,' and a charming head, 'Benedicite'—which is in course of engraving by Mr. Samuel Cousins—complete the sum of the exhibited works (six in all) of our youngest member of the Academy.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft is also an exhibitor of five years' standing only. Born in London on the 9th of March, 1850, he spent his boyhood at his uncle's, a wealthy farmer in Cheshire, and his early education was received at the grammar school of the neighbouring town of Macclesfield. From the age of twelve to seventeen he was at University College School, meanwhile studying modelling in the studio of his mother. Thence he went to the sculpture galleries at the British Museum, until in 1869 he obtained a studentship at the Royal Academy. In 1870 he won the two silver medals for sculpture in the Antique School and the two in the Life School, being the only sculptor who has taken a medal for *drawing* in competition with the painter students. In 1871 he visited Paris and Rome, and about this time executed three of the figures for the "Poet's Fountain" in Park Lane. In 1875 he gained the gold medal at the Academy for 'A Warrior bearing a Wounded Youth from the Battle.' It was exhibited in 1876. Since then his principal works have been, in 1878, 'Lot's Wife;' in 1879, 'Stepping Stones;' and last year, 'Artemis,' which, executed in marble, will take its place in the Duke of Westminster's drawing-room at Eaton Hall.

Mr. John Brett, whose free and masterly handling of seascapes has for many years past given him a right to a place on the walls of the Academy, started his career as a fervent disciple of pre-Raphaelitism. His talents were from the first appreciated by Mr. Ruskin who in 1859 purchased his 'Val d'Aosta,' a marvel of lovely and careful work, but showing faults both in colouring and composition which nowadays are entirely absent from his more mature work. Mr. Brett recently astonished those who had been accustomed to see in the Academy but a solitary example from his brush, by a letter in the *Times* in which he stated that he could readily paint thirty pictures in the year, and we believe that his reason for obtruding himself so little on the walls of that institution was that he found that a single picture was always well hung, but that a second always seemed to receive a slight at the hands of the hanging committee. His recent exhibited works have been, in 1875, 'Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands;' 1876, 'Sir Thomas's Tower;' 1877, 'Cornish Lions;' 1878, 'Carnarvon Bay;' 1879, 'The Stronghold of the Seison and the Camp of the Kittiwake;' 1880, 'Britannia's Realm,' and 'Sandy Shallows of the Seashore.''

Mr. Wm. Burges, who was also elected an A.R.A., is principally known by the Cathedral at Cork, which was erected from his designs in the thirteenth-century French style.

Mr. Andrew Gow was born in London in 1848. He studied under his father and at Heatherly's School of Art, and at the age of twenty was elected a Member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. His first exhibited picture at the Royal Academy was 'A Suspicious Guest' in 1870, followed, in 1876, by 'The Relief of Leyden.' In 1877 he exhibited 'The Tumult in the House of Commons;' in 1878, 'A War Dispatch at the Hôtel de Ville' and 'News from the Front;' and in 1879, 'No Surrender' and 'A Musical Story by Chopin.' Last year his picture of 'The Last Days of Edward VI.' foretold his speedy election to the Academy.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Mr. Alfred Elmore, R.A., died on the 24th of January, after a long and painful illness. Born in 1815 in Ireland, he, after a lengthened tuition in the Academy schools, exhibited his first picture in 1834. After this he went abroad for the purpose of study, visiting Paris and Rome, in which latter city he stayed two years. He returned in 1844, and in that year exhibited 'The Invention of the Stocking Loom' and 'Rienzi in the Forum.' He was elected an Academician in 1857. Besides the pictures above mentioned we note the following as his principal productions:—'The Invention of the Combing Machine,' 'The Tuileries, June 20th, 1792,' 'Marie Antoinette in the Temple,' 'Mary Stuart and Darnley,' 'Within the Convent Walls.' The vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Elmore will not be filled up until June.

The readers of the *Art Journal*—and especially those who can carry their recollection of it back to the early days when it was styled the *Art Union*—will hear with sincere regret of the death, on January 31st, of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the wife of its late editor. Under the title of "Pilgrimages to English Shrines" she initiated a series of illustrated sketches of the homes and haunts of genius in England, a subject of so great popularity that at the present time a similar course of papers is running through one of the leading Transatlantic magazines. In conjunction with Mr. Hall she also compiled the papers on "The Book of the Thames," "The Book of South Wales," and "Ireland, its Scenery and Character," all of which, after appearing in these columns, passed through many editions. She was also a novel-writer, a playwright, and a compiler of children's books. She was actively engaged during her long life in good works, especially those connected with the cause of temperance. Mrs. Hall had for some time past enjoyed a Civil List pension of £100 a year.

At the ripe age of eighty-two Eugene Joseph Verboeckhoven, the Belgian animal painter, has laid down his brush. The works of this prolific artist are known throughout the length and breadth of the world, and attained to prices which are hardly likely to be maintained. In America he was especially popular. He also painted portraits and essayed sculpture.

Mr. Augustus Jules Bouvier, a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, died on January 20th, at the age of fifty-five. As an artist he struck out for himself an original, if not a very elevated, walk in Art.

Mr. J. B. Talbert, a rising architect, author of "Gothic Forms, applied to Furniture and Decoration for Domestic Purposes," and an admirable designer of furniture, died on January 28th, at the age of forty-three.

Mr. William Henry Smith, a partner in the firm of Messrs. Grundy and Smith, of Manchester, died on the 2nd of January. He at first studied for the profession of an artist in the Manchester School of Design. He possessed an exceptional acquaintance with the original mezzotints after the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Thomas Carlyle, although thrown much into connection with the world of Art for more than half a century, dogmatized about it less than one would have expected. It was in 1831 that he came down from his retreat in the hills and made his first speech at a dinner given to the biographer of British painters, his friend, Allan Cunningham, and his intimacy with Ruskin began soon after. His opinion on Christian Art was thus enunciated to a friend with whom he went to see Hunt's 'Finding of Christ in the Temple:'—"I dislike all pictures of Christ. You will find that men never thought of painting Christ until they had begun to lose the impression of Him in their hearts." What would the painter of 'The Light of the World' say to this? or one of the founders of Christian Art, Fra Angelico? Unlike George Eliot, Carlyle was by no means averse to sitting for his portrait. During his latter days he was a delightfully picturesque object in his dressing-gown and with his big felt hat. Thus it was that Boehm modelled him, and Whistler, and Mrs. Allingham, the latter ofttimes with the accompaniment of a "churchwarden's" clay. Last of all, Mr. Millais, in four sittings, produced a remarkable portrait. An etched portrait from the hand of Mr. Leon Richeton was published last year.

ART NOTES.

Mr. W. F. Vallance was selected, on the 10th ult., by the members of the Royal Scottish Academy to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Charles Lees. Mr. Vallance is a landscape painter, and sends to the Royal Academy an important work, a view of Leith from seaward.

The severe weather in January caused a marked diminution in the attendance at the exhibition of the Old Masters at Burlington House. On the occasion of one of our visits not a dozen visitors were present. On the other hand, the National Gallery was crowded with the poorer classes, seeking warmth rather than instruction. The Council of the Royal Academy have decided to light the former exhibition with gas, and keep it open until seven o'clock.

Since the article on the Old Masters Exhibition at p. 67 of this number was put in type, the author has discovered that the pleasant theory of identification attached to the portraits of Lady Apsley and Child must be abandoned. Sir Allen Apsley was twice married, and Mrs. Hutchinson was the daughter of his first wife, while it was his second wife who was a Miss St. John. Ergo, if the lady represented in the picture is his first wife, then she is not a daughter of Sir John St. John; and if she is his second, then the child is not the future Mrs. Hutchinson. Of course, if the attribution to Zucchero is to be considered absolute, then any question of the child being the future Mrs. Hutchinson, or the lady a daughter of Sir John St. John, is at once disposed of, as Zucchero died in 1609, and the child in question was not born till 1620.—It may also be interesting to note that the first of the series of Moralities by George Morland, called 'Domestic Happiness,' or 'The Age of Innocence,' which was supposed to be lost, has been found. Mr. Macrory, the owner of five of the set, which he bought at Christie's in 1853, in order to make them complete, had had a reproduction of the first done by T. Richmond from the print, and this, at the opening of the exhibition, was shown with the others for the sake of making the story complete. The result has been the discovery of the missing original in the possession of Mr. T. M. Whitehouse.

In the last report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery they thought it their duty to point out the dangerous position of the treasures under their care as regards fire, and they stated that a spark struck by one of the crowds of visitors to the Albert Hall might in a few moments reduce the gallery and its contents to a heap of ruins. Their fears were all but realised the other day, when one of the flues which passed underneath the floor of a room used for the accumulation of rubbish became overheated and ignited the material. Fortunately assistance was at hand, and the fire was subdued without any considerable damage; but it is hoped that this warning will urge on the Government the necessity of adopting the precautions which, shortly after the issue of the report above alluded to, they promised should be taken.

Mr. C. W. Wass, for twenty years director of the Art Gallery at the Crystal Palace, was last month presented with a silver salver and a purse of 200 guineas in recognition of his services in the cause of Art. It will be remembered that last spring the directors of the Crystal Palace revised their Art arrangements, discharged Mr. Wass, and handed over the gallery to a foreign dealer.

The amount realised by the sale of works of Art at the last Walker Art Gallery exhibition in Liverpool was £11,000, as against £9,000 in 1879, and £6,200 in 1878.

The roof of the splendid cathedral at Metz, which was burnt at the time of the Emperor of Germany's visit in May, 1877, is to be restored at a cost of £18,000, and a hideous café which nestles in one of its flanks is to be removed.

The Kyrle Society was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of Prince Leopold at its third annual meeting. The name by which the members have designated themselves, and which few can pronounce correctly, and fewer still know the origin of, has materially helped to enshroud in obscurity the laudable objects for which they work. As the Royal Chairman lucidly and eloquently explained, these are to bring the refining and cheering influences of natural and artistic beauty home to the people; this it purposes to effect by decorating Workmen's Clubs, Hospitals, and Schools, by laying out gardens in waste ground, by encouraging the cultivation of plants—not only in windows, but even in areas and back yards—by giving concerts to the poor, and by securing open-air spaces for them. Here then would, at first

sight, seem to be an outlet for the works of Art which are yearly produced in ever-increasing quantity; but Sir Frederick Leighton, at the meeting, stepped in with a well-timed caution against accepting any such without a strict regard as to their merits or deserts. At the outset the principal contributors are naturally those who can find no market elsewhere for their gifts, and therefore a serious difficulty arises, in this attempt to take beauty to those who have it not, if committees have to be formed by every branch of the society to decide what is beautiful and good, and what is not. The name of the Kyrle Society is derived from John Kyrle, a Hereford squire, who spent a long life in ameliorating the condition of his fellow-men, and whom Pope immortalises as the "Man of Ross."

THE COMMITTEE, consisting of Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Woolner, R.A., and Mr. Marshall, R.A., who acceded to the request to adjudicate on the claims of the competing artists for the Rowland Hill Memorial, pronounced the model of Mr. E. Onslow Ford as that which gave the most promise.

MR. EDWIN FRESHFIELD has communicated to a contemporary some interesting facts respecting the present condition of the Christian antiquities of Constantinople, the result of a recent careful inspection. From these we cull the following:—"One of the oldest and most interesting of the buildings, next to the Church of Sta. Sophia, is the Church of Sts. Sergius and Bacchus, called by the Turks the Little Sta. Sophia, and which was the architect Anthemus's first essay in the style of building, of which Sta. Sophia was his latest development. During the Russo-Turkish war it was used as a receptacle for refugees, who made sad havoc with it. It has never been thoroughly cleaned since. As yet it is entire, but neglect is, in my experience, the first step towards spoliation, and there is sufficient ornament left in the church to make it attract the covetous. Sta. Sophia itself seems to be in fair condition. It had been recently purified, but there were some traces still of the treatment it received at the hands of the refugees with which it was filled—two large portions of the great bronze door in the south-west having been abstracted. At the time of my visit a great number of the smaller Christian churches were still filled with refugees, and it is to be feared that the filthy condition to which they have been reduced in consequence will encourage their destruction. The condition of the church of the Mone tes Choras is a contrast to these. The Imaum has found out that its beautiful mosaics made it an object of attraction to visitors, and he takes care to keep the mosaics and the church in good condition; indeed, it is in a better condition than when I previously visited it. He has also taken steps to protect some of the mosaics, which he thought required it. There is another building, the Church of Sta. Irene, which has until lately been used as a small-arms store. I observed an interesting peculiarity in it, which I do not find noted by any writers upon it—namely, that the eastern apse is completely filled with tiers of rising seats, as at the church of Torcello, near Venice. No doubt this was part of the original arrangement, and was probably consequent upon its being used as the patriarchal church of Constantinople. I know no ancient Byzantine church with a similar arrangement. I am sorry to say that my report on the walls of the city must be unsatisfactory. One of the beautiful towers in the neighbourhood of the Golden Gate is being destroyed. I observed a similar destruction going on at various other parts of the wall. The Palace of the Hebdomon has been robbed of its mosaic remains, and the progress of spoliation is extending to the tile-work. A beautiful little curtain wall has been pulled down, and, in fine, this building, the only existing extensive remains of the Imperial palaces of Constantinople, is likely soon to disappear. A large portion of the sea wall near the Patriarchate has also been knocked down to make a better access to the Patriarch's Palace. This has disclosed the enormous strength and the beautiful construction of the wall."

ART QUERY.—The whereabouts of a picture by Holbein the younger, which was discovered at Solothurn in 1865? It represents a Madonna and Child between St. Martin and St. Ursus, and bears the master's monogram and the date, 1522. Dr. Woltmann, in his Life of Holbein, says it was, at the time at which he wrote, at Carlsruhe, but a search in that town in May, 1880, elicited no information.

COLONEL BRAMSTON'S silver plate sold at Christie's last month for extraordinary prices, some of the choicest old pieces of the time of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne bringing over £5 an ounce. Five rat-tailed spoons went for £11 6s. 9d.; a pair of plain sauce-boats, handles of lions' heads, hall-marked 1732, £38 14s.; a tea-kettle, chased, £86 16s.; a two-handled cup, embossed, temp. James II., £41 12s. 6d., at £5 11s. per oz.; four decanter stands, £41 7s.; a plain waiter, 21 inches diameter, marked 1732, £165 4s.; four Ionic-column candlesticks, £49; four chased candlesticks, hall-marked 1697, £177 2s.; a cruet frame, with three casters, hall mark 1719, £57 12s.; a small two-handled cup, with straps and foliage on bowl, the handles male heads and dragon bodies, £90 15s.; a fine fluted bowl, with lion masks and ring handles, chased escutcheons, 11 in. in diameter, hall mark 1701, £174 16s.; oval bread-basket, chased, pierced sides, handles with busts, £49 3s. 6d.; a very fine two-handled cup and cover, strap ornaments chased with classic heads, and handles of female busts, 15 in. high, hall mark 1699, maker's mark *Lu.* (Lukin), £358 18s., at 61s. per oz.; a two-handled cup and cover, engraved with Chinese figures, hall mark 1683, £131 5s., at 75s. per oz. The total of the 85 lots amounted to £2,385.

REVIEWS.

"THE GREAT ARTISTS: FRA ANGELICO, FRA BARTOLOMMEO," 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low & Co.).—The most recent of the series of biographies of great artists, although on their covers professing only to deal with the masters whose names are quoted above, and Masaccio and Andrea del Sarto, contain short notices of the lives of all the painters of the early period of the Italian Renaissance: Miss Phillimore's work comprehending all from Stefano Florentino, born in 1301, to Botticelli, who died in 1510; Mr. Leader Scott's overlapping only to the extent of some thirty years, and carrying down the art, in the persons of Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, and their respective scholars, as far as the middle of the sixteenth century. Both compilers admit their indebtedness to Signor Milanesi, and in the information imparted by this eminent authority consists their principal value as opposed to less recently published works. Mr. Scott's volume, however, shows much personal research, and he has succeeded in conveying a clear and interesting idea of the men about whom he has written.

"DRAWINGS OF ANCIENT EMBROIDERY" (Sotheran & Co.).—This handsome work was undertaken by the late Mrs. Mary Barber at the suggestion of Mr. Wm. Butterfield, the architect She, however, did not live to see its publication, which has been superintended by that gentleman. Its motive is to impart a knowledge to ecclesiastical embroiderers of scattered specimens, not easily accessible, of ancient work. Nowadays, when there always co-exists with the desire for Church restoration an anxiety to deck its "table" and its priests with new clothing, it is well that a reliable handbook should be in existence. The coloured engravings are so thoroughly well got up that no difficulty should be experienced by embroiderers translating them, in attaining to a very exact resemblance of the original, for which purpose explicit directions are given.

"DESIGNS FOR CHURCH EMBROIDERY AND CREWEL WORK FROM OLD EXAMPLES." Collected by E. P. Hartshorne (Griffith and Farran).—This collection of patterns, although compiled with a similar idea to the preceding work, is much less pretentious in its character, and consequently less costly. It gives on sheets, detached so as to render them available for tracing, some sixty designs in outline of mediæval embroidery taken from a great variety of sources, from Froissart's Chronicles, and chalice veils, Cretan cloths, Pekin curtains, and seventeenth-century counterpanes.

"THE SOUTH KENSINGTON DRAWING-BOOKS" (Blackie and Sons, Glasgow), 6d. each.—Under the direction of Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., and with the sanction of the Council on Education, a series of elementary drawing-books are being issued at a low price. The examples are judiciously selected, for the most part from originals in the South Kensington Museum; for instance, in Book No. 2, from a seventeenth-century Flemish stoneware jug, a 1791 English silver candlestick, a Wedgwood earthenware jug, a Japanese jar, an ancient Irish harp. The books are printed on cartridge paper, with space alongside of each illustration for copying.

"BRITISH MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS," described by T. C. Smith (Sotheran & Co.), 25s. a part.—This valuable catalogue of engravings, from the introduction of the art to the early years of the present century, has now reached the third of the four volumes which will complete it. That now before us deals in alphabetical order with the engravers from James Moore to Vispre, and includes the well-known names of John Simon, John Smith, and John Raphael Smith. We hope to review the work at greater length upon its completion; meanwhile we will merely add that to each engraving is attached a copy of its full inscriptions and its various states, also an appendix of the prices obtained at well-known sales.



RYE: ITS ARTISTIC RESOURCES.

ON a spring morning, when the first foretaste of summer "gently strokes the sense," a landscape painter has a restless desire to go afield and return to his foster-mother, Nature, from whom during the dark winter months he has been so long estranged. His conceptions have become visionless, jaded, and morose; his memory turns upon him as an exponent of faithless images; and he exclaims, "The things which I have seen I now can see no more." It is not, however, by any means easy to find a place where beauty is, for pictorial purposes, sufficiently developed as early as May or June, and this absence of maturity in the spring landscape renders the painting of it extremely difficult. Its greens are of the tenderest, its bursting tree-fringes of the mellowest brown, and its sky of the purest white and blue; but all these colours appeal to one as a series of separate melodies, unharmonized as yet by the graver tones of summer and autumn.

And it is, perhaps, owing to this that a trip abroad during the early summer months to Rome, Florence, Venice, Genoa, or the south of France has become popular; and justly so, for it is very inviting. No abstractions, warm weather, and great artistic resources, all at a moderate price. But why should one go abroad? We have at hand scenery quite as



Rye from the South.

lovely as is to be found beyond the seas, and surely English painters do make their generation happier when they show how fair a country this England is, and how much beauty lies at their very feet, encompassing the paths along which their daily life extends. Let us see what our own country can give us as a field for our craft.

About eleven miles from Hastings, on the railroad to Ashford, rises out of the south-west corner of the Romney Marsh a dusky red pyramid, a medley of houses, sandstone cliffs, trees, and ships, with an old grey church resting as a ridge-piece on its highest lines, and this we will make our trysting-place, for it is Rye.

Of its history a few words may with advantage be said, in order that we may the better understand how it comes that this town has such a quaint, amphibious look of both seaport and country village, and from what parentage its features are derived. It was in Saxon times a harbour of some celebrity, and at the establishment of the Cinque Ports was enrolled, together with its twin sister, Winchelsea, as one of the "ancient towns," and enjoyed all the privileges and immunities of "Nobiliora membra Quinque Portuum." It originally stood close to the sea, which at high water probably flowed completely round it, making its situation insular. In a picture of Rye painted in the fifteenth century the sea is shown coming up to the very breastwork of the town, and ships anchoring over the spot where now cricket is played. In the middle of the thirteenth century some very unusual high tides threw up a bar across the mouth of the river Rother, which then emptied itself far away eastwards into old Romney Bay; and so it cut out for itself a new channel, passing away into the sea somewhere near its present mouth.

Rye enjoyed for many years a position similar to that which Dover and Folkestone now possess. It was the chief place of embarkation, "the tranect," the "common ferry which traded with" France; but the sea gradually shrinking away, it was threatened with the same desolation that has devolved on Lydd, Winchelsea, Romney, Appledore, and other ancient seaport towns of the Marsh. It has lived a life of constant



The Harbour.

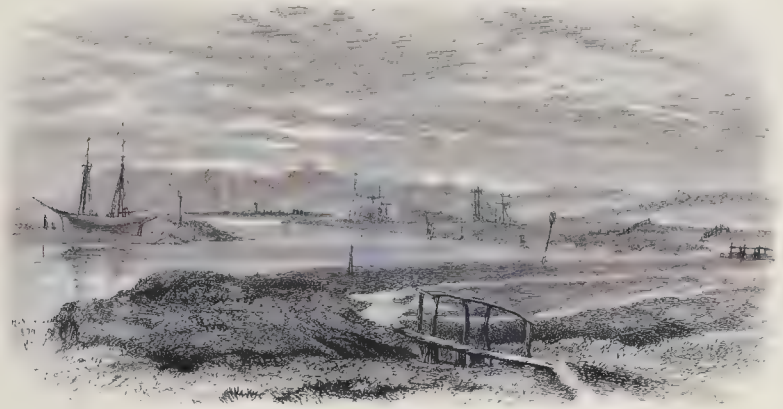
alternation between impoverishment and prosperity, and in Camden's "Britannica" (ed. 1607) we read an interesting account of its state:—"In our fathers' daies, the sea, to make amends abundantly for the harmes it had done, raised



with an unusual tempest, so rushed on and insinuated itself in forme of a bay, that it made a verie commodious haven, which another tempest also in our daies did not a little helpe. Since which time it greatly re-flourished with inhabitants, buildings, fishing, and navigation; and at this daie there is an usuall passage from hence into Normandy; yet now it beginneth to complaine that the sea abandoneth it (such is the variable and interchangeable course of that element), and in part imputeth it, that the river Rother is not contained within his channel, and so looseth his force to carrie away the sandes and beach which the sea doth inbeate into the haven. Notwithstanding, it hath many fishing vessels, and serveth London and the courte with varietie of sea fish." A few years after it was in such a distressed condition that it made a piteous appeal to the Warden of the Cinque Ports for the sustenance of its starving inhabitants.

So there the town stands, widowed of its former mate, looking like a ship stranded on the Marsh. It has, however, taken heart, and "begaune to breathe againe and reviue," reaping an aftermath of its former prosperity. A fair amount of ship-building in small craft, such as smacks and luggers, is carried on there, and an occasional collier is launched into the thread of a river that seems far too slender to carry such a freight.

Let us now turn to more practical matters, for we have a good deal to accomplish during this long spring day. The railway has brought us early from London, so, leaving our luggage at the George Inn, where we shall be comfortably lodged, we will find our way down to the ferry. Here the Rother is joined by the united streams of the Tillingham and the Brede. Cross over first to the west side, and note how beautifully the old town, crested by the long lines of the church, faces us, its houses basking in full sunshine on the top of the sandstone cliffs, of which every available patch is terraced into gardens. And in these gardens are quaint summer-houses and toy windmills, and fussy little blue



Rye from the North.

admirals with very large telescopes, the playthings of hard-handed fishermen, which swing about in a very weather-wise fashion as every breath of wind strikes upon them.

We must recross the ferry, for we have to get to the harbour, which is about two miles distant, and the way to it is more interesting on the east than on the west side of the river. Note the old boat cut in two, and standing by halves on each side of the river; it belonged to a Norwegian barque, and has not a nail in it, all its fastenings being of wood. The ferryman is yearly called upon to pay a ground-rent for it, lest he should claim it as a freehold; this he discharges by taking his landlord one journey per annum free across the ferry.

The path to the harbour lies for about half a mile under the



Trawlers near the Ferry.

lee of the river wall. While going alongside of it look eastwards, and subjects akin to those wherein Cuyp delighted will be suggested by the broad salt marshes teeming with cattle and sheep, the horizon flecked by a few red and amber-roofed farmhouses, whose windows shine brightly as they look straight into the eye of the sun. To the north are the old sea cliffs, now land-locked, marking the former coast-line between Hythe and Hastings. We soon emerge from behind the embankment and come again upon the river, which we had for awhile lost. The path crosses a small creek by a graceful wooden bridge with posts and hand-rail of silver birch, and then bursts away over the Marsh into

many wayward tracks, veining it with streaks of pale rose colour.

The view back towards Rye is very beautiful, and were painters allowed to treat landscape as architects treat buildings when they "restore" them, one would feel tempted to make an imaginary restoration picture of 'Rye in the Fourteenth Century.' It probably looked very much like one of the island villages of the Venetian lagoon, the channel thither threading its way between low-lying reaches of flesh-coloured sand, and marked out by clusters of posts, on which an occasional shrine would be placed, dedicated either to the Virgin Mary or to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Rye, and of all travellers, merchants, and fishermen.

We shortly arrive at the harbour, a low, clinker-built black and red village, with a large wooden quay, alongside of which lie a few fishing-boats that have missed the run up to Rye on the last tide. There are few signs of life about; a fisherman or two fraternise with the coast-guardsman in a roughly built hut that acts as a watch-house, and an old man rows across the river at intervals to hoist up black discs on a curious erection, looking like a pair of very large spectacles on a pole, which records the state of tide in the harbour. He assures us that for twenty-six years he has not missed a tide: how many tides he has attended on we are not in a humour at present to calculate.

The way back to the town on the west bank of the river is not a pleasant one, and it will be found well worth while to retrace our steps. If the tide be flowing we shall see some picturesque square-sailed barges chasing each other round the bends of the river, and running some distance into the country beyond Rye. These barges are the dredgers at the harbour mouth, where a sort of chesil bank is being constantly thrown up. On our return we must not forget to notice the group of trawlers lying near the ferry, at the stage called the Fish Market. In the evening some lovely effects are to be seen, the town standing out purple against a daffodil sky, into which shoot the masts of the fishing-smacks as they lie listing over, apparently fast asleep.

We shall hope next month to give some further notes upon the pictorial treatment of Rye, with hints to those who may be fortunate enough to have a few days to spend in carrying away with them mementoes in water colour of the town and its surroundings. HERBERT MARSHALL.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.

TURNER'S "LIBER STUDIORUM."

I HAVE not thought it necessary to preface these Hints with any history or description of the Liber Studiorum. Presuming on the part of my readers some acquaintance with the nature of the work, I shall aim simply at giving suggestions and cautions which may be useful to those who may contemplate its purchase.

I think that any one who desires thoroughly to know and appreciate the Liber Studiorum should buy the plates one by one. Prints, even though they constitute a series, are sure to be far more carefully studied, and more really enjoyed, if they are acquired in this way than if the whole series is bought in a mass.

I believe, further, that with the Liber Studiorum, as with works of Art of any kind, it is a sound principle to buy only what you like. Of course you will always take care to know what the verdict of the centuries has stamped as good in the Art of the past, and what the best judges regard as good and lasting in the Art of the present. Having these data before you, I hold that you should then consult your own liking in buying, rather than the fashion of the day, rather even than the recommendation of the artist himself. No doubt you will make some mistakes; no doubt, too, your taste will alter and develop as you go on; but you will study and compare so much more, and the intimate knowledge of the artist's works which you will thereby acquire will well compensate you for any mistakes you may make.

In the "Liber" you will probably begin by liking certain plates at first sight. 'Severn and Wye,' 'Norham' and 'Raglan Castles,' 'Solway Moss,' and 'Ben Arthur' take every one by storm. Then, perhaps, you will find a subtle charm in the sunlight of such plates as 'The Calm,' 'Basle,' and 'Twickenham;' in the gloom of 'Peat Bog' and 'Bonneville;' in the fine tree drawing of 'Esacus and Hesperie,' 'The Bridge and Cows,' 'Procris and Cephalus,' and 'Young Anglers;' and the fine wave drawing of 'The Coast of Yorkshire,' 'Leader Sea Piece,' 'Entrance of Calais Harbour,' and 'Glaucus and Scylla.' You will admire the masterly composition of plates like 'Flint Castle,' the 'Woman and Tambourine,' and others, and the powerful handling of light and shade in such as 'Windmill and Lock,' and 'Hind Head Hill.' The sunrises of 'Loch Fyne' and 'Dunstanborough,' the sunsets of 'Bridge in Middle Distance,' 'Mildmay Sea Piece,' and 'Ploughing, Eton;' the cloud studies in 'Lake of Thun,' 'Chain of Alps,' and 'River Wye;' the picturesque yet accurate treatment of architecture in 'Holy Island Cathedral' and 'Crypt of Kirkstall Abbey;' the mountain and glacier drawing of 'Little Devil's Bridge,' 'Mount St. Gothard,' and 'Source of Arveron;' and the distant landscapes in 'London from Greenwich,' 'Winchelsea,' and 'Dumbarton,' will all attract you.

Then you will certainly wish to possess every plate which Turner engraved throughout with his own hands. Gradually you will appreciate so many of the other subjects, the merits of which at first sight you did not discover, and you will find yourself the owner of so large a proportion of the whole work, that you will probably decide to make your set complete, even though it will involve your buying certain plates for which you may never care much. Who can doubt but that the possessor of a set of the Liber Studiorum, acquired in this way, will be far more alive to Turner's ideas in each plate, and to the art he has displayed in the development of those ideas, will know far more of what can be known of the intention of the work as a whole, and will derive far more enjoyment from his collecting, than he who merely gives a commission to a

dealer to purchase for him, it may be, the finest *set* in existence, complete as a set?

In collecting prints it is doubtless desirable, as well from an Art as from a financial point of view, to buy the finest states and the finest impressions. Though their cost always seems relatively high as compared with the cost of even good second-best examples, experience shows that the best things give the most lasting pleasure, and from their inevitable rarity always command high relative values. But early states and choice impressions of old prints are not to be had every day, and with the Liber certainly, to wait for them will mean, in many instances, to wait for years, or even for a lifetime. Many of my readers, too, may be unable to afford their continually increasing prices. Therefore I hold that it is, as a rule, wise to get first the best we can, and afterwards, as opportunities offer, and experience presumably makes us better judges, to exchange these first purchases for finer impressions.

It must, moreover, be borne in mind that as it is a mistake to suppose that every "first state" is necessarily a fine impression, so also it is a mistake to suppose that none but "first states" are fine, or representative of the artist's ideas in a plate. It is even possible, with such skilful retouching as Turner gave the coppers of the Liber, that the earliest impressions of a second state may be superior to the latest impressions of the first state, though it is certainly not often the case.

Many plates in their second and even in their later states are undoubtedly beautiful and desirable, and the present almost uniformly depreciated or stationary values of these, as contrasted with the almost uniformly augmented values of first states, appear to me to point to mere mechanical, rather than appreciative collecting.* I would therefore advise all intending purchasers of the Liber prints to ascertain (as they can in many cases from the collection in the Print Room of the British Museum) what plates are good in their retouched states, and to be content with these until they meet with the better and rarer first states, which are so much coveted.

I have already in another place† expressed my views as to the values of "engravers'" or "trial" proofs, and to these views I still adhere.

To the very pertinent inquiry as to the best places where to obtain good Liber prints, I can only name Christie's and Sotheby's Auction Rooms and the shops of the leading printsellers. Even here the choice will be but small, for the last year or two have seen a demand which has almost cleared the portfolios which were so full after the great Turner sale in 1873. Before that time good impressions were always comparatively scarce, but there was not the absolute dearth of them which has now come about. I do not think that among the smaller print-shops Liber prints were ever often to be found, but still a fine impression was now and then to be picked up. Such chances, however, are, I fear, now out of all likelihood. Nor do country shops ever yield much, as far as my experience goes. No doubt there were many, and there still are some, original subscribers' copies lying hidden in old libraries, and framed impressions occasionally may turn up at a sale, but the advertisements recently inserted by the London printsellers have brought out many of these, and every year seems to reduce the sources of supply, whilst it increases the numbers of would-be purchasers.

In the choice of impressions it is difficult to give rules for guidance. Of course, when a plate can be compared before purchase with another example in a public or private collection, the comparison should always be made, but often this is not possible. The invariable custom of the higher class of printsellers to allow intending purchasers the opportunity of inspecting at their leisure and at their own houses the prints they contemplate buying, cannot be too highly commended, and should be strongly insisted on.

A very important point to look to is the colour of the ink. Recent experience in printing from two of the unpublished coppers of the Liber in my own possession has shown me how greatly the printer has in this, as in other ways, the power of enhancing or injuring the effect of a mezzotint engraving. Instructions in Turner's own writing, still extant, show how keenly he was alive to it. The hot red tone too often to be seen, caused by an undue proportion of umber in the ink, is nearly always unpleasing. So is the black, sombre hue caused by the same undue preponderance of bistre. The 'Mill near the Grande Chartreuse' is a prominent instance of the first defect, and the later states of the 'Coast of Yorkshire' of the second. A rich yet cool brown, avoiding redness on the one hand and blackness on the other, is the colour to be desired. Again, the printer may have left too much ink on the copper, causing a heavy loading of the dark portions, or he may have wiped it too clean, giving a poor and thin effect. Many of the impressions, evidently very early ones, which Turner left at his death, have the former fault. The latter is more often seen in late states, but is not confined to them. A certain delicate velvety "bloom," difficult to describe, but unmistakable to a trained eye, always marks an early and a carefully printed impression, and is perhaps the quality which, before all others, I should regard as to be desired.

Margins should be carefully examined. They should be held up to the light, or closely scrutinised with a glass if there be reason to suspect (as there often is) that the small marks added by Turner to denote the retouches of the copper have at any time been fraudulently removed. The never-failing ingenuity of dishonest dealers and engravers has also not unfrequently led to their "inlaying" Liber as well as other prints. This consists of cutting down, generally a late "state," to the margin, and cleverly attaching to it a rim of thick and often old paper, so as to give it the appearance of a proof before letters. It is not always easy at first sight to detect this when it is neatly done. The prejudice against prints with small margins or no margins seems to me to be carried to very absurd lengths. I have often seen at an auction a really splendid impression fetch a price ridiculously below its Art value, simply because it has been cut down, whilst the sum given for another has apparently been based on the quantity of white paper surrounding it. The condition of the margin is, however, not unfrequently a guide to the history of the impression. If it is dirty and creased, the impression has probably been carelessly kept, or roughly handled, and will show signs of injury. If it is preternaturally white, the print will probably have been cleaned at some recent date, and is too likely to have been rolled afterwards. Cleaning, it should be borne in mind, though sometimes a necessary, is always a dangerous operation, but rolling is simply fatal to any mezzotint.

* Since this article has been in type I have seen some good second and third states sold at Christie's for from 4 to 6 guineas apiece, whilst at the same sale one "first state" fetched no less than 102 guineas, and another 52 guineas. These, it is true, were very scarce plates, but the disparity in the prices appears to me out of all reason.

† "Turner's Liber Studiorum." Macmillan & Co. Introduction, p. xxv. 1881.

The large undulating folds or creases which are sometimes to be seen in Liber prints, especially in the fine impressions which came from the Turner sale in 1873, arise from their having been thrown together in piles before the ink had thoroughly dried. Often these folds do not show themselves until the impression is mounted or framed, when they cause serious injury to the effect of the plate by distorting its lines, and giving shade where none is intended. I would recommend great caution in attempting to remove them.

The only imitations or copies of Liber plates which are likely to be confounded with the originals are the sixteen prints which were really finely etched and mezzotinted on steel by Lupton in 1858—1864.* Yet the different effect of a steel as compared with a copper mezzotint is so great that I think that no one who had once compared the two would ever mistake them again. They are also printed on a much stouter and smoother modern paper, and the titles vary in lettering, &c. The series of lithographed copies of Liber plates issued by Day and Son in 1854, and the excellent recent reproductions by the Autotype Company, may be mentioned here, but neither are likely ever to be confused with the mezzotints.

To preserve Liber prints safely there is nothing so good as the ordinary hinged cut-through mount, care being taken that the upper board shall be sufficiently thick for its surface to be higher than the highest raised mezzotint work, or the most deeply bitten portions of the etching. The plate mark should always be visible all round. The colour of ordinary Whatman drawing-paper boards seems to me to set off the colour of the sepia much better than the blue white of Bristol or French boards. For mounted prints Solander cases are preferable to portfolios, as the prints are kept flat, and dust is excluded.

Framing is, of course, a matter of individual taste. Nothing appears to me so well to suit the tone and style of Liber plates as a plain unvarnished oak frame of about half to three-quarters of an inch wide, with an inside gold flat of a quarter of an inch. Movable backs to frames very conveniently enable one to have in turns a succession of plates before one's eyes, but never have I seen the Liber Studiorum show to such advantage as in a well-known study in London, where the whole series of plates hang in long rows, one under the other, completely clothing the walls, and boldly challenging the attention of all comers to the effect of the work as a whole.

It may not be out of place, in conclusion, to say a few words about "collecting" generally. We all know that the "collector" has been a frequent, and often a fair butt for the humorist, literary as well as artistic. Yet I find no need to adopt an apologetic tone on his behalf. I believe that there are few tastes which give more pleasure if rationally pursued. I find that there is no stimulus to a thorough and accurate study of any branch of Art like the possessing or the acquiring even a few examples of that art; and I know that to busy men, especially in great cities, where the enjoyment of field sports or of the observation of nature is necessarily limited, or even debarred from all but a comparative few, a hobby like collecting pictures, prints, or any objects of Art is a real rest to the mind, as well as a real enjoyment and exhilaration to the senses. But it is all-important that there should be a definite object in collecting, joined with an intelligent appreciation of what is collected, and that it should not be allowed to degenerate into a mere love of possessing for possession's sake, or of buying only with the hope or intention of selling again at a higher price. If we all kept these points in view, they would, I think, prevent the too frequent amassing of hoards rarely looked at and little cared for, would put a stop to the extravagant prices often given for objects of little value except for their rarity, or, still more, their "unique" character, and the satirist, perhaps, would less often be able to remark of us, "See how these collectors hate one another!"

W. G. RAWLINSON.

* I have fully described these in my Catalogue (Appendix D, p. 197). To the list there given 'Severn and Wye' should be added.

GERHARD DOW.

WHEN a pretty well-informed author is in search of a simile to express the idea of profound labour not self-entangled, but issuing in breadth and power of execution, he will alight, sooner or later, on the works of Gerhard Dow. When a half-informed moralist, who knows things by their names rather than by their essences, wishes to point the moral of time and skill wasted over what he considers trivialities, he rakes up the old story of Gerhard Dow, who spent three days over a broom-handle, and intended to carry it to a much higher degree of perfection after *that*. The moralist who, when he takes things by such wrong handles, has more frequently got hold of a broomstick than of anything more valuable, has not the wit to see that he is confounding the value of the thing itself with the value of a representation of the thing. Yet he knows quite well that he makes his boast of the two faded leaves drawn so very fibrously by his daughter under the direction of her pre-Raffaelite drawing master, while he would tread into the autumnal clay fifty such real leaves. Painting is one of the "Humanities." It is not because the broomstick *is* a broomstick that we value Gerhard Dow's wonderful reproduction of it. It is because the great laughing Dutchman, whose likeness you may see at the National Gallery whenever you choose, used the dead wood as Stradivarius used it for the violin of a hundred years, and made it a phrase in that enduring little poem in colour for which burgomasters in velvet and gold have contended, frowning in each other's broad and glum visage, and which only our merchant princes, or dukes and high-bidding lords, can afford to hold in fee. There is very little of Gerhard Dow's work to be had at all, for love or money. A street of great and rich houses, forty-five on a side, with one of these gems in each, would contain about all that this notable hand ever did. Unreflective men, misled by the echo of his name, do not realise this rarity and preciousness of the works of his order and school. It is said that Rubens sent out sixteen hundred pictures from his studio (all the heavy work being, of course, done by assistants and pupils), Turner some two thousand, and Stothard about the same number of designs

and pictures. By the aims and peculiar merits of these men we are led into quite another, and no doubt a nobler field of thought. By men like Gerhard Dow, in addition to such intellectual charms as his pictures possess—and they are many—we have a typical world-wide and centuries-long lesson on the power of labour, urged forward and controlled by a governing and contented mind which loves its work. If the recollection of the astounding patience and predominating skill of this man has not often stimulated the flagging power and rebraced the trembling hand of many a student while pulling through his year-long task, all we can say is that such students have missed one great lesson which these works are calculated, and probably intended, to afford.

To the reply that labour and skill might have been bestowed on subjects more worthy of attention than buxom housewives and their larders and dairies—dead hares, dinted brazen ale stoups, and prize pickling cabbages—we are not without a longer answer than we shall here be able to make. Motley's "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" gives us a view of the homely life, the sweet, pastoral, cleanly industry out of which its strength was developed. We cannot think of those silvery and golden tranquillities which Cuyp has set before us without treading the threshold of poetic influences, as useful in their place as higher things. In Tennyson's "Palace of Art" there were pictures

> "Fitted to every mood
> And change of the still soul."

Mr. Ruskin tells us, with a touching simplicity, how, finding the "weariable imagination" over-jaded among beetling pine groves and glistening ridges of snow, he turned with thankfulness and delight to watch the ways of a tiny colony of ants at his feet. We do not fully sympathize with Mr. Ruskin in his want of interest in brass pans. Let us dignify, if possible, the round of the whole day—could we but fairly see it, there is a true poetry of dinner-time. The glamour of the pen or pencil, working at the bidding of imagination, can turn a kitchen into poetry—a housewife's workbox and wrinkled, thread-scourged piece of beeswax into something more than itself, as in "David Copperfield." Has the wanderer among the dewy Lancashire homesteads never felt the sweet influence coming from the farm breathings, and from the dazzle of those inverted milk cans, helmeting the grey posts among the beehives—cans battered like Prince Edward's armour, and glistening like Harry Monmouth's casque? Our appetites are not accidents, not things to be ashamed of, if kept in rule. To the true poet pea soup is not without its distant hint of Helicon. The water, now steaming fragrantly with succulent herb and the sustaining juices of things made for the service of man, flows, to the illuminated fancy, from the Castalian fount. No matter that the poet will not think so after dinner—everything in its season. After dinner his gaze will find his own meanings in the temperate glass which will bring before his sunny inner eye the loaded vine branches and the flutter of their golden leaves. We greatly deprecate, nay, deeply dislike, those narrowings of the creed of Art, those futile limitations and arbitrary selections which correspond with the shibboleths of society and "caste," into which no enjoyments are admitted that do not come in carriages, perfumed and gloved, and with an air of *haut ton* about them; or, again, to those not less littlenesses of conventional culture, which the worm-eaten centuries impose on one particular round of education rather than on another. Far be it from us to over-exalt the culinary muse, or to slight or defy the goddess of the ægis and the owl; but we do assert even concerning the kitchen, in a proverb we picked up yesterday, "Tous les dieux ne sont pas partis," and that as, to the reverent eye of the Greek, every corner was haunted by its appropriate genius, so, if there be but given the seeing eye, she will laugh and beam even in the recesses of the scullery.

A few particularisations of the life of Gerhard Dow may refresh the memory of the reader. He was born in Leyden in 1613, and died in 1680. He was first placed with an engraver—a good school for learning that patient manipulative care which afterwards became so exemplified in his paintings—then with Peter Kouwhoorn, a painter on glass, where he might imbibe a taste for brilliance and transparency; and lastly with the great Rembrandt, where no doubt he learned how to mingle the keen perception of detail with the breadth of effect and rich impasto. "He bestowed the greatest care on the preparation of his colours, in the manufacture—generally his own—of the brushes, and in keeping his works free from dust. At the age of thirty years the microscopic style of his works had entirely spoiled his sight. From that time he was obliged to use spectacles." These few facts are about all of any consequence recorded of Gerhard Dow. There is not often much to tell of the life of a painter. His pictures are his life *in extenso*. Gerhard Dow rose with the lark, we will suppose, and was "gay and early out," not to greet the rising sun, but to watch the market carts coming along the flat highways with jingling bells, or to walk with slow good-humour among the stalls of the morning market, keen-nostrilled, and loving the crowded appetising fragrances rising from the piled abundance of the field and garden. What poetic perception he had was softly veiled from himself. He knew and cared not for the name of poet. To him poetry resolved itself into a simple instinctive bliss of being. After his hearty breakfast, over which his white teeth glistened in many a tempered laugh, he would light that pipe which he is always charging with tobacco in the portraits of himself—would lift the little panel upon the easel—the picture over which three months' toil had been already expended, and with many silent grave puffs would consider what to do next, or he would at once incite and calm his nerves by playing wandering voluntaries on the violin represented in the marvellous Bridgwater portrait. Then he would set his palette as neatly as if the fräulein genius of the scoured kettle had been at his elbow—would place his model, some glistening brown pipkin or bunch of carrots; then, selecting and bringing to a point a fine brush of his own making, and warning off all intrusion and all dust, would labour after his "impasto," or scrape to the ground of the picture to redeem some lost atom of transparency. So through the quiet day. So through the sedate revolving years. In the evening his patron the burgomaster, or some Van der Critic, would drop in to light a huge pipe bowl, and muse, with puffing lips, at the newly introduced pipkin, or the best-painted carrot of the bunch. He would now and then go for a stroll by the corner where the quack doctor, under his umbrella, displayed his panacea, or peep into the dentist's shop, between crimson globes and apparatus half alchemic. Gerhard Dow, we venture to conjecture, was not the man to sketch and jot, and long to paint all he saw. His mind moved slowly, surely, contentedly, like a Flemish ox. He never wearied over the pipkin and the bunch of carrots. Patient and plodding as a Dutch dictionary maker, to him the painter's Paradise was centred in the beaming bargaining frau and her market

triumphs. He painted her face quite as well as he painted the dinted brass bottle or the soft breast-fur of the hare. How strange an influence falls upon us as we look at this ripe workmanship of the hand long since crumbled into the dust of the Low Countries! Well may the owner set such a miracle of thought and labour as we now recall to our memory in its cabinet of glass and its rich frame of gold! It must have been affecting enough to thousands to set their eyes on that little oil portrait of Cowper's mother, the 'Picture out of Norfolk'—shown some time ago to the public—with no grain of its tinting gone or faded since the weary, sorrow-laden eyes of the mourning son rested on them, blessing "the Art that can immortalise." They would hear his whisper in their very ears, "Oh, that those lips had language!"

Here is a brighter picture by a better master, surviving in all its two centuries of bloom, with all its youthful perfections about it—age not having touched it, or, if touching it at all, only in order to ripen its charms into a mellower lustre. A wicker market basket is a common, homely thing, but look at its presentment here—every polished, well-used twig of it following the true undulations of form and colour, light and shade, through the marvellous patience and skill of the vanished Dutchman, and see if it does not produce an exquisite poetic tremor by the thoughts it evolves. There is a dead image of the barn-yard cock which Mr. Darwin may compare with the barn-door fowl of to-day as accurately as if it were photographed. His once fiery eye is glazed and sightless as a dim pearl; his neck feathers ruffled, but no longer in anger or pride; his pale amber-coloured legs helplessly and ingloriously reversed, their impatient and masterful scratching among his dames in the stubble over for ever; the glossy purples, greens, and blacks of his tail feathers rising sharp and delicate out of the speckled hazes of colour which it required days and days to lay side by side among the crushed and crowding plumes. "The cock, the horologe of thorpe's life," crows no more to the answering hill farms. He is destined for the spit of the housewife who holds up the hare; but his fate was glorious, for by what tens of thousands since the year 1650, or thereabouts, have his perfections not been admired and praised! It was worth living for, and—to Chanticleer—worth dying for, to become the occasion of such a miracle of Art.

Look also at that purple cabbage, its crisp, porphyry-streaked leaves clinging so close together round its appetising heart, which yearns for the pickle-tub. It is one of the joys and rewards of poetry and painting to increase our strong and pleasant associations with the commonest things. Who would suppose a fireman's "sock" (as the pliant, copper-studded water-pipe which is laid down from the main and carried up into blazing houses is called) to have any picturesqueness in it? Perhaps a piece of heavier prose could not be chosen. Yet let those who saw 'The Rescue' tell whether the apotheosis of that dull, dusky, water-soaked, writhing thing did not take place when Millais painted it so well. Did he not, in like manner, glorify straw and hay in 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark?' and has not true genius glorified and transformed all that it has touched—whether Leslie turned the dull, ripe, orange-coloured and iron-moulded cheese and ruddy pippins to poetic account in 'The Dinner at Mr. Page's,' and in the sweeter 'Perdita,' or whether, as here, Gerhard Dow threw a glory over our very pickled cabbage, and "struck a bliss upon the day" so apt to be a "common day" to those who refuse to see how lovely all things are in their place and season? J. S.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

SIMPLICITY AND AFFECTATION.—When simplicity, instead of being a corrector, seems to set up for herself—that is, when an artist seems to value himself solely upon this quality—such an ostentatious display of simplicity becomes then as disagreeable and nauseous as any other kind of affectation. He is, however, in this case likely enough to sit down contented with his own work; for though he finds the world look at it with indifference or dislike, as being destitute of every quality that can recreate or give pleasure to the mind, yet he consoles himself that it has simplicity, a beauty of too pure and chaste a nature to be relished by vulgar minds.

Those works of the ancients which are in the highest esteem have something beside mere simplicity to recommend them. The Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoön, the Gladiator, have a certain composition of action, have contrasts sufficient to give grace and energy in a high degree. But it must be confessed, of the many thousand antique statues which we have, that their general characteristic is bordering at least on inanimate insipidity.

Simplicity, when so inartificial as to seem to evade the difficulties of Art, is a very suspicious virtue. I do not, however, wish to degrade simplicity from the high estimation in which it has been ever justly held. It is our barrier against that great enemy to truth and beauty, affectation, which is ever clinging to the pencil, and ready to drop in and poison everything it touches.

The greatest beauties of character and expression are produced without contrast; nay, more, this contrast would ruin and destroy that natural energy of men engaged in real action, unsolicitous of grace. St. Paul preaching at Athens (in one of Raphael's cartoons), far from any affected academical contrast of limbs, stands equally on both legs, and both hands are in the same attitude. Add contrast and the whole energy and unaffected grace of the figure is destroyed. Elymas the Sorcerer stretches both hands forward in the same direction, which gives perfectly the expression intended. Indeed, you never will find in the works of Raphael any of those schoolboy affected contrasts. Whatever contrast there is appears without any seeming agency of Art, by the natural chance of things.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

CORPORATION PLATE AND INSIGNIA OF OFFICE, ETC.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c.

SANDWICH, one of the Cinque Ports, is fortunate in the possession of three silver-gilt maces, a mayor's chain and badge, a mayor's staff of office, staves for the town crier and the beadle, and a burghmote, or "brazen" horn. The largest mace, which is 26½ inches in length, has its head, or bowl, crested with a circlet of fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée, but no arched crown: on the top are the royal arms. Round the bowl, which is divided into three compartments by demi-figures and foliage, are the arms of Sandwich: a rose crowned, and a thistle crowned—each between the royal initials G. R. The shaft is plain, the bowl is supported on four bracket figures, and the base is in three tiers. It bears the inscription, "Henry Sayer, Esq., Mayor, Sandwich. Daniel Rainier, Charles Meader, Treasurers." The pair of smaller maces (18 inches and 16¾ inches in length) are of the same general character as the larger one, and bear the same crowned emblems. The mayor's staff of office, 6 feet 2 inches long, is of black wood varnished, with a simple knob at the top of the same material.

Sandwich seems to have possessed a mace or maces from tolerably early times. In 1435 two silver maces were ordered to be bought. In 1452 an overseer of the streets was appointed, "who is to have a gown and a salary of 20s. a year; he is to bear the Hog Mace, to wait upon the mayor, &c., and have a moiety of the forfeitures." The "Hog Mace" which he carried gave name to the office: in Boys it is stated that "the hogmace, or sergeant of the brazen mace, bears a stout staff with a brazen head, has a salary of £3, and is sworn; the livery is a blue plaited vest with black velvet cuffs, and a gold-laced hat." "The mayor," the same authority states, "carries a black knotted stick in his hand as a badge of office;" that the Common Wardman (*wardmannus*) carries the largest of the silver maces, and in processions immediately precedes the mayor; that there are two Sergeants-at-Mace (*servientes ad clavum, clavigeri*), who bear the smaller maces, and in processions precede the Wardman; that "the Beadle (*bedellus*) carries a stout staff with a brazen end at the top; and that there are also three Wardens of the Stews (*custodes de le hog house*), waits (*fistulatores*), &c." Sergeants-at-mace for carrying the smaller maces are mentioned in 1685.

The crier's staff, possibly the same originally as the hog-mace, is a long ornamental staff of wood, twisted and carved, with a copper head cut into spikes, much of the same general form as those in bronze of the Celtic period, and which were, there can be but little doubt, the first form of mace for offensive purposes. It is 4 feet 6 inches in length, and has brass ferrules. There are remains of ornamentation on the head. The beadle's staff is of wood, and has at the top a dexter hand grasping a bâton. The "brazen," or "burghmote horn" is of brass, and of ancient date, and has been for centuries used for the calling together of corporate meetings: its length is 24½ inches, and the diameter of the mouth 4 inches. The mayor's chain is of gold, and has attached to it an elegant pendant in gold and enamel, bearing the arms of the town, and the inscription, "The Gift of a few Gentlemen, former Mayors." It was made in 1874.



Figs. 69 to 71.—Corporation Plate of Hastings.

The mace of the ancient prescriptive or baronial borough of OVER, in Cheshire, is of silver, 2 feet 10½ inches in length, and has its shaft slightly curved, it is said, for easier resting on the shoulder of the mace-bearer. It is of the usual form.

* Continued from page 364, vol. 1880.

The head, or bowl, crested with a circlet of fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée, is surmounted by an open-arched crown with orb and cross, and on the flat plate at the top are the royal arms of William and Mary, with crown, supporters, and royal and garter mottoes. Around the bowl, which is divided into four compartments by scroll-work and foliage, are, in one compartment, the arms of Cholmondeley (*gules*, in chief two esquires' helmets, *proper*, garnished, *or*, in base a garb, *or*); in another a shield bearing three bars wavy, and, in chief, two fleurs-de-lis, with crest, a cross pattée fitchée; and in the others a rose crowned, and a fleur-de-lis crowned. Armorial bearings also occur on the base: the shaft, as usual, is divided into three lengths. The mace is kept at Vale Royal by Lord Delamere, to whom, and to the mayor's sergeant, Lieut. Daggatt, I have to express my acknowledgments for these particulars.

The treasures of the Corporation of the city of COVENTRY—that city so famous for its Godiva legend, its "mysteries," its guilds, its ballad lore, and its thousand-and-one other interesting associations—consist of three silver-gilt maces, a sword of state, a cap of maintenance, a mayor's chain and badge, a chair of state, a bunch of "city keys," corporation and other seals, and other noteworthy objects. The great mace is 4 feet in length. Its head, or bowl, is crested with a circlet of fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée, and surmounted with orb and cross. Around the bowl, which is divided into compartments by demi-figures bearing baskets of fruit on their heads, and their lower extremities terminating in foliage, are the rose, the thistle, the harp, and the fleur-de-lis, each between the royal initials C. R., and each surmounted by a crown, and on the flat top are engraved the royal arms. The shaft, which bears the inscription, "Sir Skears Rew, Knight, Mayor 1817, repaired and gilt," is ornamented with oak-leaves and acorns, and on the base are the rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis. The small mace, 17 inches long, is of the same general form, and bears on its bowl the same national emblems, the royal arms being engraved on the flat plate at the top. The third mace, 21 inches in length, is crested with a circlet of open-work foliage, and on the flat plate at the top are the Commonwealth arms—the St. George's cross for England, impaling the harp for Ireland. Around the bowl are the Coventry arms alternating with St. George's cross and the harp. The shaft is chased.

The "mace-bearer," who bears the great mace, wears a black cloth gown trimmed and faced with black velvet, a curled grey wig, and a hat, somewhat "cardinal" shaped, of crimson velvet, "fluted and drawn up to form the crown, which is ornamented with gold lace, as is also the edge of the brim; a gold cord runs round the hat, and is continued over the edge, and terminated in two gold tassels, which hang over the shoulder." The "city crier," who bears the small mace, wears a party-coloured long frock-coat of fine cloth, green on his left side, scarlet on his right, the division between the colours being the seam down the back, thus agreeing with the heraldic tinctures of the city arms, which are party per pale, *gules* and *vert*, an elephant, *argent*, on a mount, *proper*, bearing on his back a castle, triple-towered, *or*. His waistcoat is scarlet, with white metal buttons. On his left arm he bears the only ancient badge now remaining; it is of silver, oval in form, $5\frac{1}{8}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size, weighs $5\frac{1}{2}$ ozs., and bears the city arms (the "Elephant and Castle") in bold relief, the castle on the elephant's back being, however, in this instance, not triple-towered (which is the correct form), but domed, and on its summit the Union Jack, extended to the right. On each side the arms is the letter C (Civitas Coventrie). The date of this badge is supposed to be the same as the silver hand seal—1606. He wears a black beaver hat, looped up with silver lace, of the style of last century. The third mace is borne by the city chamberlain, who wears a black cloth cloak, faced and trimmed with velvet, and a hat like the crier's.

The sword of state, 4 feet 6 inches in length, has its hilt and cross-guard of silver, with the words "CIVITAS COVENTRE," and its blade is two-edged. The scabbard, of crimson velvet, is divided into three lengths by massive silver-gilt bands, bearing on one side a rose and a harp, and on the other a fleur-de-lis and a thistle. On the band at the mouth are the royal arms with supporters, garter, &c., and on the chape are the city arms with foliage, &c. The "sword-bearer" wears a black cloth gown, faced and trimmed with velvet, a grey curled wig, and a "cap of maintenance." This cap is of dark grey fur, and round in form, with a thick gold cord passing round it: on the side where it is fastened with a gold loop the cord is looped and continued to the shoulder, where it is terminated by two gold tassels. The mayor's gold chain and badge were presented to the city in 1874. The chain measures 40 inches in length, is of SS form, and from its centre depends a badge bearing the Coventry arms, the elephant and castle, in enamel; while the crest, a cat-a-mountain, is included in the open part of the design, and the motto, "Camera Principas," on a ribbon below. At the back is the inscription, "Presented to the Corporation of the City of Coventry, by Robert Arnold Dalton, Esq., Mayor, the 15th December, A.D. 1874." These various and interesting corporation insignia, along with the chair of state, the city keys, &c., are grouped together in Fig. 72, which is engraved from a photograph specially taken for the purpose.

The borough of TENTERDEN, originally one of the "seven hundreds" belonging to the Crown, and endowed with peculiar privileges, was incorporated by Henry VI., and re-incorporated by Queen Elizabeth. It possesses three maces and borough and mayoral seals. Two of the maces are engraved in Figs. 59 and 60. The larger of the two, 16 inches long, is of silver gilt. Its head, or bowl, is crested with a circlet of crosses pattée and fleurs-de-lis, and on the top, in bold relief, are the royal arms (quarterly, 1 and 4, France and England quarterly; 2, Scotland; 3, Ireland), with supporters, helmet, crest, and initials C. R. The shield is surrounded with the garter, the motto thus spelled, "HONY SOET QVI MAL Y PENSY." Round the bowl (divided into compartments by demi-figures and foliage) are the borough arms, a three-masted ship, with the date 1549, and beneath the vessel a ribbon with the name TENTERDEN; a thistle in an ornamental tablet; the borough arms as before, with date 1660, and name TENTERDEN on a ribbon; and a similar tablet to the second, containing a rose. The shaft, divided into two lengths, is elaborately chased with oak-leaves and acorns, and the base ornamented with foliage and heads. The second mace, of silver, 12 inches in length, is of the same form as the one just described, but has no brackets. The bowl is crested with a circlet of unusual design, the flat plate bearing the same arms as the other mace. Around the bowl, divided from each other by demi-figures, are the borough arms, the same as on the large mace, with initials C. R., but

without the word "Tenterden" on the ribbon; a harp, crowned, with initials C. R., and over the crown the words "One of ye Maces of;" a thistle similarly crowned and initialed, and the words "Office of ye towne;" and a rose, also crowned, between the initials C. R., and date 1660, and the words "hundred of Tenterden"—the entire inscription thus being, "One of ye Maces of Office of ye towne and hundred of Tenterden, 1660." The shaft is quite plain. The third mace, also of silver, is of so small a size ($5\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length) that it may be called a pocket mace. The head, or bowl, is of demi-globular form, plain, but crested with "a kind of frilling or border" pressed down quite close. On the top are the royal arms (quarterly, 1 and 4, France and England quarterly; 2, Scotland; 3, Ireland), with supporters, helmet, crown, garter, and royal mottoes. The shaft is quite plain, and on the flat bottom of the base are the borough arms, the ship in this instance having the sails furled. For particulars of these I have to express my cordial acknowledgments to Mr. J. M. Mace.

The Corporation of TYNEMOUTH, incorporated in 1847, has a mayor's chain and badge, and borough seal. The chain is of gold, massive, but quite plain, and the badge bears the borough arms: they were purchased in 1850. The seal, which is circular, bears the arms of the town, *gules*, three ducal coronets, *or*, with crest, a three-masted ship in full sail, and supporters, *dexter*, a pitman or collier, with pickaxe on shoulder, and *sinister*, a sailor, *proper*, with the date, 1849, and motto, "Messis ab altis;" the whole surrounded by the legend, "The Common Seal of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Tynemouth."

The Corporation of IPSWICH possesses two silver-gilt maces, a covered loving cup of silver, in original leathern case, a silver oar, a mayor's chain and badge of office, and a burghmote horn, or "great court trump." Formerly there was a second loving cup, but it has long disappeared. The two maces, which are identical in size and pattern, are 3 feet 6 inches in length, and originally were attached to the office of the two bailiffs of the borough. They are of the usual open-arched crown form, extremely elegant in proportion, the emblems (the rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis, each crowned) round the bowl well executed, and the rose-and-thistle chasing of the shaft of peculiar elegance. They are carefully engraved in Fig. 48, from admirable photographs taken specially for the purpose for me by my kind and gifted friend, Mr. W. Vick, of Ipswich, to whom I tender my best thanks for the help he has uniformly rendered me in my local inquiries. The loving cup, of silver, is 12 inches in height, and bears on one side an inscription to the effect that it was "Presented to the Town by Sir W. Thomson, Kt., one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer, Recorder of the City of London and of the Town of Ipswich, 1735;" and on the other the arms of the borough. The cover and lower part of the bowl are richly decorated with beautifully executed medallion heads and other ornaments in relief. The silver oar, the water bailiff's badge, is 10 inches in length; the office being abolished, the oar is not now used: it bears the borough arms on one side. The mayor's chain and badge, designed and manufactured



Fig. 72.—Corporation Plate, Insignia, and Chair of State, Coventry.

by Messrs. Bragg, are not only unusually good and effective in design, but eminently satisfactory as specimens of Art workmanship. The chain, of gold, is massive, and from it is suspended the badge. This consists of the arms of the borough in gold, silver, and enamel. The arms are a lion rampant, impaling by dimidiation the hulls of three ships in pale. The supporters are two sea-horses, whose upper halves are of silver, and lower, or fish halves, covered with green scales; crest, a demi-lion rampant, holding a three-masted ship. Behind the shield are the two civic maces, and beneath it a head of Neptune, with naval crown, forming the centre of a trophy composed of helms, oars, tridents, cordage, and anchors. This beautiful chain and badge were made in 1871. The "great court trump," or burghmote horn, is of brass, 32⅜ inches in length, and weighs about 4½ lbs. It is nearly straight, with an acute bend or curve towards the mouth. It bears no inscription or date, and has two loops for slinging.

The insignia of the city of WELLS consist of two silver-gilt maces, a mayor's chain and badge, a loving cup, civic and mayoral seals, two high constables' staves, and some swords. The maces, which are 3 feet 4 inches in length, are of the ordinary open-arched form, surmounted with orb and cross. Beneath the arches of the crown on each, on a raised "cushion," are the royal arms; and round the head, or bowl, divided into compartments by demi-figures and foliage, are respectively the rose, the thistle, the harp, and the fleur-de-lis, each surmounted by a crown between the initials C. R.; the shafts, divided into three lengths by encircling knops, are elegantly chased, as are also the bases. They are carried before the mayor on all public occasions of civic pageantry. In the charter of Elizabeth the right to appoint sergeants-at-mace is vested in the corporate body, so that maces were at that time in use. These were sold in 1641 (in which year the ancient charters were surrendered), and new ones were obtained.

The mayor's chain, of silver gilt, is massive and handsome. It is double, with shields at intervals, on which are engraved the arms of the city (per fesse, *argent* and *vert;* in chief a tree, *proper*, issuant from the fesse line; in base, three wells, masoned, *gules*) and the arms of Dr. Livett, during whose mayoralty the chain was purchased.

The covered loving cup, though quite modern, is of peculiar interest, inasmuch as it is the work of its donor, the then mayor, Dr. Livett, who presented it in 1862. It holds about two quarts, and is much in the form of the old peg tankards, the body elaborately carved with vine-leaves and grapes, and the cover with a tree, the same as appears on the old city seal. Both cup and cover are of walnut-wood, lined and mounted with silver. On the silver rim round the cover are the words "ANDREA FAMVLOS MONE TVERE TVOS;" and on a rim at the bottom, "CIVITATI WELLEN. HENRICUS GULIELM. LIVETT, M.D., MAIOR, HOC PECCULUM DEDIT. 1862;" while on a tablet in front are engraved the arms of the city impaling those of Livett.

The high constables' staves are of wood, tipped at each end with silver, bearing the tree as in the city arms, and the name of the donor, "Thomas Mattocke, Mayor," "Anno Domini, 1686." Of the swords it will be interesting to say that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the corporate body maintained at their own cost forty armed men for military service. They were armed according to the fashion of the day, and all had swords. They often joined the mayor and corporation in public processions, and on several occasions the mayor himself held a commission as captain, these city soldiers following him on actual service, especially during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in the wars between Charles I. and his subjects. This small local regiment has, of course, long ceased to exist. A small number of the swords are now preserved in the town-hall.

The modern but important municipal borough of MIDDLESBROUGH, incorporated in 1853 (its first mayor being H. F. W. Bolckow, Esq.) possesses a mayor's chain and badge, a loving cup, a mayor's cavel, or hammer, and corporation seal. The chain is of gold, the links bearing the names of successive mayors; and from it depends the remarkably elegant badge, formed of open-work arabesque ornament surrounding the oval shield of arms, which are, *argent*, a lion rampant, *azure*, langued and armed, *gules;* on a chief, *sable*, three ships in full sail, *proper*, masted and rigged, *or*, sails, *argent*. Crest, surmounting a helmet, on a mural crown, *or*, charged with three anchors, *sable*, a lion passant, *azure*. Beneath the shield the motto, "ERIMUS." The "mayor's cavel," of ivory, with fluted handle, is about 9½ inches in length, and bears the inscription, "Presented to the Corporation of Middlesbrough by William Scurfield Grey, Barrister-at-Law." The loving cup, of covered tankard form, is of silver, about 9 inches in height, elaborately chased in flowers and foliage; it bears the inscription, "W. R. Jones Hopkins, Mayor of Middlesbrough, 1866-7, and 1867-8, Presented this Loving Cup to the Corporation on the 5th day of November, 1868."

BEAUMARIS, a chartered borough dating back to 1295, possesses two maces, five chains, two loving cups, a silver oar, and fine old borough seal, for particulars of all of which I have to express acknowledgments to Andrew Laurie, Esq., mayor in 1879. The pair of maces, which are 32 inches in length, are peculiar in their construction, and in the ornamentation of their bowls. Each is surmounted with an open-arch crown with orb and cross, rising from a circlet of crosses pattée and fleurs-de-lis, alternating with balls. The head, or bowl, of each is open-work foliage of rich design, with two oval medallions, the one bearing the arms of the town, and the other those of the Bertie family; and each mace bears the inscription, "This mace, originally the gift of Mr. Bertie to the Corporation of Beaumaris, was beautified by Lord Viscount Bulkeley, 1781." The shafts are divided into two lengths by encircling bands, which, with the bases, are fluted. A somewhat unusual arrangement in the construction of these maces is, that the crown takes off, and its removal sets at liberty in each a loving cup that fits inside the bowl. These loving cups bear on one side the town arms, and on the other those of Bulkeley, and over the borough arms the words "Intaminatio fulget honoribus." Of the chains, of which there are five, the largest, of silver gilt, worn by the mayor, and two others of silver, formerly worn by the bailiffs, were presented to the corporation by Viscount Bulkeley on the 24th September, 1781; and the other two, also of silver, were given in 1875 by Mr. Alderman Robert Wynne Jones. These four are now worn by the aldermen. The silver oar, 13 inches in length, and to which a silver chain is attached, was formerly worn by the water bailiff, but is now used by the harbour master, representing the council as harbour authority. Engraved on one side are the arms of the borough of Beaumaris, the castle and ship, and the inscription, "Wm. Brynker, Esq., Mayor, 1726;" and on the other, "Cadr. Williams, Owen Ellis, Bayliffs, 1726."

(*To be continued.*)

ARTISTS' STUDIOS.

IN the *Art Journal* for August, 1880, the internal arrangements of artists' studios were described and illustrated by plans and views. Our readers—across the Atlantic especially—will probably like to know something of the external appearance of the houses in which these and other studios are found. The writer has therefore availed himself of special permission to visit several, and to make sketches or copy photographs of them.

The last studio described in the article above referred to was that of Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., and attention was called to the difference between the northern aspect of the studio and the aspect of the rest of the house. This difference is observable in the accompanying view, in which the studio is seen at the extreme left hand. There is a great charm in this irregularity when one feels that it is not the result of a mere freak, nor of the desire to attain that silly title, "quaintness."

Perhaps more harm has been done by the free use of the epithet "quaint" than by any other expression of opinion during the revival of Gothic architecture. A building has no business to be quaint. It may be beautiful and interesting; it may also be ugly and interesting, the beauty or ugliness being matters that appeal to the eye, and the interest exciting the mind to discover the purposes of the building; but



The House of Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., Harrow Weald.

there has been a supply of, inciting a demand for, eccentricities which, for want of a better compliment, have been called "so quaint, don't you know." The late Fred. Cockerell, an architect who combined the highest Art with the soundest sense, had a particular dislike for this term, though his buildings might sometimes have it ignorantly applied to them, on account of the playful fancy with which he invested them, especially when any difficulty had to be overcome.

To return, however, to Mr. Goodall's house. The north gable of the studio contains the two large windows that were described amongst the internal arrangements, and the huge

buttresses that flank these windows are useful in keeping off the side rays of a setting sun. The western bay window is screened from these rays, when required, by heavy curtains, shown in the internal view.

As a composition the entire building groups most happily. The great gable over the entrance door forms a central mass, and the two gables adjoining it, though irregular in the matter of chimneys and windows, are kept absolutely alike in outline—no striving after quaintness there—and are pulled together by the broad band of plastered surface just above the eaves line. On the western side of the house a bay window, seen at the right hand of the view, is carried up and is merged into a gable in the most natural way, though nine men out of ten might have missed doing this; indeed, the great charm of this and of many other buildings designed by Mr. Norman Shaw is that every part of them seems to fall into its place without effort—"ars est celare artem."

The wall in the foreground is an arrangement of Mr. Goodall's, the idea being taken from those Oriental water tanks with which he is so familiar. The pedestals are intended to be surmounted by figures of storks. Altogether the group forms a pleasing picture of a residence designed for an artist by an artist.

The next illustration represents a house and studio recently built for Mr. Edwin Long, A.R.A. This was also designed by Mr. Norman Shaw, R.A., and the studio is perhaps the most successful that he has built. We are unable to show the inside of it in this number, which is reserved for external views; but the position of the studio will be seen to form an eastern wing of the house, terminating in an apse. On the north side is seen the "daylight" portion of the studio, above which is the main north window, starting from the bottom of the slope of the glass roof. Opposite the north window is the fireplace, of which the chimney is seen, deeply recessed to form an "ingle nook," and there is a good-sized gallery over it, containing an organ. The dwelling portion of the house



The House of Mr. Edwin Long, A.R.A., at Hampstead.

covers a large space, being built around a central area corresponding with the *patio* of a Spanish house, but covered with a glass roof, owing to the exigencies of our climate.

The patio being twenty-four feet square, it follows that it and the house built around it cover a good deal of ground. The west front, opposite to the one shown in our view, is long and low in proportion, and the ground-floor windows open on to a terrace from which there is a very extensive view—or *was*, for this new neighbourhood, which has lately been snatched from the pleasant fields between London and Hampstead, is rapidly becoming converted into bricks and mortar. Mr. Long secured one of the best sites on the new thoroughfare called FitzJohn's Avenue, and one or two other artists have fortunately followed his example, their houses forming a pleasant relief to a disastrous torrent of extravagant vulgarity that has been poured down both sides of this road in the shape of builders' houses. These houses are well built and liberally planned, and they sell at high prices, and it is therefore a marvel that each one should not have been the subject of separate arrangement and thoughtful architectural design. On the contrary, two or three designs have been repeated over and over again, and the object seems to have been, after building a fairly good house, to add to it an incrustation of expensive and meaningless features and ornament, and to paint it inside and out with glaring discords of colour in order to make it worth a lot of money. These houses are sold almost as soon as they are built, and one shudders lest the torrent should rush into the winding side roads that are now laid out, and that offer far finer sites than the straight line of FitzJohn's Avenue.

It may be difficult for a builder who has the best intentions, but no taste, to know where to look for an architect who can "design with beauty, build in truth"—to quote the excellent motto of the Architectural Association. When we find, however, that artists—that is, painters—generally contrive to get their own houses well designed and built, it would appear that

a builder might safely apply to one of them to recommend him an architect. There are many, besides the giants of the profession, with whom painters are thrown in social intercourse, and whom they would gladly see employed in order to increase the small number of beautiful buildings which they themselves and the public would enjoy to look upon, and in order to stem the tide of hideosities that threatens to swamp our land.

An architect's leading idea in putting up a house is always different from a speculating builder's. The latter says, "What must I do to make it sell?" The former, "What must I do to make it comfortable to live in, and a pleasure to look at?" It might seem that the same means should answer both ends; but the builder knows—alas! too well—that the public requires something very showy for its money; that the quiet refinements of an architect's design would appear Quixotic, and the suggestion to spend, say £100, on some delicate sculpture just in the right place, would be scouted as waste of money compared with £100's worth of ornamental pressed bricks straggling all over the walls.

Now to bring these remarks to bear upon the immediate subject of this article: it may be noticed how very little so-



The House of Mr. Boyce at Chelsea.

called "ornamental" work there is about either of the houses that have been described. Suppose a builder had even gone so far as to design the outline of Mr. Long's house, which is most unlikely, and that it was built to sell, could he have kept his fingers off the plain surfaces of walling? Would he not rather have frittered them away with bands and panels of ornamental bricks, with perhaps a course of green and white glazed tiles under the eaves and projecting mouldings, choosing green as being such a telling contrast to the red walls? and would he not have chosen some raw brown tiles for the roof, with occasional bands of fancy-shaped tiles introduced in patterns? or—horror of horrors!—would he not have covered the roof with alternate bands of purple and green slates, and have tortured the roof-ridge with up-and-down cresting tiles, and have finished the gable with a flourishing old finial?

This is no exaggeration of what may be seen over and over again in houses built to sell; and the result of all these wearying contrasts of colour and changes of form is that the eye is distracted or held in check by them, and cannot rest

in comfort on the entire design of the building. Nature and time are the deftest colourists, but in such buildings there is nothing left for them to do; worse than this, the various hardnesses of surface in these different materials check the action of time in some places, and hasten it in others, so that the effect becomes more and more patchy with advancing years.

How different is the appearance of almost any building that was erected, say a hundred years ago, before the craze for variety set in! One, or at most two colours for the walls, another for the roof, and one, or at most two for the paint. Yet how exquisitely has Time mellowed these with gentle and gradual colouring from ridge of roof to base of wall, so that one likes to gaze at them and long to sketch them! It may be safely prophesied that the simple brick buildings, that are now happily becoming more and more in favour with architects, will increase in beauty with every year, while their more ambitious party-coloured rivals will continue to insult the feelings of all who have a true taste for beauty.

These remarks apply especially to the two remaining houses that are illustrated herewith. Mr. Goodall's and Mr. Long's are houses of somewhat imposing size, covering a good deal of ground, and therefore producing various effects of grouping. Now let us see how smaller houses on more limited sites can be treated.

Retiring in a quiet out-of-the-way corner, the subject of our next illustration might be accidentally come upon by a wayfarer through the back streets of Chelsea. This house was designed for Mr. Boyce by Mr. Philip Webb, an architect who has more admirers than followers, and whose buildings are always worth going out of one's way to see. Every one of them has evidently been the subject of careful study and original thought. In this case the object seems to have been to give to a quite small building dignity of scale and composi-



The House of Mr. H. Holiday at Hampstead.

tion. In achieving this, many architects would have thought it necessary to use minute mouldings in order to produce apparent size, as photographers introduce minute chairs and tables to give apparent size to small people. Nothing of the kind has been done here; the few ornamental courses on the walls are of plain uncut bricks, and the chimneys are relieved by a course of bricks set angleways, and nothing could be simpler than the treatment of the windows. Yet this little building has no sense of littleness about it, and the different receding planes that are presented to the eye—first the porch and its flanking walls, then the expansion of the porch, and then the main wall of the house—help in making up a composition that is full of interest. The studio is not visible from the road, and it would therefore be useless to describe it in connection with this view.

The next illustration represents Mr. Henry Holiday's house at Branch Hill, Hampstead, designed by Mr. Basil Champneys. This view is taken from the south-west, and the studio is seen at the right hand. It occupies the entire eastern side of the house, and provides a wall of an unbroken length of forty-five feet, for the special purpose of accommodating large decorative paintings, to which Mr. Holiday devotes his talents. A long slit will be observed in the south wall, through which these huge paintings can be directly passed out of the studio into the open air. The studio can be subdivided by sliding doors into three compartments of fifteen feet each, when the entire space is not required for use, the central one rising, in the form of a clerestory, much higher than the side ones, and containing a gallery, from which higher level the painter can view his work, and from which access is gained to the flats over the side compartments. The oriel window in the centre of the south wall is a pleasing ornamental relief to this otherwise unpretending house.

EDWARD J. TARVER.

BOOKBINDING.

WHETHER the art of bookbinding dates from the dawn of book-making, or was a later effort of human inventiveness, is a question which cannot well be answered until archæologists are agreed upon what constitutes a book, and what is its binding. Recent discoveries have proved that the ancient Chaldees had enough reverence and regard for their inscribed tiles to provide for them boxes made of the same substance; and onward from their time, through Jewish, Egyptian, Buddhist, and Arabic history, we may trace some system by which the loose papyrus-leaves and palm-leaves were bound together and protected from danger. The Greeks and Romans adopted the opposite plan of using their manuscript to protect the binding, which consisted of a cylinder of wood, ivory, or gold, often highly ornamented, round which the parchment was rolled. We need not at present stop to discuss bookbinding from archæological points of view, nor does it really much matter whether the Golden Fleece, which Jason took such pains to obtain, was, as Suidas explains the legend, merely a book bound in sheepskin. The Roman diptychs, of which specimens have been found at Pompeii and elsewhere, seem to be the first approach to the table book of modern times, although it seems more probable that these boxwood and ivory book-covers, on which were sculptured the acts of the Consuls, or in later times of the Emperors, really led the way to the diptychs and triptychs of early Christian pictorial art, rather than to the art of leather bookbinding as now practised.

However interesting these questions may be to the antiquarian, or however valuable any specimens of this work might be to collectors, so far as its application to the wants or tastes of our day they are valueless. The sculptor, the ivory carver, the goldsmith, and the wood stainer have each their respective rôles as artists, and different objects in view from the bookbinder, who, though he may be an admirable artist, must primarily be an adept craftsman. We will therefore proceed at once to the days when printed books began to be circulated, and the need of some sort of protection for the sheets was felt, as it still frequently is by those who have to watch over the fortunes of a stitched volume, such as is daily and hourly met with in continental countries. In passing we may remark on the very general disregard for externals, as far as relates to their books, which was shown by the very monks who gave up their lives to the ornamentation of the inside of their breviaries and missals. Any one who has had occasion to inspect the illuminated works so frequently found in the sacristies of continental churches and cathedrals cannot fail to have been struck by the obtrusive plainness of the vellum or leather in which they are almost invariably bound. We are, of course, quite aware that there exist Gospels, Heures, and such-like works of which the covers are highly decorated, and which may have all along remained in the cloister where they were originally illuminated; but, as a general principle, of which we have met with no satisfactory explanation in any writers on the subject, we may state that it was not until illuminated books began to be circulated amongst laymen that the idea of ornamental binding seems to have become prevalent. Perhaps the oldest bound book known is the volume of the Pandects, now in the Laurentian Library at Florence, which is generally shown to travellers. The binding, ascribed to the sixth century, is of wood covered with red velvet, with silver ornaments; but the evidence of its antiquity is remarkably weak, and of works of a much later period we are forced to accept the descriptions of their bindings upon trust, as only rare examples have come down to us. The carved ivory triptych in the South Kensington Museum, the work of which is probably of the ninth century, is assumed to have been intended for a book-cover; but even if the supposition be a correct one, it would seem to be rather an incidental use of a beautiful work of Art than the original intention of the carver. It would perhaps be more correct to say, in speaking of the work of this period, that there are to be found in various libraries of Europe books or manuscripts enclosed in covers of which the work belongs to a well-ascertained period, and that these covers, originally in carved wood or ivory, subsequently became the settings or frames for precious stones, engraved gems, and costly enamels, and at a later date the occasion for the display of the goldsmith's art. In the majority of instances we are disposed to think that the book was subordinate to the binding, and that it was not until the revival of learning that binding in its present sense, and as the necessary adjunct of the book, its protector and preserver, arose. It is possible that from having once occupied a too exalted position, it was for a moment degraded too low; but the eclipse was but partial and temporary. We are rather diffident in advancing this view, inasmuch as it is in conflict with that held by Mr. R. Cundall, whose elaborate monograph on "Bookbinding, Ancient and Modern" (George Bell and Son, 1881) seems to support the more received theory of the antiquity of the art. The pigskin covers which were nearly universal throughout Italy in the fourteenth century, and which were, we think, the true starting-point of our modern bookbinding, were manufactured by men who had little claim to the name of artists, and possibly it was to Aldo Manuzio (Aldus) himself that we are indebted for the first attempts to make the outside of his volumes worthy of their contents. At any rate, from that time forward we can trace a steady progress in bookbinding. The plain pigskin, stamped with the dolphin, gives place to brown calf, to which gilding and blind tooling are successively applied. The latter at first takes only the form of a series of dots, but in the rope-like pattern produced it is not difficult to trace the first germs of geometrical designs and arabesques. Gold tooling soon followed, and with it the taste for elaborate designs speedily spread, and were as much in favour with ascetic monks as with profligate princes. The artists who gave their time and talents to this description of work remain altogether unknown to us; of their patrons we know but little more than the names. Of these the most distinguished was Tommaso Maioli, who invented the liberal inscription—too often perverted to base purposes by book borrowers of all times—*Maioli et amicorum*. It is from the books of this collection that we can judge the high degree of excellence binding had attained in the first half of the sixteenth century. Morocco had become the favourite leather, and the skilful dyers of Venice had been able to impart to it almost every variety of tint and colour. In the British Museum may be seen not a few noble

relics of the Maioli collection—some in olive morocco, some in rich brown, and others in deep red; one is in citron morocco, with a border of myrtle-twigs and butterflies intermixed with daisies, all in delicate gold tooling, and another is in black morocco inlaid with red and white. The Medici, the Della Rovere, the D'Este, and other Art-loving magnates of the time had their regular bookbinders; and in those days the decorative arts stood in such high repute that the greatest artists thought it no degradation to design book-covers.

The love of bookbindings, if not of books, in France was probably transplanted from Italy by Francis I.; at all events French bindings of that and the previous period show the influence of Italian teaching or example. Jean Grolier de Servin, Vicomte d'Aiquisy, the founder of the French school of ornamental binding, was himself of Italian extraction, and his long residence at Milan and Rome exercised a strong influence over his taste. On his return to France in 1535, he devoted himself to the encouragement of letters, and diligently set himself to print books and bind them in a style hitherto unknown. Who his workmen were tradition does not say. It is presumed they were Italians; but all their work was done for Grolier, and by his name it is now known. The example he set had many imitators, and he gave an impetus to French binding which was never afterwards lost.

"In all the books printed and bound under Grolier's direction, the finest vellum and the most carefully prepared paper were employed; whilst for their exterior decoration nothing appeared too valuable in the way of embellishment. He provided his workpeople with the finest morocco from the Levant or from Africa, which reached him through the rich merchant, Jehan Colombel, of Avignon. The most usual colour is dark brown, with a not over profuse gold tooling; the borders are interlaced geometrical patterns of inlaid leather, and in the centre of the book the title in gold roman letters."

Louis de Sainte-Maure, a contemporary of Grolier, was not less successful in his achievements, but specimens of his bindings are very rare, and command enormous prices. One of the most beautiful is a small folio copy of Pliny, printed at Bâle.

Grolier, it should be observed, was the first to letter the title of his books on the back, suggestive of the fact that at that time books were becoming sufficiently numerous to necessitate their being placed on shelves. It is supposed that the chief workmen in his bookbinding establishment were two brothers called Jean and Pierre Gascon; but probably the latter name merely designated their origin. They subsequently passed into the service of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers, both of whom were fond of sumptuous works of Art. But the work the Gascon brothers executed for their royal patrons was wanting in that variety and grace which distinguish the Grolier patterns, and lead us to the conclusion that in most instances the Vicomte was his own designer.

Of the other bookbinders of this period in France we know absolutely nothing for certain, but we possess not a few undoubted specimens of contemporary work. They are, with scarcely an exception, quiet in colour and graceful in design; the sides of the books are generally covered with patterns in tooling, sometimes in a diaper design, the spaces being filled with small ornaments, such as a bee or a flower. One of these beautiful specimens of the work of the sixteenth century is a French Bible bound for Nicolas Fumée, Bishop of Beauvais, and is remarkable as being one of the few instances in which morocco of a second colour has been employed for the arabesques: in this case the ground is fawn-coloured and the inlaid pattern red. A little later a fashion for gloomy binding seems to have set in, though Anne of Brittany, who was famous as a book collector, was in favour of rich velvet book-covers, ornamented with gold and silver chasings. Henri III. seems to have been much taken with a design of a Death's head and cross-bones, with tears and crosses stamped in gilt upon black morocco; whilst, in memory of Mary of Cleves, Princess Condé, with whom Henri was in love, he had a book bound, the cover of which was copiously adorned with tears, fleurs-de-lys, and gilt skulls, with the words "Memento Mori" in the centre of the cover. Marie Stuart (Mary, Queen of Scots) was content with plain black morocco after her widowhood; but there is a book of Heures belonging to her in the library of St. Petersburg, which, according to the inventory of her effects, had once been bound in "red velvet with platina covers, the clasps garnished with precious stones." During this century the great families had their own special stamps and devices, of which the specimens are sometimes as puzzling to heralds as to book collectors, for it by no means followed that the armorial bearings of the family were used on their book-covers. About the same time, too, the bookbinders began to assert their claims to recognition; and from "Le Petit Bernhard Salomon," of Lyons, who was a sort of designer in ordinary to Diane de Poitiers, down to the present time, we have an almost unbroken chain of French workmen. The most noteworthy of these in the sixteenth century were Antoine Vérard, Jean Petit, Philippe Le Noir, Étienne Roffet, &c.

As might be expected, the lugubrious bindings brought into vogue by Henri III. produced a sharp reaction; and what was known subsequently as the binding *à la fanfare* is supposed to have owed its origin to the influence of Marguerite de Valois. The Death's heads were replaced by daisies, and a profusion of flowers and foliage occupied the space allotted to the tears and other emblems of the Passion. Later on the foliage became more intricate, and the flowers more delicate; and at a still later period the book ornamenters seem to have found fresh motives in the designs for lace, of which the use was becoming general amongst the higher circles. Auguste de Thou, the historian, was a distinguished patron of bookbinders, and to him may possibly be assigned the first use of gilded calf, of white vellum, and gilt edges. The bookbinders were also beginning to share the distinctions awarded to the other grades of literature, for we read of some sent to the Bastille, others put in the pillory, and of one at least who was hanged. By way of compensation, the post of Bookbinder to the King became an acknowledgment of the benefits the craft was conferring upon society. Amongst the holders of the post the Eve family are especially noteworthy, for to them is assigned the honour of making the two sides and the back of a volume a congruous whole. Hitherto the artist had considered himself free to treat each compartment in absolute independence of the other two. Le Gascon, Pierre Gaillard, and the two Reuettes are eminent names in the seventeenth century; and to the father, Macé Reuette, we owe the invention of yellow marbled morocco and of the marbled paper which, towards the middle of the seventeenth century, was almost universally used for the inside lining of book-covers.

Mr. Cundall holds that French bookbinding reached its

highest phase in the seventeenth century, and that, like all other decorative arts, its progress in the next hundred years was rather backwards. "The ornaments introduced were clumsy, the designs ostentatious, and the materials inferior." This is a somewhat severe judgment to pass on a period which produced the families of Padeloup, Derôme, Monnier, and Dubuisson, each of which was represented by numerous members. Their technical skill and accuracy at least cannot be disputed, whatever may be thought of their art; whilst for original designs and refined taste, amateur binders of the time, such as the Abbé Duseuil (to whom Pope makes allusion in one of his Moral Essays), Caperonnier de Gauffecourt, Rousseau's friend, and others, kept up the national reputation.

The Revolution produced a revulsion in favour of simplicity; the involved mosaic-work of Padeloup had to give place to the *déshabillé* of Bradel and Bozérian, of whom M. Jannet says that "his bindings have but one merit, but that is a great one; the books have a sufficiently wide margin to allow of their being bound again." With the Restoration a brighter period dawned, due in no small measure to the efforts of Thouven, a careful, painstaking workman, who was content to reproduce the style of his predecessors from the days of the *fanfare* downwards, and to rival in execution some of their best work. He was, moreover, the founder of a school of bookbinders in Paris, whence have issued Niédrée, Duru, Capé, and Lortic, and, above all, Bauzonnet, whose revival of ancient French bindings in an original manner has replaced French bookbinding on the high level it enjoyed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He was the great master in the art of inlaying with different coloured leathers, an art which probably was originally derived from the East. As an indication of the value a binding of this description can add to a book, it may be mentioned that at a recent sale an Elzevir bound by Bauzonnet in this style, which unbound could not have been worth at the utmost more than £100, was sold for £640.

In Italy, the birthplace of modern bookbinding, the taste scarcely survived the "age of the Despots." Under them it had reached a high degree of perfection and elaboration. The principal point in which the Italian workmen excelled was gold tooling, and probably no more splendid specimen exists of this work, as well as of artistic design, than that missal printed by De Zanchis, and bound for Cardinal Sigismond de Gonzaga, which was sold with M. Libri's collection.

In Northern Europe, meanwhile, bookbinding had shaped for itself a somewhat different course. In Germany the old use of knobs and metal clasps was retained until quite the close of the sixteenth century, and even wooden covers were not altogether discarded. In Holland and Belgium, however, more rapid progress was made, and stamped leather, calf, vellum, and pigskin came into vogue and were made the subject of very delicate treatment. Nürnberg and Bruges were rival claimants for the invention of *cuir bouilli*—a very light and durable form of binding in which no boards were used. The house of Bavaria, even in those remote times, seems to have distinguished itself by the patronage of the Arts, almost as much as has the more modern Wittelsbach dynasty—one of them, Duke Albert, going so far as to found a bibliopegistic academy in his own palace. One of the most notable of the binders of this period was Marc Lauwrin, or Marcus Laurinus, of Wateviet, near Bruges, sometimes called the Grolier of Bruges. Jean Rychenbach, of Geislingen, was another distinguished artist, though only an amateur, whose bindings have come down to our times, and commend themselves to the admiration of collectors. In Spain and Portugal on the west, and as far away as the kingdom of Hungary on the east, the taste for handsomely bound books was to be found, though the specimens of Hungarian and Slavonic Art which reach us are for the most part such remnants of the famous library of Matthias Corvinus as come back to us from Constantinople, whither a portion of its contents had been carried by the victorious Turks.

At last we come to the rise and progress of bookbinding in our own country. Historical records are somewhat meagre, and the genuine specimens which remain are very few. We read of the use of velvet and silk for book-covers extending from the early part of the fifteenth century till late in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and if it is to be accepted that the Bible at Broomfield Church (Essex) has not been tampered with since it was given to Patrick Young, we must admit that the use of velvet still continued for some time after the accession of Charles I. Leather bindings, however, were undoubtedly in use in England as early as the days of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, the latter of whom had two men in his employ as binders named Nowell and Alard; but the chief workman in the craft was John Reynes, bookbinder to Henry VII. and Henry VIII., to whom some elaborately blind-tooled books in the royal library are ascribed.

Probably in view of extorting a benevolence or selling a monopoly, Henry VIII. gave to English-bound books absolute protection against foreign competition, and this law remained in force until nearly the close of George II.'s reign. In spite of these precautions the development of native talent was but slow, and the taste for Grolier and other foreign bindings asserted itself. The union with Scotland under the Stuarts produced some better work on both sides of the Border, but the office of Royal Binder was for a long time a purely Scottish one; moreover, the jealousy with which the Stationers' Company, and also the then existing Bookbinders' Company, repressed all individual efforts, was sufficient to retard any real progress. A few names, however, occur, like those of the members of the Ferrars family, who together retired to Little Gidding, and founded a religious establishment, commonly known as the Protestant Nunnery, where bookbinding was carried to a high degree of perfection. Their principal style of work was in embroidered velvet or other soft material, but occasionally they worked in leather, with simple but effective gold tooling. In defence of the English binders of the seventeenth century it must be said that already they had discovered the secret of durable work, and at this distance of time its peculiarities may be still recognised: the morocco has kept its colour, the tooling remains bright, and the volumes, despite of rough handling, remain as firmly stitched as ever.

The eighteenth century, which saw the decadence of even French binding, was, according to Mr. Cundall, the budding-time of English workmanship. Provincial bookbinders, especially those of Cambridge, and later on of Oxford, became known, and the desire to have well-bound books evidently extended through many classes of society. "Cambridge" bindings were in two shades of brown leather, obtained by sprinkling acid on the skin. We are unable to discover the evidence upon which Mr. Cundall establishes his admiration

for eighteenth-century work in England, for the specimens we have seen of the first half of the century are alike clumsy and devoid of taste. It is possible that the enormous cost—estimated at £18,000—of binding the Harleian Library gave an impetus to bookbinding; but the monotonous red morocco, with broad-tooled borders and centre panels, gave little scope for anything beyond honest workmanship. The binders whose names are chiefly associated with the "Harleian" style were Elliott and Chapman. The other characteristics of eighteenth-century binding were marbled sides, brown backs, more or less gilt, with morocco lettering pieces. At the close of the century the French immigrants exercised a very decided influence for good upon English bookbinding. Many who, in their own country, had pursued the occupation for pleasure, betook themselves to it for profit: amongst these the most noteworthy was the Comte de Caumont, who established himself first in Portland Street, and afterwards in Frith Street, Soho. The real and almost solitary genius of the eighteenth-century bookbinding was, however, a thorough Englishman, Roger Payne. He did all with his own hands, folding, cutting, mending, &c., as well as colouring his paper, making his tools and letters. He showed considerable taste in the selection of his designs, though Dr. Dibdin speaks somewhat disparagingly of his preference for olive green in his colours. His best works are to be found in Lord Spencer's library, from whom, and from other book collectors, he might have obtained constant employment, had not his habits of intemperance stood in his way. For a short period, towards the close of his life, Payne worked for Mr. John Mackinlay, who had about that time attempted to establish a real School of Art for the benefit of bookbinders; but his hand was beginning to lose its deftness, and, unable to bear the restraint of regular employment, he went back to his former life, and died in great poverty in 1797.

About the same time the Germans, Kalthoefer, Staggemeier, Baumgarten, and Benedict, were rising in repute; and Mr. Mackinlay's school produced, early in the present century, a number of workmen of more than average merit. Amongst these may be mentioned John Whitaker, to whom is due the introduction of Etruscan vases, copied in their proper colours, instead of gold tooling; H. Falkner, Smith, and Bohn; and, above all, Charles Hering, of whom we are surprised to find Mr. Cundall has nothing to say beyond mentioning his name. He makes no allusion to the copy of Ackermann's "History of Westminster" in the private library of the Emperor of Austria at Vienna, which Dibdin pronounced to be the most sumptuous copy of a printed book in the world.

"The binding has, I think, nothing to equal it in any cabinet in Europe. The mechanical process of stitching the leaves together has been very carefully done by Hering, but the exterior, in silver gilt, is the performance of Mr. Aldridge, after the design of Mr. Papwater, an architect; and in these designs one knows not which the more to admire—the exactness of their composition or the brilliancy of their execution. They are chiefly in the Gothic style, corresponding with the character of the work; and so curious, exact, and numerous are the component parts that this binding occupied one entire twelvemonth in its completion. When opened, the work is supported by sixteen balls of solid gold; and such were the difficulties in the mechanical process that Hering was obliged to take his work to pieces three times before he could make it open to his wish. . . . The binding alone cost very little short of three hundred guineas."

Charles Lewis, who bound Beckford's books for the Fonthill collection, comes a little later, and, as a protégé of Dibdin, obtains from that amiable enthusiast the highest commendation. Of contemporary binders it is not necessary for us to speak here in any terms of criticism. Ever since the Exhibition of 1851 the pitch of excellence to which English bookbinding has risen in the hands of Hayday, Ramage, Tuckett, Riviere, Zaehnsdorff, and Francis Bedford has commanded general admiration beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. The peculiar feature of English bookbinding is "boarding," which dates from 1825, when cloth covers were introduced in the place of drab-coloured paper. The originator of the idea was Mr. Archibald Leighton, and it was first employed by the late Mr. Pickering. The use of boards was for a long while very limited, and it went through many modifications before being adopted by Mr. Murray for the well-known edition of "Byron's Life and Works," edited by Thomas Moore.

Before concluding this sketch of bookbinding we feel constrained to draw from it the practical lesson which it seems to convey. In only one country, France, has bookbinding been in any sense raised to the dignity of an art, for we may dismiss from our minds the transient gleam of favour accorded to it in Italy. In France indubitably the best work has been produced in an artistic sense, and the industry still benefits by the prestige it there enjoys. In no other country have so many amateurs followed the pursuit of bookbinding, and in no country are such high prices given both for ancient and modern specimens of the art. In this country bookbinding has always been looked upon as a trade; and with very rare exceptions do we hear of foreigners displaying any desire to obtain English-bound books on account of the beauty or elegance of their binding. We believe that a very little effort is requisite to place bookbinding in England on a level with other decorative arts, and not only to raise it in the estimation of the patrons of Art and the lovers of books, but to open up a new and remunerative field of woman's work. At the present time there are many French ladies who have in their own houses all the appliances of the bookbinder's business, and whose hands are constantly full of the orders they receive. There are few, if any, parts of the work which are not quite suitable for women; and in its more delicate parts, such as tooling and lettering, the fineness of the woman's hand is of the utmost value. French amateurs pay higher prices for binding books than we are accustomed to give, because they look upon a well-bound book as a work of Art; but we are sure that neither our own countrymen nor the American book collectors, who form a rich and important section of the patrons of the French bookbinders, would turn away from English-bound work when they found it as artistic as that offered to them elsewhere.

LIONEL ROBINSON.



SAMUEL EDMUND WALLER.

THERE are few towns in the island more eminently English, in place and character and fame, than the city of Gloucester: the Fair City, as its denizens delight in calling it. It is seated on the greatest of western rivers, among pleasant woods and streams and meadows, in an environment of rolling upland and gentle hill, at the heart of a cluster of hamlets—Highnam and Upton, Longford and Lassington, Maisemore and Barnwood and Whitminster—with names that smell like clods fresh from the coulter. It has a history and a legend of its own, and its coat of arms is blazoned with the record of a deed of prowess done against Rupert in the Civil Wars. Its associations, as becomes the associations of a representative English city, are partly bucolic and pastoral, partly of ships and the sea. On market days the Corn Exchange is thronged with farmers from the surrounding shire. At the yearly statute fair the streets are crowded with bumpkins, smock-frocked and with knots of party-coloured whip-cord in their hats, and with buxom wenches from the neighbouring farms, brave in ribbons and in curious shawls—all waiting for hire; and you hear, in their native purity, the accents of that broad and sluggish speech in which were sung the glories of "Jarge Ridler's Oven," and the delight of being out on a shiny night in the season of the year. Mingled with these are bands of black-eyed mariners from Leghorn and Naples, and of Yankee sailors keen of face and trim in garb; with collier shipmen from Swansea, and with mates and merchant captains just ashore from Nova Scotia or the Baltic. For the ships come high up among the houses, and when you look

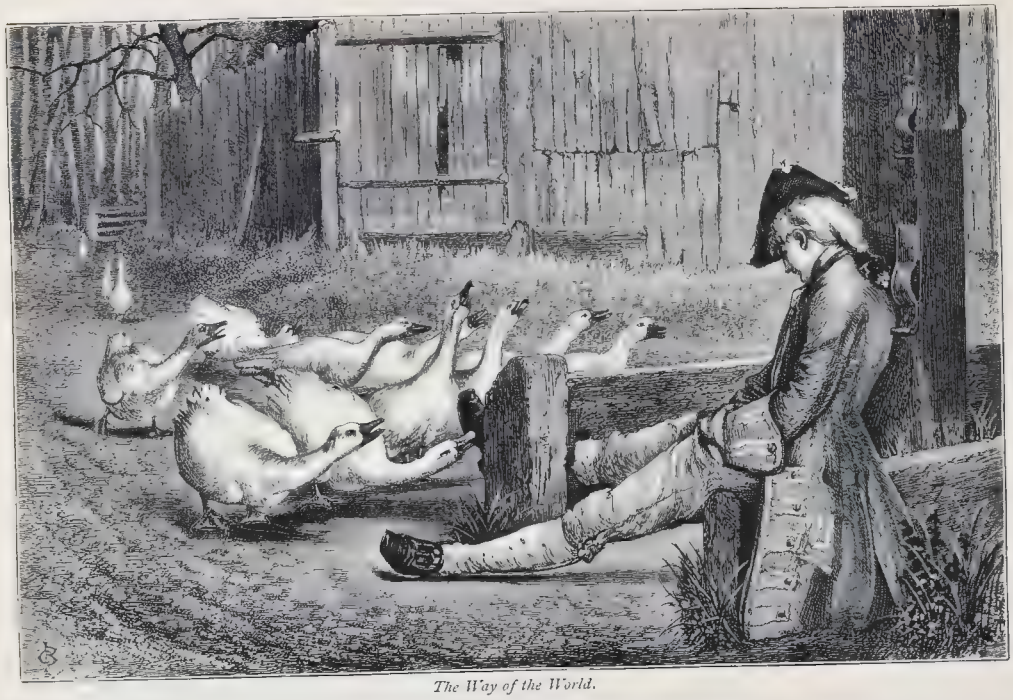


Suspense.

southward from the cathedral tower you see innumerable masts companioning the chimney-stacks and spires. From the city's heart, the Cross, with its black and solemn old belfry, the four main streets tend straight to the cardinal points, as of yore. Southgate Street is the highway to Bristol town, and in it, with churches like St. Mary's and St. Michael's, stands the tavern called the Bell, well remembered by lovers of Whitefield the preacher, and noble Harry Fielding the novelist. Westgate Street leads to Lassington, with its immemorial oak, and to the city Ham, where the gallows was, and where nowadays cricket is played, and volunteers and militia-men are put through their facings. And westward, isled in slums, as is the lot of many a famous church, stands the great and beautiful cathedral, where lie the bones of Edward II., done horribly to death at Berkeley, and of restless and ill-starred Robert of Normandy. Its tremendous tower, rook-haunted, venerable, and majestic, with its sweet and musical set of chimes—

> "Strains that from their solemn height
> Sink, to attain a loftier flight"—

is ringed about with a quaint and most clerical precinct, green and cool with lindens, and illustrated with a stumpy and grimy statue—a piece of stupidity in stone—of good Queen Anne; and hard by is the spot where Bishop Hooper was burned in the days of bloody Queen Mary. Trencher caps abound in the streets: some from the College School, which boasts a royal origin, and is somewhat aristocratic in tone; some from the Crypt Grammar School, founded nearly four centuries ago by the pattern burgess, worshipful Master John Cooke, whose tomb, adorned with the effigies in painted marble of himself and his wife, and with those of their six sons and seven daughters, forms part of the furniture of the cathedral aisle. There are old houses a-many, the world-famous New Inn being one of them. You may meet in your wanderings with fragments of masonry belonging to an epoch when the Speculating Builder was unknown, and recognise them for specimens of the city wall. Examples of quaint, old-world nomenclature, like Blackfriars and Greyfriars, like Lady Belle Gate Street and Hangman's Alley, and Bearland, are very frequent. There is an episcopal palace, a Tolsey, a Shire Hall; there are posting inns and old-fashioned ale-houses, with honest, homespun styles and titles like the King's Head, the Fleece, and the Spread Eagle; there is a local ruin, Llanthony Abbey, and a local Castle of Berkeley; there is a pump-room and a kind of mineral fount; there is an aristocracy, a middle class, and a proletariat. On grand occasions the mayor goes solemnly to church in civic raiment, under the guard of a surprising sword-bearer; the assizes are opened with a lavish display of municipal pomp; the elections are famous for bribery and the accompaniment of beer. The place might be Barchester itself, indeed, so English are its quality and its style, and so perfectly does it embody and express



The Way of the World.

the traditions of country life. As the painter of 'Home' and 'The Way of the World' is a Gloucester man, it is pleasant to find that there are analogies between his talent and accomplishment, which are distinctively English in manner and intention, in fact and in association, and the genius of the city which gave him birth and breeding.

Mr. Waller has had the good fortune to have worked hard from the first, and to have succeeded early. He was born at Gloucester in 1850, and was educated at Cheltenham College. His boyish bent was towards Art; but his father, an architect by profession, was dubious of his capacity, and designed him for service in the Artillery. The lad, however, was not to be balked of his desire. He had plenty of fancy, he invented easily, he drew continually; and at seventeen he got his first lesson in Art from a painter resident in Cheltenham. Soon afterwards he entered the Gloucester School of Art, and became a pupil of Mr. John Kemp, its present head master. He was fonder of invention than of study in those days, and preferred designing to drawing. But in Mr. Kemp he met with more than his match, and to Mr. Kemp his debt is evidently great. That gentleman, an excellent teacher, persuaded him into accuracy and attention, induced him to train his ready, unruly hands and his quick and ignorant eye, and set him down to cheerful and hearty work from the cast. About this time, too, he entered his father's office, and under his father's eye produced a number of severe and scientific studies in architecture: a fact that, when we consider the importance in his pictures of the architectural element, acquires a significance not easily over-estimated. Nor was this all. At Whittingham Court, his father's farm,

he had innumerable opportunities of studying animals. With the aspect and sociology of the farmyard he had been familiar from the first; and he was quick to put his growing accomplishment to its proper use, and to lay up a store of observation and experience of whose value and soundness every one of his pictures is a proof. After two years or so of such work as this, he won entrance to the Academy. He was but nineteen, but he stayed some six months only at the antique, and was then translated to the life class. A year and a half afterwards he sent in (1870) a couple of pictures for exhibition at the Academy. It is not astonishing that both were pictures of animals; it is a little surprising to find that both were accepted. One, 'The Illustrious Stranger,' a lively study of dogs and an intruding kitten, was hung on the line. The other, 'A Winter's Tale,' more conventional in sentiment, was less fortunate. Both were sold. This, it will be admitted, was an excellent beginning. The painter was barely out of his teens, and he had achieved success at his first effort. There are few more hopeful or encouraging passages in the story of modern English Art.

In 1872 Mr. Waller read Dr. Dasent's 'Burnt Njàl,' and was moved to go to Iceland. His experiences in the track of Hallgerda and Njàl, of Gunnar and Sigmund and Bergthora, were recorded by him in a pleasant book called "Six Weeks in the Saddle," issued, with the author's own illustrations, by Macmillan & Co. The publication of this volume was the beginning of a connection that lasted for some time between Mr. Waller and the Macmillans, for whom he illustrated many books. Soon after it he became attached to the staff of the *Graphic*, for which journal he has been working, off and on, ever since: his contributions being sometimes original, as in the spirited composition called 'Suspense' (painted for Mr. Tooth in 1879, and reproduced in these columns), and sometimes, as in his notes upon the Prince of Wales in India,



Home.

designed in illustration of current actualities. In 1875 he returned to the exhibitions with 'Jealous,' a kindly and humorous transcript from puppy life and puppy nature, bought by the Australian Government; and in 1876 he produced 'The Way of the World,' one of his best and liveliest pictures. From the point of view of colour 'The Way of the World' may be described as a successful Arrangement in Scarlet and White. It is drawn with a great deal of spirit and humour; it is charmingly composed, and tells its story at a glance; its sentiment is very fresh and genial; it is in many respects a thoroughly representative work. Purchased by Colonel Stuart Wortley, it was succeeded in 1877 by 'Home,' which is, perhaps, Mr. Waller's most popular achievement. The sentiment of 'Home' is that of a wild verse of Campbell's:—"The hare shall kindle on the cold hearthstone;" and the drama, more melancholy in cast than that of 'The Way of the World,' is also, it may be, less instant and expressive. The picture is, for all that, a piece of work both striking and attractive in no mean degree. The year of its exhibition was that in which the Chantrey Bequest first came into operation, and the painter, having already sold his picture to a private person (Mr. Taylor, of Aston Rowant, Oxfordshire), was fain to refuse a bid for it from the Chantrey trustees, who were anxious to obtain it for the public. In 1878 Mr. Waller exhibited 'The King's Banner;' and in 1879 he produced an excellent impression with his 'Empty Saddle'—his most important work, of which we give an engraving on steel—and with his clever and very characteristic portraits, painted for Mrs. Molyneux, of two golden-lion monkeys. 1879, indeed, was an eventful year for him; for soon after painting his 'Suspense' he fell ill of typhoid fever, and painted no more for five months. Absent from the Academy of 1880, he was

represented that year by a couple of canvases in the smaller exhibitions. One was a clever composition called 'Where there's a Will there's a Way.' The other, exhibited at the Dudley Gallery, of which society the artist has been for some years past a member, was 'The King's Highway,' a dashing and vigorous sketch from the romance of the road. At the corner of a wood, in the quiet evening, a gallant ruffian, perhaps the illustrious Tom King in person, has come up with an honest and highly respectable wayfarer, and is bidding him stand and deliver. The rascal, splendid in his scarlet waistcoat and fine laced coat of blue, sits his big-boned chestnut well and easily; his eyes gleam wickedly through the crape, the ensign of his noble calling; he has a light hand on the rein, and a steady finger on his trigger: he is well up to his work. The victim, his legs ridiculous with terror, has let fall his stick and glove, and is wrenching back his drab coat to get as swiftly as may be at the treasure deep in his breeches pocket. His spaniel considers him, dumbfoundered and amazed at her master's strange submissiveness; while the chestnut paws and champs the bit, and the breath blown from his nostrils mingles white with the grey and solemn air of twilight. The picture, which is popular without being vulgar, and forcible without being clap-trap, is as good an example of Mr. Waller's art as can be seen.

The nature and quality of that art are best described as popular, using the word in its better and higher sense. Mr. Waller is with Mr. Briton Riviere as a painter of animals, and with Messrs. Orchardson and Pettie as a painter of figures and figure subjects. He works easily and deftly in oils, in black and white, and in water colours; and he has an apt and vigorous faculty of dramatic invention and a straight, sure sense of dramatic effect. His pictures are not mere plastic illustrations of alien fancies. They are original compositions—each one the individual expression of an idea, individually conceived and elaborated; and, inasmuch as they are clearly imagined and vigorously conveyed, they nearly always tell their own story so plainly as to stand in need of no sort of elucidatory notes, whether descriptive or titular. The drawing in them is always spirited and correct at once; for Mr. Waller is a draughtsman abounding in skill and force, and has the instinct of line and the instinct of gesture in no small measure. His colouring is bright, fresh, and cheerful nearly always: he seems to have a boyish delight in pleasant and vivacious harmonies, and in frank and vivid suggestions of tint and tone; he favours what is genial and full of gaiety in nature, and even when he is at his saddest he cannot refrain from thinking of the brighter side of things, and from setting forth his thought as pleasantly as may be. It is a necessary consequence that his work is never deficient in a certain kind of charm. It is evident that he loves his labour and his subject; and, for the moment at least, he makes you love them also. His drama is none of the deepest, but within its limits it is human and natural. His humour is, it may be, obvious, but it is single-hearted and unaffected. His themes are, in a sense, conventional, but their motives are happily and earnestly imagined, and they are handled with all the enjoyment and the delight that are bred of good moral health and perfect sincerity. Work done with so much heartiness and good temper as 'The Way of the World' and 'The King's Highway' can hardly fail of being generally acceptable; and it is no more surprising to find that Mr. Waller is a popular painter already, than it seems unlawful to predicate of him that he has in store for him a very pleasant future, and will continue a popular painter till the end.

W. E. Henley.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

Of the lesser masters between Masaccio and Raphael none was of more striking individuality than Sandro Botticelli. The earnestness mixed with his energy gives a sympathetic force to his works which is wanting in the pictures of many deeper colourists and more gracious designers. His distinguishing characteristic is vital force, approaching to wildness in his active scenes, and not altogether extinguished even in his brooding Madonnas and silent angels. The thoughts in his Virgin's eyes are calm through arrested energy rather than with present satisfaction, they are pregnant of the future rather than meditative of the past, and in his most enraptured angel there is something untamed. Our National Gallery, though it contains no work of his of the first importance, has fair samples of his different moods, and one picture of exceptional interest, so that though his highest achievement can only be imagined, his characteristics may be fairly well studied, and the man himself, strong in thought, serious in purpose, fertile in fancy, and direct in execution, stares at you from the walls in Trafalgar Square.

Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have spent so many years of patient study of the works of the early Italian masters, and hence had the opportunity of seeing so many more works by them than has fallen to the lot of the present writer, that it is with great mistrust that he differs from them even in a point in which an opinion may fairly be formed without exhaustive knowledge. They have also written upon Botticelli with such care and such nice discrimination of epithet that it is evidently not without due deliberation they have expressed the view that his works show lack of religious feeling. They write, "Botticelli was just past the age of twenty-two when Fra Filippo died. We may assign to the immediately succeeding time some circular pictures bearing the impress of the friar's influence, in conception and spirit, in character and action. Still fresh, as it were, from reminiscences of the Carmelite's manner, himself in an age in which feeling, if it exists at all, finds its way to the outer surfaces, he conceived Madonnas full of a naïve tenderness. He supplied the lack of religious feeling and the absence of select types by affectionate maternity and silent melancholy in the face of the mother of Christ, an eager desire in childlike saints, and angels attending for the performance of the simplest offices. Thus in a round at the Uffizi, in which he imitated the style of arrangement, the mode of drapery carried out before by Fra Filippo, and already reminiscent in him of reliefs by Donatello or Desiderio da Settignano, he placed the Virgin on a seat, with the infant on her knee, but intent on some

holy thought about to be consigned to a book held before her by angels. She dips a pen in the ink-bottle. A diadem is held up before her head, and through the centre of the group the eye wanders out to a distance of hill and vale." In this description, the faithfulness of which, it is scarcely necessary to say, can be trusted implicitly, the authors seem to me partially to contradict their judgment with regard to lack of religious feeling. An attempt to give more of the humanity of the Virgin than is seen in the pictures of Fra Angelico may be conceded; but that the conception of her face, "intent on some holy thought," and the "eager service" of the angels, are due to positive religious feeling is, I think, also obvious. That he was religious to fanaticism in his later life may be accepted as proved, and the almost wild and fierce religious passion visible in the remarkable 'Nativity,' acquired in 1878 by the National Gallery from the collection of Mr. Fuller Maitland, seems to me but the ultra-excitement of a flame which is visible enough in his earlier pictures. The presence of this strange, reverential, mystical, tender, supernatural spirit, uniting the faith in the divinity with the love of the humanity of the sacred personages he depicted, seems to me the essential difference between his works and those of the Lippi and the Pollaiuoli, his contemporaries. If a man can be judged by his works, this one was sincere, and passionately sincere. In his more tumultuous works the fire may have been, though I do not think it was, mainly imaginative; but in the silent passion of his brooding Madonnas and the dumb rapture of his patient angels there burns for me the constant flame of spiritual faith.

This is matter, perhaps, of personal impression, and it is fortunately one which can be put to practical test. We have two rounds in the National Gallery, one of which, No. 285, if not a first-rate, is a fair specimen of this class of his work. At first, and close, you may be deterred from more than a passing glance by the hardness and thickness of its outlines and the conventional flame-like and tow-like locks of the angels' hair. Go so far from it that the hard lines disappear in the contour, and consider the face of the Virgin and the faces of the angels (the babe, unlike that in the Uffizi, is realistic to commonplace), and you will perchance agree that these faces, and especially that of the Virgin, have something more than naïve tenderness, and are charged with thoughts of no earthly kind. She is a mother, but one whose hopes and fears are bounded by no terrestrial limits, whose responsibility is awful, and dreams sublime.

Very little is known of Sandro Botticelli, and that almost entirely in connection with his paintings. His father was Mariano Filipepi, a citizen of Florence, where he was probably born in 1447. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith, from whom he got his name of Botticelli. It does not appear that his master, like so many of the workers in gold of that time—Verrocchio and the Pollaiuoli—practised the art of painting; but, as he showed a predilection for this art, he was placed with the Carmelite, Fra Filippo Lippi, whose influence is plainly discernible in his earlier pictures, but he was only twenty-two years of age when that master died. He then appears to have become connected with the Pollaiuoli, as a figure of Fortitude, one of the earliest works which can be safely assigned to him, belongs to a series which the brothers were commissioned to execute for the Mercatanzia at Florence. It is now in the Uffizi, where, with those of the Pollaiuoli, it was discovered in 1861. In 1478 we again trace him as commissioned by the Medici to paint the portraits of the Pazzi conspirators for the Palazzo Pubblico of Florence; and in 1480 he painted, for the Vespucci family, the fresco of 'St. Augustine' for the church of Ognissanti, a picture in which, according to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, the slumbering fires (of his individual genius), hitherto kept under and restrained by various checks, now burst out. About this time he was called to Rome by Sixtus IV. to execute some of the frescoes in his chapel in the Vatican called the Sixtine, to illustrate the lives of Moses and Christ in typical reference. Those designed by Botticelli were (1) A composition including several subjects: Moses at the burning bush, slaying the Egyptian, and driving away the shepherds who hindered the daughter of Jethro from drawing water; (2) 'The Temptation of Christ by Satan, and the Victory of Christ over Satan;' (3) 'The Punishment of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram.' All of these are characterized by originality of conception and force of action. In 1481 or 1482 he published a series of designs from Dante possessing the same qualities. Some of these are said to have been engraved by himself, and the rest by Baccio Baldini, so that he may claim to have been one of the first Italian engravers upon metal. In 1482 he and Domenico Ghirlandaio received a commission to paint in the Sala dell' Udienza of the Public Palace at Florence, though it is not known whether he executed his portion. He painted four panels illustrating a story from Boccaccio for the marriage of Lucrezia Pucci in 1487—some mosaics (now destroyed) in S. M. del Fiore, at Florence. He then became a follower of Savonarola, under the influence of whose ideas he probably painted the 'Nativity' in the National Gallery. The rest of his story may be as well told in the words of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, from whose well-known book on "Painting in Italy," from Kugler, and from an article in "Kunst und Kunstler," we have drawn most of the facts concerning his life:—"His continued presence at Florence is, after this time, proved by casual circumstances; by a letter addressed through him to Lorenzo de' Medici by Michael Angelo in 1496; his income tax paper of 1498, in which he describes himself as residing with his brother Simone in the popolo St. Lucia, of Ognissanti, and his opinion given in 1503 as the place best fitted for Michael Angelo's 'David.' But from that time till 1515, when he died in comparative poverty and a pensioner on the bounty of the Medici, he no doubt sank in general esteem, because he varied his better works with others in which he largely reproduced the same models, and filled the peninsula with productions originally feeble, and now rendered more so by time and restoring."

Judging from our own time, it is scarcely a sign of loss of general esteem that an artist should lazily reproduce the same models, and fill the land with inferior works; but there is, we fear, no doubt as to the deterioration of his work. He seems to have lived at high pressure, and to have burnt out his genius long before the end of his life of sixty-eight years; but in his best works that remain to us he has reflected more of the spirit of his age, the conflict of new and old ideas, the vigour of intellectual life, the desire for beauty and knowledge and liberty of thought, the love of truth and enfranchisement of imagination. It was a transitional time no less in the methods than in the spirit of Art, when painting in oil was gradually superseding the old tempera. If Botticelli did not make discoveries himself, he adopted all that he could learn of the new mediums and vehicles. The determination to

study direct from nature, the love of anatomy and perspective, are all apparent in his art, side by side with much that was conventional. The religious and secular spirit actuated him by turns; the love of beauty of which he had no clear vision, the strife after knowledge as yet immature, and the feeling for nature imperfectly developed, all beautify and mar his works, which by strength of their strain, the variety of their aim, and their composite but individual result, show him a strong man working in the centre of strong forces, the most representative, if not the greatest artist of the stormy times of the Medici.

The conflict is naturally less observable in his truly secular pictures, where he did what he could to realise his imaginative conceptions of allegory and classic story. These, owing to his imperfect sense of beauty and love of violent action, are not generally pleasant pictures. The most famous of these, perhaps, and certainly the most elaborate, is the 'Calumny,' a small composition, based upon a description by Lucian of a picture of the same subject by Apelles. Outlines of it are given both in Kugler and Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and Kugler remarks that "no painter has succeeded in making every part of a work so tributary to the leading idea. The very statues in the niches are enlisted in the service." The other more important specimens of this class are the allegory of 'Spring,' in the Academy of Florence, and the 'Venus,' borne upon the sea and driven ashore by the winds, in the Uffizi. In the latter the long slender figure of Venus may fairly be taken to represent his ideal of physical loveliness, and possesses certainly the qualities of distinction and grace of a refined order. More remarkable, perhaps, is its wonderful lightness, seeming scarcely to touch the shell on which the feet rest, affording a contrast to the beautiful but less spiritual figure of the attendant on the right, who springs to cover her with a robe. Her repose is again contrasted (and somewhat too forcibly) with the vigorously conceived Winds on the left, who with their intertwisted limbs and puffed-out cheeks seem to be exercising far more force than is necessary to waft that imponderous figure and light-draughted scallop to the shore. The National Gallery contains two interesting, but unpleasant Venuses by Botticelli, in one of which she is being pelted with roses by children, and in the other is reclining and gazing with a disagreeable expression at Mars, who is lying asleep while little satyrs are playing with his armour. The children, or Cupids, in the former picture, are drawn with great freedom of action, and show study of nature and originality of motive. The expression of Venus in the latter is hard to decipher, but seems to be mainly triumphant. So Delilah might have gazed on Samson.

No account of Botticelli's work would be complete without reference to the remarkable 'Nativity,' once belonging to Mr. Ottley, and acquired by the National Gallery from the collection of Mr. Fuller Maitland. This remains to attest (as I have implied) the strength of Botticelli's religious feeling. Much the same intensity is also visible in the 'Coronation of the Virgin,' in the Academy at Florence, which is thus described by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle:—"His mastery of action in springing and dancing attitudes, his ability in rendering drapery in motion, and his comparative elegance and grace in female delineation are aptly illustrated in the great 'Coronation of the Virgin' at the Florence Academy, where he ably contrasts the humble and shrinking nature of a Virgin crowned by a severe Eternal in mitre and long flowing locks, with a choir of cherubs, a covey of angels passing flowers to each other, or casting them on the floor of the heavens, a dance of celestial children encircling the group, and four dignified saints looking up, or pensive on a meadow below." In the 'Nativity' we have a picture divided into three portions, the centre of which is the shed, where the Virgin on her knees is adoring with deepest love and reverence the Child, who is lying on a cushion, at the head of which Joseph is seated. This figure is, perhaps, the finest in conception. Although the face is not visible and the figure is seated, its gesture and attitude are forcibly eloquent of complete absorption in rapturous contemplation of the Divine Child, who is regarded also by the ass and the ox with solemn curiosity, not unmixed with awe. On one side angels are bringing the shepherds, and on the other three men (perhaps the magi) to see the Redeemer, binding their brows with garlands, and placing boughs with scrolls in their hands. Below, other angels are embracing other mortals with delight at the glad tidings, to the discomfiture of two or three evil spirits, who, writhing with deadly wounds, watch them with savage eyes. On the roof of the shed are angels playing various instruments of music, and above the heavens are opened, and angels with joined hands are dancing in wild ecstasy.

A very learned and eloquent paper upon this picture by Professor Sydney Colvin appeared in the *Portfolio* for February, 1871, to whom is also due the following translation of the Greek inscription at the top:—"This picture, I, Alessandro, painted at the end of the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, in the half-time after the time during the fulfilment of the eleventh of St. John in the second Woe of the Apocalypse, in the loosing of the devil for three years and a half. Afterwards he shall be chained, and we shall see him trodden down as in this picture."

A portrait in profile of Sandro Botticelli, by Filippino Lippi, is said by Vasari to be introduced into the painting of 'The Martyrdom of St. Peter' in the Brancacci Chapel. This face is described by Crowe and Cavalcaselle as that of a sullen and sensual-looking man, whose head is remarkable for the salience of the nose, the deep set of the eye under the penthouse of the brow, the heaviness of the under jaw, and the size of the large and fleshy mouth." This is not a very flattering picture, but artists were not wont to flatter their sitters in those days, and the little we know of Botticelli tends to the belief that he was a man of strong passions, and somewhat wild and extravagant in his life. It seems admitted that after his return from Rome he would have sunk into indigence but for the support of the Medici. For this renowned family he painted one of the most celebrated of his pictures, not before mentioned in this article, viz. 'The Adoration of the Magi,' in S. Maria Novella, in which the deceased Cosmo de' Medici, Jerome his son, and Giuliano de' Medici are introduced.

A remarkable picture ascribed to Botticelli, and containing portraits of Lorenzo de' Medici, Savonarola, and Leonardo da Vinci, has recently been exhibited at Florence, and is described by Mr. Heath Wilson in the *Academy* for November 20th, 1880; and two frescoes in the Lemmi Villa, one of them containing a portrait of one of the Tornabuoni, and the other remarkable for the grace and beauty of the female figures, deserve notice, as they are not mentioned in any list of Botticelli's works with which I am acquainted.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

SCOTTISH EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE fifty-fifth annual exhibition, which was opened in February, presents a faithful reflex of the Northern school of Art. We find everywhere a strong yet effective style, often rugged and deficient in tenderness, a disregard, amounting almost to a contempt, of finish not attaining to breadth of handling, and a warmer attachment to colour than to correctness of drawing or truthfulness of texture.

A striking illustration of some of these characteristics is encountered in the works of Mr. Vallance, the new Academician. His principal work shows 'The Port of Leith' under a blaze of sunshine—a good example of the artist's vigorous, masculine style, and his acknowledged power of producing brilliant aërial effects. Mr. Aikman, recently elected an Associate, varies his landscape work with figure pictures. In his landscape, 'The Launching of the Coble,' the sea and sky are handled with admirable effect.

There is no member of the Scottish Academy who has asserted his individuality more strongly than Mr. McTaggart. With good colour he combines a rare feeling for broad and telling effect, and has struck out a special line for himself in the groups of children (frequently portraits) disporting in the clear atmosphere with which the canvas glows. Specially is this the case in 'As Happy as the Day is long.'



Port of Leith. By W. F. Vallance, R.S.A.

Foremost in portraiture, so far as original and high-class work is concerned, stands Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., whose 'Mr. Millais' is one of the most telling works in the collection. Mr. Reid exhibits also a brilliant picture of 'San Giorgio Maggiore,' and groups of 'Roses' and 'Marguerites,' a catalogue showing the versatility of this accomplished artist. Other important portraits are Mr. Millais's 'Marchioness of Huntly;' Sir Daniel Macnee's 'John Boyd Baxter, LL.D.;' Mr. Archer's 'Lady Holker;' Mr. James Irvine's 'William Veitch, LL.D.;' two by Mr. J. R. Lorimer; and some excellent heads by Mr. McTaggart and Mr. Cameron.

In figure painting the exhibition is strong, more especially in the work of the younger artists. The first place in the collection is taken by 'The Thin Red Line,' a large canvas by Mr. R. Gibb, A.R.S.A. From the left of the picture the line of the 93rd stretches away, the fire of the battalion being at the moment confined to the left wing, while the troops nearest are drawn at "capping." The features of the men and the incidents of the scene are given with competent detail, yet the picture generally is touched in a free and broad manner; and while the actual horrors of war are not made prominent, the strained attention of the troops, and the few incidents on the right or Russian side of the picture, give the scene all the intensity it requires. In a different vein is 'The Knife Grinder,' by Mr. Robert Macgregor. From common material the artist has constructed a most attractive picture, carefully drawn, conscientiously painted, and showing much richness and harmony of colour. Mr. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., shows on a large canvas 'The Evening of Culloden,' a group of Highlanders at bay near a pool in the moor. The pose of the figures is a little theatrical, but the incidents are interesting, the technique good. In 'Strolling Dancers of the Middle Ages,' Mr. Hamilton, a young artist, makes a praiseworthy effort to reproduce old times, though an antiquary might possibly make havoc of some of his details. Mr. George Reid—not the R.S.A. of that name—evidences an advance in 'A Critical Move;' but the conception and colour of the picture are better than its technical power. Mr. A. Melville has an attractive picture, 'Old Enemies.'



Fish Auction, Zandvoort. By R. Anderson, A.R.S.A.

In landscape, beyond those artists already named, we find one or two promising young painters. Mr. A. D. Reid's picture of 'Buckhaven' is brilliant and luminous, and worthy of special note. Mr. Hector Chalmers has devoted himself this year to tangle-covered rocks and ebb-tide mussel beds, producing in a broad way good effects of sea and sky, and

peopling the shore with figures thrown in with skill and judgment. Mr. G. W. Johnston gives several landscapes, bright and tender in character. Mr. Duncan Cameron, essaying a large 'Ben Venue,' mingles mists, glints of sunshine, purpling heather, and mountain rills in a style well known to Scottish Art. As an example of a placid form of landscape art, evidencing a feeling after Sir George Harvey in his later pastoral style, is 'Tranquillity—September Afternoon,' by James Kinnear.

In the water-colour department the present exhibition is distinguished rather by the high merit of a few works than by a good general average. In a large work, 'Early Winter—Head of Glen Ogle,' Mr. John Smart stands prominent, showing in water-colour drawing a strength and brilliance not excelled by any work in oil in the gallery. Mr. McTaggart's two small drawings, 'Off Helen's Isle' and 'Turn of the Tide—Sunset,' are charming in tone and effective by simple means. Mr. R. Anderson, A.R.S.A., who has five attractive drawings, may hardly satisfy the purist in water-colour art; but he never fails to gratify the æsthetic taste of the day. He has three large works, 'Fish Auction on the Beach of Zandvoort,' 'Dutch Fishing Boats, Zandvoort,' and 'Curlers, Duddington Loch.' Sir Noel Paton's sole contribution to the collection is the pen-and-ink sketch, 'Tommie Brown and the Queen of the Fairies,' drawn for one of the favourite child's books of the season.

In sculpture the notable new works of a creative character are 'Echo,' a graceful figure with flying scarf, in marble, by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, A.R.S.A.; and 'Eugene Aram,' by T. S. Burnett, the latter being the Stuart prize group in the Academy.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition contains ample evidence that the local artists are making steady progress, and although in the collection there are not many great pictures, the general quality of the works exhibited is above the average of previous years. The total number of pictures and drawings hung is nine hundred and sixty-one—about two hundred more than the number shown last year.

W. McTaggart's, R.S.A., portrait of the late Rev. John Black is a vigorous, manly piece of work, admirable in its modelling and flesh tints. In this artist's other contributions—'Caught in the Tide,' 'The Two Fishers,' and 'On a Whinnyknowe'—we have sunshine and dancing waves, the gladness of childhood and the gravity of age, rendered with intense sympathy and a tenderness that has in it no weakness. 'Rosabelle' and 'Portrait of Mother and Child' show the usual sweet colour and refined feeling of Robert Herdman, R.S.A. In addition to another admirable portrait Mr. Reid exhibits 'Roses,' beautiful in colour and arrangement. 'Who goes?'—a single figure of a stalwart man, seated, with pistol in hand, on the *qui vive*, is a strongly characteristic example of John Pettie, R.A. The large landscape of 'Strathtummel,' by John Smart, R.S.A., is excellent in colour. We have seldom seen Mr. Smart do better work. One of the most powerful landscapes in the room is 'Poachers,' by J. W. Oakes, A.R.A. The lights and shadows are effectively contrasted, and the detail, although full, is not laboured.

Among Scotch landscape painters, Joseph Henderson, David Murray, and A. K. Brown attract attention by the importance of their contributions. Mr. Henderson's 'Birdnesting' is a bright, healthy picture, in which the yellow of whins in full bloom is skilfully displayed against the blue of a far-stretching sea. 'Château Gaillard,' by David Murray, is a large and striking landscape, thoroughly original in composition and treatment. The ruined castle and the apple blossom, relieved against an evening sky, tell with wonderful effect. Mr. Murray's 'Avon na Ghilean' also attracted attention by its general excellence. A. K. Brown's 'Storm in the Fen Country' is another large canvas.

Among the Glasgow painters who have made steady progress since last year are Wellwood Rattray, with his 'Gate of the Highlands;' Wm. Young, 'A Summer Noon, Loch Eck;' Peter Buchanan, 'A Moorland Loch;' C. J. Lauder, 'Old Greenock;' J. D. Taylor, 'The Summer Sea;' Andrew Black, with his picture of 'The Broomielaw;' T. Hunt, A. Walton, and R. M. G. Coventry. In the water-colour room R. W. Allan's 'In the Alhambra' merits high praise for its fine clear tone. In the same department Wm. Carlaw, Robert Little, James MacMaster, and Hector Chalmers show excellent work.

J. E. Christie's 'Tam O' Shanter' is vigorous, and full of the life Tam loved. A. S. Boyd's 'Widow's Mite' is well drawn, and marked by quiet restrained feeling. T. MacEwan's 'Down by the Corrie' is probably his best contribution. Robert Macgregor has never painted a better little picture than 'The Last of the Potatoes.' It is simple and natural, as befits the subject, and sweet in colour.

Among the other pictures that impart variety and quality to the collection are two works by Colin Hunter—one, 'In Search of Sea Drift,' charming in the sparkling freshness of the waves and the gleaming stretch of sand; Mark Fisher's 'Cattle standing in Water;' and two exquisitely tender little scenes of rural life by Hugh Cameron, R.S.A. Claude Hayes promises well; in both his water colours and his oil work (see especially his 'Surrey Pastoral') he proves himself possessed of a true appreciation of nature and a delicate suggestive touch. 'A Pot of Pansies,' by A. Brunet Debaines, and 'Flowers and Biscuits,' by Annie Ayrton, are artistic. Praise is due also to 'Marguerites,' by A. D. Reid; 'Pelargonium,' by J. Bruce Martin; 'Pelargoniums,' by Sam. Reid; and, of course, to four contributions by Fantin.

As portrait painters Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A., James Irvine, Norman Macbeth, R. C. Crawford, Joseph Henderson, James Macbeth, and E. Patalano are the principal contributors. J. Hanson Walker sends a fine head of Sir Frederick Leighton.

The sculpture—the collection of which is not extensive—includes a head of the Marquis of Lorne, by Miss Henrietta Montalba; 'Princess Alice and Child,' by Havard Thomas; 'Henry Irving as Hamlet,' by R. O. Ford; 'Die Vernon' and 'Jeanie Deans,' by S. A. Lawson; busts of Irving and Miss Terry, by Wm. Brodie, R.S.A.; and 'Portia,' by John Mossman.

Among the younger artists of Glasgow and the West of Scotland there are several from whom good things may be expected when a few more years of study have matured their powers. One word of caution to them: wherever they study, let them endeavour to preserve their own individuality. One or two who have evidently been working in Paris seem to aim at obtaining with a rush the effects of Corot and Millet, and quite to forget the years of patient labour through which these great men passed before their styles became fixed. Feeling and breadth are not to be acquired through carelessness and slapdash.



OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'SAVED.'—Visitors to the Grosvenor Gallery last year will recognise in 'Saved' a reproduction of a picture by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, which faced them at the top of the stairs, and which was an early foretaste of the excellence of the collection that awaited them. For life and animation it was equalled by no other picture in the exhibition, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that it wafted a breath of ozone to every passer-by. The scene is laid at Littlehampton, in the height of a storm. The last fishing-boat has, to the relief of the toilers' wives and children, arrived in safety. We are indebted to Major A. Glass Sandeman, the owner of the original picture, for the right to make the etching, which is by Mr. C. O. Murray, whose volume of etchings, illustrating Keats's Poems, we recently favourably reviewed.

'THE EMPTY SADDLE.'—This engraving requires but little explanation. The riderless horse tells to the lady of the house more than any words can do that the light of her life has suddenly gone out. The picture is the property of Robert Griffiths, Esq., Stafford. A memoir of the artist, Mr. S. E. Waller, together with engravings from several of his principal pictures, will be found at page 117.

'THE SISTER'S BIRTHDAY.'—This statue is by Mr. T. N. MacLean, a sculptor of much promise, who is now engaged on a translation into marble of Mr. Tadema's 'Spring Festival,' which promises to be quite a new departure in Art. He has been for some years a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy and Grosvenor exhibitions.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.—The fifty-second annual exhibition was opened on March 9th, a date somewhat later than usual, as many English works were delayed by recent storms. The works exhibited show a remarkable advance during the past year among Irish artists, and it is to be hoped that as the political troubles quieten, still further progress may be made. The receipts and sales on the opening day were considerably in excess of the average. The President, Sir T. Jones, contributes several portraits, and Mr. B. Colles Watkins, the secretary, is represented by landscapes of western Irish scenery. The newly elected Academician, Mr. Hone, sends a seascape and a landscape of more than ordinary quality; and Mr. Edwin Hayes is as strong as formerly in his masterly depictions of marine subjects. Nearly all the Academicians and Associates are represented, and the claims of outsiders have been liberally attended to. Mr. E. J. Poynter's 'Visit to Æsculapius' is the principal contribution from London.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.—A first glance at this exhibition conduces to the supposition that it is losing its hold on the popular interest. It certainly appears to be neglected by its committee, for out of the large number of gentlemen who compose it, the majority do not exhibit, and the absentees comprise the notable names, Walter Field, M. Fisher, Heywood Hardy, Napier Hemy, T. E. Hodgson, G. D. Leslie, R. Macbeth, H. S. Marks, S. Vincent, S. E. Waller, and W. F. Yeames. No trouble either has been taken, by whitewashing or painting, to give the gallery a thriving or even a cleanly appearance. The quantity of amateurs' work which is hung may assist the gallery financially, for there are many who are satisfied with, and will bring their friends to see, their proud position on the walls, whether it be out of sight on the floor or by the ceiling; but its presence certainly lowers the tone of the mass. The figure drawings may be quickly dismissed, for there is not a single work of importance. P. Macquoid's 'Bringing in the Peacock at Christmas' is pretty, but unreal. J. D. Waterhouse's 'St. Eulalia' is a ghastly and unpleasant attempt at the foreshortening of a dead body. F. G. Cotman's 'Awaiting Sentence' has more honest work in it than such a low class of subject demands. 'An Arab Sheik,' by H. R. Rose, shows firm handling and harmonious colouring, but the largeness of the foremost foot unpleasantly suggests a photograph. In a somewhat similar style are 'Three Studies of Mère Marat,' by Bertha Newcombe, but they show more character and decision than any other figures in the gallery. Amongst the landscapes there are several which, emerging from what may be termed the "Dudley pattern," show individuality. Taking them in order, we notice 'Storm Cloud,' by A. W. Weedon; 'Loch Pityonlish,' by Gertrude Martineau, pitched in rather a low key, but one of the most thorough pieces of work here; 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' by S. Elgood, also showing careful and truthful work, but a little too much in the groove of the young "Leicester school." 'Sunset at Sea' and 'Rouen' have the charm and poetry of all Arthur Severn's work, but they lack decision in their foregrounds, and the sunset especially is a little wrong in colour. 'A Cornish Village,' by W. Langley, is a very painstaking and honest drawing. 'The Approach to Westminster,' by Herbert Marshall, is a good example of that artist's ability to render the rare beauties of London skies. 'In Possession,' by Frank McFadden, is strong, but shows too much reflection of Herkomer. We also commend H. Moore's 'Sea-piece;' 'Christchurch,' by T. B. Forster; 'Wych Street,' by Philip Norman; 'A Bit of London Town,' by B. W. Spiers; 'Church of the Trinity, Falaise,' by Luther Hooper, evidencing care and affection for his subject; and 'Spring-time,' by A. F. Cobb. Of flower subjects, and landscapes in which flowers are the dominant feature, there is no end: from the multitude we select at once 'The Porch,' by W. C. Wontner; 'The Ruins of Halnaker House,' by A. Parsons; 'Meadow-sweet,' by Edith Martineau; and 'A Village Garden,' by Mary Forster.

ENGRAVINGS IN MEZZOTINT.—The Burlington Fine Arts Club has brought together an interesting historical collection of mezzotint engravings, which are exhibited in the gallery of the club in Savile Row. From the discoverer of the art, Ludwig von Siegen, who produced the first scraped plate about 1640, to David Lucas, the engraver of Constable's works, the exhibition possesses characteristic specimens of the more celebrated mezzotint engravers. As is stated in the introduction to the catalogue, "the present collection does not give the uninitiated a fair idea of the difference between an early proof and a late print from a mezzotinted plate. The collector knows only too well the difficulty of procuring early proofs of those tender and perishable plates, which seem to be beautiful in proportion to their inability to resist the destructive effect of the muslin and the press. These prints, however, require no eulogy to recommend them; their highest praise has been the sincere prophecy of more than one painter, that his designs would through them live and be famous, long after his pictures had faded from their canvas."

THE MILLAIS EXHIBITION.—A new gallery, which owes its name of the Nelson Room to the fact that that hero once lived there, has been happily inaugurated by The Fine Art Society with a collection of the works of that thoroughly English painter, Mr. Millais, R.A. It has been noted by the majority of the press that the collection, comprising as it does nineteen pictures, is a small one, evidently in forgetfulness of the fact that it was Mr. Millais himself who limited the number, he being of opinion that a single representation of each phase of his career was more likely to be of

instruction than a dozen; and that owners of pictures do not care to bare their walls even at the request of so distinguished an artist. As it is, some £40,000 worth of pictures were generously placed at his disposal, only one picture, 'The Huguenots,' being perforce refused him, owing to a restriction placed upon it by the will of its late purchaser. Their owners have the satisfaction of feeling that any discomfort they may undergo, by being deprived for a time of their works, is counterbalanced by the knowledge that they possess an example by which Mr. Millais has elected to be judged.

It would be difficult to find better evidence of the change which the much-despised pre-Raphaelites have effected in the English school of Art than in the manner in which Mr. Millais' early works are received by the press now, contrasted with the criticisms of thirty years ago. The picture of 'Christ in the House of his Parents,' in 1850, was skied at the Academy; so too the 'Isabella and Lorenzo' (which the *Art Journal* alone eulogized) was called by the *Athenæum* "an absurd piece of mannerism." The *Times* went farther, and thus delivered itself:—"The Academy, acting in a spirit of toleration to young artists, have now allowed these extravagances to disgrace their walls for the last three years, and though we cannot prevent men who are capable of better things from wasting their talents on ugliness and conceit, the public may fairly require that such offensive jests should not continue to be exposed as specimens of the waywardness of those artists who have relapsed into the infancy of their profession." These much-abused pictures now excite admiration on all sides when persons are sensible enough to overlook the faults of composition in the presence of marvels of deft handiwork, which not even Millais' great master, Van Eyck, could surpass. The two pictures are now spoken of as "illustrating in a delightful manner the modesty and earnestness of the painter's studentship," as being "rivals of the works of the greatest Italian painters," "exquisite in drawing and reverential pathos." Artists innumerable have been fain to acknowledge that until they saw them they little knew the apprenticeship that Mr. Millais had undergone, and they cease to wonder at the marvellous facility with which he now wields his brush. These earlier pictures, too, are notable for their splendid preservation; not a tint has gone, not a crack has appeared. Had our colourmen produced one of them at the meeting held last year to complain of their compounds, they would indeed have discomfited their opponents.

Space will not permit us to do more than mention the names of the selected works. In order of date they range thus: 'Portrait of Mr. Fenn,' 'Isabella,' 'Ferdinand and Ariel,' 'The Carpenter's Shop,' 'The Woodman's Daughter,' 'The Order of Release,' 'Autumn Leaves,' 'The Vale of Rest,' 'The Boyhood of Raleigh,' 'The Gambler's Wife,' 'The Minuet,' 'The North-west Passage,' 'Chill October,' 'The Yeoman of the Guard,' 'The Princes in the Tower,' 'Portrait of the Painter,' 'Cherry Ripe;' and last of all, an unexhibited and recently painted picture of 'The Princess Elizabeth in Prison'—a lovely portrait of a little lady.

One of the first painters of the day thus expressed to us his opinion on the exhibition, and it may well be inserted here as the tribute of the profession to Mr. Millais:—

"In the present stage of artistic development among us, I do not know of any quality so captivating as unaffected manliness, and this I think is the mainspring of Millais' success. His magnificent colour faculty and his true dramatic faculty would always have insured him a conspicuous place in Art, but we have some other performers strong in these respects. Millais' frank and powerful handling, his simple and unaffected faith in nature, stand quite alone, and on this account it is, I think, that every honest Englishman is his disciple. The whole of his artistic career has been consistent; the finished sculpturesque sense shown in the heads and hands of his earlier pictures hardly differs from that of Van Eyck, so that he may be said to have begun where the great Fleming left off, and all that we have seen since has been consistent development. Given a beautiful object, there is now no other artist who can paint its portrait with anything like his splendid ease and fidelity; and I think he must always stand out as the central figure in the history of modern realism, if not as the founder of the school. Several of his contemporaries set out with fine abilities and equally high purpose. Some of them are now under the turf, others of them have faded off into one form of imbecility or another, or been overwhelmed by the world. Millais looked neither to the right nor the left, nor behind, and he never wavered, however the world howled—a man of incomparable strength, and of endurance like granite."

Exhibition of Paintings by Swiss Artists.—The *Cercle des Beaux Arts* of Geneva have opened an exhibition of their members' works at 168, New Bond Street. It is of a strictly national character, and is said to be the first time that a representative body of artists in a foreign city has sent a collection of pictures to London to be exhibited alone. They comprise works by the best Swiss painters, living and deceased; some lent by the Swiss Government, and others from private galleries.

The Hague.—A Loan Exhibition has been opened in the King's Palace of works of the most eminent Dutch painters, comprising hitherto unexhibited pictures by Rembrandt, Ruysdael, Teniers, Jan Steen, Frans Hals, Ostade, and Wouvermans. The proceeds are to be devoted towards relieving sufferers from recent inundations in Holland. It will remain open until the 20th of April.

Madrid Fine Art Exhibition.—It has been proposed to hold a series of Fine Art Exhibitions in Madrid, to include (1) Paintings, Stained Glass, Lithographs, Wood Engravings, and Etchings; (2) Sculpture; (3) Architecture; and (4) All works considered by the jury worthy of a place in the exhibition, although not expressly included under any of these headings. Foreign as well as Spanish artists may contribute, but only the works of living painters will be received; and each exhibitor may submit to the jury an unlimited number of works in each class. The first exhibition is to open in April, and the others at intervals of three months between each. Further information may be obtained at the office of the Spanish Legation, 12, Queen's Gate Place.

Nottingham Castle Museum.—The third annual report was presented on March 7th. The Museum having been described in the *Art Journal* for 1878, it is unnecessary to give more than a few additional details. Nearly 300 objects were added during the year to the collection, mostly of lace and medals, two only being paintings. At the Local Artists' Exhibition—which is to be continued annually—200 pictures were hung, the sales amounting to £270. The first China-painting Exhibition was also successful. From November, 1879, to October, 1880, over 212,000 persons visited the Museum, nearly 90,000 being by season tickets.

Leeds.—The third exhibition of the Fine Art Society was opened on March 1st. It illustrates the art of house-furnishing in the seventeenth century. There are numerous old oak cabinets, chimney-pieces, tables, chairs, long settles, chests, and a magnificent oak bedstead, supposed to have been the property of the Abbots of Kirkstall Abbey. There are a few ancient clocks and watches, a select but choice collection of antique silver plate, and Italian filigree silver-work. Early needlework, silk embroidery, and old English purses find a place in the rooms. Some of the old oak cabinets are filled with specimens of Wedgwood, Spode, brown Derby, china, and old Leeds pottery-ware. There are a few old paintings and engravings. One engraving of Kirkstall Abbey, of the date 1723, illustrates the havoc that time, the elements, and the destructive hands of ignorant men have made in this venerable and beautiful ruin during the last century and a half. The Leeds school of china painting is represented by a case of its choice productions.

Aberdeen.—It has been proposed to hold an exhibition of works by the late John Phillip, R.A., who was a native of the district.

The Irish Fine Art Society.—The members of this society opened their exhibition in Dublin on March 7th, with a collection in which the water colours far exceed the oils. The new members contribute largely, the exhibitors being principally ladies.

ART NOTICES FOR APRIL:—

Exhibitions:—

Sending-in Days.—Pictures by invited artists will be received at the Grosvenor Gallery in the second week.—City of London Society receive pictures on the 11th and 12th, and sculpture on the 15th.—Albert Hall Exhibition of Fine Arts, 22nd and 23rd.—The Council of the Albert Hall announce that they are prepared to receive for exhibition in May such works of Art as have been submitted during the present year to the Royal Academy and conditionally retained by them, but which cannot be placed at Burlington House for want of space. The production of the letter received by the artist from the Royal Academy will be necessary to insure admission. Days for the reception of these works, 25th and 26th.—Decorative Art Exhibition, 25th to 30th.—Devon and Cornwall Exhibition, Plymouth, end of month.

Opening Days.—Exhibition of Old English Embroidery at the School of Art, Exhibition Road, South Kensington; open

from 1st to 9th.—Society of Painters in Water Colours, 11th; Institute of Painters in Water Colours, 25th; Brighton Water Colours, at beginning of month.

Closing Days.—Irish Fine Art Society, Dublin, 2nd; Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, 25th.

Art Union of London General Meeting, 26th.—On the 28th the private view, and on the 29th the banquet, of the Royal Academy are held.—On the 29th the private view of the Grosvenor Gallery is held.

On April 6th Prof. A. H. Church will lecture, at the Society of Arts, on "The Discrimination and Artistic Use of Precious Stones."

April 15th being Good Friday, all galleries are closed.

ART NOTES.

It is to be hoped that prior to the opening of the Royal Academy the galleries will be repainted, papered, and cleaned. Nothing detracts from the enjoyment of an exhibition so much as dingy surroundings. The introduction of late years of a parterre of flowers in the central room has been often spoken of as an absolute rest to wearied eyes. The parquet too should be kept in better condition, and a lesson in this respect might be taken from the Louvre, which, although open all the year round, is remarkable for the cleanly appearance of its flooring.

Kew Gardens are hardly as much valued by the artist as they should be. In the forest portion, which abuts on the river, almost every variety of English tree is to be found in unrestrained luxuriance—or rather was, for we regret to hear that the factories of Isleworth are working sad havoc amongst them. When will the country rouse itself sufficiently to recognise the untold loss which it is daily suffering by its laziness and want of unanimity in not insisting upon the abatement of the smoke nuisance? In this instance we pay for gardens, but never trouble to see that they are kept up.

The appeal for subscriptions from members of the University of Oxford, for placing a statue of Mr. Ruskin in the galleries there, has, we understand, been so little responded to, that enough money has only been raised to purchase a bust. It is hard to believe that a university which has received so many munificent gifts from its former professor cannot raise more than a few pounds for such a purpose from amongst all the thousands who sat at his feet and crowded his lectures to suffocation.

The oil painting of John Milton which Lamb's brother bought for a few shillings, and which subsequently passed into the hands of Charles Lamb, was sold last month, and after keen competition between two London booksellers was knocked down for £350. This is the picture of which Lamb wrote to Wordsworth, "It is the genuine Milton, and an object of quiet gaze for the half-hour at a time. Yet, though I am confident there is no better one of him, the face does not quite answer to Milton. There is a tinge of *petit* (or *petite*, how do you spell it?) querulousness about it; yet, hang it! now I remember better, there is not; it is calm, melancholy, and poetical."

One of the exhibits of the Melbourne Exhibition was a dwelling-house entirely made of paper, and furnished throughout with the same material. The walls, roof, floorings, joists, ceilings, and staircases were all of carton-pierre, while the carpets, curtains, bedsteads and bedding, the lamps, the towels, the baths, and kitchen utensils were all of different preparations of papier-mâché; and not only this, but the stoves, in which large fires were kept burning daily, were also made of paper. The ingenious fabricator gave some banquets in his paper mansion, the same material contributing to the tablecloths, dishes, knives and forks, bottles and tumblers.

The sign-board of the Royal Oak Hotel at Bettws-y-Coed, after being bandied about from court to court, has, by the decision of the Lords Justices of Appeal, been handed over to the owner of the inn, and as a consequence will be reinstated on the premises where David Cox, in painting it, always intended it should remain; for the contention that he executed it merely to show his affection for the innkeeper, and not for the place, could not be maintained. It is curious how the arguments adduced pro and con have increased since it was first litigated in the Bangor Court of Bankruptcy, and the ultimate decision appears to have been founded on grounds which were not thought of in the first instance.

As a work of Art this sign-board was very much overrated, and the considerable costs which have been piled up in fighting the case through three courts would, no doubt, have never been incurred but for the legend that a connoisseur had once offered £1,000 for it. If such a person ever did, he probably was kith and kin to one we once met at that very hotel, who, hailing from Lancashire, was for ever dilating on his gallery of pictures, and what he had paid for them. When interrogated as to whether he possessed an example of such and such a master—say, for instance, Landseer—he would turn to his wife and ask, "My dear, have I a Landseer?" who answered, "Yes, of course; you know you gave twenty-four hundred pounds for it, and it hangs behind the door in the front parlour, and it's got some dogs in it."

Bad times for Art apparently mean good times for its charities. Last year the income of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution was £5,434, as against £3,548 in 1879. The amount distributed amongst 145 applicants, in sums varying from £10 to £80, was £3,550, as against £2,677. The invested funds now amount to £25,000. A distinguishing feature of the charity is that no one beyond the Council knows to whom the donations are given, the only clue being the long list in the balance sheet, containing much food for pathetic reflection, such as the following:—"A female drawer of microscopic larvæ, aged forty-seven, 9th donation, £10." The working expenses are commendably low, and, what is unusual, do not increase in proportion to the income. The annual dinner takes place on the 14th of May, and friends of the charity are reminded that its continued prosperity depends upon the success of these meetings.

The Artists' Orphan Fund is an offshoot of the above, and until recently was almost entirely supported by a generous anonymous contributor, but who through reverses has been compelled to withdraw his assistance. The subscriptions last year amounted to £925, and were supplemented by a grant of £500 from the parent fund, a donation by Mrs. Freake of £600, the proceeds of a series of tableaux, and by other gifts. As a result fifty-six children received assistance, as against sixty-five in the preceding year. The capital account, which amounted to £22,000, has been increased by legacies of £5,000 from the late Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., and of £1,000 from the late Charles Landseer, A.R.A. The expenses of maintenance were but £65.

It has been decided that the Temple Bar Memorial shall remain where it is. Its actual cost has been ascertained as follows:—For preliminary works, foundations, laying foundation stone, scaffolding, granite-work, masonry, carving, and modelling, £5,266 4s. 3d.; Mr. Boehm, A.R.A., for the two royal statues, £2,152 10s.; Mr. Birch, A.R.A., for the griffin, £1,081 10s.; Mr. Mabey, for the models and bas-reliefs, £1,218 15s.; Mr. Kelsey, for a bas-relief, £385; lamps, £450; photographs, £39 9s. 6d.; and for draughtsmen, clerk of the works, and expenses, £102 18s.; total, £10,696 6s. 9d.

Art Query.—The painter of a drawing of flowers, painted about thirty years ago, with the accompanying monogram, in red, very small?

The Wimbledon School of Art Needlework, which has been in existence for some four years, is about to be enlarged, and its usefulness extended, by adding to the work already undertaken decorative painting on metal, wood, china, &c., etching on copper, and wood carving. A house has been taken near the Wimbledon station, where resident students (gentlewomen), to the number of eighteen, can be accommodated. Classes will also be held for non-resident students. Particulars may be obtained of the Hon. Secretary, Miss Bennett, South Wimbledon.

After a sleep of fully fifty years the good folks at Newcastle-on-Tyne have suddenly wakened up and become very excited about the drawings, engravings, and woodcuts of their townsman, Thomas Bewick. Considering that he died so far back as 1828, and that his daughters, who have lived in Newcastle these ninety years, have always felt that their father's memory was by no means as honoured in his native town as it should be, this sudden activity and worrying of the old ladies seems at the best most unaccountable. It appears to be only another instance of the sheep which will all follow when one will lead. The recent appreciation in London of Bewick's drawings, as shown by the criticisms of the press respecting, and the attendance of the public at, the exhibition held there last autumn, has induced in these canny Newcastle people a belief that they had a genius in their fellow-townsman. As a consequence, a memorial has been signed by every notability in the town and district, asking the Misses Bewick to rescind the intended bequest of their father's works to the British Museum, and hand them over to the town. As ebullitions of this kind oftentimes cool down as quickly as they have boiled up, we fervently hope that the advisers of these ladies will succeed in holding them fast to their original intention of bequeathing them to the nation.

OBITUARY.

It will probably be a surprise to many to hear that Mr. William Andrew Nesfield, the well-known water-colour painter, died only on the 2nd ult. Elected to the Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1823, he was the contemporary of those founders of that great art who have long since taken their seats in the Temple of Fame—Barrett, Finch, Copley Fielding, Harding, and Prout. He was a man of many professions: first he went into the army, and under Wellington in Spain, and afterwards under Sir Gordon Drummond in Canada, saw much active service. Then for thirty years he followed the profession of a water-colour painter, but about the same number of years ago he gave up the brush and became a landscape gardener, in which also he achieved success. The years of his life were eighty-eight.

ART SALES.

The pictures belonging to the late Mr. Charles Kurtz were sold by Messrs. Christie on February 12th. Of the water-colour drawings—Rosa Bonheur, 'Sheep,' in sepia, sold for £118. Pictures:—R. Ansdell, R.A., and J. Phillip, R.A., 'The Spanish Muleteer,' £173; Auguste Bonheur, 'Cattle on the Banks of a River,' £231; Henriette Brown, 'An Armenian Cap Maker,' £232; T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Defeat of Kellerman's Cuirassiers and Carabineers by Somerset's Cavalry Brigade at Waterloo,' £420; G. Doré, 'An Alpine Scene,' £252; J. Dyckmans, 'Paying Accounts,' £157; L. Escosura, 'The Singing Lesson,' £252; L. Gallait, 'Columbus in Prison,' £504; 'The Neapolitan Flower Girl,' £304; 'Tasso in Prison,' £472; J. L. Gérôme, 'Neapolitan Women,' £173; 'A Neapolitan Bagpipe Player,' £168; J. H. L. De Haas, 'Going to the Fields,' £152; N. E. Keyser, 'Columbus and his Child in the Convent of Petre Santa,' £278; B. C. Koekkoek, 'A View on the Meuse,' £299; L. Knaus, 'Scene during the Rebel War in Germany in Fourteenth Century,' £451; 'La Consolation,' £142; H. Merle, 'Marguerite trying on the Jewels,' £420; Erskine Nicol, 'The Sabbath Day,' £570; A. Piot, 'A Child with Flowers,' £246; Alma-Tadema, R.A., 'The Ambush Attack,' £451; Herman Tenkate, 'Dividing the Spoil,' £150; Eugène Verbœkhoven, 'The Coming Storm,' £472; 'Sheep and Poultry in a Stable,' £273. The following marble statues belonged to the collection:—B. E. Spence, 'Flora Macdonald,' £117; 'Highland Mary,' £178; 'Sabrina,' £189.

Some very fine old Sèvres and Dresden china services and vases, with some costly decorative furniture in the style of Louis XVI., were recently sold at Christie's. Two old Dresden vases and covers, fruit and flowers in relief, mounted in ormolu, 20 inches high, sold for £404; a feuille-de-choux pattern dessert service of old Sèvres, painted with bouquets of flowers, 80 pieces, £970; a beautiful cabaret, gros bleu ground, painted with Cupids in medallions, with two handles and open-worked border, teapot and cover, sucrier, and cup and saucer, £446 5s.; a fluted two-handled jardinière, gros bleu, white and gold, painted on each side with flowers in medallions, £189; a pair of small vases, with pierced necks and covers, painted with festoons of flowers and chintz pattern decoration, £598 10s.; a pair of oviform turquoise vases and covers, pierced necks, painted with bouquets suspended from ribbons, in medallions, £441; an oviform vase and cover, deep blue ground, painted with figures and cattle, gilt open-work handles, £210; an oblong-shaped jardinière, with division, turquoise ground, with group of fruit in medallion, £162 15s.; pair of jardinières, turquoise ground, with white and gold scroll handles, medallions of figures and flowers, £152 5s.; a pair of seated figures of children, coloured and gilt, of old Sèvres, 6 inches high, sold for the unprecedented price of £556 10s.; a large majolica pilgrim's bottle, with mask handles, painted with classical figures, £126; an oval agate bowl, cover and stand mounted with enamelled gold, handle formed as a dragon, cover surmounted by a figure of Neptune, £162 15s. Decorative Furniture:—A parqueterie table, the top inlaid with plaque painted with flowers, £102 18s.; a bonheur-du-jour cabinet, tulip-wood, with white marble shelves, £100 16s.; an upright secrétaire, inlaid with three Sèvres plaques, £157 10s.; a large Louis XV. clock, in scroll case surmounted by a figure, £131 5s.; a Louis XVI. regulator clock, in high white and gold case carved with flowers, masks, and ornaments, £141 5s.; a bonheur-du-jour cabinet, with Vernis Martin plaques and marble top, £220 10s.; an old French cabinet, with shaped front and two doors painted with figures, masks, and ornaments in colours on gold ground, £399; a Vernis Martin casket, painted with landscapes and figures, on stand, £204 5s.; a small chest of three drawers, painted with landscapes and figures on gold ground, £204; a library table, inlaid with coloured woods on black ground, richly mounted with busts and masks, £120 15s.

Forthcoming Sales of Works of Art.—At Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Wood's, the collection of pictures belonging to H. R. Willis, Esq., on April 2nd; the Bicknell collection of pictures, drawings, and sculpture on the 7th. At Sotheby's, a collection of Art books about middle of April. At Cassel, a collection of pictures by Italian, German, Dutch, and French painters, which are for sale, may be viewed by applying to L. Pfeiffer, Banking House, Cassel.

NEW BOOKS.

"Decoration and Furniture of Town Houses," by R. W. Edis (Kegan Paul & Co.).—This work is an amplification of a series of lectures which were delivered by Mr. Edis before the Society of Arts last year. The reports of the press at the time led one to expect that the lectures, if put into book form, would be acceptable to the public; and this is hardly doubtful. There is no one who proposes to do anything as regards the decoration or the furnishing of his house but will welcome a volume in which he will be able to find hints on almost every subject respecting which he may require information, and all argued out from a common-sense point of view. As an example of the detail into which the book goes, particulars are almost always given as to cost, and many who have paid long bills to their decorators will be surprised to hear that cornices may be tinted in two or three different colours at 2d. a yard. It is a pity that the illustrations are so indifferently drawn; a first look may dissuade many from dipping further into the work. For instance, in the frontispiece of a drawing-room corner there is hardly anything that is in artistic perspective. They also give one a notion that the author is inclined to overload everything with decoration, and to crowd every available space with furniture and crockery. We must not, however, quarrel with, but applaud, a work that seeks the promulgation of the more reasonable and wholesome views on these subjects which are nowadays coming into vogue.

"Electrotyping," by T. W. Urquhart, C.E. (Crosby Lockwood & Co.), 5s.—The author has added another to his practical manuals which deal with electro-metallurgic art. This time it has special reference to the production of "printing electrotypes," and to the reproduction of Art work. The art has within the last few years advanced with such wonderful rapidity that it is now practised as an important auxiliary in industries of the most varied descriptions, and methods employed only ten years ago may now be considered in great part obsolete. It appears that America is first in the race, but England is in advance of her continental neighbours. The book is so thoroughly practical that it assumes to start with an entire ignorance on the reader's part of electricity. He is, therefore, conducted through its leading laws, then through the metals used by electrotypers, the apparatus, and the depositing processes up to the final preparation of the work.

"The Picturesque Album" (Bradbury, Wilkinson & Co.).—So many persons, professionals as well as amateurs, have endeavoured to illustrate a photographic album, and have signally failed, that one which rises above this category is worthy of notice, if only thereby to show that ornamentation can be rightly applied to such a purpose. Etching being now the mode, recourse has been had to that process, and the assistance of one of the brothers Slocombe, who were amongst the earliest of our English etchers, has been enlisted, with a very pleasing result.

"Charcoal Drawing" (Crosby Lockwood & Co.).—An American translation, by Elizabeth H. Appleton, of Karl Roberts's treatise on "Landscape Drawing in Charcoal." When one has got over the natural objections to being called a "dear reader," as much may be learnt from this manual of the recently invented, but most useful study of charcoal drawing, as it is possible without recourse to the help of a master.

"Practical Keramics," by Charles A. Janvier (Chatto and Windus).—This also is by an American. It gives, for the use of students, in as small a compass as possible, a clear account of the manufacture and decoration of pottery of all kinds. The many who now interest themselves in this wise will do well to gather herefrom that essential preliminary to good work, a knowledge of pastes, glazes, and baking. Other readers will be glad to learn something of the various American wares, of which little if anything is known in this country.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

THE ETCHINGS OF MÉRYON.

THE collection of English Drawings is obviously a large subject; so is the collection of Ivories—a volume might agreeably be written on either business; but the collection of the works of a single master of engraving is a much smaller affair, especially when, as in the case of Charles Méryon, the artist produced not quite one hundred plates, and some of them copies, and some of them insignificant. Rembrandt, who, in the course of a longer life than Méryon's, etched about as many prints as there are days in the year, affords—as it were by exception—a mass of material to the writer occupied with a monograph. But the great French etcher, who died only thirteen years ago in a public madhouse near Paris, should be more briefly disposed of. The question is a sufficiently simple one—that which we have to answer—which to possess of the "sombre epics" and lovely lyrics wrought during the time in which his spirit was most brilliant and his hand firmest.

Méryon's fame rests on the achievements of a very few years. The period comprised between 1850 and 1854 saw the production, not indeed of everything he did which deserves to live, but of all that is sufficient to insure life for the rest. Isolated work of solid or of spirited kind he did before and after; many of his pretty and carefully planned drawings were made earlier than 1850, and several of the more engaging of his etchings were made after 1854; but the four years between these dates were the years in which he conceived and executed his 'Paris,' which was something more than a collection of etchings—which was a poem and a satirical commentary on the life he recorded. Moreover, Méryon is quite pre-eminently the etcher of one great theme. Among richly endowed artists, who have looked at life broadly, it is rare and difficult to discover one whose work has evidenced such faithful and passionate concentration. It is difficult to find that concentration even in the labour of such artists as are comparatively unimaginative, of such as are generally content to confine themselves to patient record of the thing that actually is—of such an engraver, say, as Hollar. It is doubly difficult to find an imaginative artist, of wide outlook and deep experience, so much the painter of one set of facts or one series of visions. He will generally have been anxious to give form to very diverse impressions, that came to him at various times and under changing circumstances. Now it was landscape that interested him, and now it was portraiture, and now again ideal composition or traditional romance. And in each he may have fairly succeeded—on the interpretation of each he may have set his mark. But Méryon, though stress of circumstances obliged him to do work beyond the limits of his choice, did such work, generally speaking, with only too painful a labour, and only too little of promptings from within to lighten the dulness of the task. There are, of course, exceptions; one or two in his landscape, if there are none in his portraiture. But the beginning and the end of his art, as far as the world can be asked to be seriously concerned with it, lay in the imaginative record—now faithfully simple, now transfigured and nobly visionary—of the city which requited him but ill for his devotion to its most poetical and its most prosaic features. It is the etchings of Paris, then, that the collector will naturally first seek.

Nearly all, but not quite all, the etchings of Paris are included in what is sometimes known as the "published set." Not that the twelve major and the eleven minor pieces comprised in that were ever really published by fashionable print-sellers to an inquiring and eager public. But they were at least so arranged and put together that this might have happened had Méryon's star been a lucky one. In Méryon's mind they constituted a work, to which the few other Parisian subjects afterwards came as a not unsuitable addition. Like the plates of Liber Studiorum, they were to be looked at together. Together the plates of Liber represented the range of Turner's art; together the etchings "on Paris" represented Méryon's vision of the aspect of the town and of its life.

In beginning a collection of Méryon's, I imagine it to be important not only to begin with one of the 'Paris,' but with a significant example from it—a typical and important etching. The twelve views—if "views" they have to be called, but pictures proper I should prefer to call them—Méryon himself numbered in issuing, rather late in his life, the last impressions of them. The numbered impressions being, as I say, the very last "states," are not the impressions to cherish, but these are the subjects of them (and the subjects, in finer impressions, will all be wanted):—'Le Stryge,' 'Le Petit Pont,' 'L'Arche du Pont Notre-Dame,' 'La Galerie de Notre-Dame,' 'La Tour de l'Horloge,' 'Tourelle, Rue de la Tixéranderie,' 'St. Étienne-du-Mont,' 'La Pompe, Notre-Dame,' 'Le Pont Neuf,' 'Le Pont-au-Change,' 'La Morgue,' and, lastly, the 'Abside de Notre-Dame.' Before these things, between them, and again at the end of them, are certain minor designs, not to be confused with that "Minor Work," chiefly copies and dull portraiture, described briefly in my little Catalogue, which is devoted in the main to the work of genius with which it is worth while to be concerned. The minor designs, of which it is just now question, belong most properly to the 'Paris,' and are an essential part of it, doing humble but, as I am certain Méryon thought, necessary ser-

* Continued from page 102.

vice. In a sense they may be called head-pieces and tail-pieces to the greater subjects of which alone the list lies above. Sometimes they are ornament, but always significant ornament; sometimes they are direct commentary. Either way, they bear upon the whole, but yet are less important to begin with than those twelve pieces already named. So it was, at all events, in Méryon's mind; but of one or two of them it is true also that they have a beauty and perfection, within their limited scheme, lacking to one or two of the more important to which they serve humbly as page or outrider. The one lyric note of the 'Rue des Mauvais Garçons,' for instance, is, in its own way, as complete a thing as is the magnificent epic of 'Abside' or 'Morgue;' it is greater far than 'La Pompe, Notre-Dame,' or than 'Le Petit Pont.' Mr. Hamerton, a specialist in etching, but a writer making no claim to the narrower speciality of minute acquaintance with Méryon, has praised 'La Pompe, Notre-Dame.' He has praised it for merits which really exist, and it is only relatively that the praise is, as it seems to me, undeserved. The print is really a wonderful victory over technical difficulties, but so is nearly



Le Stryge.

everything that Méryon did; and not all the genius nor all the patient craft of the artist can make us, when we know the plate well, forget the ugly lines of it. Its realism is realism of too bold an order. As to 'Le Petit Pont,' it has no grace of composition. More than anything else that Méryon did in his noble 'Paris,' it is a fine architectural drawing alone—an elevation, as it were. It is a one-sided thing; a thing in which the charm of *ensemble* has been entirely overlooked; clever, sturdy, solid; but it is not a picture.

The 'Abside,' of which an exceedingly adroit reproduction is given with this present essay, is generally accounted the masterpiece of Méryon, in right of its solemn and austere beauty. A rich and delicate impression of this print is then the crown of a Méryon collection. The impression must be obtained in a state before the dainty detail of the apse, and the still daintier workmanship of the roof in soft radiant light, have suffered deterioration through wear. It must be richly printed. The First State is practically not to be found. I suppose there are not in existence half-a-dozen impressions of it. I know only of three, or at most



four. A Second State is, therefore, the one to be aimed at, and just because there were so few impressions taken of the First, it stands to reason that the earliest impressions of the Second are, in their exquisite quality, all that sane judges can desire. These are on thinnish wiry paper—old Dutch—often a little cockled. The green or greenish paper Méryon was fond of he never used for the 'Abside.' The poorer impressions of the Second State are on thick modern paper, very uniform of surface, and so, unlike the older and better, which, as I say, is wiry as well as thinnish. After the Second State, which, when carefully chosen, is apt to be so beautiful, comes a Third, a Fourth, a Fifth—deteriorations all of them, and downward steps in the passage from noble Art to the miserable issue of a thing which is no longer the picture which the artist conceived.*

Not much more need be said in detail here as to the larger prints of the great 'Paris,' but there is still a little. In the shape of the plate, and in breadth of distant view, the 'Pont-au-Change' is the companion to the 'Abside.' In this case there exist some fine impressions on the thickish, and some on the greenish paper; but the same paper that is preferable in the case of the 'Abside' may also be sought for here The 'Pont-au-Change' is one of those prints which have submitted to the most serious alterations. A wild flight of gigantic birds against the rolling sky is the first innovation, and though it removes from the picture all its early calm, and something of its sanity, it has a charm of its own—a weird suggestiveness. The next change, when the flight of birds gives place to a flight of smaller balloons (unlike the one large balloon which was poised in the sky before ever the birds got there), is a more pronounced mistake. The 'Tour de l'Horloge' has also submitted to change, but not in a state in which it need occupy the careful collector. In certain late impressions Méryon, convinced, in the restlessness of mental ill-health, that one side of the tall Palais de Justice was left in his picture monotonous and dull, shot great shafts of light across it, and these became the things that caught the eye. He had forgotten, then, the earlier wisdom and more consummate art by which, when the plate was first wrought, he had placed the quiet space of shadowed building as a foil to the many-paned window by the side of it. The change is an instructive, and even a pathetic commentary on the ease with which artistic conceptions slip away, they themselves forgotten, and the excellence that they had beautifully achieved ignored even by the mind that gave them birth.

The 'St. Étienne-du-Mont' is one of those few etchings which possess the abiding charm of absolutely perfect things. In it a subject entirely beautiful and dignified is treated with singular dignity of spirit and faultless exactitude of hand. It shows—nothing can show better—that characteristic of Méryon, the union of the courage of realism and the sentiment of poetry: the builders' scaffolding, and the workmen's figures, for modern life and labour; Gothic stones, and the shadow of the narrow street, and the closely draped women hurrying on their way, for old-world sentiment and the mystery of the town. But I suppose a chapter might be written on its beauty and excellence. I mention it here partly because it too submits to change, though change less important than that in the 'Pont-au-Change,' and less destructive than that in the 'Tour de l'Horloge.' Not to speak of sundry inscriptions, sundry wall placards, which Méryon in restlessness was minded to alter, he could never quite satisfy himself about the attitude of one of the workmen on the scaffolding. Three states represent as many changes in this figure, and all these—as a matter at all events of minor interest—it is pleasant to collect. Here, in the 'St. Étienne,' as so often in the etchings of Méryon, the First State is the one of which the impressions are the most numerous, though even in this piece of writing, that does not take the place of a catalogue, we have had



St. Étienne-du-Mont.

occasion to note one instance out of some in which it is not so. But generally it is so. And so the Méryon collector has to be even more careful than the collector of Liber about the impression which he buys. He must have an early state, but it is not enough to have an early state. He must most diligently teach himself to perceive what is really a fine example of it. He must not fall into the commonest vice of the unintelligent purchaser—be captivated by the mere word,

* The references to States, in this article, are necessarily to the enumeration and description of them in my "Méryon and Méryon's Paris, with a Descriptive Catalogue of the Artist's Work."

forego his own judgment, and buy "First States" with dull determination.

Presently the collector of the 'Paris' will legitimately want the smaller pieces, some of which I have called "tail-pieces"—all are commentaries and connecting links. Some are beautiful, complete, and significant, as has already been said, but generally the significance is more remarkable than the beauty. They bind together, almost as an appropriate text itself might bind together, what might otherwise be detached pictures. They complete the thought of Méryon, and make its expression clear. Thus, the etched cover for the Paris set bears the title, "Eaux Fortes sur Paris," on a representation of a slab of fossiliferous limestone, suggesting the material which made it possible to build Paris on the spot where it stands. Then there is a set of etched verses, wholly without other ornament than such as may be found in their prettily fantastic form—verses that bewail the life of Paris. Again, lines to accompany the 'Pont-au-Change' with its great balloon. These things recall William Blake—the method by which the 'Songs of Innocence' first found their limited public. Again, the 'Tombeau de Molière,'—Méryon thinks there must be place in his 'Paris' for the one representative French writer of imaginative literature—the cynic,



Arms symbolical of the City of Paris.

analyst, comedian. And, to name one more little print, but not to exhaust the list, there is a graceful embodiment of wayward fancy to accompany the 'Pompe, Notre-Dame.' It is called 'La Petite Pompe," represents the Pompe in small; gives us verses regretting half playfully, half affectionately, the removal of so familiar a landmark, and surrounds all with a flowing border of rare elegance and simple invention, of which the value to us is that it shows what Méryon might have been as a pure ornamentist, as a pure decorator.

But a few other brilliant and poetical records of Paris lie—it has been said already—outside the published set, claim a place almost with the greater illustrations we have spoken of before, and must surely be sought. The 'Tourelle, dite de Marat,' is one of these, and it is Méryon's chronicle of the place where Charlotte Corday did the deed by which we remember her. Except for the interest of observing a change, due, I may suppose, to the dulled imagination of a fairly shrewd tradesman—a change whereby all symbolism and significance passed out of this wonderful little print—it is useless to have this etching in any state after the First published one. For after the First published one the picture and the poem become merely a view; there is nothing to connect the place with Marat's tragedy, and Méryon has been suffered to represent, not the 'Tourelle, dite de Marat,' but 'No. 22, Street of the School of Medicine.' And the First State is already rare. There were few impressions of it. It was too imaginative for the every-day public. But here is an instance in which Trial proofs—generally to be avoided—may fairly be sought for along with the First State. Distributed among different collectors is a little succession of Trial proofs with different dates of May and June written in pencil by Méryon in the margin. Even at their beginning, the work is tolerably effective; at their end it is practically completed. Also outside the published set of 'Paris' are two little etchings, which are particularly noteworthy, and which, by reason of the extreme and astounding delicacy of some of their work, it is, I think, especially well to secure in the early Trial proof states, on the rare occasions when one has the chance. These are the 'Pont-au-Change vers 1784'—which no one can possibly confuse with the greater 'Pont-au-Change'—and 'Le Pont Neuf et la Samaritaine.' As far as the practical presentation of all the subject is concerned, the rare Trial proofs of these prints are all that can be wanted, and they possess, moreover, an exquisite refinement of light of which the published, and especially the later published, examples give no hint. All impressions of these two little plates are worthy of respect; for these plates were never worked down to the wrecks and skeletons of some of the others; but, nevertheless, it is only in the earliest impressions that we can fully see the lovely lines, and light and shade of the background in the 'Pont-au-Change vers 1784'—it must be had "before the great dark rope"—and the sunlit house-fronts of 'Le Pont Neuf la Samaritaine.'

Of the Bourges Etchings, which are all good, though none of quite the first importance, the best is the 'Rue des Toiles.' It is a varied picture, admirably finished—the others are engaging sketches. Of the remaining etchings, by which Méryon best commends himself to those who know him, it is enough, perhaps, here to speak of two. 'Océanie—Pêche aux Palmes,' is the only quite satisfactory record of the scenery of the Antipodes. 'Rochoux's Address Card' is curious because, in executing the business address card of the only dealer who substantially encouraged him, Méryon contrived to press into his little plate so much of what he had already found and shown to be suggestive in the features of Paris. Symbolical figures of the Seine and the Marne recline at the top of the design. Then there is likewise introduced into the design a bit from the 'Arms of Paris;' a bit from the 'Bain Froid Chevrier'—the statue of Henri IV.; a bit from 'Le Pont Neuf;' and water pipes from 'La Petite Pompe.' Of course no one can ask us to consider 'Rochoux's Address Card' either as very beautiful or as grandly imaginative. But it is ingenious and characteristic in its own small way; and, like 'La Petite Pompe,' though in more limited measure, it is good as a piece of decorative design. It is generally printed in two colours—black and red; but I have seen it printed in three colours—two reds and a black.

Of the paper on which Méryon's etchings are printed, some words have been said already. One or two more must be added. For many of his etchings he himself preferred the greenish paper. It gives a weird and ghostly effect to certain of the prints. In the case of the 'Morgue' this may be desirable; yet some of the very finest 'Morgues' are on that thinnish old paper, not green, of which I have spoken earlier. Late impressions are never on greenish paper, so that the greenish paper gives

a useful guarantee to the buyer who has not yet acquired his knowledge, and that is one of the chief recommendations of it. I do not say the only one. I like the old French or old Dutch, originally white, and now toned only by age. I like, for the 'Pont Neuf,' the thin light Japanese. The brown paper, though it is only used for early impressions which Méryon himself printed, is wholly bad. The high lights are entirely killed by it. In modern paper I have generally found that the French "Hallines"—which Mr. Hamerton long ago recommended—yields better proofs of Méryon than the flattish, almost creamy English Whatman of which his printer seems to have possessed himself. But hard and fast lines on these matters it is dangerous to draw. It is easy to pretend to be too precise, and so to do injustice to some fine things. Yet what I have said may, possibly, generally hold good.

Craving indulgence for the introduction of such technicalities as these—yet taking leave to say that such are indispensable—I pass, finally, to a few words of notice of Méryon collections. It is in England chiefly that Méryon is collected, and it was about fourteen years ago, when the artist was still living—"number six hundred and forty-three" in the Madhouse of Charenton—that one or two collectors, one or two printsellers, here began to see the individuality of his work. But of course there was no public then for Méryon; for years no increase of buyers. Even six or seven years ago, when I first began to study him, the finest impressions used to fall under the hammer at Sotheby's to insignificant bids. The public had never heard of him. As far as England is concerned, that has all been changed; and, whatever may be the fluctuations of mere fashion, a permanent place of high honour among those who value Art is insured for this most memorable of modern "original engravers"—that is the real term for him, as Mr. Haden has pointed out—who, unlike the swift etchers of agreeable sketches, was so much a laborious craftsman while yet an inspired artist. We will not name our principal English collectors of Méryon's prints; it would be a mistake of taste to do so, save in one instance, that of a gentleman whose unrivalled treasure has lately passed from him—the Rev. J. J. Heywood. The printed catalogue of Mr. Heywood's collection, along with some useful corrections, contains some errors—there is one about the 'Stryge' especially, in which he imagines he corrects an error of mine; but I owe too much to Mr. Heywood's earlier, and generally unsurpassed, knowledge to insist upon them. In France collections have chiefly been confined to those who had some personal acquaintance with the master. Thus there were Monsieur Niel's collection, Monsieur P. Burty's, Monsieur Hirsch's, Monsieur Sensier's, Monsieur Wasset's—these have now all been dispersed—not to speak of the smaller, but not in all respects less creditable ones, also dispersed, of M. Viollet-le-Duc and M. Aglaüs Bouvenne. M. Burty's *estampille*—his collector's stamp—some initials of his contrived into a triangle and impressed in red—is seen on all that passed through his big sale in England in 1876. But the Museum possesses, among its Méryons, some bought from M. Burty earlier, and stamped more plainly "P. B." M. Hirsch's prints bore his own stamp in red on the face of the print. The inscription, *Hoc meum Signum est*, engraved in a circle, denotes the possessions of M. Aglaüs Bouvenne, the cataloguer of Bonington. "L. M.," printed in black, is M. le Masson, of Louviers. And a few fine impressions, given to their former possessor by Méryon himself, bear within a circle the initials "D. B."—one Bouillard, I am told, an engraver. But most of these things have left France for the cabinets of Englishmen. France, occupied a little too much just now with her light love of her own Eighteenth Century, has still to know Méryon, as she has still to appreciate Turner. Some day, with her intelligence in Art, she will be obliged to do both.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

BIGNESS IN PICTURES.

BIGNESS, although in one sense an admirable quality in an artist's work, is a very prejudicial one in another. There is nothing in the composition of a picture which should be so continually striven for, and be so ever present in the mind of the producer, as that balance of its component parts, that insistence upon its principal, and retirement of its lesser, features, which goes to make it impressive, massive, and big. It is not, however, about this good quality, which day by day becomes rarer, that I have taken up my pen to-day, but about another harmful one which any visitor to our exhibitions will notice to be a yearly increasing evil. I allude to the growing size of the canvases used by artists; and I am at this time specially reminded of it because the Corporation of Liverpool have at last been obliged to notice it in their annual report. Their yearly exhibition, owing, no doubt, in a great measure, to the satisfactory results of the sales of pictures effected thereat, has become very popular, and last year no less than 3,128 works of Art were contributed, of which but 1,081 were hung. In spite of the increase in the applicants, the hanging committee accepted 300 fewer pictures than in the previous year: the reason for this was, they state, "the delicacy felt by those engaged in the hanging lest they should be charged with placing pictures too high, and the increased number of unusually large pictures contributed." And they add this important rider, "The committee will in future, as a general rule, give the preference to pictures of a moderate size."

It has, therefore, evidently come to this, that at exhibitions bigness is not always a desirable quality. The question then remains, whether it is elsewhere? I hope to show later on—and therefore for the present I assume—that it is not, but that it is entirely against the artist's best interests. This being so, I inquire, further, what is the reason for the artist's natural inclination to increased size? And why (once he passes the stage of doubt whether or not his works will be accepted by the hanging committee, and the consequent painting of them of a size which will be useful for filling up an awkward hole or corner) must he needs purchase for himself acres of canvas and enormous frames?

The fault, if such it be, is probably not altogether his own. In the first place, if he be an Academy student, no limit is (I believe) placed on the area he may cover in the competition

for the prize medals: this year the prize was carried off by a cartoon (a very successful one, it is true) of colossal size. Then, again, he is incited to it by the example of his fellow-artists, and by the fact that in a great measure nowadays the cost of an article is weighed by size, and not by quality. It is true that we have not yet got to the same pass as they on the other side of the Channel, where in the Salon each fights as to who shall, by the medium of the biggest picture, attract the greatest attention. But this is probably only because we have not got a Supreme Government who will purchase at the cost of paint and canvas these enormous productions, or local governments who will commission them for their town-halls, and also because the space at the disposal of the Academy is limited. Once more, few artists nowadays are content unless they have a studio as big as a barn, and once possessed of that, they bring themselves to a belief that it is an actual mistake of opportunity to do small work when they have the space wherein to get away from a six-foot canvas. In a lengthened tour of the larger studios last year, I only remember one in which cabinet pictures were being painted, namely, Mr. Marcus Stone's, and I feel bound to say that the exceptional size of the room added to, rather than detracted from, the true value of the picture. But it may be asked, How are we to pay for these big studios unless we paint big pictures? Well, assuming that the artist is warranted, in the heyday of his life, in building for himself a studio which, when fortune leaves him, he may find it a difficulty to keep up, and a decided loss of social position to abandon, I can only answer by the following parable. I was dining a few nights ago with a wealthy man who had been so attracted by a rising artist's genius that he had purchased from him six pictures one after the other, and they completely filled the sides of the good-sized dining-room. After dinner an uncongenial neighbour on either side afforded me the opportunity of examining the works, and the result of my inspection was thus summed up, "What an amount of space there is to let in each!" Next day I saw the artist and spoke of the pictures. "Ah!" he sighed, "he's full, or he would have bought this picture," pointing to the one before him. Now the probability is that for the same number of pictures, occupying one-half of the room, my artist friend would have obtained the same money as for the six large ones, for they certainly would have been more interesting, and could not have been less valuable, had they contained in one-half the area the same amount of subject and work. The certainty is that this artist had prevented a wealthy man from spending, either with him or some one else, a further sum of between £2,000 and £3,000—so that his big pictures were a positive loss of that amount to the Art community; and this is not a singular case.

The fact is that very few subjects call for treatment on a large scale. Where a large scenic effect is required, such as in Long's 'Egyptian Feast,' or Sir F. Leighton's 'Daphnephoria,' or Poynter's 'Israel in Egypt,' a large canvas is not only permissible, but is necessary. So also in a picture where it is desired to impress the spectator with a feeling of tumultuous action on a large scale. Witness the increased sensation, caused by difference of size, between the two battle pieces, De Neuville's 'Rorke's Drift' and Mrs. Butler's 'Quatre-Bras.' Yet once more, Mr. Prinsep's picture of 'The Proclamation of the Empress of India' was colossal in size because it was destined to be hung in a vast hall, and so these had ample justification. Mr. Millais can, perhaps, afford to paint his 'North-west Passage' four times the size of his 'Boyhood of Raleigh.' But that it is any the better, nay, whether it does not positively lose by its increased size, is very questionable. The one remark at the present time of every collector is, "I've no room to hang any more," and it is a very portentous and ominous one for our artists. I have repeatedly asked of those best calculated to know, "Where do all the thousands of fresh works, good, bad, and indifferent, which we find exhibited, go to?" I have never received a satisfactory reply. We gather from "The Year's Art" that last year at seven London exhibitions the following pictures were hung:—Royal Academy, 1,658; Water-Colour Society, winter 424, spring 297; Water-Colour Institute, 450; British Artists, spring 821, winter 800; Dudley, drawings 670, black and white 641, Christmas cards 925, oils 500; Lady Artists, 835; City of London, 398; total 8,419. These represent but a small proportion of the works of Art which are yearly produced. Where then do they go to?

America, which takes our engravings by thousands, buys hardly any pictures of us—none in comparison with the quantity it takes from Paris. France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy purchase absolutely none, but, on the contrary, deluge us with their own productions, for which, being content with a much lower price than our artists ask, they find a very fair sale.

The moral of all this appears to be that it behoves artists very seriously to consider whether they are not sowing the seeds of their own ruin by the continually increasing size of their pictures. Taine, in his "Notes on England," says, "English painters have an affinity to the Dutch masters by the small size of their canvases, and by the exactness and minute treatment of details." Could I have taken him to Room No. 2 in the recent exhibition of the Old Masters, and shown him the forty-nine exquisite works which occupy the line in that gallery, and then taken him to the same room this month, and shown him the works of our painters which occupy their places, he would hardly have continued of the same opinion.

A. L.

A RENAISSANCE ART PLAGIARISM.

IT is perhaps as much of a truism to remark that there were robbers who stole cows long before the time of Cacus, as that there were strong men before Agamemnon; and, indeed, an audaciously impudent act of Art plagiarism committed, I am afraid, by the noble Venetian, Messer Cesario Vecellio (and he was Titian's kinsman, too!), on which I have recently lighted, bears about it a very racy flavour of the nefarious ingenuity of the son of Mars and Medusa. You will remember that it was the practice of this Rob Roy of remote antiquity to draw the cattle which he had stolen into his cave by their tails to avoid discovery. Quite as cunning have been the means adopted by Messer Cesario Vecellio to conceal the fact of his having, in one flagrant instance at least, deliberately picked the pocket, in an artistic sense, of worthy Master Jost Amman of

Zurich and Nuremburg, draughtsman, painter on glass, and engraver on copper, brass, and wood. In copious old Amman's "Gynecæum; sive Theatrum Mulierum," more popularly known in Germany as the "Frauentrachtenbuch," published at Frankfort in 1586 (please mark the date carefully), and at page 112 of the small quarto edition, I find the portrait of a youthful female who, according to Jost Amman, is "Ein Fraw auss Peruuia." The young lady's hair is flying all about her face after the manner of most of Amman's young ladies; and her head-gear is a turban from which floats a kind of puggree. She has no innermost garment; in fact, her attire consists only of the turban before mentioned, a loose jacket, flying widely open in front, voluminous knickerbocker drawers, presumably of white linen, and a series of what seem to be thickly superposed ligatures rather than stockings. She holds a long distaff, and is spinning even as she walks. The drawing of the upper part of the figure is very graceful; but the lower limbs, swathed in the ligatures or bandages, look most unwieldy. Accompanying the engraving (a woodcut, with some very skilful cross-hatching) are these lines:—

"Es light gar leit in India
Ein insul heisst Peruuia
Darinn die Weiber dise tracht
Halten für ein besondern pracht."

Something struck me that I had seen a semblance of this figure drawn in the 'Frauentrachtenbuch' before; and straightway I began to hunt for a counterfeit 'Fraw auss Peruuia.' I was very soon rewarded for my pains. Turn to the "Habiti Antichi e Moderni di Tutto il Mondo," designed by Cesario Vecellio, and published (mark the date) in 1589-90, and you will find, at page 274, a full-length figure of a young damsel, whose only attire consists of a turban and puggree, a loose jacket open in front, a pair of loose knickerbockers, and ligatures covering her lower limbs in parallel rows. The attitude is precisely that of the 'Fraw auss Peruuia' in Jost Amman: the only alterations and additions made by Cesario Vecellio are, that his damsel's hair is black and hangs in loose tresses, whereas the *chevelure* of Jost Amman's Fraw is flying all about, *à la* Ellen Terry. The jacket of Vecellio's girl is without sleeves; the knickerbockers are not quite so loose as in Amman's figure; and they are adorned with bows at the knees. Cesario has also given his figure a necklace of three rows of large beads, and bracelets at her wrists; and her feet are sandalled. Those of Amman's figure are bare. Vecellio's damsel spins as she walks even as Amman's does.

Cesario Vecellio calls his "galligaskined" damsel a 'Donzella di Granata,' and appends to the drawing which he has apparently filched from Jost Amman the following description, which I translate from the Italian:—"There are certain maidens in the kingdom of Granada who from the waist upwards are unclothed" (this I suppose alludes to the absence of an innermost garment). "Their head-dress is composed of a circle of wood or copper covered with a turban (*bambage*). It is surrounded by a piece of cloth or linen which falls over the shoulders, covering the shoulders of a short mantle open in front, and reaching to mid thigh. They wear also nether garments (*braghesse o calzoni*) of white linen or cloth, somewhat tight, and tied about the waist. Their legs are swathed in bands, like unto those in which the bodies of little children in Italy are swaddled; and for the reason that they are poor they are always spinning, even while walking." Now by what impulse of artistic dishonesty was Cesario Vecellio tempted to palm off Jost Amman's "Fraw auss Peruuia," a mythical Indian island (not to be found in the Gazetteers, unless Perim, an island in the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, be meant) for a 'Donzella di Granata?' The palpable plagiarism is aggravated by the deliberate denationalisation of the young lady in knickerbockers; and the fraud becomes all the more deplorable when the illustrious belongings of Cesario Vecellio are remembered. Not only was Tiziano Vecellio the near relative of Cesario; but out of the six hundred costume portraits which make up the "Habiti Antichi e Moderni," several have been, on weighty evidence, ascribed to the pencil of the great Venetian master himself. At the bottom of a wood engraving, the 'Paesaggio al Escudoro,' appear these words, "Titianus manu propria;" and to another, the figure of a swineherd in a landscape, is appended the inscription, "Ex divino Titiano exemplari exemplum." It is held that these words were not only drawn but engraved on wood by Tiziano Vecellio; and this has led to the reasonable inference (quite apart from tradition) that he engraved as well as designed some of the costumes in the "Habiti Antichi e Moderni."

I do not, however, fail to bear in mind that the book of the "Habiti" was probably some years in preparation, and that Titian died in 1576, ten years before the appearance at Frankfort of Jost Amman's "Frauentrachten." It is just possible—just barely possible—that a drawing of the 'Donzella di Granata' may have been in circulation among amateurs and copied by Amman before it was engraved in Cesario Vecellio's book, which did not see the light until 1589-90. This supposition is, I sorrowfully confess, almost hopelessly weakened by the recognised originality of Jost Amman as a draughtsman, and the well-nigh inexhaustible fecundity of his pencil. The designer of the "Pontificiorum Ordinum Omnium," of the "Perspectiva Corporum Regularium," of the "Trades," of the "Exercises of Hunting and Riding," and the "Kartenspielbuch," and of hundreds more collections of costumes and figure vignettes, must have been terribly hard pushed to have stolen an unpublished drawing of Cesario Vecellio. There remains, finally, another possibility quite as remote as the former, and supported solely by one poor little morsel of internal evidence. It is that both Cesario Vecellio and Jost Amman might have been indebted for the idea of this damsel in knickerbockers to some engraving, drawing, or coloured statuette of carved wood (the last the likeliest hypothesis) of a peasant girl of the kingdom of Granada who, albeit a Christian, might have borrowed from her sisters a portion, at least, of a costume singularly adapted to a hot climate. It is worth remembering that in the adjoining province of Andalusia loose light trousers, much resembling the Arab *shintyan*, form part of the traditional *déshabillé* of the *maja*, or typical girl of the people; and such a garment is worn by one of the full-length portraits (the other is undraped) of the famous *maja* painted by Goya, and now in the Royal Academy of San Fernando, at Madrid. Otherwise the balance of evidence is dolorously in favour of Cesario Vecellio having shamefully cribbed his 'Donzella di Granata' from the 'Fraw auss Peruuia' of Jost Amman.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'EXPERIMENTAL GUNNERY.'—This picture, of which, through the kindness of Sir David Salomons, we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving, bears evidences throughout of Mr. H. S. Marks's individuality. There is not a figure which does not bear witness to humour of the quaintest description. As we remarked of the works of Baron Leys, so of our English artist, he carries us back to a scene of the past so thoroughly, that we have no hesitation in affirming that such a scene, in such costumes, has oftentimes been enacted in the Middle Ages either as a preparatory rehearsal to the young lord's coming of age, or to the dispatch of an engine of war to some neighbouring castle.

'THE DAPHNEPHORIA.'—Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. (who acceded to our request to be allowed to make a fac-simile of one of his drawings, by placing at our disposal the original sketch for his picture of 'The Daphnephoria'), takes the spectator to a scene on a far remoter stage.

The picture was thus described in the Academy Catalogue for 1876, in which year it was exhibited:—"The Daphnephoria was a triumphal procession held every ninth year at Thebes in honour of Apollo, and to commemorate a victory of the Thebans over the Æolians of Arne. Its name was derived from the laurel branches carried by those who took part in the festival, the laurel, or more properly the bay, being sacred to Apollo. The procession is led by a youthful priest called the Daphnephoros (the laurel bearer); before him, a boy, his near kinsman, bears a symbolic standard called the *Kopo*, and indicating the sun, moon, and stars. Behind the Daphnephoros three lads carry a trophy of golden armour; they are followed by the choir of Theban maidens, who, crowned with laurel, and each bearing a laurel branch, sing the hymn to Apollo under the direction of the chorus leader. The procession is closed by boys carrying votive tripods. In the valley below is seen the town of Thebes."

For particulars of the third full-page illustration, which is a fac-simile of Charles Méryon's celebrated etching of the 'ABSIDE OF NOTRE-DAME,' we refer our readers to Mr. Wedmore's article at the commencement of this number.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

IDEAL BEAUTY.—A mere copier of nature can never produce anything great—can never raise or enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart, of the spectator. The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive. Instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination.

There neither are nor can be any precise, invariable rules for the exercise or the acquisition of these great qualities; yet we may truly say that they always operate in proportion to our attention in observing the works of nature, to our skill in selecting, and to our care in digesting, methodizing, and comparing our observations. This great ideal perfection and beauty are not to be sought in the heavens, but upon the earth; they are about us, and upon every side of us. But the power of discovering what is deformed in nature, or, in other words, what is particular and uncommon,* can be acquired only by experience; and the whole beauty and grandeur of the art consist, in my opinion, in being able to get above all singular forms, local customs, particularities, and details of every kind.

All the objects which are exhibited to our view by nature upon close examination will be found to have their blemishes and defects. The most beautiful forms have something about them like weakness, minuteness, or imperfection. But it is not every eye that perceives these blemishes. It must be an eye long used to the contemplation and comparison of these forms, and which, by a long habit of observing what any set of objects of the same kind have in common, has acquired the power of discerning what each wants in particular. This long laborious comparison should be the first study of the painter who aims at the greatest style. His eye being enabled to distinguish the accidental deficiencies, excrescences, and deformities of things from their general figures, he makes out an abstract idea of their forms more perfect than any one original; and (what may seem a paradox) he learns to design naturally by drawing his figures unlike to any one object. This idea of the perfect state of nature, which the artist calls the ideal beauty, is the great leading principle by which works of genius are conducted. By this, Phidias acquired his fame.

I should be sorry if what is here recommended should be at all understood to countenance a careless or undetermined manner of painting. For, though the painter is to overlook the accidental discriminations of nature, he is to exhibit distinctly and with precision the general forms of things. A firm and determined outline is one of the characteristics of the great style in painting; and let me add that he who professes the knowledge of the exact form, which every part of nature ought to have, will be fond of expressing that knowledge with correctness and precision in all his works.

The art which we profess has beauty for its object. This it is our business to discover and to express. The beauty of which we are in quest is general and intellectual. It is an idea that subsists only in the mind; the sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it. It is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting; but which he is yet so far able to communicate as to raise the thoughts and extend the views of the spectator.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

* The reader will perceive that this word *uncommon* is used in a somewhat special sense; a writer of the present day may be inclined to substitute *non-generic* or *abnormal*.



ART AS APPLIED TO TOWN SCHOOLS.

PUBLIC buildings have ever been out of all proportion to ordinary dwelling-houses in size, importance, and the splendour of their decorations. The ancient Greeks not only bestowed their chief attention and greatest wealth on public buildings, but we are told that the contrast between the splendour of these and the plainness of the ordinary dwellings was so great in Athens in the time of Pericles as to astonish strangers. The Romans, in the height of their power, somewhat modified, but did not abandon, the practice, when they built themselves large and costly palaces out of the wealth obtained by Eastern conquests. In mediæval times the cathedrals throughout Europe under the influence of the Church, and in Belgium the town-halls under the municipalities, all attest the rule. In more modern times we find churches, parliament houses, town-halls, vestry-halls, and every other kind of public building, deemed worthy of greater architectural display than the common buildings.

It is natural that this should be so, in degree, according to the kind of building. The architectural character which gives fit expression to an edifice intended for the whole community, or for its rulers in their public capacity, must be utterly out of place if applied to a house intended for the use of any one family. The village church should not vie with the cathedral in sumptuousness of decoration, although its use may be to some extent the same. The prison, though perhaps bigger than the hospitable mansion, should not appear so inviting. And so on.

Schools are public buildings; yet, since the time of the old Greek gymnasia (in which education consisted mainly of grammar, music, and gymnastics, the last, by degrees, usurping nearly the whole place) downwards, the school-houses have been more neglected by architects than any other class of buildings. Universities, schools for higher education, and in England the boys' grammar schools on the old foundations, have received a certain share of attention. But as the initial mark of fine building must always be scientific planning, and the plans of schools were mostly devoid of any meaning whatever, so the architecture could never attain to any definite expression. The German nation deserves the thanks of the world for placing education on a higher basis. Yet its efforts have fallen in evil times for Art. The work of the past hundred years in Germany gives us only the planning of schools, hardly ever the true architectural expression and character.

In considering Art in its application to the common schools of towns, the English architect, in the year of grace 1881, has to consider the architectural truth, fitness, and expression of civil public buildings of inferior rank, nearly always, and of necessity, placed among dirty streets and squalor. This brings us to the very pith of the subject. A Board School should look like a Board School, and like nothing else.

Such considerations cannot be of much value unless taken in some connection with the sites, and the kind of houses with which the schools will be surrounded when built. Under the circumstances, Art cannot be in her loftiest mood, or appear in her noblest aspect. She is not presiding at the rearing of a cathedral, or even at the founding of a town-hall. Some may even think that she has no right to trouble herself where only ragged children are concerned, and that in doing so she is, in some way, derogating from her lofty mission. Yet there is a sense in which she may exert her influence in the highest and best manner. She may suitably mark a great social movement if invited to be present in its buildings; may show what can be done in the merest plain brickwork if her fundamental principles of truth and common sense be adhered to throughout; and, in making her mark on the schools of the people, show in some wise what the homes of these people ought to be. Although dealing broadly with schools for large towns, the text applies more directly to those of the metropolis. And in London the schools are intended to be in some sense the future homes of the poor, writ large.

What are these homes now? The accompanying engraving shows a back street or alley in Whitechapel, but utterly fails to give an idea of the dirt and dinginess of the reality. The light and shade, the glinting points of brightness, do infinite credit to the artist, Mr. Brewer (whose drawings of ancient architecture are always so admirable); but they are sadly



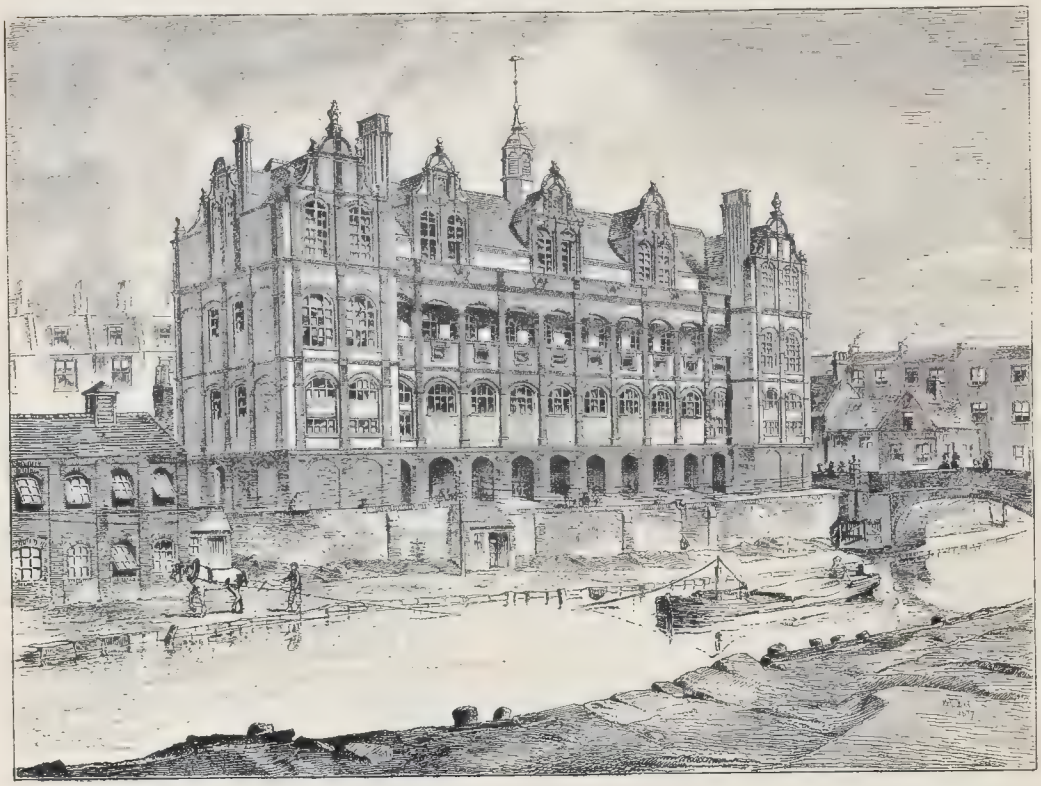
Back Street or Alley in Whitechapel.

wanting in fact. There are thousands as bad, some worse than this alley, and the majority more wanting in picturesqueness and sunlight. The new streets for working people, which stretch themselves out for miles as the modern Babylon increases in hugeness, are wider, because later laws compel a width of forty feet at least. They are also better drained. But, in spite of all, the speculative builder contrives to bring about a result almost as dreary, and far uglier.

Travelled folk, who have ever turned their attention to their own country, and wandered among the peopled wildernesses

which abound in all our largest and most flourishing towns, may perhaps have become dimly conscious of the abject nature of the houses and surroundings. Visions of old European cities, built long before steam-engines were invented or spinning-jennies thought of, may have arisen, affording a contrast not altogether flattering to national pride. With whatever reluctance, it must be confessed that one result of our trade, commerce, manufactures, and boasted civilisation has been to huddle together the poor of the great centres of population in dense quarters, sad, grey, sordid, and dreary in the extreme, into which even the sunshine, "which smileth and shineth on everything," appears to penetrate with some reluctance. Few touches of comfort, absolutely none of Art, go to relieve the long, low monotony. The houses seem to be all devised for people of nearly the same rank in life. All are equally dingy, and one common level of squalor drags everything down to the point at which life is scarcely worth living, and the gin palace is the handiest refuge. This is especially true of the older quarters for London workpeople, and, unless special efforts be made, will be true of the newer. The Dissenting chapel close by is hardly removed, in point of artistic merit, from the houses around. The school is miserable. The church is modern and ugly. No effort has been made to produce a higher tone.

The enormous area covered by London houses of inferior class, and always increasing, also impresses itself on the



Hanover Street Schools. Back towards Canal.

mind. The Greek philosophers held that no town should be so large that the inhabitants could not know one another. In London the contrary idea has obtained such force as to be uncontrollable. It is common, almost the rule, to find that a man does not know his next-door neighbour even by sight.

Without attempting for a moment to argue, in hackneyed phrase, that "they manage these things better in France," &c., it may fairly be maintained that the counterparts of workmen's quarters to be found in the more ancient cities and towns, whether in England or the continent, are less depressing. They may be quite as homely and inexpensive, but are generally more homelike, and often quaint, picturesque, and charming to a degree, in spite of allowances to be made for lack of science, and particularly of sanitary knowledge. Some differences between old ways and modern habits of life may be noted. In the laying out of an old city, streets are seldom straight, except perhaps by accident. The same artistic reason which induces architects to build crescents, and probably influenced the old master builders to orientate their chancels, dictated the undulations of street lines. Monotony is avoided, fine effects of distance and perspective produced, and evidence afforded of due thought and study. Among the houses forming the street may be found, dotted here and there, the residence of some burgher who has risen to comparative opulence, and whose home is not re-

moved from his poorer neighbours, but marks, in the greater size of its garden, or the better adornment and superior air of the house, the greater fortune which has come to its owner. The smaller houses appear actually to have been planned to live in, the simple wants and daily requirements of the occupants having been carefully thought of. Buildings are of all sizes, heights, and widths, the larger contrasting with the humbler, and uniting into one fine whole. The church shows, by the quaint beauty never absent from ancient Art, the meaning of the pious founders, who made it of the best they had or could procure, sparing no expense in money or brain to render it worthy of its great purpose.

Whether this difference between the appearance of any old town—let us say of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—and another of the nineteenth century, arises from one set of causes more than another, we need not here particularly inquire. It would not be hard to produce pretty strong evidence that the gradual removal of the richer inhabitants from among the poorer arose, to a large extent, from sanitary reasons of fresh air and health. It is sufficient to recognise that the process is no longer a mere fashion, but has hardened into a principle and the habit of a nation, not conducive to the spread of Art properly understood.

In the more recent streets to be seen on every side in the suburbs, where open fields tempt forward the speculative builder, the evil is found in its most candid aspect. Here is well shown the absence of everything which goes to make the very alphabet of good Art and of good building. No advan-



Nightingale Street Schools.

tage in point of Art, but the reverse, arises from the multiplication, *ad nauseam*, in long monotonous rows, of houses all of the same height, same width, and same stereotyped pattern. Except for the street number, no man can identify his own front door. Supposing for a moment the design of one house to be good, its repetition five hundred times must condemn it. We might as well think of Mr. Millais painting a good picture, and having four hundred and ninety-nine good copies hung together in a line in the same exhibition. The picturesque is really that which looks best in a picture, and no arrangement could be more perfectly adapted to produce streets unfit to be looked at or make pictures of.

There is much damage to Art, in its general as well as its architectural aspect, from the gradual loosening of that old interlocking of different classes of society which enabled one to lean on the other, and helped so much to hold all ranks together. The amount of interest a man took in his master, and in his own honest workmanship, was by no means the less in olden times, and the benefit was insensibly felt in all branches of Art. Possibly, when beneficence of legislation has converted every quarter for poor men into a Dr. Richardson's Hygeia, the present division of localities into rigidly defined residences for different classes may, to some appreciable extent, be modified.

The absence of any spark of artistic life in modern streets is not confined to London, to England, nor to the continent. The poorer districts in the large cities of America are just as dreary and deficient. In some sense the absence of honest Art in American streets strikes one as greater, for a wider contrast is instinctively felt between the glories of nature

and the apathy of man as expressed in the stupidity of his works.

Reverting to London, its aspect and wants, why more schools were needed in such size and numbers, and what Art should be applied in their architecture, let us understand that our civilisation has had the effect of separating the masses of the people into great towns of their own, unheeded and uncared for. London is more than a town; it is a collection of towns. Some of these are almost unknown to most people. Who, for example, has penetrated and studied the sea of houses called the Tower Hamlets, containing more inhabitants than Liverpool or Glasgow, reaching almost up to Bishopsgate Street, and not far distant from the Mansion House? Let us understand, further, that the ordinary schools and places of instruction had so little chance of keeping pace with the increase of population that thousands could not be taught by their agency the simple curriculum inscribed by a generous founder on the walls of his village school-house near York, viz. "Reading, writing, the fear of God, and good manners." We shall then see why, in 1870, Parliament ordered the formation of School Boards, why the School Board for London has already been compelled to enter into contracts to erect so many as two hundred and sixty new school-houses for the education of the poor, and why it is likely to erect a number every year for many years to come.

Board Schools are now dotted all over London and its suburbs, wherever there is such a thing as a conglomeration of back slums and dirty streets, inhabited by dirtier children. One of these neighbourhoods in each case marks itself out as the proper centre for school work, and an important object always is so to plant the building as to be easily and quickly accessible from the children's homes. Thus the schools are almost always buried among houses. It is chiefly from the vantage-ground of some higher point, or when travelling on any of the raised railroads having their termini in London, that they can be seen, or the influence of their varied outlines and red-tiled roofs on the vast metropolitan landscape readily understood.

In the case of the Hanover Street School, where the site had its back to a canal at a level of many feet below the street, advantage was taken to produce an effect in combination with natural surroundings, shown in the engraving, always denied to buildings confined by narrow streets. The main floor is at the level of the street. It is approached from the side farthest from the canal, where also is the main source of light to the rooms. Along the back of the building (shown in the view) are corridors for communication between the various rooms. These are carried on arches, arranged so as to combine a certain amount of sunshine from the south, and "through" air currents for summer-time. The site is of very limited extent, and a covered playground is obtained, extending under the whole school. This forms also an arcade on the ground open to the uncovered part of the playground. The whole building was not erected at one time, the wing at the right side in the picture being subsequently added; and, as the exigencies of numbers required its size to be greater than at first designed, it is, as actually built, out of architectural balance. The view gives it according to the original design.

This particular instance of a London school is, to a certain extent, exceptional. Yet there are many others, of which views may never be engraved, wherein the fulfilment of an artistic meaning is quite as distinct. It must always be among the high purposes for which Art exists to make any home brighter and more interesting—nobler, if you will. We have seen how abject are the homes of countless thousands. If we can make the homes of these poor persons brighter, more interesting, nobler, by so treating the necessary Board Schools planted in their midst as to make each building undertake a sort of leavening influence, we have set on foot a permanent and ever-active good. It is, in the nature of things, purely an external influence, but a glimpse of nobler things will have been brought under the daily ken, and to the very door, of the working man. This is no mere theory. It is already proved by the manner in which the builders of ordinary houses—themselves usually working men—are imitating the Board Schools in every direction. Their copyism is very poor, but indicates the turning of their thoughts. The working man also appears quite to consider the schools in the light of a property peculiarly his own, of which he may be proud, and not as an alien institution forced upon him by those of superior station.

Some playgrounds are underneath (as we have seen), some on the roof, and others both underneath and on the roof. This last double arrangement is only resorted to where the land is either exceptionally dear or the quantity very limited. The school erected in Nightingale Street, near Portman Market, formed one of the earlier, and certainly one of the most curious, cases. The district is a very poor one. The site lies among streets so narrow that a high building must have condemned the neighbouring poor, in at least two streets, to live with darkened windows. The plan accordingly gives on the ground-floor an infant school and its playground, partly under the cover afforded by the building, and partly in an open internal court. The floor above accommodates the boys' and girls' schools, though not exactly on the same level. The latter, being over the infant playground, which did not require the same height as the schoolrooms, is reached some five feet lower than the former. The girls' playground is entirely roofed over: the boys' is open. Thus the greatest amount of cover to the children is obtained, while none of the surrounding cottages suffer in diminished amount of light and sunshine. The architectural features require no explanation, for the building consists of simple brickwork arranged to meet the various needs of the plan, and to give it suitable expression.

The lessons sought to be taught in such buildings as these —the sermons in brick, so to speak—are intentionally simple, never recondite or too complex. Generally seen from every side, if seen at all, there is no pretence of making one frontage superfine and the other three shams. Truth of construction, of meaning, of expression, is insisted on. Good outlines, suitable each to the material in which they are made, artistic forms, and good colour are the main principles followed. The architecture prevalent in the time of any dead and buried king or queen is not slavishly followed, and to name the buildings after any such can only indicate ignorance. They are simply common schools for the common people of the present time. We do not expect a costermonger to understand or appreciate the sonatas of Beethoven, the operas of Mozart, or the subtle perfections of Greek Art in the time of Pericles. We do expect him to comprehend a piece of practical advice about building, and to admire a lively tune, especially if well played on a good instrument for the benefit of his own children.

EDWARD ROBERT ROBSON, F.S.A.

COMPOSITION AND DECORATION.

A Lecture delivered before the University of Oxford.

THERE are two terms used in connection with the art of painting which are, as a rule, very little understood. I allude to the words "composition" and "decoration." The meaning of the word composition is not only very much misunderstood, but the word is sometimes even applied ignorantly to disparage a work of Art, owing to an incomplete knowledge of the wide meaning which the expression conveys.

The word decoration, or decorative art, is likewise not taken generally according to the meaning of the term in its exact relation to Art. I shall therefore endeavour to tell you what composition means, and I think shall show you that the study of it is one of the most noble in Art, containing in its true application most of the great principles of expression. I shall further endeavour to make clear to you that all the greatest Art is *decorative*, and that when the art of painting fails to be so, whether upon a wall or on canvas, it fails in the first principles of the language peculiar to the art of painting.

Both the terms composition and decoration are used in far too narrow a sense. In the large and comprehensive acceptation as understood by painters, the word composition includes *invention, expression, form, light and shade*, and *colour*. Further, it means the perfect balance in the whole picture of form and colour with sentiment. A picture is well composed if all its parts are consistent and harmonious with the idea. It is ill composed when forms and colours clash, being out of harmony with each other; and further when these are not united in character with the motive of the design. Again, a picture is ill composed when the idea or motive for the design has not governed the selection of means to express the motive or idea. When the impulse which prompted the painter of the picture is not visible, and when the motive is not clearly expressed by the right choice of the artistic language alone possible to the expression of the nature of the thought, a work of Art will leave us cold and unsympathetic. And it is, in fact, the want of *complete* composition, the want of *congruity* between the *idea* and *execution*, in many works of Art, which has given rise to the term composition being used in a depreciative sense.

We not seldom hear the remark that a picture is composed to death. True, there are many instances of such artistic failings; but such work is artificial; that is to say, the motive of the designer does not show itself clearly as governing the choice of his language to express his thoughts, but rather certain rules or combinations of lines and colour have been followed by him without due regard to the relation they bear to the nature of the sentiment to be conveyed by his work. The Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, were all artists of great learning: at the same time they were not governed by the subject they desired to represent, but were rather anxious to display their knowledge and power in overcoming technical difficulties of the foreshortening of limbs and of light and shade.

This school has been called the eclectic school, because its followers were bound by a theory that the excellencies of the styles of Titian, Raphael, M. Angelo, and Correggio should be united in one picture. But such an union is impossible, for the different styles and methods of not only thought, but of artistic aim, in the work of the painters mentioned, are absolutely and diametrically opposed to one another. The idea that perfection can be obtained by the conscious adaptations from the different results obtained in the works of distinctly individual minds by one individual painter, is contrary to all reason, and can only be called pedantic. The manufacture of pictures, not the working out of a governing sentiment, was generally, in the case of the eclectic, the result. The work of this school is cold and artificial, and belongs in no sense to poetic Art. It is Academic Art.

We may go over acres almost of the work of the school of Bologna, and while we admit the drawing to be correct, we must acknowledge that all true artistic feeling is wanting.

A thorough knowledge of the figure is useless, unless it is governed by nobility of sentiment and design. The Bolognese school had great knowledge of the figure, but they had no nobility of design with which to make use of their knowledge. The more modern school in Germany of Overbeck, Kaulbach, Hesse, and others in the early part of the present century, was a revival of artistic learning and research, no doubt; but we fail to be impressed with the results obtained by its votaries. Overbeck, who was the most distinguished master in the school, attained such power of imitation by the constant study of Raphael, that we are reminded in his works of the *manner*, it is true, but not, indeed, of the *soul* of the great artist. There is the outward visible sign, but not the inward spiritual grace.

These learned Germans (for we must call them learned, and diligent and true, too, to their ideas) appear to have imagined that by identifying themselves with the outward manner (even to the smallest details of treatment) they would catch the spirit of the master they admired. But such an idea must be a fallacious one, and nothing can come of such philosophy, except correctness of a stilted kind, coldness of idea, artificiality of conception and of execution.

Man must speak with his own voice, however rough it may sound; an attempt to imitate exactly the voice of another will fail to raise enthusiasm, or to gain sympathy with his hearers. So a painter must follow his own instincts and taste, using these with judgment and obedience, if his work is to make any impression. His works must be the outcome of his own mind and hand, and he must give utterance to his thoughts so that they will be conveyed clearly to others.

Many rules may be laid down with regard to line and colour; much may be said concerning the agreement or harmony, or disagreement or discord, of both lines and colours. But the fundamental rule of all composition is that the intention of the painter should be clear, and also that the choice of form and colour should be in harmony with his subject. Beethoven is stated to have said that rules in the art of music were made for wise men to break; he did not, of course, imply that the structure of the common chord could be altered with impunity; he meant rather that Art is stronger than rules—that it governs them; and, too, that mere pedantic ad-

herence to rules would crush spontaneity of invention. A late school in Rome, the school of Minardi, Pinelli, Camonuccini, and others, mastered rules of composition; they worked by these rules and not by feeling, so we are cold before their scholastic productions. David, the French painter, Paul Delaroche, and Ingres made great efforts to release the art of painting from the bonds of inanimate or affected mannerism by close study of nature, directed by the best models of ancient Art. Ingres carried his belief in nature and instinct so far as to have objected to his pupils making any use of dissection, or even of learning anatomy, fearing that the more delicate perceptions might be blunted by science. David, whose work, except in portraits, is cold, not classical, always worked directly from nature, quite against the practice of his time; but he failed, because his perceptions were not highly artistic, and his composition is not guided by true invention. Paul Delaroche, being an artist of real power, brought to his study of nature and scholarly knowledge of Art a more spontaneous interest. But even in his work we are reminded of the Academy.

The Germans and the French and our school until lately rather tended to the Academic, or pedantic, method of expressing themselves. Rules were to be obeyed, they said; certain forms were to be strictly adhered to: if a figure occupied a certain space, the opposite space should exactly be balanced by its fellow; if one hand was raised, the other should be depressed, and so on: we feel where such self-consciousness is present the real Art must be absent. On the ultra unacademic side of the question, a school of painters who dismiss all rules, desire not order, but only aim at the imitation of unselected nature, may have in its Art a vitality holding us by the literal truthfulness of its productions. But such an arbitrary manner of proceeding will never result in a work of a high order of merit. In England latterly the tendency has been to break loose from old and established traditions of Art, and to trust too much to nothing but impression. There is an enormous appreciation of nature in this country, and a very great sympathy with natural objects; but, on the other hand, the Art training which should be employed to develop such sympathies in a right and artistic direction has been hitherto of a very lax order, and little, or less than little, encouragement has been given to the higher walks of Art. It is a very great mistake to suppose that knowledge of artistic rules deadens the originating faculties; if it does do so at all, it is a very sure sign that a painter is not really and truly *an artist*.

The French École des Beaux Arts gives a real and grammatical education to its students; they are thoroughly taught the rules of Art from the beginning to the end, and the result has been admirable work. The landscape painters, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Breton, and Daubigny, had a most thorough and complete Art training. They are masters of their craft; their work shows—especially in that of Corot—an entire understanding of artistic language, and what are the limits of the language; and, further, how far imitation may be carried without loss of artistic qualities. The French thoroughly understand how to express what they think; they know how to put their thoughts on canvas intelligently and intelligibly, and their sentiment is in perfect accord with their execution.

I do not mean to imply by these remarks that our own great Turner, Old Crome, and Constable are not painters too of the highest genius; but rather that the average French painter is far more conversant with his art as a language than the average English painter is, and that his work is more consistent, although perhaps more limited in range of ideas, than the English work.

In order to make clear to you my meaning concerning composition, I will give you a detailed description of the composition of a picture from the beginning to the end. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, and it is a very good text indeed to take, that "the value and rank of every art is in proportion to the mental labour employed on it, or mental pleasure produced by it." This is no doubt a truism; but a very valuable truism for those to contemplate who believe that the inspiration of a painter carries him through his work with the facility with which a bird flies. Sir Joshua, a man of high genius, believed in work, and, like Carlyle, thought genius meant the power of taking pains. How, then, is a painter to go to work? The conception of the subject of a picture is worked out with alternate hope and despair; the greatest artist works it out with the most labour and humility. This I take to be a perfectly well-established fact. Even one might say that the conception is the result of effort, the effort being to throw the mind into a situation of perfect sympathy with the object in view. Innumerable impressions may, no doubt, be received unconsciously, and the results of previous work may, too, direct the mind into certain channels of thought; but it is only by exercise of will that these impressions are given form to, and become definite conceptions.

Michael Angelo says, in a beautiful sonnet, "Whatever conception a great artist fires, its answering semblance latent lies within a block of marble; but the hand alone, swayed by the intellect, can give it form." First, then, the painter has a vague thought, then an impulse to conceive the thought fully in its most characteristic form; it is turned over and over in his mind, greatly gathering strength, consistency, and clearness, until what began vaguely, terminates in something like a vision. And on this the leading lines are made; the foundations, as it were, are laid for the structure to be built upon them. Often the beginnings or first lines by great masters are very light indeed, but the germ is there, the future completeness being only roughly indicated by a few scratches. Having got so far—that is to say, having put down his general idea on paper—the painter is led to consider the organization of the several ideas suggested by his general conception, so that these may fall into, and add to, the final and complete representation of his thought. Each figure will be considered as an individual, but, at the same time, relatively to the part he has to perform in the main conception. The moral impression the picture is to convey, whether of affliction, grief, joy, despair, dignified repose, or rapid action, will be enhanced and accentuated by a choice of such characteristic lines throughout the composition best suited to express the nature of the subject in hand. For example, where affliction is to be the dominant, the lines will be simple, unbroken, and dignified; there will be no violent angles or abrupt curves, for the characteristics of affliction are solemnity and silence, solitariness and reserve. Nothing can be more perfectly in harmony with the thought and subject than the group of Marys, by Avanzi. Observe how perfectly the lines express throughout quiet dignity and sorrow. The very curves seem to speak of sadness. But if grief is to be represented, more movement in the lines, more abruptness in the curves, will be used by the artist. For grief is more demonstrative than sorrow, more violent in expression, and more agonizing to

behold. As an instance of this, I would ask you to look at the figure of St. John, in a bas-relief, by Donatello. There is there no despair, but there is expressed a sudden and violent grief. You will notice throughout the lines are abrupt and full of movement, and it will be well for you to contrast the whole character of the expression with the group of Marys from Avanzi's picture.

The subject of despair will suggest far more angularity and impulse in the movements of the lines than in either of the former examples. Michael Angelo has, indeed, exhibited the very fullest appreciation of the language of lines by the manner in which he has composed the terrible boat full of damned souls hurried and leaping to the shore in terror of mind and body. How perfectly he has illustrated those glorious lines of Dante, which no English can entirely express:

"Caron dimonio con occhi di Oragia,
Loro accennado, tutte le raccoglie;
Batte col remo qualunque s' adagia.
Come d'autunno si levan le foglie
L'una appresso dell' altra, infin che'l ramo
Rende alla terra tutte le sue spolie;
Similemente il mal seme d'Adamo:
Gittansi ai quel lito ad una ad una,
Per censi com 'angel pevano richiamo."

It is as if the very fervour and splendour in the choice of words by the divine Dante had prompted the terrible majesty of the lines drawn by the divine Michael Angelo.

If, on the other hand, joy is to be the subject, sweet, gentle undulations with no abruptness, but tranquilly transcending from one form into another, will illustrate the calmness and roll of joyful sensations. While the unlearned observer may not be conscious that such an art is existing in a picture, or even that painting possesses such a power, if he is sensitive to impressions the character of the lines will help him unconsciously even to a sympathy with the nature of the subject. The art of music is very nearly allied to the arts of design in being able to express, by not only the major and minor keys, joy or sorrow, but through the distinct quality, between one key and another, to convey different emotions.

Professor Tyndall gave a most interesting lecture some few years ago on Vibrations, and in his illustrations it was most curious and interesting to observe the often remarkable affinity between the character of the forms produced in sand and the character of the note sounded.

Hitherto you will observe that in the composition of our ideal picture we have only arrived as far as the lines or contours of the arrangement, and that light and shade have not yet been considered. Light and shade is a most important element in design; sentiment or form may be equally easily injured or improved by it. The painter will now search for a system of light and shade best suited to express the emotions of his story; he will be careful that his choice shall be in harmony with his subject, and will select such a quantity and quality of light and shade as will express his design clearly, and will choose such tones of light and dark as will clearly distinguish and relieve his principal groups, giving prominence to the most interesting passages of design.

The Italians made use of the word "chiaro-oscuro," which does not mean alone light and shadow, but different positions of light and dark objects in a picture. The word is represented in English by tone. Tone means the quantities of light and dark apart from local colour. Now, as an illustration of the power of tone, I will tell you that an entire picture may be painted in white and black only, and with the minimum of shadow it will appear really full of air, and one plane will perfectly detach itself from another plane (where the rightly relative tones are chosen). The design, tone, light and shadow, being established, the painter will call in his models to correct faults of drawing, and to help him to realise fully his details of drapery and character.

Leonardo wisely says in one of his discourses that however good may be the memory and knowledge of nature, the artist should ever refer to her as his mistress in all things. The many finished studies from the living model remaining to us by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Mantegna, and other learned painters, prove how indispensable they are.

The true artist will take care that the ever-varying and subtle changes in a model, *draped or undraped*, often beautiful, always tempting, but sometimes disturbing, do not change, though they may modify, his fixed intention.

In order that he should not be led away and become drowned in a sea of change and tentative varieties, the painter should have fully made up his mind of what he is in search, down if possible to the smallest details even in drapery, before appealing to his model. If he does not do so, and if the painter's idea is not very firm and thoroughly formed in shape, the model, not the idea, will be the guide. And further it must be remembered that the model is quite outside the conception in the painter's mind, so that at the best when he poses, the model is only acting a part well. The model should be used therefore to assist, but not to govern the design.

With regard to spontaneity of action, I would remind you of the many beautiful drawings by Flaxman of groups of children and others, made either on the spot or from memory of what he saw and was ever on the watch for during his walks.

There is no material so valuable to an artist as that obtained by constant study of figures who are in unconscious action. The Greeks always study the round in the open air and in brilliant sunshine, and we, although the sunshine is not present, nor are the forms so beautiful, nor colours so fascinating as in southern climates, still can study and watch the ever-varying groups and movements of human beings in our streets.

Leonardo, who was so anxious to store his memory with accidents of action, expression, and character, knowing that nature is inexhaustible, said that in the streets a painter can be constantly studying, that no time was lost to a painter, for he could be observing as well during his walks and times of recreation as during the hours of execution in his studio. He went so far even as to follow culprits going to execution, in order to watch the varying emotions on the expressions of countenances of condemned criminals. In the streets of Rome to this day the student of M. Angelo will be constantly reminded of the Sibyls of the Sistine Chapel, many of the most beautiful groups there being taken evidently from nature.

You will see by what I have just said that while I would impress the extreme importance of design, and a clear vision of what is to be painted, I at the same time insist on the supreme importance of the study of nature; and that study too must constantly be carried on, and the artist must never think he can afford to do without constant reference to his mistress. Where nature is not diligently and continually studied, mannerism and emptiness will take the place of variety and invention.

It was the custom among the severer schools of Florence and Rome to make, after the design and studies from nature were completed, either a full-sized drawing or "cartone," or a smaller drawing according to a scale proportionate to the

picture or fresco about to be painted. It may be said without danger of exaggeration that this practice was almost invariably adopted by the greatest designers. In Milan there still exists, as probably you know, the full-sized drawing made by Raphael for his fresco commonly called the School of Athens, and a most splendid production it is. For fresco painting careful preparation is absolutely necessary, as the method of painting on wet plaster does not admit of a facility in making rapid changes such as can be accomplished in oil painting. It is due, I think, in no small measure to such a workmanlike process, that the completeness and unity of design and execution we so greatly admire exist in the works of the fresco and oil painters up to the time of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The great painters I refer to appear to have studied out their work stage by stage in the manner I am explaining to you. In adopting such a system of work the artist has full energy and power to face difficulties of different kinds and materials, as they rise up in the progress of his work, and he is less likely, if he fights these difficulties singly, to become overwhelmed and disheartened by them.

The painter having finished his cartoon, sentiment of design, form, light and shade, being decided and executed thereon, the question of colour will be considered. I would call your attention at some length to this most important subject of composition, on which the attraction of the design much depends. Of such great power has colour over design, that fine thoughts, and even beautiful forms, may fail to express themselves adequately where they are coloured in an inappropriate manner. It is not an uncommon error to suppose that beautiful colour depends upon varieties of strong contrasts. Neither is it seldom that harmony in colour is called monotonous. I have also heard it stated the frescoes in Italy are faded and poor in colour. It is true that fresco demands delicate rather than strong local tints, and that the nature of it is to be light and fair, rather than heavy and dark. Our English eyes have been accustomed, both through our exhibitions and textile manufactures, to be filled with crude rather than with beautiful colour, and with discordant tones of red and green, or violent oppositions of yellow and blue. But beautiful colour may be made by contrasting judiciously one delicate tone with another. It is more upon the perfect concord and unity carried out in the scale of colour that beauty is produced, than upon violent contrasts of tints. There are two colours, one called burnt umber, a reddish brown, and raw sienna, a greenish yellow. These two may be taken to regulate the scale, and harmonies can be carried from them through greens, greys, delicate reds, ashy blues, and yellows of astonishing beauty, by the additions only of black and white.

A picture so painted, while it will be doubtless a grey and silvery picture, need by no means be weak, and may, if painted by a real colourist, give infinite pleasure by its subtle and delicate relations. Pliny, in his Natural History, exclaims against the excess of colours used in his day without arrangement or judgment in their manipulation (we, in our day, may, indeed, agree with him concerning our own shortcomings). He says that Apelles, and others whose pictures sold for the worth of a town, were painted with only four colours—namely, white of Melos, yellow ochre in some varieties, red ochre, and ivory black; and that such was the art with which these few pigments were used, a greater result was achieved than was accomplished by the artists of his time with a far greater variety of colour. So that you see good colour is almost more relative than positive, and that violent opposition is not necessary, by any means, to beautiful colour. Colour can distinctly help towards definite sentiment. It is sad or gay, or even, as Reynolds says, may have something of marble in it, and may affect our eyes as the trumpet or drum affects the ear. But is it not necessary that a sad or solemn design should be clothed in black and muddy colours? To do this would be a very sensational and apparent manner of attracting attention. Colour may convey sadness and be very beautiful in its reserved harmonies. It can be joyful without strong contrasts; whereas, if colour is brought to illustrate subjects of violent emotion or action, it may well be employed with less reserve, and employed with more violent differences, such as will rather add to than detract from the emotion. Probably no painter understood the value of monumental colour better than Michael Angelo, and those who have only studied his work by photographs have no idea how much they lose by the absence of colour. The harmony and silent grandeur of the colour of the roof in the Sistine Chapel, while it is full of variety and even of contrast, is so knit together by perfect harmony of design, that we are obliged to admit that he, who was the greatest master of epic design, was too the greatest master of epic colour. Raphael adopts a fuller garment of colour than Michael Angelo; according to the traditions of his school, he frequently contrasts reds and yellows, blues and greens, in their positive sense, and these convey a sense of majesty and splendour admirably allied to his character of design. The Dispute fresco in the Stanze of the Vatican is an instance of Raphael's mastery over harmony of colour with design. The distribution of accents calls attention to facts of prominent interest in the picture. There is the same balance of colour as of forms and groups, an echo of tints, as of forms, which carry the eye of the spectator through all the planes, in and out among the groups from one corner of this masterpiece to the other. Another prominent instance of appropriate colouring is to be found in Raphael's 'Galatea,' in the Farnesina Palace. This most brilliant fresco is so treated that one feels the sea air blowing upon one, and the smell of the sea seems to come out of the fresh and beautiful colour, so full is it of gay and sea-lit sunlight. The burnt and sea-tanned forms of the gods relieve against the ocean of infinite blue, shot with green. The sky palpitates with joy and air. The whole fresco—design, forms, and colour—is a complete realisation of the unity of free gaiety and ideal joy. So there are, you observe, many characteristic and possible combinations of colour to choose from with which to clothe design. I have said that colour is as much a language as form, and is almost as infinite in its expressiveness. The natural and untrained eye is probably more attracted by colour than by form. We see in the works of savage nations that they sooner arrive at beautiful combinations, or composition of colours, than they succeed in perfecting combinations of forms. Indeed, it often appears that there is an instinct towards colour in uncivilised peoples, which the more civilised appear rather to lose than to add to. It is, therefore, of the highest importance that an artist should give great care to the general effect and character of his colour, for through this medium he will be able to lead the sympathies of the spectators into the more hidden and difficult mysteries of human form and human expression. And now our ideal artist paints his picture with loving care and diligence, trying only to do his very best, and awaiting praise or blame with modesty when he has completed his work.

W. B. RICHMOND.

(*To be continued.*)

CORDOVA.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

"THERE may be better towns to live in, but there can be none better to be born in," said the great captain, Gonzalo de Cordova, of his native place. From time immemorial Cordova has been an aristocratic city. A colony of impecunious patricians came hither from Rome to repeople it after the Cæsar who defeated Pompey had put half its inhabitants to death. Under the Goths it kept up its character; in the days of the Moors it became the seat of empire, the centre of Arabic dominion in the West. When the Spaniards reconquered it, their best and bluest-blooded hidalgos settled in it in great numbers; so much so, that Cordova is still the ancestral home of many of the noblest families of Spain. Many now, and not strangely, are absentees. Cordova possesses few attractions as a permanent abode for people who can afford to live elsewhere; and not the least melancholy part of this half-ruinous, fast-decaying metropolis are the vast family mansions, with their armorial bearings and proud escutcheons, standing desolate and empty year after year. There is but little life or movement in the streets, which are so narrow that the traffic of wheeled vehicles is impossible; so narrow indeed are they that, according to local wits, the *guardia civiles*, or gendarmes, of Spain cannot walk along them with their cocked-hats crosswise, according to regulation, but must wear them "fore and aft." Grass grows in the streets, there are but few shops, trade is almost stagnant. Notwithstanding the prolific nature of the soil, agriculture is but indifferently carried forward; and where ages ago the markets teemed with produce, with a rich variety of fruits, vegetables, and abundant crops of grain, now just enough is raised from the land to keep those who cultivate it from absolute want.

The grandeur of Cordova is in its past. When Europe was struggling through the darkest ages, Cordova was an enlightened city, renowned as a seat of learning and science. Long before this many classical authors had lived and flourished there. Seneca and the poet Lucan, author of the "Pharsalia," were Cordovese. During the Moorish occupation Cordova was the university and *alma mater* of Europe. Ford styles it the Athens of the West. Avenzoar was a Cordovese scholar; so was Averroes, who translated Aristotle. Christians came to study from Moslem professors, and one of these took orders, and was subsequently Pope of Rome. What Cordova was in those days may be realised from the well-authenticated accounts of its size and importance in the tenth century. At that date it had a population of a million, says Ford, although others give it no more than three hundred thousand. There were within the walls six hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, six hundred inns; education was cared for in eight hundred public schools; and there was a public library consisting of six hundred thousand volumes. The revenue of the kingdom, of which Cordova was the capital, amounted to six millions sterling. All around were populous suburbs, and a smiling vega cultivated with industry and skill, till it produced a hundredfold. One great source of wealth was the silkworm; another was the breeding of horses. The product of the first named has dwindled down to a few thousand pounds per annum, and the Cordovese horses, although still in request, are unworthy descendants of the far-famed steeds which Moors and Christians alike so highly prized. But the best Andalusian horses are still to be got in these parts, and at Cordova itself the Spanish Government has long maintained a breeding establishment on the plan of French *haras* in Algeria, where remounts are obtained for the Spanish cavalry regiments.

Like most pious Moslems, the Moorish rulers of Cordova cheerfully devoted a large portion of their wealth to the glorification of Allah and his prophet Mahomet. But political no less than religious motives weighed with Abdurrhaman when he resolved, towards the close of the eighth century, to raise a temple in the West which should equal, if not outrival, the most gorgeous Eastern shrines. The great mosque of Cordova was planned on a scale which entitled it to rank before those of Damascus and Bagdad, and in sanctity to be second only to the Alaksa of Jerusalem and the Caabah of Mecca. The latter aim was so far accomplished that a pilgrimage to Cordova was deemed equivalent to one to the Holy City of the prophet; and to go from Mecca to Ceca—by which name the mosque of Cordova was known—has passed into a proverb still current in Spain. The royal founder, who designed the architecture, devoted half his revenues to the great work; he himself laboured in it with his own hands. At his death his son followed in his footsteps with equal zeal, so that within ten years from the commencement the whole edifice was completed. The outlay cannot well be estimated, as great parts of the building were constructed with the spoils of Greek, Roman, and other temples gathered from many lands. Thus, according to the Arabian writers, a great number of the twelve hundred columns, one-third of which have disappeared, were brought from Nismes and Narbonne, in France; some came from Carthage; others from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain. From Constantinople came a hundred and twenty more, sent by the Emperor Leo as a gift from the head of the Christian Church. These columns were of the most varied materials, and of many colours. Some were of jaspar, green or blood red; others of porphyry, black, white, pink, or emerald green; while all were monolithic, or composed of one great stone. Strong measures were taken where the height was unequal: the tallest were buried deep, or had their bases sawn off; the shortest were lengthened by a Corinthian capital, quite out of architectural keeping with the rest. Besides these, the adornment of the interior was enhanced by the importation of Byzantine glass mosaics, which were obtained in large quantities from Constantinople, and which were probably similar in effect to those still on view at St. Mark's, Venice, and by the free use of the incorruptible alerce-wood in the rafters of the roof. The general effect was heightened by lavish employment of real gems in ornamentation of arches, and by the innumerable hanging lamps of precious metals. The heart and centre of all these decorative glories was the *mihrab*, or sanctuary, of the mosque, a small chamber paved and roofed with white marble, containing the pulpit of the Khalif Hakem, composed of ivory inlaid with rare woods and costly jewels, within which,

in a box covered with cloth of gold, was the holy Koran, made by Othman, and stained by his blood.

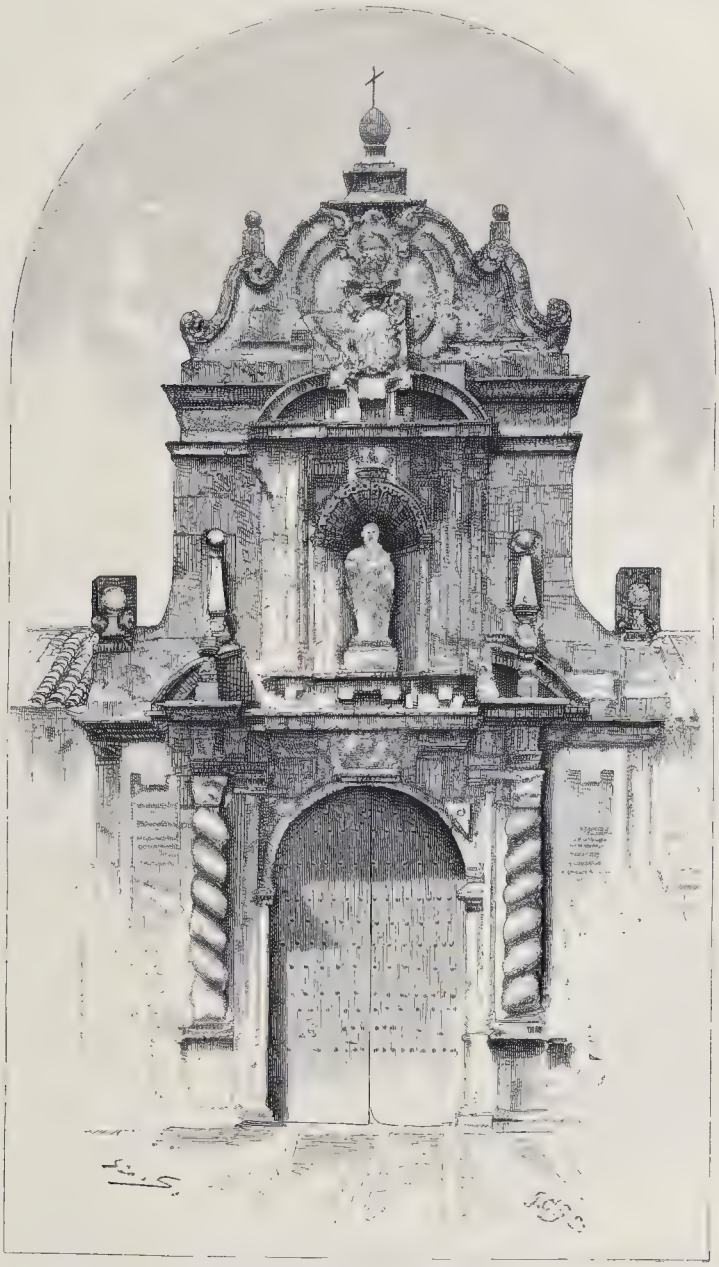
The exterior of this wonderful and unique specimen of the mediæval Mahometan's place of worship is somewhat grim. Massively built walls encircle it; these are strengthened at intervals by numerous square buttressed towers. Many en-



Main Entrance to the Cathedral, Cordova.

trances existed in times past: they were sixteen in number, and, although nearly all closed, are still perfectly visible. The one approach which remains intact, and which is shown in the above woodcut, exhibits the characteristics of all: the horse-shoe arch peculiar to Moorish architecture, the richly wrought stonework, the great doors ornamented with bronze. The

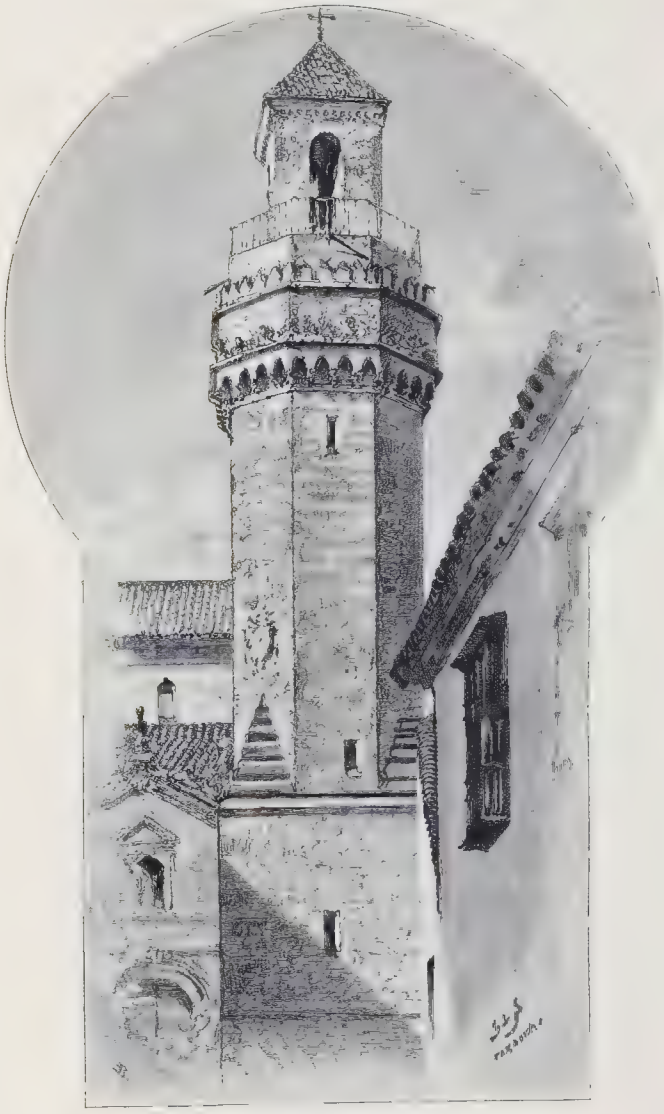
moment the threshold is passed, one is overcome with delight and surprise. The effect produced by the innumerable pillars crossing each other in endless combination and at every angle is that of "a roofed-in forest," to use Gautier's expression, where the stone stems might be the trunks of trees, and the foliage is represented by the interlacing of the arches



Door of the Church of San Pablo, Cordova.

above. Solemnity is paramount with the visitor who threads the intricacies of these nearly interminable aisles—awe, mixed with admiration, for the genius which devised, and the thorough-going piety, reckless of cost, which carried out this extraordinary work. The mezquita has been injured and robbed again and again by ruthless hands. The Christian

chapter, with the consent of Charles V., added a *coro*, or choir-place, which is entirely incongruous, and which gained that monarch's severe displeasure when he was shown it a little too late in the day. His reproof has been often quoted, but it is worth reproduction. "You have built here," he said, "what you or any one might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you could not finish." Later on the French invaders stripped the mosque of many of its valuables; its church plate was carried off by the French general, Dupont, and the spoil must have been worth having, for Cordova was ever celebrated for its silver workers, and to this day the silversmiths drive a fair trade in the moribund town. But in spite of all drawbacks the mezquita continues a marvel to all beholders, whatever their creed or clime. To the Moor, descendant of the great ancestors whose work it was, it of course appeals with peculiar force, and Shea testifies to this when he describes the visit of the brother of Muley Abbas, late Emperor of Morocco, to the mezquita, a visit which he himself witnessed. "He went seven times on his knees round the sanctuary, as was wont with the Moors here and at Mecca, and sighed and prayed, and then wept, loudly sobbing like a child. All this splendour had been the work of his ancestors. They had raised this wonder, and now the degenerate Moor could not read the Arabic inscriptions!"



Tower of St. Nicholas.

The mezquita is not the only Moorish monument in Cordova. Another worthy of notice is the great bridge across the Guadalquivir, which has sixteen picturesque arches, and is of Moorish workmanship throughout, based upon Roman foundations. The mills below are Moorish, and so are the walls and gates of the town. The Spanish Christians, after their reconquest, added churches in plenty, but did not always improve the city. In the days of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, Cordova had thirteen parish churches besides the cathedral, twenty-three convents in all within and without the walls, and nineteen nunneries. The church of San Pablo, the façade of which is figured in the woodcut on p. 147, is a good specimen of the architecture of that time, and it has also a fine staircase and cloister; while the annexed woodcut represents the belfry of St. Nicholas, a tower which might be, although it is not, of Moorish origin, and the topmost bell turret is clearly Christian. This tower bears the words, "Paciencia, Obediencia"—words inscribed there as a reproof to the nuns of St. Martin opposite, who protested against the erection of the church of St. Nicholas, because it would interfere with their view.

The sights of Cordova are soon seen, the hotel accommodation is none of the best, and there is little to tempt the traveller to linger long in this semi-somnolent, half-deserted place, which, with its long lines of white crumbling edifices, its palms, and its many minarets and towers, might well be taken for an Oriental town.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

RYE: ITS ARTISTIC RESOURCES.*

IN the last number of this Journal a general idea of the scenery that lies about Rye was roughly given, but space did not permit of that further portion of my subject which was, in fact, the principal theme on which I was asked to write, namely, How is an artist to set to work and paint it?

Any suggestions with regard to its pictorial treatment must naturally be made with some hesitation. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules, saying that certain subjects look better in one light than in another; yet we all know that the position of the sun, the aspect with regard to the cardinal points, grey skies, and stormy weather do make things more beautiful in proportion as such influences are present. On visiting a place for the first time it is not advisable to be in any hurry immediately to start work. Many subjects crowd on the mind and cause restlessness; and such mental food will require some few days for assimilation. Walk, then, quietly about this town of Rye, marking well the bulwarks and telling the towers thereof, and get a classified index of its contents. The subjects will probably group themselves under two heads:—

a. Such as will bear pure realistic representation.

b. Such as will require much thinking over and arranging, perhaps away from nature, like the work of Impressionists.

In the latter kind of work there are many ways of proceeding. Some artists trust entirely to their memory to record at home passing effects, making perhaps on the spot a few slender notes, but exercising to a very high degree their faculty of observation; others rough out small studies in colour, and enlarge from them afterwards; whilst not a few carefully outline the subject, and write on the margin the general scheme either of colour or chiaroscuro. All these processes are by no means unsatisfactory in their results, and we have high authority for adopting any one of them; still it generally happens that pictures enlarged from small sketches lose the sting they have when painted hot-handed under the influence of crimson skies or driving storm-clouds. To my mind it is desirable, if possible, to bring the actual final picture during its infancy face to face with nature, so that, when looking at it and reading its story, one may feel that it has been in the presence of, and is a faithful witness to, such phenomena as it undertakes to represent.

And since it is very difficult to paint effects on a large scale out of doors, yet at the same time most desirable to do so, the question naturally arises, "How is one to get out of this dilemma?"

My answer is, be content at the time of effect to establish *one* truth from nature, and I should consider the sky scenery as the most valuable one to record, doing mine utmost to paint it in full tone and strength of colour as its glories present themselves.

It is better to give a subject as an illustration, so, if the reader will bear with me, I will try to explain my own method were I anxious to paint a fair-sized picture out of doors; and I trust I shall not be wearisome as I detail a good deal of technical matter (I speak only of Water colours). Suppose that the sun is down and the sky warm grey at the zenith, passing to the horizon in gradations of rose, amber, and gold, with some grey clouds floating in masses across it. The paper is thick Whatman, and well wetted and sponged. Let the water soak well in, and while it is doing so a word or two about the materials may be useful. I have at hand some hog-hair brushes—some with long bristles made especially for water colours, and others shorter, and more of a filbert shape: with these the colour can be put on very strong, *tout d'un coup*, and it will sink well into the paper. The edges of the bristles, and absence of point in the brushes, will give many accidental forms that are valuable.

Now the water has dried off the surface of the paper, which is still damp, so it is time to begin work. A large brush will lay in the general tone of the sky, a little Chinese white being mixed with the colour. The object of using it is to prevent the colour flying, and render it more manageable; and, moreover, it enables one to work in the whole design of the sky while wet. Having put on the first tone, and without waiting for it to dry at all, strike in with colour as thick as pos-



sible the grey clouds, using a good deal of Chinese white, and pressing well on the paper, and turning the hand about to get the necessary forms and edges of clouds. It is most important that one should not be *light handed* in working skies, for thinness and entire absence of precision in cloud drawing generally arise from too great delicacy of execution. Sometimes there are clouds so subtle in their greyness that it is difficult to say what colour they have; I have often found pure body colour put on while the paper is wet give the requisite effect. After the sky is finished, as much as possible of the distance should be massed in, and when this is done rest contented. Having tried hard to get a just appreciation of the tone of the sky and atmosphere generally, and done your best to record it, go home and eat your supper with a thankful heart. Think well over what has passed before your eyes, but do not look at the sketch again that night. Let your mind dwell on the vision of "the closing gates of heaven" you have seen, and compare its dream with your study next morning. Next day the outline may be drawn and a little shape given to such

* Continued from page 100.

blots as did duty the night before for the several objects, such as ships, houses, cattle, &c.

There remains now a very important stage of the picture to be attended to, namely, the value of its light and shade. Generally speaking, the quantities, the weights and measures of light and shade do not vary much with the colour changes. I should, therefore, on another piece of paper, make an outline of the subject, and note by means of numbers the amount of relief one object had against another. Considering 1 as my chief dark, I should figure 1 on any other part of the picture that had the same value; 2 would represent another degree less dark. But if there were no objects, but only level land, for instance, intermediate between the foreground and mid-distance, any special points on the latter plane would be figured, not as 2, but as 4 or 5; and these figures would always convey to my mind tones of a definite value, as in music, starting from the key-note, the 4th and 5th suggest immediately to the ear certain intervals. The higher numbers would, of course, represent lesser degrees of darkness. By this notation a very fair account of the tone-picture may be rendered.

Side by side with this, especially on days when there is no sunlight, and only grey skies overhead, a great deal of honest realistic painting may be done in many of the streets of Rye, *e.g.* High Street, Mermaid Street, Watch Bell Street, and the Church Close. Then in the ship-building sheds on the Strand under the town shelter may be found on wet days, from whence many a quiet study of shipping may be made. Such work is very valuable to have on hand, as it quickens the eye and trains the hand, and is also a pleasant set-off against the mental strain required in pure imaginative painting.

The last day I spent in Rye afforded me a sight in which a painter's eye could but revel. It was the 5th of November, a day on which is observed at Rye a ceremonial of no little importance. The "Bonfire Boys" organize for that day a special carnival, which may not be unfitly compared to that of a foreign country. About nine P.M. a procession of masqueraders, carrying torches and cressets on long poles, flags, banners, and other accessories, and headed by a brass band, parades the streets, to gather together recruits from all sources. And many a sober-minded burgher is persuaded to join the company, for going to bed before four in the morning is quite out of the question.

An old boat is procured, and this is filled with tar, which is set alight, the flames and smoke leaping up far above the picturesque gables of the houses. A team of the wildest-looking fellows conceivable—Mohawks, Pierrots, clowns, mock man-o'-war's men, Madge Wildfires, &c.—yoke themselves to this blazing boat, and with wild shouts rush down the narrow streets, dragging the lumbering chariot to the front of the principal inn. Here Guy Fawkes, dressed like a Hindoo chief with a pair of evening trousers on, and accompanied by a judge, who carries a large gibbet as an emblem of mercy and justice, is brought forward, and, after a very short trial, thrown head foremost, amidst the shouts of the people, into the caldron of burning tar. Every boy present then darts forward, either to hit him on the head with a mallet, or poke him with a stick, or pelt him with squibs, or stir up the tar lest he should be feeling cold—all this resembling very much snap-dragon on a large scale. Poor old Guy's equanimity under these trials is beautiful to see, and his broomstick legs, with shoes tied on, fly up at every angle as if he were thoroughly enjoying the sport. He is eventually run down to the bottom of the town, where he dies out deserted and in silence.

Again and again during the night (and morning) are barrels of tar tapped and fired, and boats dragged ashore, or even burnt at their moorings—let us trust with the consent of their owners—and so the carnival is carried on, until at about four A.M. even the bonfires have had enough, and are glad to burn quietly away.

The extraordinary picturesqueness of the sight is worth a night's watching to any lover of colour, for the flaming procession passing through the old land gateway has a grand weirdness not soon to be forgotten.

The guide-book furnishes much information about the neighbourhood, and there is plenty to amuse one during the hours of recreation. East Guildford is a very quaint village; Playden has a beautiful grey shingle spire, and some interesting architectural features. On the north side of the church is a double-splayed, round-headed Saxon window. There is a pleasant path by the river Tillingham through the meadows to Peasemarsh, distant about three miles and a half. Inside the church are many Early English remains, which, together with a hagioscope and one or two shrines, and a so-called leper window, built up outside, on the south wall of the chancel, furnish a sufficient aim for a walk. The way back through the Marshes in the evening is not very easy to find, for the web of night has woven all our landmarks into one purple veil, but the bells of the old church at Rye, as they ring the curfew, act as sound-beacons to guide our steps homewards.

HERBERT M. MARSHALL.

GAINSBOROUGH AND CONSTABLE.*

IT seems strange, and it is certainly to be regretted, that no scientific theory has been propounded to account for the pre-eminence of East Anglia in the annals of British painting. There must be something in the air and climate of low-lying pastures, in wide wastes of land and water, where earth and sky seem to mingle, to stimulate the painter's art, otherwise how can we explain the rise and excellence of the Dutch and Flemish painters, of the Lombard and other North Italian schools? Titian, it is true, came from the mountain country of Cadore, and to him and to the Tintoret the lines of the Euganean Hills and the outlying spurs of the Carnic Alps must have been familiar; but the majority of the artists of Modena, Parma, Cremona, and a dozen other schools can only have become acquainted with the lower phases of nature by chance, or under the impulsion of their own belief in her hidden beauties. We have no space to enter on so wide a subject on the present occasion, for we must limit ourselves to say a few words of two eminent instances in which the theory we have suggested is singu-

* "The Great Artists: Gainsborough and Constable." By George M. Brock-Arnold. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 1881.

larly applicable. Gainsborough, the leader of modern idealistic, and Constable, the head of the realistic landscape painting, both came from the same district of England—scarcely a dozen miles separating their respective birthplaces. It is difficult, in discussing the influence which bore upon Gainsborough's youth, to deplore with Mr. Brook-Arnold (who has compiled this last volume of "The Great Artists") that of the Dutch artists when we recall the artist's dying words to Reynolds: "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke will be of the company." No better evidence could be given that he had drawn inspiration from the school of which Vandyke was only one of the greatest masters, and gloried in the recollection. In truth, it scarcely seems possible to account for the Renaissance of English Art in the eighteenth century otherwise than by its steady survival in Holland, and by the intimate relations existing between the Low Countries of the continent and those of our own island.

Gainsborough was born in the midst of the fertile wheat-growing district of Sudbury in 1727. Before he had completed his fourteenth year he was sent to London, where he was brought under the notice of Gravelot, a teacher of drawing, and an etcher and engraver of no mean abilities. After three years Gainsborough set up as a portrait painter, charging from three to five guineas a head. The sitters were few, and he employed his spare time on landscapes and modelling; so, after a year's experience of this life, he returned to Sudbury, and betook himself to studying in the open air, painting the bright Suffolk scenery as it lay around him. In 1745 he married Miss Margaret Burr, a beautiful girl with a fortune, about whom there is enough mystery to make Mr. Arnold's silence the more surprising. She was supposed by some to be a natural daughter of the Duke of Berwick, by others to bear the same relationship to the Duke of Bedford (James II.'s son). Gainsborough continued to



View of Yarmouth, from a Picture by Constable.

work on quietly and uninterruptedly until 1754, when he was thrown in the way of Philip Thicknesse, who for twenty years was Gainsborough's good genius and guardian angel. By his invitation Gainsborough came to Bath, and so confident was he of his protégé's success that he offered to pay the rent of the house if Gainsborough were unable to do so. As foretold, the artist soon began to get sitters, and by degrees raised his charges from five to forty guineas for a half-length, and one hundred for a full-length portrait. Mr. Arnold should have looked up the allusions to Gainsborough in the contemporary memoirs of the time, and he would have found plenty of notes which have escaped the notice of previous biographers. For instance, Mrs. Delany, writing to Mrs. Dewer from Bath, says that she had just been (23rd October, 1760) "to see Mr. Gainsborough's pictures (the man that painted Mr. Wise and Mr. Lucy), and they may well be called what Mr. Webb says unjustly of Reubens, they are splendid impositions."

In 1768, when the Royal Academy was formed, Gainsborough, without any effort or advance of his own, was elected one of the original thirty-six members, but in 1772, from some cause unexplained by Mr. Arnold, he did not exhibit, and for three years maintained an attitude of reserve. In consequence of his *bouderie* he was threatened with expulsion, a motion to that effect having been passed by the Council, though promptly rescinded by the general meeting. In 1774 Gainsborough came to London again, taking a third of Schomberg House in Pall Mall, when he forthwith found himself launched upon a career of success. A few years later he admitted that he had "all that heart can desire:" kings and princes, dukes and duchesses, statesmen and commanders, with their wives and daughters, all were eager to be painted by the popular artist. He found time for landscapes also, but the public cared but little for them, and he could not find a purchaser at a hundred guineas for one of his finest efforts, 'The Woodman in the Storm.'

Mr. Arnold disposes of the 'Blue Boy' in a somewhat summary fashion, declaring it without a shadow of hesitation the portrait of Master Buttall, and that the Duke of Westminster is the undisputed possessor of the work of Gainsborough which bears that title. He seems to be ignorant of the fierce contest to which the exhibition of the picture in 1867 at the Institution of Civil Engineers gave rise, and that a good deal of evidence was brought forward and left unrefuted, which not only cast doubts upon the authenticity of the Grosvenor picture so far as Gainsborough is concerned, but established the existence of a second 'Blue Boy,' which had passed direct from Gainsborough's studio to the gallery of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), by whom it was sold to Mr. John Nesbitt, M.P. There is also the story of whether or not Hoppner, the Academician, to whom the original 'Blue Boy' had been lent, copied it, and sold the original to Lord Grosvenor, whilst his copy was returned to Mr. Nesbitt. Of this, however, the presumption sits upon too slight a ground. More certain is it that the boy represented is not a Buttall (or more correctly Buttell), but a Molyneux—a member of Lord Sefton's family. Connoisseurs of late have distinguished the two works: the



The Lock, from a Picture by Constable.

light or pale 'Blue Boy' is that belonging to the Duke of Westminster, the dark or green 'Blue Boy' is that which belonged to Mr. Nesbitt, though whether still in his possession we are unable to say.

In 1788 Gainsborough caught a chill whilst attending the trial of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, cancerous symptoms declared themselves, and on August 2nd he died.

We must now turn to the other "great artist," whose name is properly and worthily associated with his predecessor Gainsborough. John Constable was also a native of the Falls of the Stour, being born at East Bergholt in 1776. From his boyhood young John Constable showed no aptitude for anything but drawing. Through the influence of Sir George Beaumont, Constable went to London to pursue his profession. In April, 1797, he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy. The winter he passed in "fagging at copying," but with the return of summer he would take flight into the country, first to Suffolk, where he could see "Gainsborough in every hedge and hollow tree." From 1802 to 1837, the year of his death, Constable was only once an absentee from the Royal Academy exhibitions, where over a hundred of his pictures were hung from first to last. He tried his hand in various lines of painting—sacred subjects, marine pieces, and portraits; but the pecuniary results were still insignificant, for in 1813 we find him full of hope and confidence in the future because he was getting fifteen guineas a head for his portraits.

The following year, however, seems to have been a real starting-point in his career, for both his pictures exhibited in the British Gallery were sold to strangers. One of these was 'The Lock,' of which a sketch is annexed. It is, however, impossible to assign the present picture to the date given. The original had been "improved" by another artist, but it came again to Constable, who preferred to paint for the purchaser a fresh picture "to measure," and all trace of the exhibited work is apparently lost. In the following year Constable's course of love, which had run so crookedly and had met with so many obstacles in his course of life, led him to the object of his wishes, and he married Miss Maria Bicknell, to whom he had been attached from childhood.

From this time onward his career was one of constantly increasing success. In 1819 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and almost simultaneously his pictures were sought after by a public which had hitherto neglected them. A French dealer having purchased three, 'A View near London,' the 'Hay Wain,' and 'An English Canal,' sent them to Paris, where they were exhibited in the Salon of 1824. The Parisian critics and artists were alike amazed by the beauty and freshness of the works, which broke in violently upon the artificial school of the Empire, which even then threw its influence over French Art. Three years later Constable exhibited at the British Institution his chef-d'œuvre, 'A Cornfield.' Although placed in close proximity to Claude and Cuyp, the pure composition of this modern English artist lost none of its majestic simplicity. His admirers made a subscription to purchase this noble work, and hastened to present it to the National Gallery; but the trustees of that institution showed but little appreciation of their liberality or of the value of the work. Another work of Constable which shows his versatility, dealing as it does with an entirely different subject, is the 'Yarmouth,' which we here engrave. In 1829 he was tardily elected an Academician, an honour which, so long as his wife lived, he had ardently desired, but she had died in the preceding year. Some years previously he had settled at Well Walk, Hampstead, and on the Heath had found some of his happiest inspirations. His death was very sudden, happening in the spring of 1837.

Constable's great claim to our admiration is the firm and unswerving love of Nature as she is which inspired him. He stooped to no concessions, and admitted no ideal treatment. He looked upon Nature with reverence, and treated her with the respect she inspired him. It is a fact worthy of notice that the whole modern regeneration of French landscape painting, to which now we look for guidance, is due to two Englishmen, Crome and Constable, more than to any other. The truthfulness of their work caused to vibrate in the French mind a chord which had long been silent, under the benumbing influences of both the Empire and the Restoration. The sun-pierced clouds, the passing shower, the foliage with rain or dew, or shaken by the breeze, were revelations to the thoughtful, Art-loving French students; and from these Englishmen, so long neglected and repressed at home, French Art drew lessons by which even at second hand our artists are now glad to profit.



OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:
ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

THE SIDEBOARD—*Continued.*

THE "Dresser" form of sideboard introduced, together with many other Dutch fashions, when William of Orange became King of England, does not appear to have been received with courtier-like subserviency; indeed, there was, as would be natural under such circumstances, a strong party feeling which prevented the adoption of these foreign fashions. "It is sad to think that any knave can redintegrate his reputation only by being a Williamite, without being converted into an Englishman," writes one of the political pamphleteers of the day, and pamphleteers had much influence just then. Still, some adopted the new fashions, and of this fashion in sideboards we have engraved an example on page 90, which, though not largely adopted on its immediate introduction, yet had a long-enduring influence, and, as we shall find as our history proceeds, still recurs in our present-day designs for this article of household furniture. The Tory party still stuck to their old "court cupboards," which were light movable stages, poor relations of the stately cupboards which had preceded them, sometimes ornamented with low-relief carving of heads in medallions. Corbet describes a man "with a lean visage, like a carved face on a court cupboard;" and such carving must have presented a marked contrast to the puffy-cheeked cherubs which fluttered here and there over the Dutch and Flemish furniture, and which were meagrely imitated by our English joiners. Cabinet-makers, or men who devoted themselves solely to furniture-making, were hardly known in England until late in the seventeenth century, and in a burlesque funeral sermon we find a writer (parodying the infinite division of the text which prevailed in the pulpit then-a-days) drawing a simile from the joiners who made the sideboards of that period:—"To explain the words aright," says he, "we shall deal with them as joiners do with court cupboards and round tables, first pull them to pieces and then put them together again." And these court cupboards held their own until furniture-making became a separate trade, and was able to accomplish more complicated works.

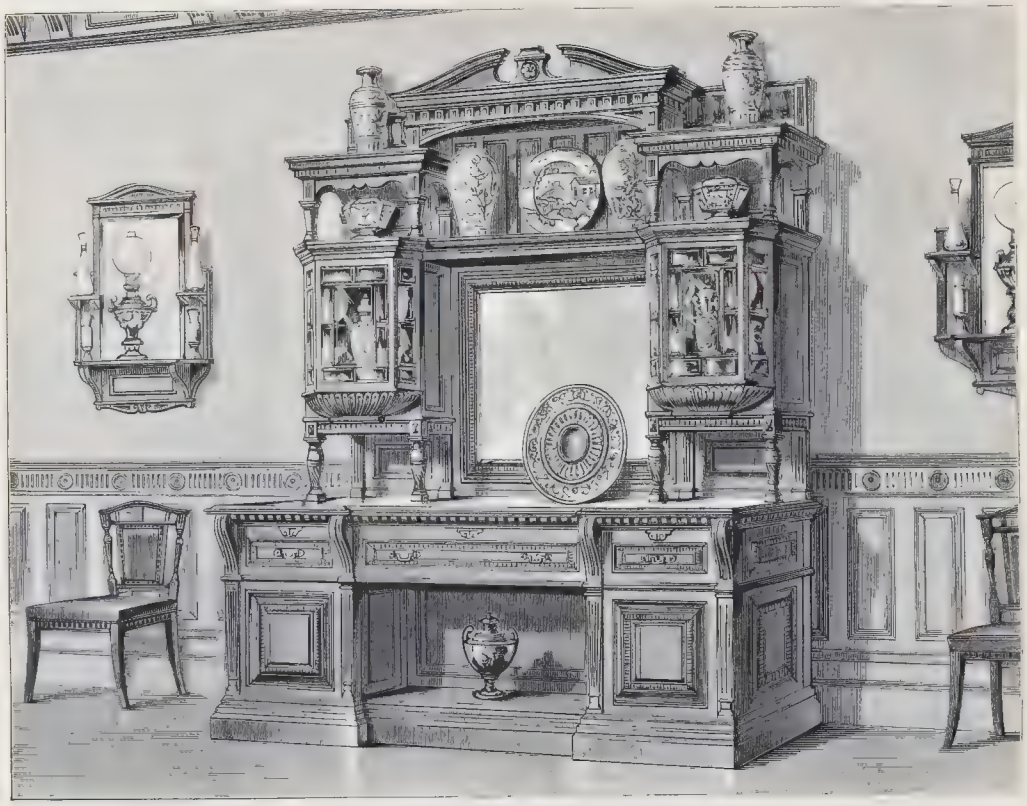


Sideboard by Sheraton, in the possession of W. T. Walters, Esq., Baltimore, U.S.A.

During the early part of the eighteenth century, from these and other causes, the older and more English form of the side-table held supremacy, and "slab tables," as they were then

* Continued from page 92.

called, were the ordinary adjuncts of the dining-room. These were literally side-boards, consisting of a merely flat top supported on a frame carried by four or six legs, as their size demanded; in fact, they were the old court cupboard with its upper stages removed, and only its lower one, or table part, left, unfurnished with drawers or cupboards, and serving only as resting-places for the immediate accessories of the dining-table. Drawers and cupboards were not much needed just then, for it was the architectural fashion of the day to provide these latter in superabundant quantity, as the desire for uniformity in the treatment of the panelled walls led to a multiplicity of doors, each one necessitating its fellow, and these demanding corresponding ones to face them. Thus six doors in a dining-room were no uncommon number, and a room was deemed somewhat meanly garnished if it had not four. Rarely more than two of these were practicable for entrance or for exit, and it must have been nervous work in those convivial days for a cautious guest to have retired early from the table, even had he wished to do so. Which of all those doors opened a way of escape from further libations of punch must have been a puzzle to him, even at a moderately early period of the afternoon. Behind several of these doors were cupboards in which the glass, the reserve of wine, and all those things the old aumbrye and gardeviance once held, and which a modern sideboard now serves to hold, were stored away. Hence a table was all that was needed. Simple in its

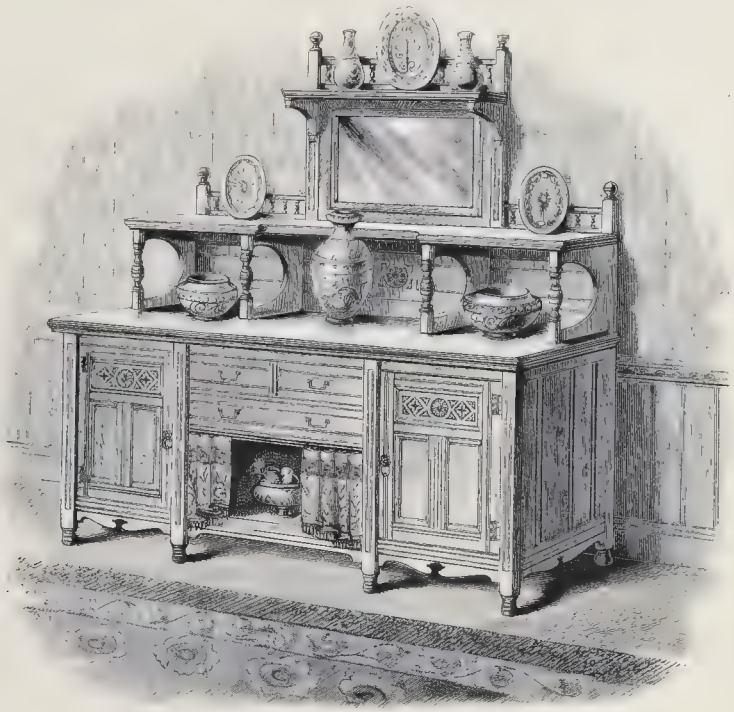


Sideboard designed by Messrs. Jackson and Graham.

service, it was simple in its ornamentation. Chippendale covered the legs and framework with his fretwork, and occasionally coupled the front legs with open panelling of a like character; but he does not seem to have ever designed a sideboard of the dresser type, nor until quite the end of the eighteenth century does this latter form seem to have been generally adopted. Yet the side-table form did not satisfy the eye. It was felt to be poor and mean-looking, and needed some accessories to render it worthy of our homes; and if you will turn to page 91, you will see how, under the hand of Robert Adam, it received these. The side-table engraved there is, it is true, a somewhat late example, but, excepting in its ornamental detail, it is a fair representative of its predecessors, and exhibits the full development of this article of furniture up to the end of the eighteenth century. The side-table proper is supported by eight square legs, "thermed"—that is, diminishing towards their base—and fluted. The framework has shallow channellings and delicately carved mouldings, and in the wide space between the front legs is a bit of perforated carving, put there solely to look pretty, and to evidence how bald this open space was felt to be. Even the wine-cooler seemed insufficient to furnish this huge gap, and yet it was an accessory on which, as befitted the love borne to the use it served, much elaborate skill was bestowed. Indeed, silver was

not deemed too precious for this use at times, and Bacchus was honoured with the best which could be offered him. So from their early tub-like form these wine-coolers developed themselves into refined pieces of sculptured woodwork, lovingly decorated with wreaths of vine and ivy and other symbols of their service. By-and-by they became bedizened with rococo ornaments without meaning, and thus degenerate, they well deserved the name they soon came to bear—"sarcophaguses"—and so passed into the limbo of dead and forgotten things.

The back of the sideboard was formed by a metal rail just high enough to keep the lids of the knife and spoon boxes, which were placed upon the table, from falling back against and damaging the wall. These knife-boxes were most elaborate and carefully made pieces of furniture, on which an enormous amount of ingenious labour was bestowed. They were richly carved and inlaid, and wrought in the most costly and curvilinear fashion; indeed, they generated a special craft, for the most skilled cabinet-makers were drafted off to become knife-box makers. Nor were these merely skilled handicraftsmen, for the development of the curves to which the veneers and inlays had to be cut demanded no mean knowledge of conic sections and other abstruse problems of applied geometry. The knife-boxes shown on the sideboard we have engraved are of the simpler kind, fitted with raised stages to hold the spoons and knives, rank above rank, so as to well display the glistening bowls of the former, or the richly wrought handles of the latter, when their lids were open; and the lids were so arranged as to form rests for the silver salvers which had replaced the alms-dishes and the basins of an earlier time.



Sideboard by Messrs. Gillow.

On each side of the side-table are pedestals supporting urns, one pedestal serving as a reserve closet for wine, and the other as a hot closet for warming plates, into which an iron heater was introduced for this purpose. The urns held respectively hot and cold water for the service of the sideboard, for when knives and forks and spoons were of much more costly character than they are now, they were naturally not so numerous, and were washed after each course and redistributed to the guests, much more of the service for the table being conducted in the dining-room then than now. Some ten or fifteen years after this sideboard was designed by Adam, Hepplewhite and Sheraton were endeavouring to revive the dresser form of this article of furniture, sometimes combining it with the pedestals and urns which flanked the side-table, and sometimes without these adjuncts. Their endeavours were for awhile successful; and by the kindness of Messrs. Wright and Mansfield, of London, we are enabled to illustrate one of Thomas Sheraton's happiest efforts. In its decoration the influence of the Brothers Adam is strongly manifest, but the general form and composition are entirely his own. We here see the two pedestals, with their surmounting urns, incorporated into the body of the piece of furniture, not detached from it as heretofore, and a dresser-like arrangement of cupboards and drawers placed between them. The pedestals held wine and hot plates, and one of the cupboards was fitted up as a sink for washing knives and spoons; whilst there were in the rear other cupboards recalling customs long since departed, and beneath the centre dresser is a shelf for glasses, &c., in immediate use. Use was Sheraton's first inspiration, and he was one of the most ingenious planners

and constructors of furniture England has ever produced. This admirable example of his skill is now in the possession of W. T. Walters, Esq., of Baltimore, U.S.A., who, we believe, has also collected many other fine examples of English furniture by the chief cabinet-makers of the last century. These, indeed, elevated their craft into an art, so that Hepplewhite was justified in saying, in his "Cabinet-makers' Guide," published in 1759, that "English taste and workmanship have of late years been much sought for by surrounding nations." And Sheraton, writing a few years later, with equal pride in his "Dictionary," says that "Cabinet-making has been, from the beginning of the present century, considered as one of the leading mechanical professions in every polite nation of Europe." They were enthusiasts in their business, those old cabinet-makers—really being cabinet-makers themselves, and not merely dealers in wares made elsewhere to sell as cheaply and as rapidly as possible.

There is, however, no doubt but that much of this sudden rise in the character of English cabinet-making was due to the recent introduction of mahogany into this country, for previous to its advent we hear nothing of the exceeding excellence of English furniture; for, as we have already seen, we imported it largely in the preceding centuries. The fine grain and rich colour of the new wood pleased the public, whilst its toughness and its resistance to changes of temperature enabled the cabinet-maker to use it in smaller masses, and to make his furniture both lighter and more durable.

Its introduction was somewhat curious, mahogany being first sought for as a medicinal substitute for the "Jesuit's bark," and many treatises on its therapeutic virtues were written. About the year 1720 some planks of it were brought to Dr. Gibbon by his brother, a West Indian captain, and the doctor thus having more than he would be likely to want for medicine, proposed having some of these planks used in a house he was then building in King Street, Covent Garden. The carpenters, however, found the wood too hard, and the planks were laid aside as useless. Soon afterwards Mrs. Gibbon wanted a candle-box—an article of household furniture now extinct—and Dr. Gibbon called in his cabinet-maker, one Mr. Wollaston, to a consultation. The planks were examined in the garden where they had lain some time, and he too declared he could make nothing of them, as the wood was too hard for his tools. "Get stronger tools, then," said the doctor, who fortunately was an obstinate man, and the result was a beautiful candle-box, the like of which had never before been seen. Indeed, so beautiful was it that the doctor immediately ordered a bureau made from the new discovery, and invited his friends to come and see the wonder. All fashionable London came, and the Duchess of Buckingham begged some of the wood which was left: of it she made at once both furniture and a fashion, and thus mahogany became duly installed in the English home.

Dr. Gibbon's obstinacy and Mrs. Gibbon's candle-box revolutionised English household furniture, for the system of construction and the character of design were both altered by its introduction, and so especially in sideboards was its influence felt that for well-nigh a century nothing but mahogany was deemed fit for a dining-room. Sheraton very largely developed its use by his selection of beautifully veined varieties for his "veneers," and these, carefully cut and inlaid with bandings of satin-wood, were more frequently used by him than carving for the decoration of his admirable workmanship. If you detach the pedestals and their urns from his sideboard engraved on page 153, and substitute inlay for carving on the dresser part which remains, you will have a fair example of the character of sideboard he introduced, and which held sway for many years in the English home, lighting it up with the rich play of light and colour he obtained from his well-selected veneers. But surface beauty of this kind, unless carefully used on the soundest construction, "does a mischief whilst it lends a grace," and it was soon found that the charitable veneer covered a multitude of sins. The beautiful figure and rich *chatoyant* grain of the surface wood were used to disguise the most wretched construction, and so mahogany became looked upon with suspicion, veneering passed into a by-word for a sham, and Charles Dickens killed it when he created a family to bear its name. Yet Phidias veneered Pallas herself, and set her up in the Parthenon at Athens; but there is nothing which can escape perversion,

> "Nor aught so good, but strained from that fair use,
> Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse,"

not even veneering.

At the back of Sheraton's sideboard you will see a brass rail to prop the salvers against and protect the wall. In homes where plate was scarce a little bit of fictitious brilliancy was obtained by hanging on it one of those convex mirrors which have been so largely revived of late, and from this little bit of cheap glory sprang the custom of putting a looking-glass back to the sideboard, a custom which spread itself and its glass so hugely that the sideboard in latter days came but to be the meagre support of a big mirror.

Naturally, when things came to this pass, a revolt took place, and gradually the sideboard grew into more importance, until it became rather oppressively grand. Brobdingnag fish, flesh, and fowl hung about it till it looked like a ligneous larder, and then a simpler spirit settled down upon it, and now there is no lack of well-designed sideboards at the service of purchasers who will go to good makers to get them. The side-table proper does not seem to be much in favour just now, but the "pedestal sideboard," the progeny of it, with its concomitant pedestals, under many phases of design, yet survives, and such a one we have engraved on page 154, from the portfolio of Messrs. Jackson and Graham. It retains traces of the survival of the old mirror, though reduced to proportions which are unobjectionable. In that designed by Messrs. Gillow we have a distinct survival of the dresser form, with just sufficient glass above it to compensate for that absence of plate frequent burglary and the fogs and smoke of our large towns have brought about. Porcelain, with its bright clean surface, nowadays fulfils the function of plate, and this naturally introduces many changes into the disposition of the sideboard.

G. T. Robinson.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE BRITISH ARTISTS.—One is always loath to speak one's mind on the subject of the majority of the works at the Society of British Artists. For the honest criticism will probably fall heavily on the backs of many whose principal chance of a livelihood lies in the product of yearly sales on the walls of this gallery. Here, then, if anywhere, should the critic reserve himself for "damning with faint praise." The pictures which appear to single themselves out for commendation are 'A Visit from Father Dominie,' by W. D. Sadler, a pendant to the subject of 'Thursday,' which was in the Academy last year; 'Drifting down the River at Sundown,' by G. S. Walters; 'Martin Luther singing in the Streets of Eisenach,' by L. C. Henley; 'Seeking a Haven,' by J. Fraser; 'Wet Weather, Lyme Regis,' by G. W. Bréanski; 'Pleasant it is when Woods are Green,' by Y. King; 'Waiting and Watching,' by J. S. Noble; a pair of piscatorial scenes by W. D. Sadler; 'Retired from Business,' and other sketches, by Edwin Ellis; 'A Moonlight Walk,' by J. D. Watson, a powerfully rendered effect; 'The Heyday of Life,' by R. W. Radcliffe; 'A Little Visitor,' by S. Moore; 'Folkington,' by A. F. Grace, a masterful piece of difficult painting; 'A Nubian Orange Seller,' by P. Pavy. Amongst the water colours the following are the most noticeable:—'Stacking Peat,' by J. Bromley; 'A Cup of Tea,' by E. J. Taylor; 'Sunset on the Chase,' by B. Evans; 'Down to the Village,' by J. J. Curnock.

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.—Under its reorganized form this society has now existed some fifteen or sixteen years, and so far as encouragement to Art effort and excellence among women go, no institution in London deserves more heartily the countenance and support of the cultured public. Seven hundred and sixty-six pictures in oil and in water colours represent the year's industry, and if that industry is not invariably guided by true Art instinct, we do not think in this respect, *cæteris paribus*, that the lady artists differ very much from their sterner brethren. Among the pictures marked in our catalogue for approval and criticism are the following:—Louise Rayner's horse fair in 'Foregate Street, Chester;' Kate Macaulay's quiet 'Evening on Loch Fyne;' Louise Watt's 'Little Ducks;' and Emma Cooper's man fishing at 'Wiseman's Bridge, Saundersfoot.' Among Mrs. Marrable's many contributions, 'Palm-trees on the Island of Capri' is her best, and she is to be congratulated on the amount of local truth she imparts to every scene she represents. In the matter of handling and colouring, however, Mrs. Marrable is fast being excelled by her daughter Edith, and in proof of this we would point to her 'Decorative Panel' of apple blossom. We like the boy fishing near a bridge in 'A Grey Day,' by Charlotte H. Spiers; but neither she nor her sister seems in these exhibitions to put forth her full Art power. The same remark applies to Emily Lane, whom we know to be capable of higher things. Emma Walter's 'Fruit just gathered,' and Miss E. H. Stannard's 'Fruit,' are both excellent. We like also the sentiment conveyed in Ellen Partridge's 'Mourner,' a Dalecarlian girl seated with a wreath in her lap. We also commend Mrs. H. Champion's Spanish lady passing 'An Idle Hour,' and M. Kempson's 'Sunset, Loch Leven;' Mrs. Val Bromley's waves lashing the rocks at Cadgwith, on the Cornish coast; and Hepworth Dixon's birch-trees reflected in the still waters of 'The Bois de Boulogne.' Of the works of Helen Thornycroft, Hilda Montalba, Mrs. Louise Jopling, we need not speak; and such well-known favourites as Mrs. Backhouse, Miss Gastineau, Miss C. Isa James, Mrs. Paul Naftel, Margaret Rayner, and Miss L. B. Swift can speak for themselves.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—The twenty-eight years during which this exhibition has been in existence embrace an important period in the history of British Art, and may be said to be synchronous with the modern Art revival in this country. Only those old enough to have a vivid recollection of the state of painting when this gallery first opened can appreciate fully the immense advance we have made in Art knowledge since that time, or appraise at its proper worth our indebtedness to this institution. It was the first to familiarise the stay-at-home Englishman with other schools, and give catholicity to his tastes; and now that a generation has almost passed away, it is gratifying to the unprejudiced critic to be able to testify to the continued variety and sustained excellence of the works submitted to the general public. The contributions exceed two hundred, and though there are no single pictures dominating all the rest, as we have sometimes seen, the general high level of excellence is well sustained. The principal works are two landscapes by C. Heffner, of Munich, in which the laws of light and of aërial and linear perspective are most loyally and effectively carried out. Between these two hangs an important figure subject by Professor L. C. Muller, of Vienna, which was at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878, and was retouched by the artist last year. It represents 'The Courtyard of the Doge's Palace,' with a comely youth in a black robe playing cicerone to a group of three Arab magnates, who are accompanied by their negro slave. Turning to another figure picture of importance, but in a different vein, we have in 'The Ante-chamber of a Minister,' by L. Jimenez, a brilliant example of the intensity of colour so characteristic of the school founded by Fortuny. For workmanship of a less dainty and more defiant kind we select 'The Last Moments of Chlodobert:' it is from the broad masterly brush of A. Maignan, who painted 'The Death of the Pope,' which called forth so much admiration a few seasons back. Fredegonda and Chilperic have laid their dying son by the side of St. Medard's tomb, and passionately but vainly pray for his restoration to health. On each side of this scene hang life-sized portraits of two European celebrities, Count Moltke and Prince Bismarck. Other artists well represented are H. Salmson, Jules Breton, Jules Dupré, J. B. C. Corot, C. F. Daubigny, A. de Neuville, J. Maris, Josef Israels, Pasini, Munkacsy, and Wahlberg.

SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.—The rapid rise of etching into public favour has resulted in a considerable section of the members who practise that art banding themselves together to form a society. And although several principal names in the etching world are absent from its programme, it has felt itself sufficiently strong to draw the line of membership at original etchers, thus excluding those who follow the profession of translators of others' work. With the assistance of a considerable number of etchings (seventy-eight) from America, and sixty-nine from the continent, the walls of the Hanover Gallery have been well filled. Naturally at a first, and to a certain extent tentative, exhibition, much mediocre and a considerable amount of old work is to be expected, but this latter fault is palliated by the fact that less than three months have elapsed since the invitation to contribute was sent out. In future, no doubt, the same rule that holds at the older exhibitions will be enforced, namely, that no previously exhibited work shall be admissible. The most noteworthy contributions appear to be Otto Weber's 'Cattle;' H. Herkomer's portrait of himself; 'Off Quarantine, New York,' H. Farrer; 'L'Épicerie,' L. L'Hermitte; 'St. Cuthbert's Screen,' Kent Thomas; 'Matinée d'Hiver,' F. Buhot; 'Wise Saws,' J. C. Hook, R.A.; 'Herring Fleet leaving Wick,' G. S. Ferrier; 'Breezy March,' T. W. B. Knight; 'Pinner Hill,' F. Slocombe; 'The Quiet Hour,' A. H. Haig; 'Like Spectres to the Iron Porch they glide,' C. O. Murray; 'Going for Bait,' Otto Leyde; 'Cat's Head,' C. W. Sherborne; 'Death and the Woodman' and 'Portrait of G. F. Watts,' A. Legros; a splendid series of animals' heads by Heywood Hardy; 'A Fisherman's Haven,' J. MacWhirter; and 'La Mère Giraud,' M. L. Menpes. The president, Mr. Seymour Haden, contributes a series of six dry-points, which principally differ from his previous work in representing landscape as an adjunct to animals, instead of according to it the principal position. The animals are admirably drawn. We notice that a large proportion of the Provisional Council either do not exhibit or else only assist with some work of very ancient date.

MRS. BUTLER'S 'SCOTLAND FOR EVER!'—The charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo forms the subject of one of the most effective pictures which Mrs. Butler's pencil has produced, and one which combines a feat of draughtsmanship with an expression of strenuous movement and of high-wrought emotion. The cavalry charges full-face, and is, therefore, directly foreshortened, and the moment chosen is when the word of command is still ringing on the air. Some of the horses are in full gallop, others are in the act of breaking out

of the trot, the action being instantaneous. In front rides the squadron-leader, while the bugler, who should be close to him, has just been struck in the chest, and sinks backwards before he has had time to sound the charge; as the reins fall loose his horse is somewhat in delay—a momentary delay—which causes a crush at the extreme right, where one horse is lifted off his feet by the pressure—a not uncommon incident in cavalry charges. Throughout the horses are of the principal importance, and the line of "greys" is a remarkable study of high animal emotion. Without forcing the brute character, with its directness, simplicity, and single-heartedness, into any comparison with human character—which is more or less complex even in moments of elementary passion—but keeping entirely to that which is animal in feeling, Mrs. Butler has yet expressed heroism, devotedness, courage, and terror in exalted degrees. It is evident that each horse is a separate study. Individualism is the very life of modern military painting, and here we have individualism carried even into the manner of the horses' gallop, some of them going with a more equal action, and some of them working vigorously as they lead with the off leg. The breed is Flemish, and appropriate to the time when our heavy cavalry depended chiefly on its weight, the leader's horse being somewhat better bred than the others, many of which are horses of the roughest character. The men are secondary in the picture only in so much as their chargers are so prominent, so large, and so white as to hold the first place; but the human faces also are full of vividly realised character, and admirable in their diversity and distinctness. "Scotland for ever!" was the cry with which the regiment charged. The picture (which is exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly) is sufficiently fresh in tone to be free from all suggestions of the studio and the model.

BIRMINGHAM ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.—The sixteenth Spring Exhibition of Water Colours at Birmingham was opened, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, on the 30th of March. A larger number of pictures have been hung than ever before, while the quality has never been surpassed. Two rooms are now devoted to oil paintings, while special features are made of works in black and white, and water-colour drawings by deceased masters. Mr. Burne Jones, who is a native of Birmingham, contributes the design, 'Christ in Judgment,' which was recently at the Grosvenor Gallery. Artists of local fame are well represented, and show here and there works of more than ordinary excellence. Mr. S. H. Baker sends several drawings, and Mr. Edwin Taylor's drawing, 'Autumn,' is successful. Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. H. T. Munns, Mr. E. R. Taylor, Mr. F. H. Henshaw, Mr. Chamberlain, and other members of the society, contribute works. The oak cabinet to be presented to the secretary, Mr. A. E. Everitt, in acknowledgment of past services to the society, is one of the features of the exhibition.

ART NOTICES FOR MAY:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Sending-in Days.—Plymouth, 6th.—Yorkshire Fine Art Society, Leeds, 12th.—Black and White, Dudley Gallery, 30th.

Opening Days.—Royal Academy at 10 A.M. on the 2nd.—Grosvenor Gallery, 2nd.—Albert Hall, 16th.—Plymouth, 16th.—Milan, 1st.—The Hague, 16th.

Closing Days.—British Museum closed 2nd to 7th inclusive.—The Royal Scottish Academy and the Royal Hibernian Academy close this month.

Royal Institute of British Architects' Annual Meeting, 2nd.—Science and Art Department Examinations, Model and Freehand Drawing, 5th; Practical Geometry and Perspective, 6th.—Cantor Lectures, Society of Arts: The Art of Lace-making, continued by Alan S. Cole, 2nd and 9th; Colour Blindness, and its Influence upon various Industries, by R. Brudendell Carter, 16th, 23rd, and 30th.—Telegraphic Photography, by Shelford Bidwell, 26th.—Lectures on the Chemistry of Materials used in Painting, by Prof. Graham, University College, commence on 4th.

ART NOTES.

TWO ACADEMICIANS, in the room of the late Alfred Elmore and J. P. Knight, and an Academician engraver, are to be elected by the Royal Academy on May 5th.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE this year at the Royal Academy are Messrs. Vicat Cole, W. C. T. Dobson, W. P. Frith, J. E. Hodgson, L. Stocks, H. H. Armstead, and J. L. Pearson.

BY the death of Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart., the office of Antiquary to the Royal Academy, which the deceased gentleman had held since 1876, becomes vacant.

IF an acquaintance with the French Salon is confined to a small section of the English public, our neighbours' knowledge of our exhibitions is not much more thorough. We read in a leading French paper, *Le Moniteur des Arts*, that the "Exposition of English Painters" will shortly open in the salons of a "joli hôtel que les Messieurs du Royal Academy viennent de se faire construire non loin de *Regent's Circus et du Top de Hay Market;*" that the most remarkable pictures will be those of Messrs. Leighton, Millais, Erskine, Orchardson, and Nicol; and that, without being so much the rage as the Salon, still it will attract a fair number of visitors, not only in the morning, but in the afternoon, "un peu avant le *Five o'clock tea.*" Referring to the Exhibition of the Lady Artists, they remark upon the rules which prevent ladies exhibiting at the Royal Academy as evidencing a great want of liberality on the part of the English artists compared with their French brethren, "qui sont presque tous nés galants;" whereas the painters of London leave the ladies "s'arranger comme elles peuvent sans s'occuper d'elles le moins du monde."

THE round of the studios was accomplished this year by greater crowds than ever. An artist who lives in an unget-at-able and rural district stated to us that his neighbourhood had been scandalised and upset by the visits on a Sunday of over two hundred and fifty persons, for the most part uninvited carriage folk. They appeared to have come to see the studio, and if possible the live artist, rather than the pictures, as to which they were, almost every one of them, as regards criticism, fortunately stricken with "paralysis of the tongue."

NO less than fifty-three candidates presented themselves at the recent annual election of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, but out of this large number two only were selected. As no limitation of the numbers, or, we believe, lack of merit, hindered the honours of associateship from being conferred on a greater number, this capricious exclusiveness is remarkable and unfortunate. Nor was the selection of one of the candidates less extraordinary—Mr. George Du Maurier, so well known as the talented draughtsman in *Punch*, was carried in by a large vote, but what claim he can have thus to bar the way to real water-colour artists we are at a loss to conceive. It is asserted that the three water colours which he was obliged, under the rules of the competition, to send in, are the only productions from his brush which have ever been exhibited. The only assignable reasons appear to be, either that Mr. John Tenniel being a member of the "Institute," the elder society was bound to have a representative on the *Punch* staff, or that he was impetuously elected by the friendship of the many members amongst whom he resides. In these days, when not only are attacks upon the constitution of the society being made by upstart bodies without, but revolutionary ideas are smouldering within, the proverb cannot but occur to reasonable minds, "Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury, the other new Associate, resides at Leicester, where he is the master of the School of Art. Mr. Pilsbury exhibited in 1879 four drawings in the Royal Academy and five in the Dudley. Last year he was again fortunate in having five at the Royal Academy and three at the Dudley. The *proxime accessits* were Mr. Napier Hemy, who obtained seventeen out of the twenty votes which were necessary to secure election, and two ladies, Mary Forster and Edith Martineau, for each of whom thirteen voted. Professor Adolf Frederic Erdmann Menzel, the well-known German painter, engraver, and water-colourist, was at the same time elected an Honorary Member on the motion of Sir John Gilbert.

THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON have again shown their disregard for the few architectural features which have been handed down to them by permitting the erection of a series of gigantic signal posts in front of the Royal Exchange, and in the fine streets which radiate from that centre. What with these hideous electric-lighting apparatus and the network of wires which cover in our principal streets, electricity may be said to be as great an enemy to Art as the rest of the mechanical inventions of the century.

A BUST of George Cruikshank will shortly be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. It is the work of Mr. Adams Acton, and the memorial tablet underneath will contain the following inscription:—"In memory of his genius and his art, his matchless industry, and worthy work for all his fellow-men, this monument is humbly placed within this sacred fane by her who loved him best, his widowed wife."

ANOTHER monument in St. Paul's will also soon be completed, namely, that of Sir Edwin Landseer, by Mr. Woolner, R.A. It is a tablet of white marble, containing a profile portrait of the painter, and underneath a bas-relief of 'The

Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' filled in at the angles by two lions' heads.

A LOUIS QUINZE CABINET, of finely grained wood with rich ormolu decoration, has just been sold by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, with the consent of the Treasury. The price obtained was £3,500. The cabinet, which stood seven feet high, was acquired by the society nine years ago, with its contents, for £783 12s., the case itself being only estimated at £50 of the price. After withdrawing from it many coins which made the Scottish collection in the National Museum the most complete in existence, and also enriching the English and classical coin departments with many specimens, the duplicate coins remaining realised a large sum of money. A year or two ago, when the cabinet stood in the library, inquiries began to be made from abroad concerning it, and eventually, on offers above £3,000 being made, the society obtained leave to sell the cabinet, the Treasury instructing the amount to be retained by the society for the purchase of objects illustrating the unwritten History of Scotland. Its principal feature, beyond ormolu ornament of characteristic design, was a panel in which "loves" were shown working a coining press. In explanation of its sale, it is stated that it possessed no *national* antiquarian value, and that the large sum offered for it would provide the museum with funds for purchasing articles more within its scope as a local historical institution. It is understood that the purchaser is a French gentleman, and its acquisition is presumably speculative.

MR. JOHN LENG, of Dundee, has placed in the hands of the Royal Scottish Academy a sum of money for the purpose of assisting any student of the Academy's schools wishful to go to the continent in pursuit of his studies. Mr. George Bathgate has been selected, and has recently left for Italy.

THE protest of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings against the contemplated "restoration" of the Bigallo at Florence has apparently failed, as the works are already begun. The committee, headed by Signor Castellazzi, the superintending architect, have, however, declared that their designs are less Vandalic than is feared in London. They affirm that they have no intention of touching, or in any way "restoring," the frescoes; they merely propose to execute certain indispensable repairs in the interior and to the roof of the building, and to knock down divisions and additions of late date which impair the original form of the beautiful windows. They will further remove an upper construction which they regard as an excrescence; and where they add stained glass and continue (not renew) decorations, they will take care that both are in the style of the fourteenth century.

RECENT excavations in Pompeii have brought to light a cottage containing on the walls of its rooms pictures of unusual artistic merit, and in a fine state of preservation. They for the most part consist of half-length portraits. Hard by was found a fountain, with a bronze statuette in a niche in the mosaic-covered wall against which the fountain rested.

IN the course of excavations necessary for the construction of the baths at Dürkheim, in the Palatinate, the workmen have come upon an enormous iron chest containing the celebrated treasure of the abbey of Limburg, which disappeared after the siege of the abbey in 1504. The treasure is supposed to have been put in safety by the abbot out of fear of an attack. It is composed of a large number of vases and other objects of gold and silver, of precious stones, and a host of coins of the fifteenth century. There are also a large number of articles for worship, dating from the commencement of the abbey, which was constructed by Conrad the Salic, and his wife, Queen Gisela, and opened in 1030.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, BLOOMSBURY.—The successful lady competitors of the year received their prizes on March 28th from the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. Two silver medals, one bronze medal, and five Queen's prizes, gained at the last national competition, besides the Gilchrist Scholarships of £50, were awarded. The latter Ottilie Bodé received for the first time, and Edith C. Nisbet for the second time. Florence Reason gained the Queen's Gold Medal and Scholarship for the second year, and C. M. Wood the Clothworkers' Scholarship of 20 guineas. Prizes for designs for fans and vacation work, and the usual Government awards, were also distributed.

VIENNA.—At a meeting recently held of two hundred members of the Vienna Art Society it was resolved to hold an International Art Exhibition at Vienna in 1882. £21,000 was at once subscribed for the purpose, and Baron Rothschild has promised the committee credit, without interest, to the amount of £10,000. Considerable additions will be made to the buildings of the "Kunstlerhaus," and will comprise two large exhibition-rooms, with ample wall space.

THE MONTH'S ARCHITECTURE.

We propose, in future, giving monthly a list of the principal architectural works which have been undertaken or completed. It will be superintended by Mr. E. J. Tarver, Craig's Court, Charing Cross, to whom information may be sent.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Architect.*
St. Leonard's,	Hertfordshire Convalescent Home	T. C. Clarke.
Ryde	New Hall, &c.	T. Dashwood.
Over Darwen	Market House	C. Bell.
Exeter	Heavitree Grammar School	W. Butterfield.
Worcester	Free Library and Hastings Memorial Museum	R. K. Freeman.
Sutton Coldfield	Seat converted into Racecourse. Old Hall retained	W. Jenkins.
Bolton	Chadwick Museum	R. K. Freeman.
Richmond, Surrey	Free Library	F. S. Brunton.
London	Exeter Hall (altered)	A. R. Tite.
London, Limehouse	New Town Hall	R. & C. Harston.
York	Sheldergate Bridge (opened).	

ECCLESIASTICAL EDIFICES:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Architect.*
Higher Openshaw	St. Clement's Church (opened)	Entiknap & Booth.
Widnes	St. Ambrose Church (opened)	J. F. Doyle.
Cambridge	Pembroke Coll. Chapel (re-opened)	G. G. Scott.
Haworth	St. Michael's (consecrated)	T. H. & F. Healy.
Carlisle	Cathedral Oratory (restored)	G. E. Street, R.A.
Clunbury	Parish Church (restored)	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Tranmere	St. Catherine's	A. Bleakley.
Burnley	St. Matthew's (consecrated)	W. Waddington.
West Bromwich	St. Michael's	Wood & Hendrick.
Daisy Hill, West Houghton	St. James's	Paley & Austin.
Wersleigh Hill	St. Peter's	Paley & Austin.
Irthingborough	Parish Church (restored)	J. Peacock.
London, Forest Gate	St. James's (consecrated)	Habershon & Fawkner.
Upton-cum-Chalevey	New Parish Church	J. O. Scott.
Ponteland, Newcastle	St. Mary's (reopened)	F. R. Wilson.
Edinghall	Holy Trinity (rebuilt)	C. Lynam.
Hillmarton, Wilts	Parish Church (reopened)	G. E. Street, R.A.
Halstead, Kent	St. Margaret's (opened)	W. M. Teuton.
Peckham Rye	St. Saviour's (opened)	Weekes & Hughes.

MONUMENTS:—

		Memorial erected to
Windsor	St. George's Chapel	Capt. Wyall Edgell.
London	Westminster Abbey	Sir G. G. Scott, R.A.
Haslar	In the Cemetery	Officers and Men of H.M.S. *Eurydice.*
Salisbury	Cathedral	Bishop Hamilton.

STAINED GLASS:—

		Artists.
Edinburgh	St. Giles Cathedral (Historical Window to the Memory of the Regent Murray)	Ballantine.
Monmouth	Grammar School Window	Ward & Hughes.
Horton, Ribblesdale	Church (Three Windows)	Powell Brothers.
Cambridge	Corpus Christi College	Heaton, Butler, and Bayne.
Haworth	Church (Four Windows)	Powell Brothers.
Kendal	Burnside Ch. (Five Windows)	Swigley & Hunt.

FOREIGN:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Architect.*
Vienna	Türkenschanze New Observatory	F. Fellner.
,,	Opera House Fountain	Null & Grosser.
Cadore	Monument to Titian	Dal Zotto.
Berlin	Königstrasse Town Hall	Baumeister Wäsemann.
Manilla	Metropolitan Cathedral	S. Salaverri.

St. Peter's Parish Church, Newnham, has been destroyed by fire.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, the eldest Royal Academician in order of date of election, save Mr. Solomon Hart, died on the 28th of March, in the seventy-eighth year of his age: his death causes a sixth vacancy in that body in little more than a twelvemonth. The son of a well-known actor, he began life in the office of a merchant, who shortly afterwards failed. He then

overcame his father's objections to—as it was then considered—so undignified a profession as that of an artist, and became successively pupil of Henry Sass and George Clint, and student of the Royal Academy. His first exhibited pictures were principally theatrical portraits, but he later became the fashion, and many eminent men sat to him. He was elected an Associate in 1836, a full member in 1844, and Secretary to the Royal Academy in 1848. This post he held until 1873. From 1839 to 1860 he was also Professor of Perspective.

MR. J. F. SKILL, a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, died on the 8th of March at a comparatively early age. Endued with a fine feeling for colour, he was wont to treat his subjects in a delightfully delicate manner. He was, however, insufficiently appreciated by the mass of buyers, and less-gifted men giving him the go-by, he died, we understand, more from a broken heart than aught else.

MISS JANE BEWICK, the eldest daughter of Thomas Bewick, the eminent engraver, died on April 7th at Gateshead. The following are particulars of the engraver's family:—The deceased was born on the 29th of April, 1787. Robert Elliot Bewick was born April 26th, 1788, and died July 27th, 1849; and Elizabeth Bewick was born March 7th, 1793, and died April 7th, 1865. The second daughter, Miss Isabella Bewick, is still living.

ART SALES.

AT the sale of the gallery of Mr. John W. Wilson, in Paris, the following were the principal prices obtained:—*Old Masters*—Portraits of Scriverino and his Wife, Frans Hals, £3,200 (bought by the Museum of Berlin); Portrait of P. Van der Broeke, by the same, £3,120; a Member of the family of Schade, by the same, £1,724; 'The Ball,' by Pieter Codde, £1,400 (the Museum of Berlin); 'The Brook,' by S. Ruisdael, £1,280 (the Museum of Brussels); 'View of Dordrecht,' by Van Goyen and A. Cuyp, £1,220; 'The Artist drawing from Nature,' by the same, £2,920; 'Lady Ellenborough,' by Sir T. Lawrence, £400; Portrait of a Man, by Rembrandt, £8,000; 'Étienne Gardinet,' by Holbein, £2,670; 'The Glebe Farm,' by Constable, £146. *Modern Masters*—'The Angelus,' by Millet, £6,400; 'Halt of Cavaliers,' by Meissonier, £5,000; 'Interior of an Italian Courtyard,' by Decamps, £1,472; 'The Sentinel,' by Bargue, £1,120; 'Faneuse,' by Millet, £950.

THE collection of the late Alderman Ward, of Nottingham, was sold by Messrs. Christie on March 18th and 19th. The principal drawings were 'Mountain Gloom,' by T. Collier, £105; P. de Wint, 'Landscape, with Corn-field and Figures,' £155; J. M. W. Turner, 'Landscape, with Cattle,' £105; Pictures:—T. Gronland, 'Flowers and Fruit,' £225; W. Müller, 'Treasure Finders,' £252; E. J. Wieman, 'Richmond, Yorkshire,' £252; E. Verboeckhoven, 'Coast Scene,' £346; the total of 264 pictures being £4,594. The following were sold at the same time, from the collection of the late Mr. Wardell:—Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., 'Gethsemane,' £241; Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., 'Jonathan's Token to David,' £346; E. Frère (1859), 'The Child's Prayer,' £252. From a different property:—Jan Steen, 'La Mauvaise Ménagère,' £325.

The collection of Mr. Daniel Roberts was sold at the end of March:—Drawings:—J. Holland, 'The Porch of St. Vincent's, Rouen,' £110; G. Barrett, 'Evening,' £136; T. M. Richardson, 'Glencoe,' £235; Carl Haag, 'Crossing the Desert,' £126; F. Tayler, 'At Pont-y-Pant—Going to Market,' £212; Rosa Bonheur, 'A Herd of Deer, Fontainebleau,' chalk drawing, £115; L. Gallait, 'The Burghers paying their Last Respects to the Bodies of Counts Egmont and Horn after Execution,' £199. Pictures:—L. J. Pott, 'Shakspere reading before Queen Elizabeth,' £252; B. W. Leader, 'A Fine Morning, Early Spring,' £357; Edwin Long, 'An Easter Vigil in a Cathedral at Seville,' £682; J. Portaels, 'An Egyptian Flower Girl,' £252; J. H. L. Haas, 'The Rencontre,' £215; P. L. Jazet, 'Brigands dictating the Ransom,' £262; A. Toulmanche, 'What will Papa say?' £215; E. Saintin, 'La Bouquetière,' £315. Belonging to Mr. Paris:—T. Faed, R.A. 'Happy as the Day is Long,' £472. These collections realised £10,500.

Enamels by H. Bone, R.A.:—Portrait of Queen Elizabeth, after the original by Zucchero at Hatfield, £119; Mary Queen of Scots, after the picture by Zucchero at Knole, £100; Sir William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, after the picture by Zucchero at Hatfield, £56; Sir Joshua Reynolds, £44; Queen Charlotte, £42.

At Messrs. Robinson and Fisher's, in April, amongst a collection of pictures:—Sir Edwin Landseer, 'View in Chatsworth Park,' £605; F. Madox Brown, 'Don Juan,' £241. Three pieces of statuary by Carrier Belleuse, respectively £252, £210, and £131.

THE sale of Mr. Bicknell's pictures took place at Messrs. Christie's on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of April, realising altogether £24,330. Of the water-colour drawings by David Roberts, R.A., 'Karnac, General View,' sold for £131; 'Cairo, General View,' £168; 'The Holy Sepulchre Chapel of Three Crosses, Jerusalem,' £178; 'Mosque of the Sultan Hassan, Cairo,' £110; 'Gateway of the Temple of the Sun, Baalbec,' £110; 'Mosque of the Sultan Kaitbey, Cairo,' £126. Pictures:—Goupil, 'The Young Republican,' £483; E. P. Metamacher, 'Après le Maître, £210; Paul Viry, 'The Music Lesson,' £404; D. Roberts, 'View of the Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo, Rome,' £315; 'Venice,' £514; 'The Forum,' £462; 'St. Peter's, Rome, Christmas Day,' £399; 'St. Gomar, Lierre,' £577; 'Temple of Koom-Ombos, Upper Nile,' £346; 'St. Andrews,' £231. By W. P. Frith, R.A., 'She gives a side glance and looks down; beware! beware!' £346. By F. Goodall, R.A., 'Arab Children,' £210; 'The Palm Offering,' £273. By W. Müller (1843), 'Gillingham Church,' £294; C. Stanfield, R.A., 'A Jetty,' £236; 'The Mouth of the Humber,' £294. By J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'Ivy Bridge, Devon,' £840; 'Palestrina,' £3,150.

FORTHCOMING SALES OF WORKS OF ART.—At Messrs. Christie's, drawings and engravings of the late Joseph Harrison, 2nd; Oriental porcelain of F. Goodall, R.A., 3rd; Art and virtu of the late A. B. Stewart, 5th, and pictures and drawings, 7th and 8th; Bale collection, 13th.—At Messrs. Sotheby's, collection of prints, 3rd, 6th, and 7th; collection formed by Richard Bull of drawings, etchings, and engravings, 23rd until 28th.—At Messrs. Phillips's, porcelain, pictures, and inlaid furniture, 2nd; carved furniture, 3rd; furniture, porcelain, 6th; china, porcelain, and statues, 10th; pictures, 16th.

NEW BOOKS.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," by John Bunyan (J. Walker & Co.).—Another illustrated edition of this celebrated work has been added to the hundreds which have preceded it. It is noteworthy because its binding is formed of oak taken from the beams which, since 1530, have done duty in the roof of the church at Elstow, whose bells Bunyan loved to ring. Being unfit for further use in that edifice, the idea presented itself that it might yet be utilised, not only to form souvenirs of the "Immortal Dreamer," but as a means of increasing the Restoration Fund. The illustrations, by Mr. Gunston, are gracefully and correctly drawn. The main portion of the work is preceded by a succinct and well-illustrated memoir.

"BOOKBINDING IN THE LIBRARY OF ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, OXFORD," illustrated by Twelve Plates, drawn by John James Wild, Ph.D.—The library of All Souls is, after the Bodleian, the finest in Oxford, and it contains some splendid specimens of binding, both ancient and modern. Twelve reproductions, in black and white and in colours, of the backs and title-pages of some of the best specimens, have now been published. They are not only interesting in themselves, but will be useful to designers and decorative artists, as the work is extremely well adapted for reproduction on walls and panels, *e.g.* the border of the first specimen (Blondi Histor.), which is delightful in its beauty and simplicity. The work of reproduction has been well executed by Dr. Wild, who evidently had his heart in his work; indeed, the care he has given to these plates shows him to be a man deserving of recognition as an artist. We may add that he served as one of the Scientific Staff on board H.M.S. *Challenger* during its celebrated voyage, where his labours were not the less appreciated because his name was seldom mentioned.

"THOMAS BEWICK: Notes on a Collection of Drawings and Woodcuts, also a Complete List of all Works Illustrated by Thomas and John Bewick, with their Various Editions," by F. G. Stephens. Illustrated, 4to, 21s. (The Fine Art Society).—This volume is the outcome of the exhibition which was held at the publishers' Galleries in the autumn of last year. It is illustrated with thirty-two engavings from original cuts, the most part of which were lent by the Misses Bewick. These, as many will remember, were printed in the exhibition-room. To Mr. Stephens's notes has been added a compilation, by Mr. D. C. Thomson, of all the works illustrated by the Brothers Bewick and their varied editions, which cannot fail to be of benefit to Bewick collectors. The edition, being confined to three hundred copies, is likely to become scarce.

HENRY AND ALBERT MOORE.

IT is not often that the artistic capacity is found common to a whole stock of children at once. As a rule, the artist is alone among his brothers and sisters. His way and theirs lie apart, and their work and his are other; and he falls to painting pictures, or making verse, or scoring symphonies, while they are intent on the balancing of books, or in drafting deeds, or broking in stocks and shares. Such a case as that of the brothers Moore is, therefore, exceptional enough to be notable. The elder Moore was a painter, and three of his sons were painters after him. Of the youngest of the three, an artist in portraiture, of great promise and some distinguished performance, it will not, unhappily, be question in this note. He died last year. His two elders, Henry Moore, the painter of the 'Lifeboat,' and Albert Moore, the painter of 'Shells' and 'Azaleas,' are yet living and working, and—though neither of them has received any sort of recognition from the Academy—are known for two of the most original artists of these times.

Henry Moore, the eldest of the three, was born at York in 1831. He began to draw almost as soon as he could hold a pencil, and received his first lessons from his father. In no great while he was admitted to the local school of Art,



Hay-making in Switzerland, from the Picture by Henry Moore.

where he worked hard at drawing from the cast, from copies, and from trees, objects, and flowers. In 1853 he came to London, and was received a student of the Academy. He was fond of painting from nature, however, and studied a great deal in the open air, both at home in England, and abroad in France and Switzerland; so that, though he wrought hard and well, he was not what masters call a diligent scholar. In the year of his admission he sent in his first picture to the Academy; it was a landscape—a view of Glen Clunie, at Braemar—and it had the good fortune to be accepted. He has been pretty constantly at work ever since, and has not often been absent from the exhibitions. For

some years (1853—1857) he produced nothing but landscapes: glimpses of Cumberland waters and leafy nooks in Devon; pleasant stretches of Swiss meadow, beautiful with sainfoin and plantain, flooded with summer air and summer light; quiet scenes of pastoral and forest life, and the labour of woodmen or of hay-makers. Of the excellence he achieved in this walk of Art, his very charming 'Hay-making in Switzerland' (1857), reproduced in our first woodcut, is only one of many proofs. In 1858, however, he began to attempt the conquest of the sea, and produced his 'Kittiwakes on their Nests' and his 'White Calm,' laying thereby the foundation of that excellent reputation as a marine painter which he has since established, and which is increasing year by year in measure, as his shrewd and salt and wandering billows, and rolling wrack and windy skies are better seen and known. This to the contrary, his art has been fairly divided between land and sea from then till now, so that it is rather against his will that his renown as the painter of wood and glen has been sacrificed to his reputation as a painter of beach and wave. In going back and forward between these two domains of his he has spent the latter part of his life: his excellent 'Lifeboat' (1876), a work of extraordinary veracity and force, the subject of our second woodcut, being balanced (1875) by a 'Summer Moonlight on the Downs;' and his 'Highland Pastures' (1878) by a 'Calming Down' (1879) and a 'Beachéd Margent of the Sea' in 1880. He was one of the original Committee (1867) of the General Exhibition of Water Colours (the Dudley Gallery); he was elected to the Society of British Artists in the same year; he was made Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours in 1876, and full Member in 1880; and his pictures in Suffolk Street and at the Dudley Gallery have been many and important.

The second of the brothers, Albert Moore, author of some of the most striking work in modern English Art, is the landscape painter's junior by several years, having been born, also at York, in 1840. His elementary training appears to



The Lifeboat, from the Picture by Henry Moore.

have been much the same as his elder's: he learned, that is to say, something from his father, worked late at the local school of Art, and made studies from anything and everything he saw. His early drawings are quite individual in their sincerity of realism and in the uncompromising fidelity with which they reproduce, exactly and literally, the objects represented. They reveal their author for one endowed in full measure with the faculty of seeing things as they are, and with the feeling for mass and line, the sentiment of form, the instinct of expression, which mark their owner for a true draughtsman, and are rarer qualities than they are generally supposed to be. This being the case, it is not surprising that Albert Moore's first exhibited works—some of which date from years when he was yet in his teens—should be simple transcripts from nature, and should in nowise foreshadow that ideal and imaginative Art which is the final outcome of this talent and individuality. Among them may be noted the 'Woodcock' and the 'Goldfinch,' exhibited in 1857, and a study called 'Wayside Weeds,' exhibited in the May of 1858—the month and year in which the painter was admitted a student of the Academy. He stayed but a twelvemonth at that institution, and in 1859 he exhibited only a single 'Study.' The next year was a blank for him; he was feeling for his way, and had not lighted on it yet. In 1861, and for some time afterwards, he seemed to have found it, and to have found it lying among conventionalities; for in that year and the next he produced three several compositions on themes selected from the historical Scriptures, together with a pleasant illustration of a very graceful verse from Longfellow. Nothing from him was seen in 1863, but in 1864 he painted his fine piece of fresco, 'The Four Seasons;' while in 1865 he exhibited his 'Marble Seat,' a work akin in sentiment and aim to those of later years, and the remarkable picture styled 'Elijah's Sacrifice,' a composition full of admirable qualities, both of colouring and draughtsmanship, both of conception and of expression, and unquestionably the finest example of what may be called





his second manner. These were succeeded by 'Apricots' and 'Pomegranates' in 1866; by the 'Quartette' in 1869; by 'Shells' in 1874; by 'Pansies,' the subject of our etching, in 1875; by 'Gannets' in 1879, and many a dream of grace and loveliness beside. The artist's style had become definite and peculiar. The Greeks had taught him much; the Japanese, too, *avaient un peu passé par là;* and to the naturalist of the early studies, to the painter intent upon expression and drama, and more or less under the influence of tradition, there had succeeded the artist in decorative imaginings, cunning in form, exquisite in conception, dealing in types that are types of beauty only, in complex and charming arrangements of line, and in refined and novel harmonies of tone and colour. The realist was gathered to the past, and the idealist reigned in his stead.



Shells, from the Picture by Albert Moore.

As has already been shown, the brothers Moore are blood relations only. As artists, they have in common nothing but the sentiment of colour—a sentiment each one expresses in his own fashion, by processes quite other, and for quite other ends, than those affected by his kinsman. As revealed to Henry Moore, an expert, careful, and suggestive draughtsman, and a master of means, the main function of Art appears to be the portraiture of the great aspects of inanimate external nature. He has done much in his time, and has done it all with equal heartiness and skill, if not with equal approbation; so that he may be said to be good at the presentment of animals and men, and good at the presentment of still life, of the forms of wood, of the hues and shapes of flowers. But he is primarily a lover of the larger beauties of land and sea. He has studied and pondered them in storm and calm, in gloom and shine alike; and his interpretation of them is of exceptional significance and power. His waves have the rush and swing of the living waters; in his grasses and trees there is a something of the mystery of growing woods and the tranquil charm of happy open fields. The light that falls on them is a light from real skies; the winds that blow through them, the airs that compass them about, are suggestive of heaven's own. And his best work, apart from its fine artistic qualities—of breadth and freedom, of force and energy, of dramatic and impressive colouring and skilful combination of forms—has, from the point of view of imagination and emotion, the merit of being eminently veracious and sincere. With Albert Moore the object to be attained, the impression to be made, the idea to be realised, are wholly different in type. His art is in intention purely decorative, and has for the mark of its achievement the production of what may be described as ideal realism. His principal characteristics are an incomparable feeling for the relations of faint, bright, delicate colours, and an admirable sense of symmetry in design. To the first of these qualities, developed, it would seem, by an intelligent consideration of Japanese Art, he owes, and very justly owes, a great part of his reputation;

for it has enabled him to contrive a series of such perfect concords in tint and tone as perhaps can hardly be surpassed in the whole range of painting. As regards the second, he has been an apt and earnest student of the Greeks, and he has learned from them the uses of serenity, the charm of dignity and repose, the worth of beauty that is unimpassioned, and the potency of a right combination of quiet and harmonious lines. As exampled in certain of his works, in 'Shells,' 'Pansies,' 'Azaleas,' the 'Quartette,' and the 'Shulamite,' these qualities, in themselves artistic in the highest degree, and devoted to the realisation of purely artistic ideas, are found to be of singular merit and attractiveness. In the tiny world apart which Albert Moore has created for himself the life is wholly one of exquisite, yet healthful sensuousness. A stormless ocean girds it about. It is overbuilt with goodly mansions, with shining columns and lattice-work in fair marble. In its still gardens are cool fountains and curious fretted pavements. It is full of white birds and rare and delicate blossoms; minor chords of colour are everywhere; and it is peopled with graceful and mysterious virgins, clad in ideal apparel, enamoured of quiet, placid in the consciousness of an untroubled immortal youth. To consider it is to be neither heartened nor elevated. But the emotional effect produced by its contemplation is, notwithstanding, very great. It appeals to the eye as a strain of clear and shapely music to the ear, and it gratifies the sense of seeing with something of that entire contentment which it is the privilege of beauty to bestow.

The scene of our first illustration—the original of which is in the possession of Mr. C. E. Mudie—is a June meadow in Switzerland. The midsummer sun is not yet high, for the day is in its fresh young prime, and there is a full sense of morning in the cheerful air and upon all things in the wide and open champaign, where these hay-makers, garbed in that vivid and charming blue which Millet knew so well how to paint, are at work with rakes and forks upon their harvest. The hay has been tedded and burnt, and is ripe for the stacking, and they are heaping it upon quaint carts for the great patient oxen, brown and white in hue—placid, majestic, contemplative—to draw homeward. Deep in the background, out of the soft blue haze, looms the distant Jura; the foreground is a spread of sainfoin and scabious and plantain; and the beatitude of summer is over all. The subject and sentiment of 'The Lifeboat,' which is the property of Mr. Henry Tate, are of another order. The time is early winter; the place is somewhere on the wild coast of Cumberland. An implacable wind is blowing along the vents, and rending and worrying at the angry waters; and in the grey and roaring morning, under the driving sky, a ship has come ashore, and is breaking up, and the lifeboat is thrusting off to her rescue. The picture is one that Englishmen may well delight to look upon, for its idea is a thoroughly national one, and only on the English seaboard could its materials have been gathered together. The interest of 'Shells' and of 'Pansies' is, on the other hand, æsthetic and imaginative merely. Their motives are purely ideal, the sentiment is wholly decorative, the drama in them is one of colours and lines. 'Shells' may be described as a study of relations in certain shades of brown and certain shades of grey. Across a windy and solitary beach a tall, golden-haired lady is pacing barefooted beside a grey-blue sea, fading into green where it breaks on the sand. Her robe, the colour of a leaf in early autumn, shows yellowing through the gossamer folds of a light, white mantle, with a twinkle of gold hem in it; her orange cap glows soft against the blackest greys of a troubled sky, where darker and lighter tones find echo, as it were, in the shells at her feet, as does the green line of the shallowing water in the mosses on these blocks of chalk by which she bends her way.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'PANSIES.'—This etching is by Mr. A. Mongin, after the picture painted by Mr. Albert Moore. In the design there is a touch of human feeling; for "pansies, that's for thoughts," and the heroine, who is one in race and blood with 'Shells,' the maiden of the shore, is evidently pensive. But its main interest, like the interest in 'Shells,' is one of tone and design. In an ideal interior, where the Greeks and Japanese have met and agreed, a lady, "blonde comme les blés," and arrayed in a combination of salmon colour and faded and paly purple, reclines on a couch, the fair white of which is mellowed and enriched by a pattern wrought in delicate pinks and fresh cool yellows and pansy hues, now dark and deep, and now faint and pale, all of which are so fused and harmonized as to produce an impression of iridescent pearliness, as of the inner surface of a strange and beautiful shell.

'THE END OF THE JOURNEY.'—In 1874, in reviewing the exhibition of the Royal Academy, we thus wrote of this picture:—"Mr. Morris has taken the grace that is in this painting from a simple and earnest study of real life, and the effect he gains could only be got by close and long observation of figures and landscape seen together. Thus we have here no touch of the artificial pose and conscious elegance of the professed model. This young girl has a perfect fitness for the place in which we find her, and the sentiment with which the two figures are set in the scene is brought in perfect accord with the spirit of the scene itself." The variety and successful character of Mr. Morris's pictures, and the thorough mastery over technique which an education abroad as well as at home had given him, rendered his election to the Royal Academy only a matter of time. He was chosen an Associate in 1878, four years after the production of the picture which we have engraved, and his work, both this year and last, exhibits increasing power.

FAC-SIMILES FROM DRAWINGS BY MR. E. BURNE JONES.—We have to thank Mr. Burne Jones for two examples from his pencil, which continue our series of fac-similes from painters' drawings. Recent exhibitions have afforded an insight into the marvellous beauty which this master of colour can also instil into monochrome. The reproductions—which, at Mr. Burne Jones's wish, are here presented in an untouched form, not even the joinings of the paper being obliterated—are taken at hazard from a multitudinous mass of material in black and white, which forms the prelude to every finished work which proceeds from this artist's easel.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

GEMS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE origin of the art of engraving has been by turns assigned to almost every nation except to that which eventually brought it to the highest perfection. Within the limits of our space it is as impossible to determine, as it would be useless to discuss, the rival claims of the Assyrians, the Persians, and the Egyptians to be the founders of the art. The tile inscriptions of the first, the hieroglyphics of the last named, have in their turn to hold their claim for priority against the Arabians as described in Bible history, and the Chinese, the Mexicans, and even "the Scythians," as revealed by modern discovery. One point is, however, clear—the art was not indigenous to Greece. Throughout the Homeric epic not a single allusion is made to the use of signet rings or engraved gems; and although Greek mythology owes to the glyptic art the survival of not a few of its legends, it is noteworthy that no record exists of its inventor or of its tutelary divinity. In all probability the application of engraving to gems and precious metals arose at some remote period in Asia, attaining at a comparatively early date a high degree of perfection at Nineveh and Babylon. Engraved seals of onyx, agate, and crystal still remain, attesting the high degree of excellence attained by the workmen of those cities, whilst the use of "hard stones," as they were termed, naturally arose in the countries where they were found; and this would dispose of the claim of Egypt to have invented the art of gem engraving.

Obviously the work of the lapidary must have preceded that of the engraver, but the implements required by the latter were of finer and more durable quality; and we must look to countries which produced the diamond, or some equally hard stone, as the original home of the earliest engravers. Not a few authorities hold that India, whence the ancients obtained their diamonds and many of their precious stones, was the country in which the art first attained notoriety, and that thence it spread through Persia and Armenia to Egypt, and so from the Asiatic to the insular Greeks. In any case, as early as 600 B.C. we have abundant testimony that in Greece the engravers of gems were a distinct body, and highly honoured as artists.

Cameos represent a far greater progress in national civilisation. Intaglios were brought into use almost of necessity. They served as signet rings, and were used for both keys and seals as a means of insuring the security of persons and things as well as of letters. Cameos, on the other hand, were objects of mere luxury; occasionally they were used for rings, but most often for buckles, or as fibulæ to hold up the folds of the lacerna. Their origin, however, is sufficiently remote to have puzzled etymologists as to the language whence the word was derived. Lessing, for instance, maintained that the word cameo was a contraction of *gemina onychia*, onyx stone, and saw in it a corruption of *camaïeo*. Others held it to come from an Arabian word, *kamaa*, signifying a raised surface; whilst others again referred it to the Greek κάμνειν, to work one's self weary. The more specious solution suggested by Larousse, from χήμη, a cockle, the shells of which are still used for inferior descriptions of cameos, is scarcely tenable, inasmuch as the word came into use before shells were employed. Originally cameos were cut on stones of single colour, but the agate, onyx, and the sardonyx, with their layers of various coloured stone, soon became the favourites amongst engravers and connoisseurs. The workman's art consisted in using the lighter shades for the figures, whilst the darker served as a background to bring out the delicate work of his design. In Egypt the art of cameo-cutting must have attained great perfection, as some of the examples still remaining prove; but whence it was derived does not appear, for the Persians, from whom possibly they may have learnt intaglio-cutting, never seem to have practised this other branch of the art. In both branches, however, the Greeks for many centuries maintained their superiority, and even after the centre of civilisation and luxury had shifted from Athens and Macedon to Rome, we find that Greek artists, like Dioscorides, Solon, Apollonides, and others, sustained the reputation bequeathed to them by their ancestors. Cameos followed with singular fidelity the fortunes of the Roman empire. They rose into repute with its founders; then attained their highest perfection when the empire was at its zenith; and finally the cameo-cutters following their emperor to Byzantium, there, by much debased work, continued the traditions of their art.

The survival of gem and cameo engraving during the Dark Ages is due to that very remarkable sect known as the Gnostics, and no résumé of the history of the art would be complete without some allusion to their doctrines. Offering as it were a neutral ground on which Christians and Buddhists, Neo-Platonists and Zoroastrians, could meet and mingle the symbols of their respective beliefs and superstitions, Gnosticism seems to have been the starting-point of the mediæval faith in amulets, charms, talismans, and the source whence the Knights Templar, the Freemasons, and the Rosicrucians alike drew much of their symbolism. These Gnostic gems, which bear a strong resemblance to some of the earlier Egyptian stones, are the last traces of ancient civilisation in the West. They are for the most part coarse and ill-executed, distinguishable by long and unintelligible legends engraved upon them in Arabic or Coptic; Hermes, and subsequently the god Abraxas, are the most constantly recurring types, but in nearly every case they are Gnosticised in some way, so as to connect them with the deities of other faiths or the symbols of abstract qualities. As might be expected Byzantium itself was not free from this influence, and traces of it may be discovered even in the gems attributed to this period, and produced in the capital of the Eastern Empire.

It is difficult if not impossible to assign anything more than approximate dates to the examples which have come down to us from remote antiquity. There is in the British Museum an engraved Assyrian cylinder, known as the signet of Sennacherib—although it bears no inscription which can definitely associate it with that monarch. At Paris, in the Bibliothèque Nationale, is preserved a cylinder which is supposed to have

* Continued from page 133.

belonged to a Jewish captive at Babylon. Both of these, however, must be regarded as modern works in comparison with the Egyptian cameo in the Louvre, to which the date of 3000 B.C. is assigned. In 1874 an Etruscan scarab was found at Orvieto under conditions which caused archæologists to assign it to the fifth century before the Christian era; whilst the identity of its subject with one found at Cyprus, in the Curium treasury, would suggest that even at that date a commerce in incised gems already existed.

The earliest authenticated examples may be classified generally under the following heads:—(1) The Assyrian cylinders, allied to which are the Persian, Indian, and possibly the Chinese gems. (2) The Egyptian scarabs, and closely connected therewith the Ethiopic and Etruscan scarabs. (3) The Phœnician gems, almost unequalled and seldom surpassed as mere mechanical and imitative work, but wholly devoid of original genius. They were admirably fitted to convey the knowledge of the art to others, and through them we reach (4) the Greek and Roman gems, which, passing through many phases and absorbing inspiration from all sources, raised the glyptic art to its highest development in the interval between Augustus and Hadrian.

The materials employed by the early gem engravers were modified by the country in which they worked; but from the earliest use of "hard stones" a certain preference is traceable to jasper, sard, or carnelian, and to hæmatite. The examples in chalcedony, basalt, agate, lapis lazuli, rock crystal, alabaster, porcelain, and even glazed clay are sufficiently numerous to prove their common use. The amethyst, the emerald, and the carbuncle, though occasionally found engraved, are extremely rare, and generally of great value and of high antiquity. The onyx, though now the most commonly found in the cabinets of collectors, for a long time was held in but small repute by the ancients, who thought its layers of colours, in strong contrast, the result of artificial, not natural combination. Among the Romans it grew into favour, and some of the best ancient Italian work is on this stone. Aldini, in his "Instituzione Glittografiche," a rare but most valuable work, published in 1785, adds to the list the beryl, coral, the chrysolite, heliotrope, opal, and the sapphire. Examples, he says, exist of engraved work on all these, but he admits them to be rare, and probably of a date subsequent to the best period of the art of engraving.

No traces of the actual instruments by which such surprising results were obtained have been found. It would seem probable that in the oldest stage of the art the design was composed wholly of straight lines, and that the workmen were able to sink this into the stone by means of a pointed tool pushed backwards and forwards over the surface. In the next stage, when greater depth was required, a small hole was bored by means of a drill, whilst the shallow lines were, as before, worked out with a pointed instrument. In the time of Xerxes, we are assured by Herodotus, the Ethiopians still employed flint instruments, but their more common tool was a copper drill, assisted by emery (σμίρις, or σμὺρις, *naxium*).

To pretend to furnish tests by which false cameos and intagli can be distinguished from originals is beyond our power; and when we recollect how so practised a connoisseur as Payne Knight was imposed on by Pistrucci, we have no shame in admitting our incapacity. As a general rule, it may be accepted that all antique incised gems are small—generally of the size of an ordinary ring-stone—whilst, on the other hand, the cameos are large, having been intended to be worn as brooches, buckles, or other dress ornaments. Antique gems are, moreover, irregular in shape and depth, the edge being rounded to suit the setting, and often left quite rough. The traces of the original rubbing on the emery slab are often distinguishable in the deep parallel scratches on the back. These scratches, moreover, often recur on the face of the gem itself; but although it must not be hastily assumed that all highly polished gems are of modern workmanship, it is equally an error to imagine that because an asserted antique is perfectly smooth and highly finished, it must necessarily be a forgery. Mr. C. W. King, who is a trusty guide in such matters, declares that the Italians have long since discovered an infallible recipe for preparing modern antiques to suit collectors, and they do not hesitate to stuff their turkeys with new-made gems. After a few days' sojourn in the gizzards of those useful birds, the trituration to which the gems have been submitted qualify them to rank for roughness with the chefs-d'œuvre of antiquity. Again, old and inferior gems are not unfrequently touched up by modern artists, who leave little or nothing of the original work behind. In these cases the purchaser's taste and discrimination must alone guide him; and if both are satisfied, although he does not become the possessor of a real antique gem, he has nothing serious to regret. Mr. King says that the truest test of antiquity in his eyes "is a certain degree of dulness, like the mist produced by breathing on a polished surface, which the lapse of ages has always cast upon the high lustre of the interior of an intaglio. This appearance is not to be imitated by any contrivance of the modern forger, and, when once remarked, is so peculiar in itself as to be easily recognised ever afterwards."

The private cabinets of antique gems, of which the names still survive, have, by degrees, been dispersed or absorbed into national collections; happily they are for the most part open to students, so that facilities for study are far greater than they were a hundred years ago. Our own British Museum possesses but a small number of real antiques, scarcely exceeding six hundred specimens; almost all these are the bequests of private collectors, such as Townley, Payne Knight, Cracherode, and others. Amongst the Townley gems is the Julius Cæsar of Dioscorides, on sard—possibly a correct, but not a pleasing, likeness of the great Roman. A head of Livia, an amethyst, attributed to Epitynchanus; a Perseus, a dying Amazon, and a laughing fawn, who strongly recalls the portraits of John Wilkes, are amongst the other undoubted works of antiquity. The Gnostic gems of this collection are more remarkable for their setting than their engraving; whilst the cameos are neither numerous nor of excessive size or beauty. Far more remarkable are the well-known Devonshire gems, now consisting of at least five hundred stones, and including some of the finest intagli and cameos in existence. The collection was commenced by the third duke, early in the last century, and has been added to by each successor to the title. Many persons will recollect the exhibition of the ornaments made with a number of these gems, and worn by the Countess Granville on the occasion of the coronation of the late Emperor of Russia. The Marlborough collection, which recently passed entire to a private collector for the sum of £50,000, though small, contained some interesting specimens, one or two having historical as well as artistic value. The French national collection, however, throws our own into the shade, at least

by its size. Consisting of more than twelve hundred stones, of which one-half are ancient intagli, Greek and Roman—139 Greek and 50 Roman camei—they offer a well-arranged and trustworthy history of the art from the earliest historic period. In Egyptian, Etruscan, and Oriental gems it cannot compare with the Berlin collection, composed of the cabinets of the Elector of Brandenburg, the Margrave of Amspach, Stosch and Bartholdy, and numbering more than five thousand stones and pastes; but in cameos Berlin has to cede the palm to Vienna. In Italy, as might be expected, there are numerous collections: those of the Rinuccini and Medici families at Florence; of the Strozzi, the Ludovici, the Odescalchi families, with the Vatican and Kircherian museums, at Rome; and the Museo Reale (or Borbonico) at Naples, being especially remarkable, and year by year increasing in value and volume, as fresh discoveries are made; whilst in the extreme north, the Museum at St. Petersburg has probably absorbed a larger number of private cabinets, some of them containing the most valuable specimens, than any other national or imperial gallery in Europe.

The history of modern gem-cutting and the collection of ancient specimens date from the earliest phase after the Renaissance period. Already, by the middle of the fifteenth century, the taste had spread over Italy, and one of its most ardent professors, Pope Paul II., is said to have died a martyr to the cause, the cold having seized his too-bejewelled fingers. The discovery of numerous relics of antiquity, not less than the impulse given to the work by the refugee engravers coming from Constantinople, raised the art in the estimation of the cognoscenti. The Venetians, probably owing to their frequent communications with the East, were first in the field, but they soon found rival collectors and rival workmen in Florence, Milan, Rome, and Naples. Cameos became exceedingly popular, and some of those executed in the early part of the sixteenth century compete with the best specimens of antiquity. The difficulty against which the Renaissance artists had to struggle was the want of proper materials—the sard, which the ancients had shown to be peculiarly adapted to this work, was scarcely obtainable—so that they had to fall back almost wholly upon the ordinary onyx, out of which the warm colouring of the Oriental stone could not be obtained.

The names even of the principal artists of this period have reached us in a very fragmentary state. Mr. King, usually so painstaking, apparently adopts without question M. Mariette's list—which, so far as it relates to the engravers of the Renaissance period, can be scarcely regarded as exhaustive. One of the earliest and most remarkable was Giovanni dalle Carniole, who worked for Lorenzo the Magnificent, by whom he was held in high esteem. His most famous work was a minute but highly finished portrait of Savonarola, *propheta vir et martyr*, as he is termed in the long epigraph by which the portrait is surrounded. This precious work—a large carnelian—has ever been regarded as one of the rarest gems in the Medici cabinet, and it is impossible to conceive, as Mr. King seems to hint, that it has passed into private hands. Pietro Maria da Pescia was another engraver of high repute, who after the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent quitted Florence for Rome, where he worked for Leo X. Domenico di Polo, a pupil of Giovanni dalle Carniole, is best known by his medals, but a sardonyx portrait of Alessandro de Medici has been compared for its vigour to the portrait of Augustus by Dioscorides. Although no engraved gem historically connected with Benvenuto Cellini exists, there is every reason to suppose that he worked in stone as well as in metal, whilst it is not improbable that the Leonardo da Milano may have been the world-famous universal genius better known as da Vinci. Valerio il Vicentino, Alessandro Cesari, *Il Greco*, whose masterpiece was a cameo head of Phocion, and the brothers Misuroni, Giovanni Bernadi (of Ferrara), and above all Matteo dal Nassaro, the son of a Veronese shoemaker, are amongst those who in the sixteenth century contributed the most effectually to the revival of the art of gem-engraving. To Matteo dal Nassaro, according to Vasari, was due the introduction of the taste for engraved gems into France, to which country he was invited by Francis I. In the following century the finest works were those produced north of the Alps; Lehman and Miseron at Vienna, and Schwaiger at Augsburg, were the most celebrated in Germany. Gerhard Valder, a Fleming, came to Florence to study, and executed a remarkable portrait of Michelangelo; but the real genius of the century was the Frenchman Coldoré, who worked for Henri IV. and Louis XIII. in both intaglio and cameo, and established the taste in France, of which Francis I. had already laid the foundation. Queen Elizabeth seems to have realised the practical benefits to be derived from the instruction of her people in art, for she addressed pressing invitations to Coldoré to come to England. The eighteenth century witnessed in Italy a remarkable revival not only of the love of gems, but in the art of engraving. Sirletti, the two Costanzi, and Pozzi, are the most prominent names in the northern part of the peninsula; Naples could boast the two Pichlers—to the elder of whom the Poniatowski collection was said to owe its existence—whilst the younger, in Mr. King's estimation, had more of the feeling of the truest Greek work than any executed since the Renaissance. In other countries similar interest in the glyptic art was displayed. Laurent Natter and Dorsah of Nuremberg, Becker of Vienna, Barier of Paris, and Quay of Marseilles fostered its practice in Germany and France.

We now come to the history of gem-engraving in this country. With the exception of one, Theophilus "Fareit," who, according to Aldini, was distinguished early in the seventeenth century as an engraver of animals, the existence of no English artist of any repute can be traced in this country before the middle of the eighteenth century. Laurent Natter, of Nuremberg, above mentioned, after studying at Venice and Rome, had come for a time to London, but he is said to have gone to Persia on the invitation of Nadir Shah, and eventually died at St. Petersburg; Reisen was by birth a Dane, and his influence seems to have made itself felt rather in France than in England. At any rate his pupils, Claus, Smart, and Smeaton, all worked in Paris, although the last named eventually came to London about 1750, and executed portraits of Pope, Inigo Jones, and other celebrities, for which his highest charge was apparently 25 guineas. Marchant at a comparatively early period fixed himself at Rome, and there obtained far larger prices for his works from his fellow-countrymen than they would have consented to pay had he and they remained at home. For a sard engraved by him with two female figures he was paid 200 guineas, an enormous price at the time; especially when we find that Wray of Salisbury, a home-keeping artist of great merit, never obtained more than a tenth of that price for his best works.

Side by side with the engraving of cameos and gems had grown the art of taking impressions of antiques in paste or some other substance. Throughout the Middle Ages the

fabrication of false jewels went on as a recognised branch of commerce; and subsequent investigation has proved that some of the famous jewels of history, such as the emerald presented by Charlemagne to the Abbey of Reichenau, were absolutely valueless. On the revival of Art in Italy the uses to which paste was applied were numerous, and the dearth of precious stones forced the engraver to seek for substitutes. The Medici were especially prominent in helping experiments in this direction, and the Cabinet of Gems at Florence bears abundant testimony to their energy. In France the greatest pains were bestowed on the fabrication of paste, especially during and after the Regency of the Duc d'Orléans, and one of the most celebrated chemists of his day, M. Homberg, was employed by him not only in making the substance, but in obtaining impressions of the most celebrated engraved gems within his reach. The "Orleans paste," as it was called, remained a sort of family secret, which was transmitted first to Clachant, an engraver of some note, and by him to Mademoiselle Feloix, who eventually formed a cabinet of upwards of two thousand impressions. But by far the most enterprising of the collectors in the latter branch was Baron Philip Stosch, a Prussian nobleman, who travelled all over Europe taking impressions of gems wherever they were to be met with, whilst his servant, Christian Dehn, settled himself at Rome and applied himself to obtaining casts in sulphur, gypsum, and other substances of the cameos and intaglios in private collections in that city.

About the same time Herr Liphert, a glazier in Dresden, had under instruction from Winkelmann, Baron Hagedon, and others, begun to substitute a preparation of powdered alabaster for the red and black sulphur of Dehn, with such marked results that his casts threatened to replace in every cabinet those of his French and other rivals. In England also no small interest in this work had been aroused by the experiments of Joachim Smith, and subsequently of Bentley and Wedgwood. Into the details of this invention it is not necessary to enter, but one result of the search was to attract the last named more and more towards the study of the antique. Alone or in conjunction with his partner Bentley, Wedgwood began to reproduce ancient intaglios and cameos, and it is pretty clear from his own letters that it was Joachim Smith's example which started in his mind the idea of making relief portraits of contemporaries. The success of his experiment naturally attracted not only imitators, but pirates; and although the superiority of the Bentley and Wedgwood workmanship assured to them the patronage of men of taste and knowledge, the general public were frequently and successfully imposed upon by unscrupulous competitors. At the same time there were not a few honourable rivals to the establishment at Burslem, amongst whom none deserves more special notice than James Tassie, who had begun life as country stonemason in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. The accidental sight of a number of engravings gave him a keen desire to become an artist, and whilst earning his livelihood as a common mason, he learnt the elements of drawing. In 1763 he removed to Dublin, where he worked as a sculptor, and there became acquainted with Dr. Quin, who had given much time and attention to imitating precious stones in coloured glass, and in taking impressions of engraved gems. In 1766 Tassie went to London, where for a long time he seems to have pursued his adopted line as a modeller in silence and obscurity. In Miss Meteyard's "Life of Wedgwood" is the copy of a bill dated Nov., 1769, for seventy impressions in "sulfer" at two pence each, and two "enammell" impressions at one shilling each, supplied to the firm of Wedgwood and Bentley. By degrees his skill became known; his works in paste, glass, composition, and sulphur were sought for by collectors; and the cabinets of Europe were open to him or his agents. By the year 1790, he had formed a collection of no less than 15,000 gems, ancient and modern, and so great was the fashion for them at that time that they were eagerly sought for by jewellers, and set by them in seals, bracelets, and necklaces; and a few great personages like the Empress Catherine of Russia ordered complete sets of the Tassie gems for their private cabinets.

Tassie, however, not content with the merely mechanical work of reproduction, gave evidence of real artistic power. His portraits in wax, afterwards cast in a white alabaster paste and set on a dark vitreous background, will compare favourably with many of Wedgwood's well-known medallion portraits, and were it not that fashion sets in favour of Wedgwood and is forgetful of Tassie's existence, it is by no means improbable that the works of the latter would be equally highly prized by collectors. A large number of portrait medallions executed by Tassie were of his Scottish contemporaries. Amongst these and other public characters may be named Thomas Walker, of Manchester; General Gage, Sir William Hamilton, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Rockingham, Admiral Vernon, Lord Keppel, Adam Smith, and others. All these were apparently taken from life, whilst from pictures or statues he had made medallions of Captain Cook, Garrick, Lord Mansfield, and many more.

James Tassie went on working until the very end of the century, when he was succeeded in business by his nephew, James Tassie, who possessed the industry if not the talent of his uncle. Everything in the shape of a coin, medal, gem, or cameo, which came within his reach, James Tassie seems to have reproduced in some form or another; but the fashion for this work had died away, and although within the memory of those still living, his shop in Leicester Square was the meeting-place of London and foreign collectors, yet the general public had turned away from the exquisite gems of antiquity and the Renaissance to other and more trivial tastes. The business, which had been latterly carried on in partnership with a Mr. Vernon, was broken up about thirty years ago, and all trade in Tassie gems ceased. By a strange accident, the contents of Mr. Vernon's house were recently sold by auction. The executors seem to have had no idea of the value of the countless drawers and cabinets filled with intaglios, cameo portraits, medallions, sulphur and other casts, with which the remote Bedfordshire rectory-house was overflowing. For a comparatively trifling sum the whole collection passed into the hands of a chance attendant at the sale, who had doubtless as vague an idea of the value of the prize he had drawn as those who sold it had of their loss. Happily for collectors, the entire stock, with very few exceptions, came into the hands of a well-known dealer; and it is probable that this discovery, happening at a time when so many connoisseurs are desirous of collecting where the supply is limited, will tend once again to bring Tassie's name and art into vogue. For the absorption of such a collection as that now thrown upon the market can only be a matter of a very short time, and that once effected, the natural result must follow—increased prices and greater fame.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.



ART AS APPLIED TO TOWN SCHOOLS.*

IN the course of building the Board Schools of London one of the best opportunities for producing a somewhat imposing structure out of the mere necessities of the case has arisen in the Caledonian Road. The school is engraved in the next page, and, standing in a conspicuous position near the Great Northern Railway, its effect, as seen from any side, is enhanced by being lifted bodily on arches, in order to obtain playground. This portion is treated as a basement story. The towers mark the two staircases. The corridors, windows, and other features all arise naturally from the plan.

In order to judge of this, or any other building, as to the simplicity and naturalness of the design, the vexed question of "style" immediately arises. It may be well, therefore, to take a short retrospect of architectural art in recent times. Much may turn on distinguishing natural and legitimate Art growth from what, in one direction, is mere copyism of the past, and in another is at best a spurious graft on the Art of a time to which it does not belong, and on a life with which it is not in perfect harmony. Architecture is a plant of slow growth. It must always arise naturally out of building wants, though it may be clothed with higher thoughts. Even in new developments its roots must be in the past, and founded on something which has been. It does not, therefore, follow that all new developments should be labelled as of the "has been."

At the commencement of the present century all public buildings were, in some form or other, copies of old classic examples. The word "Gothic" was held to mean something barbarous and ignorant. Architects devoted their main attention to the study of the ancient remains of Greece and Rome. The works of that time show a downright copyism of the past, which, becoming more and more feeble, finally brought about a reaction. In the capital of Scotland no less than a modern Athens seems to be aimed at. In England the effort culminated in St. George's Hall at Liverpool, a building which may fairly be described as the noblest in modern Greek manner which our century and country have produced.

Among the first to abandon downright copyism of the antique for thoughtful design suited to particular buildings was the late Sir Charles Barry, whose Houses of Parliament would rank much higher in the eyes of Englishmen if only they were a thousand miles away. Then came the great struggle of our own time as to style. The influence of Pugin, followed by the strenuous labours of Scott, produced a great movement in favour of Gothic architecture for civil buildings. The word "Classic" was held to mean something pagan and un-English. Those of us who (like the writer) had the advantage of some years of study under Sir Gilbert know what a fine school his office was for inculcating scorn of all shams, adherence to truth in architecture, and careful study of detail, even if confined too narrowly to that of ancient English work. Much of what he taught passed away with his own life, as being out of harmony with the spirit of the age. The attempt to galvanise Gothic architecture into a national style common to all kinds of secular buildings is already a matter of history. But the honesty of purpose and intention in building which he inculcated remains, and exerts at the present moment a living influence upon architects. One unfortunate outcome, among others, of the preference for Gothic Art to the exclusion of all other, has been seen in a whole generation of workers led away by the delusion that such larger principles as fine proportion, good grouping and massing, and true architectural expression, although present in every example of noble building which the world has ever seen, were things of comparatively little moment. The works of such may be recognised by general want of grasp in main treatment, by ludicrous notchings and comic forms in detail under the name of "ornament," by total disregard of colour (bright blue slates covering staring red walls, for instance), and by an adherence generally to the peculiarities of a style rather than to its essence, its principles, and its art. There is this much to be said for copyism of classic buildings, that however dull and inane it becomes in feeble hands, the number of rules and precedents which hedge it in prevent a descent to that depth of degradation to be seen in ignorant, starved, or ill-treated Gothic.

Except in so far as Gothic architecture is founded on the wants of our climate, and the necessities of building suited thereto, any attempt to revive it for general use in domestic buildings must be a failure, from the simple reason that its expression of mediæval religion is not of our time. The builder's part of it may, and should, remain. The artistic element, breathing of government by the Church, can only be admirable when viewed as of the time to which it belonged. Some of us may deeply regret this. But the fact remains. Further, let us clearly establish in our minds the principle, that no architecture, whether for churches, houses, or schools, can be good which is not faithfully the exponent of the prevalent thought of its time. One of the reasons why Greek Art remains great lies in the fulfilment of that first condition. Fashions change. The eternal principles never change. When buildings are exactly fitted to their time and purpose, and clothed with the noblest Art, they command the admiration of all time. History records its verdict; and the great Art is tested by its power to endure the vicissitudes of changing times and passing fashions, and its command to respect as being the right thing of its time.

The root of the School Board style is really to be found, first of all, among the old mediæval architecture of the land, where common sense in building and the avoidance of shams are found united with perfectly true expression of purpose. Grouping and sky-line, high-pitched roof and gable, together with methods of construction generally, it owes to England. Yet a monastic character would not have truly marked the era of Board Schools free from ecclesiastical bias, nor the nineteenth century generally. An architecture suited to brick as a building material, and bright as becoming a foggy city like London, became indispensable. In the important item of colour the schools owe much to old Dutch work, whether in England or Holland. Where fields and pastures green are to be found, or stately trees in abundance, buildings of one uniform red colour may be well enough, if it be a good red. Indeed, under such circumstances, and if the building be not too large, an entire treatment in red may be the best. In the streets of London, where trees are not particularly numerous, and the green-

* Continued from page 140.

sward scanty, relief must be sought either by the intermixture of stonework among the red brick, or, as found best in the schools, by building of ordinary grey stock bricks, and merely using red as a blush of colour and brightness down sides of windows and corners of the building.

We are told that the greatest epicures are those who are



Caledonian Road School.

most particular about common things, strangely fastidious about the make of bread, and scrupulous on the score of butter. This kind of epicureanism is not a bad thing in building. Nay, it is the thing of all others to be first insisted on. Architectural art depends intimately upon good workmanship, and upon applying rightly each material according

to its nature. Common building needs first of all, to be closely looked to. Hordes of workmen, constantly employed by the speculative builder in practising everything bad in building, become utterly demoralised and unfitted to take part in good work. If we are ever to have good Art in common buildings—that is to say, if the housing of the poor is ever to be done by architects and from careful plans and designs—architects themselves must be content to descend frequently from their lofty pedestals, and speak, think, and work in simpler phrase. They must learn more of the manner and quality of building, be scrupulously careful about the colour and quality of brick-work, the appearance of its joints, the proper methods to be followed in carpenter's and joiner's work, and a thousand other despised things. They must educate the workmen who come within their reach. To do ordinary building well, using every material rightly and truthfully, is the first mark of that inter-dependence between building and architecture which renders the higher and more intellectual efforts of the latter at all possible. Until it is once more our habit, the special works of Art of larger kind can only be but a poor veneer on our condition as a whole, and a surer test whereby to condemn us.

Architecture is not mere display, it is not fashion, and it is not for the rich alone. Still less does it consist in the thoughtless copyism of obsolete eccentricities. No nobler lesson is taught by our own mediæval architecture as seen in its humbler aspects, in small houses, in out-of-the-way corners, even in plain walls, than that nothing was too small or too mean, but could be treated rightly and well. No materials, if properly used, offered any obstacle to true Art. A mud house, in this sense, and with those builders, never became ridiculous. It has been reserved for our time to witness



Cranbrook Road School.

utter incapacity for understanding the right use of material. This is bad enough in the case of materials which our fathers knew so well how to use, but is even worse where the progress of science has brought new kinds into vogue. Having no precedents as to their use, thoughtlessness induces sometimes a similar use to that applicable to other and better-known materials, and sometimes a use improper in other ways.

The hope that, by degrees, the old honesty of purpose in common buildings may be restored, is not devoid of foundation. Till it be attained it is certain that no perceptions of artistic fitness can be hoped for among the masses, and good Art can never become the rule instead of the rare exception. The methods followed in detail in the architecture of the Board Schools are in reality only those well known to all true architects. Machine-made "ornament" has always been rejected. When artistic ornament could not, for lack of money, be had, it has been simply omitted. Cast patterns in brick have been studiously avoided. Doubtless, if a whole summer could in each case have been given to the manufacturer for the due production of his wares, something might have been done in terra-cotta with good artistic results. Such results, however, as have actually been produced in this material in other buildings are not encouraging. The amount of sculpture employed in the schools has been, of course, scanty, consisting chiefly of small panels carved in red brick or stone, but always as good as could be obtained. The endeavour has been to use it for definite, necessary, and legitimate purposes, never to cover inherent badness, such as faulty fenestration or ugly forms. Figure sculpture has been beyond reach. To have it good is costly. To have it bad would neutralise every other effort in the direction of good proportion, good form, and good colour. The simple employment of

these last three has sometimes evoked unconscious compliments from ratepayers, who have denounced the Board Schools as "palaces."

To make these remarks fully intelligible a complete dissertation on the planning of schools would be necessary, with the result of carrying us far beyond our present scope. No doubt the scientific planning and interior arrangement, so that each part should be best fitted for the purposes of education, have occupied the most prominent place. The convenience of teachers and children in order to a direct result, and compactness of shape and disposition, have always been considered as of far greater importance than architecture or outward expression. The earlier schools planned on the unit of 40 for class-rooms are very different from the later. The "Rules on School Planning," published by the Education Department, form official regulations, giving 60 as the class-room for the master with one pupil-teacher, and 40 as the additional unit for succeeding numbers. It would be well, now that the proper planning of schools is better understood, to abolish these rules altogether, for they clearly tend to produce bad plans. The unit of 60 is now recognised as the best for class-rooms, with power of subdivision into two where pupil-teachers are employed. The "Rules" also distinctly tend to prevent the lighting of rooms from the left side of the scholar, which is one of the most important points to be secured. London schools are now always built on the unit of 60, with left lighting wherever possible.

Cost has usually dictated the omission of useless architectural features. The exteriors have been treated as the plan suggested. The proper method, speaking generally, would be to consider plan and treatment together. In the schools plan has always been paramount, with no great loss to the exteriors. Good architecture, indeed, has never been asked for. Taxpayers do not want it. At any rate things have been made for their uses, and uses not left to fit themselves to things.

The interiors present, unfortunately, little in the way of Art. Any study in that direction must continue to be thrown away, so long as the most fearful coloured pictures and diagrams are alone supposed to be suited to the infantile mind, and are hung in profusion all round the walls. Mr. William Morris, the poet and artist, who has done so much to raise the level of thought among the artists who guide upholsterers and decorators, long ago told us how the sense of colour possessed by ordinary people has become so deadened, that only those strange and glaring combinations, which at first twist the eye-nerves and give a shock to all whose perceptions of colour are in a healthy state, are commonly admired. This is singularly true of the kind of pictures hung in Board Schools. Brightness and cheerfulness are, of course, necessary. But the prevalent colour-blindness among publishers of "school apparatus" is remarkable. The latent theory, which no one dares openly to express, that these startling prints are necessary and right for children in order to attract their attention, requires no refutation.

The playground forms an important adjunct to the school-room, more especially in crowded cities, where its absence would compel the children to play in the streets. Its position should always be on the south side of the building, warm and sunny, and with a portion covered for shelter. Where the site is very small, the desired space has been obtained by special contrivance. Sometimes the building is lifted on arches to obtain playground underneath. Of this there are numerous instances. One remarkable outcome of the School Board movement has been the introduction of playgrounds on the flat roofs of the schools, a treatment now rendered possible by the use of the best asphalts, at once as a covering to the building and a floor to the playground. The first was made nine years ago, and there are now seventeen in all. A portion of this roof playground is always covered in at the north, and left open to the remainder at the south. The result is a playground with better air than can often be obtained among the squalid courts below. An instance of this is seen in the Cranbrook Road School, shown in the wood-cut on the previous page. The high-pitched roof, on which other schools so much depend architecturally, here disappears. No doubt, if the use of the roof playground continues, other treatments for picturesque effect will suggest themselves, and these may change the whole character and appearance of the Board Schools where they occur, as it has already done in some cases yet unbuilt. By-and-by these roof playgrounds will probably be ornamented with boxes of flowers. In the larger open playgrounds on the ground-level, where space admits, a border for flowers and shrubs is left on the margin next the enclosure walls, which, in the hands of some teachers, has been found highly advantageous.

The London schools have been used as a peg on which to hang the foregoing remarks illustrating the necessity of our all working, by thoroughness and fitness, to bring about such an improvement as shall by degrees give us an architectural style worthy of our time. The "rages" and fashions which set in are sufficiently discouraging. The parodies of good things to be seen in the shop windows of "Art" upholsterers are more so. The high-flown writing about Art most of all.

The Japanese language is said to have had at first no written symbols. Art also has been wanting in its literature, has never yet been absolutely defined, and is probably incapable of exact verbal definition. It is common to hear it spoken and written of as though a copyism of nature were its only aim. Nothing can be farther from the truth. We do not regard a photograph as a high-class work of Art, though actually produced from nature. A sun portrait of a nude figure can never rank with a Venus by Titian. Nor would an exact cast of a man's features or figure, though done in molten silver or gold, be otherwise than foolish if intended for a work of Art. Were it not so Madame Tussaud's collection of wax-work should be removed to the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy. In painting, a mere literal rendering of nature can no more be described as Art than an exact description in words of the same scene can be exalted to the rank of poetry. Whether in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, or poetry, the highest idealization of noble thoughts, best fitted to its vehicle and most perfectly worked out, will always rank the highest. When this level of united thought and work has been reached, when the meeting of highest imagination and truest fact has taken place, the result is a work of Art which can never be appraised in money. The critics who understand this Art, and can judge accordingly, are as few as the artists who can produce it.

EDWARD ROBERT ROBSON, F.S.A.

GABRIEL MAX.

GABRIEL MAX was born, 1840, in the historic and picturesque city of Prague, bright in panorama of hill and river, yet dark with gaunt towers and fierce battlements, and shadowed by memories of war, tyranny, and Hussite troubles. His father was a sculptor of refinement and culture, judging from the public monuments he set up in the Bohemian capital. Young Max was at first destined to follow the parental calling, and until his father's death, in 1855, dwelt and worked at home. To this early training may be fairly ascribed the painter's plastic and sculpturesque style, its balanced proportions, its modelled forms, with a pallid colour as of whity-grey or creamy marble. Young Max in the family home acquired habits of reading and thought, and in neighbouring churches and monasteries he made the acquaintance of mystic and miracle-working pictures, and thus gained early insight into the primitive and spiritual school which had been transplanted from Byzantium into Bohemia. Of such deep wells, in after-years, this supremely æsthetic painter drank copiously.

Prague, on the death of Max the elder, ceased to have further claim upon the son; accordingly the aspiring youth wisely betook himself to Vienna, the focus of Art in the Austrian Empire. The tyro of fifteen attracted attention by a fanaticism worthy of an old Hussite, with a fantastic appearance befitting pictorial or musical genius. He entered the Viennese Academy, then under the direction of Carl Blaas, a painter not undistinguished in the annals of romance. No record, however, is found of arduous studies or of a brilliant Academic career; on the contrary, it is stated that young Max remained much in his own rooms. The first fruits of his cogitations appeared in twelve indian-ink drawings illustrative of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Liszt. In the Austrian capital, from the time when Moritz Schwind improvised designs for favourite German operas, the sister arts of music and painting had been accustomed to play, as it were, duets. Max's pictorial phantoms, or musical fantasies, are sufficiently wild and weird. Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetic" suggests death and the resurrection; a young mother clasps in agony her child; graves yawn, and their shrouded tenants, like the visions of Blake, float across the darkened sky. Mendelssohn's chorale, "He bore our sorrows," reveals the city of Jerusalem and the Via Crucis. Lastly, comes a scene conceived in the necromancing strain of Alfred Rethel, suggested by lines, "molto agitato," from one of the "Songs without Words." There is a reason why Max should illustrate music, and why his art should be melodious, lyric, and rhythmic, for he himself is a passionate musician, and plays on several instruments. His pictorial touch, as well as the poise and movement of his figures, is indicative of the musical sense. These drawings, signed and dated 1861-2, must be accounted somewhat juvenile; the conceptions have the spasm of premature birth, and the execution betrays a 'prentice hand. Yet seldom have I come across creations more unmistakably marked by genius.

After a sojourn of eight years in Vienna—a period to be accounted as a prelude or interlude—Gabriel Max, in common with certain compatriots, migrated to Munich, a city which he still makes his head-quarters. In thus exchanging Austria for Bavaria he paid but a common homage to the ascendancy of the Munich school, which, however, then as now, happened to be less local than cosmopolitan. Like Max, several of the more prominent members of the Academy are subjects of the Austrian Empire: thus Franz Defregger and Mathias Schmid are Tyrolese; Hans Makart is of Salzburg; Lietzen-Meyer, Wagner, and Kurzbauer are Hungarians. These painters, now all illustrious, became the associates and fellow-labourers of Max on entering the Munich Academy, then, as still, under Carl Piloty, a director who in some measure reconciles realism and individualism with the more Academic manner of his predecessors, Cornelius and Kaulbach. Max's mind proved foreign to that of his master; at any rate he was too self-centred to move in the orbit of another. During the processes of mental growth he cared for such food only as he could assimilate, and much that is didactic and mundane in the art of Piloty lay necessarily outside the inner consciousness of a student inclining to the supersensuous and the abstract. Yet all local habitations of Art have atmospheres and environings, possess presences, pervading ideas, associations and aspirations, which imperceptibly, yet unceasingly, go to the formation of the artist



Gabriel Max.

and the man. In Munich are Grecian marbles second only to the Elgin; also Byzantine panels from Cologne; likewise masterpieces of Van Eyck, Memling, Dürer, Mabuse, Perugino, Francia, and Raphael. Such presences act as inspirations; they are, as it were, voices from the dead, which incite the living and raise public opinion to a like level. The one thousand painters and students residing in Munich are sustained by an historic Art, having for its foundation a thousand years. Max, it is true, has not dug very deeply into the past; his art is far too modern to be archæologic, and yet

I know of no spot on earth whereon his mind can better gain the daily food it needs than in Munich. He was from the first fortunate in his friends; he worked together with the much-lamented Eduard Kurzbauer, even in the same studio, until divided by death. He also joined in an atelier with Hans Makart, and his pictures from *Tannhäuser* share a romance and passion with the Paul Veronese of Germany. And yet the style of Max cannot be called eclectic, it is rather the growth of the inner consciousness; in other words, it is what German metaphysicians term "subjective."

Gabriel Max for the space of four years quietly collected his forces, and then astonished the world by 'The Christian Martyr,' a young girl crucified. On the opening of the Munich Exhibition in 1867, no one for many days spoke of anything else than the lovely martyr, and from that moment the fame and fortune of Max were made. Yet such sensational renown proved a snare, for the sentiment barely escaped sentimentality, and the style savoured of sickly sweetness. It were vain to plead that in the sequel these misgivings have been dispelled: on the other hand, it must be admitted that the master never puts pencil to canvas without striking some chord that vibrates to the heart. His compositions, monologues in monotone, moonlight in pallor, are placid as the silvery waters of a lake; yet storms sometimes agitate the surface, marring for a moment the mirrored beauty. I will attempt a classification, accompanied by running commentary, of the painter's most noteworthy products.



In the Coliseum.

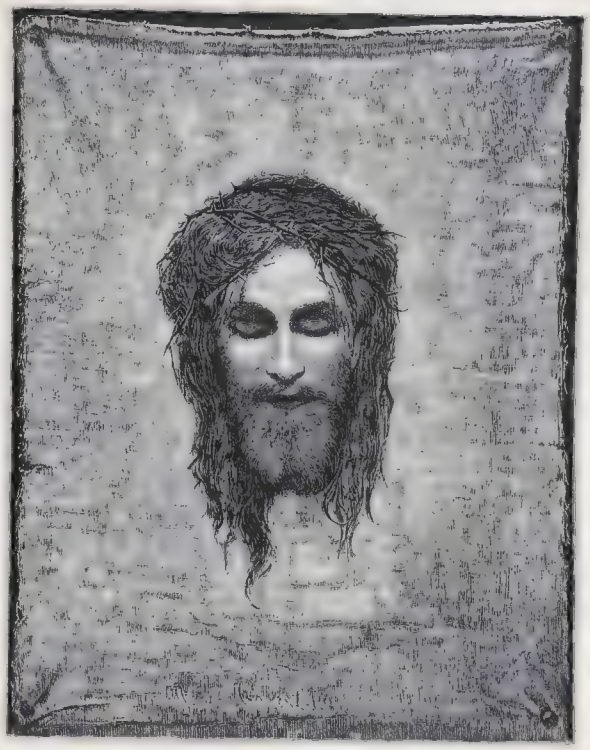
The Germans, we all know, have long been addicted to genre painting; the style is almost, as a matter of course, allied to the old Dutch, and therefore closely related to the Scotch, as represented in the new Pinakothek, Munich, by Wilkie's 'Reading the Will.' Gabriel Max moves habitually in a different sphere, but occasionally he approaches humble nature and the ways of simple life. Yet upon his canvases poverty is not permitted to appear in rags or dirt; even the wretched once were rich, and are still clothed in silk and fine linen: the abject, too, are creatures of culture, while the sick retain lingering lineaments of beauty. Such studies are close to the life, yet are not taken from the life literally; they are, in fact, interpenetrated by the inner life, and possessed by what Mr. Emerson designates the "over soul." Max, in short, paints what the Germans call "soul pictures."

The artist's mode of studying nature receives further elucidation in numerous single heads, perhaps to be reckoned as "pot-boilers" to supply, by the high prices they readily realise, the necessaries of which all artists occasionally stand in need. Yet these studies from the life gain a value above mere portraits or mechanical transcripts by the presence of a sentiment or motive. The drawing and modelling present exceptional subtleties and delicacies, as in the curve of a lip or the line of an eye, the expression sometimes gaining significance by accidental variations among the features, which nevertheless manage to make up pleasantly any small differences or eccentricities by blending into soft tissues, as in Correggio's 'Leda' or Titian's 'Bella.' It is said that when Max has a model in his studio he does not, like other artists, work continuously with brush and palette in hand, but will sit down for two or three hours in quiet contemplation, without putting a line to canvas. All the while he is making mental notes or extracts, seeking out hidden meanings, fixing on his brain all he wishes to see, and persistently ignoring what does not suit his purpose. How hard the mind has been at work during the process is shown in visible effects on the nervous system. The painter in thus going to nature receives what he gives, and the conception, when put upon canvas, becomes a psychological study.

Complex pictorial phenomena are witnessed in Germany at the present moment. Side by side with such high Art as still survives are found not only accustomed phases of naturalism, but likewise a poetic, passionate, and highly coloured romance. Of this last phase is Hans Makart, now in Vienna, but in former years, as we have seen, the fellow-student of Max in the school of Piloty. The romance of Gabriel Max, even when passionate, as in the illustrations to *Tannhäuser*, is of a more pallid complexion; his sentiment is sicklied by the pale cast of thought; his figures are not for action, but for passive contemplation or endurance. Of these pictorial moods several examples are before me, specially 'The Melancholy Nun,' lying desolate in a garden outside the convent wall. A world of woe seems to have crushed this poor lady, evidently of birth and culture, who, in some mysterious way, has fallen on evil days, and nature, as usual with this painter of pervading presences, stands around in mourning sympathy. "The joy of sorrow," as the poets sing, the unsatisfied longing of the heart,

are this painter's chosen spheres; his characters do not cry aloud or writhe in agony as the Laocoön; they suffer without a murmur in silence, and neither frown nor furrow ruffles the brow or cheek of beauty. The blind specially claim the painter's tender care, as in the picture of 'Nydia,' from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." Equally pathetic is the scene within the Catacombs: a blind girl—a pure type of Christian faith and patience—sits at the entrance, and with outstretched arm offers to an incoming visitant a lamp, fit emblem of light and truth; yet dark are those closed eyes in this the abode of death. Here again is a picture that reads as a poem.

Classic styles are almost of necessity adopted in the pictures of the Roman Catacombs and "The Last Days of Pompeii;" and these, with some other compositions, declare the position of Max in relation to classic Art and the antique. Nothing can be farther removed from antiquarianism than the manner of this essentially modern painter; his work stands divorced from the olden style of Dürer and Holbein, and indeed from the whole mediævalism of Germany; and when it becomes allied to ancient Greece or to Italy of the Renaissance, it only embodies the idealism and the generic beauty that animate all true Art, and are eternal as nature herself. I have sometimes regretted that Max has not given himself more earnestly to the study of the antique; his style is so plastic, his pictures have so much in common with figures born in the marble quarries of Carrara, his forms are so typical and generic, that contact with the masterpieces of Greece and Rome might serve to endow what is now little more than romance and sentiment with the godlike type, the heroic humanity of Phidias or Apelles. I could wish to suggest to the painter, as every way congenial to his genius, the classic story of Medusa. Da Vinci's awe-moving head, serpent-wreathed, in the Florentine Gallery, inspired Shelley in well-known lines with thoughts "fiery and lurid," of "beauty and terror," of "loveliness like a shadow" "gazing in death on heaven." Such a theme could not fail to put to highest tension the powers which in Gabriel Max have supermundane reachings.



The Head of Christ.

It is always of interest to observe how a figure painter looks on landscape. Gabriel Max, as might be expected, has views peculiar to himself; yet a near approach to his tone of feeling was found till recently within our Royal Academy in the landscape and figure compositions of George Mason, A.R.A., and Frederick Walker, A.R.A. Max takes nature into his confidence; he makes her part of himself; he infuses her with a sentiment and a sadness; he feels she has been a witness, and in some degree a sharer, of the sufferings of humanity and that the whole creation groans together under a curse from which there is a common cry for deliverance. And from this intuition it follows that his figures and landscapes speak the same language; and just as the poets have from age to age written pastorals in rhythmical words, so do his utterances as to nature flow in melodious form and colour. 'Adagio' is a theme that invites to melancholy strain: a young girl and a lad, 'mid a spring landscape with flowers, are seated beneath sensitive aspen-trees. The situation recalls to my mind some of the sylvan resting-places about Weimar, where Goethe, Schiller, and their æsthetic friends indulged in reveries and the *dolce far niente*. Such pictures breathe the spirit of placitude; not a breeze breaks on the languor of leaf or tree; the whole scene—figures and their landscape environing—dwells in unbroken rest. In this pictorial and poetic moodiness, with its somnolent glimmerings of half-light, I recognise a correspondence with what may be termed the moonshine and dreaminess of certain aspects in German literature. Analogies, too, may be found within Italian Art in the refined and ideal forms of Moretto and in the silvery tones of Correggio. Max's pictures, also, notwithstanding their absence of colour, have a semblance to the idyls and pastorals of Bonifazio and to the music parties of Giorgione; and they hold yet closer affinity to early pre-Raphaelite works, wherein a select company of saints in symmetric and decorative draperies, with flowers in the foreground, and trees gracefully posed against a serene and cloudless sky, all fall into tuneful unison. Among our English poets Shelley has given the most intense expression to the sentiments of such essentially æsthetic painters as Max in the "Epipsychidion," "the living soul of the Elysian isle," dwelling with books and music, "and all those instruments with which high spirits call the future from its cradle, and the past out of its grave, and make the present live in thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die."

German pictures have long been "bookish;" they are as

often taken from the page of a favourite author as from the page of nature. Gabriel Max shows himself well read; his pencil has by turns illustrated Goethe, Wieland, Heine, and Shakspere. For the most part, however, his ideas express themselves in soliloquies, duets, or trios, never in choruses: hence he seldom reaches the complexity or climax of a dramatic plot. Max never falls into comedy, or comes in contact with the grotesque, and thus his art stands aloof from one half of Shakspere's drama. Goethe's Faust and Margaret fall within his sphere, yet, unlike his forerunner Cornelius, he shuns tumult and revelry, and for some unexplained motive has stood aloof from Mephistophiles, the arch-fiend, who, even more than the Satan of Milton, evokes whatever is demon-like in a painter's genius. Yet the 'Walpurgisnacht' and the mad Margaret in prison are not wanting in the inspiration that comes from beneath.

In Germany at the present time intermingle, in strange juxtaposition and proportion, scepticism and credulity, rationalism and superstition, materialism and spiritualism. We find minds plunged in a sea of doubt catching as drowning men at straws, and such conflicts begin to be felt in Art. Gabriel Max displays a duality, as if he were in possession of a double consciousness, or as if sense and intuition, the understanding and the reason, stood at war; and sometimes it becomes doubtful whether he has any very positive belief, or whether he is merely jeering, as if possessed by Mephistophiles or prompted by Heine. Assuredly the painter looks at life in its shadow and sorrow: in the path lurks the serpent, within the flower lies the worm, and so behind the artist's sentiment are satire and a sardonic sneer. Some such pessimist philosophy would seem to rob Max's pictures of the unction which gives warranty to the old masters.

Accordingly it cannot be said that religion has vouchsafed to Gabriel Max any special revelations: thus his 'Madonna' is little else than a peasant, while his 'St. Cecilia' is only a young lady of modern society gifted with rather more than average sensibility. 'Mary Magdalen,' however, comes with a new reading: on looking at the face we realise the fact that out of her "went seven devils." Demoniacal possession becomes still more palpable in 'Judas' hanging to a tree. Da Vinci is said to have felt deterring difficulties in depicting the man capable of betraying his Lord; Max finds the task easier. A more arduous venture is 'The Raising of Jairus's Daughter.' Here again is an innovation; the accepted type for the Saviour's head has apparently been exchanged for the face of Joseph Mair, who enacted the Christus in the Ammergau Passion Play: the penalty almost inevitable in such an experiment is the intrusion of common nature into the sphere of the divine. A type more prescriptive and Byzantine has been chosen for the head of Christ illustrating these pages: the reader will see that the portrait is that presumed to have been taken by St. Veronica on a handkerchief. Moreover, the spectator will discover a phenomenon approaching the supernatural: on fixing the vision intently on the eyes, the lids appear to open and close, as if in alternate life and death. This miraculous semblance is supposed to have some symbolic allusion to the text, "He who keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." The optical illusion—for of course it is nothing more—depends on the equal demarcation of the pupil within the eye and of the eyelashes beneath the lid. When the spectator concentrates his vision on the central pupil the eye appears to open, and when on the lower lashes the lid seems closed. The picture, on its exhibition a few years since in this country, produced a deep impression: such tricks might pass in superstitious ages for miracles!

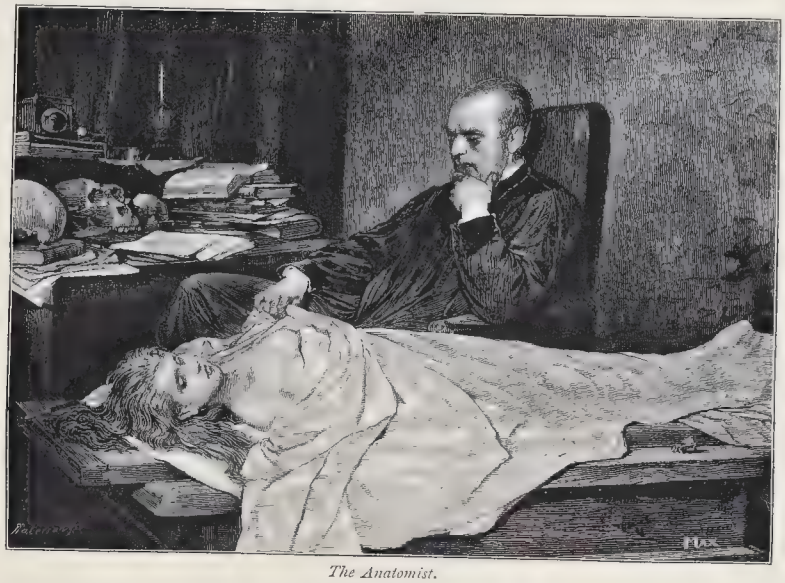
Gabriel Max, it may be urged, has given to the world pictures which come as a new revelation, and offer glimpses of the supernatural. He is gifted, it may be supposed, with second sight, or mesmeric power, the faculty of looking into the world of spirits and of realising the unseen. He is known to have dabbled in "spiritualism," and a certain spiritualistic society in Dresden has made him an honorary member; perhaps, however, Max consults "spiritualism" only as did Bulwer Lytton, asking of death and the grave through its medium to render up their secrets. Certainly the pencil of Gabriel Max loves to trace the frontier-lines which lie between two worlds; in his conceptions thin are the partitions which their bounds divide; it might seem as if spirits had taken to flesh but as a slight clothing or a frail tabernacle, or as if ghosts were ready to shuffle off the mortal coil which they had assumed but for the emergency of the moment. A phantom-like drawing may here be quoted, 'Faust in the Witches' Kitchen.' Another sketch reveals the transformation scene in *Oberon:* shadowy, phantom-like figures float from the realms of light, music sounds in a land of lilies, and a happy pair, in mutual embrace, sink on their knees as in a trance. The spirit of William Blake is present in these designs: surely there are more things in heaven and earth than have been dreamt of in our Art!

Among the "obstinate questionings" and perplexed problems which now find on the side of science an entrance into the modern Art of Germany is Darwinianism, the transformation of species, the doctrine of evolution or development. I am scarcely justified in committing Gabriel Max to such theories, and yet his tentative inquiries, his museum of natural curiosities, his colony of living monkeys, as well as certain peculiar phases in his art, signify that he has groped, with such light as might be vouchsafed, into the dark regions of creation, and has looked inquisitively into the conditions of mind and of matter which lie immediately below or above man. Above man rises the world of spirits, and beneath is the animal creation. Max has searched into both spheres, and accordingly his art becomes occasionally anthropomorphous and Pythagorean. At one time he industriously made collections of skulls, bones, skeletons, and strange specimens in natural history; and such properties appropriately appear in the design of Faust as alchemist. Dead bodies are supposed to have the reverse of repulsion for this dealer in horrors, and so corpses, sometimes in white winding-sheets, play conspicuous parts in his compositions. Also I have come upon sundry studies of monkeys, treated tenderly and significantly as "the missing link" between man and brute. Especial sympathy is shown for a young chimpanzee, stretched in sickness on a bed of suffering, and pleading, as it were, piteously, "Am I not a brother?" It is true that other painters, Decamps, Kaulbach, and Landseer, have made of monkeys pets, but Max alone endows them with soul and immortality. The migration of souls and the future life of animals are possibly articles in the painter's creed.

The review of the collective works of Gabriel Max leaves little cause for regret, and yet it cannot be denied that certain compositions, such as 'Infanticide,' are to a fault sensational. The bloody handkerchief pressed by the mother on her child's broken skull is a touch beyond the bounds permissible to Art. Within allowed limits, however, comes 'The Lion's

Bride,' from Chamisso's story: finely conceived and dramatized is the contrast between the beauty of the defenceless girl and the grandeur of the avenging lion. Another tragic incident the painter has conjured up from the legend of the "Wandering Jew:" the quietude and solemnity of the scene, the refinement and reticence of the treatment, contrast favourably with the tumult and the foulness of Gustave Doré's illustrations. Alike in lines of composition, the two figures being varied only in motive, is 'The Anatomist,' illustrating this paper. The picture tells its own story with the painter's accustomed simplicity, brevity, and pathos. Max, as already indicated, looks curiously into the functions and processes of life, death, and decay; he watches the nerves and muscles of sensation and motion, the chords and tissues which transmit thought, respond to volition, and pulsate with passion; in short, 'The Anatomist' informs the artist. The painter evidently must dissent from the celebrated surgeon, Liston, who was accustomed to say that he had never seen the soul in the dissecting-room: here, in fact, is depicted the moment described by Byron, the instant after the spirit's flight, before "decay's effacing fingers have swept away the lines of beauty," "the mild angelic air," "so fair, so calm, so softly sealed." Such death has the promise of a life beyond. Another illustration, peculiarly characteristic of the painter's manner, is taken from the time of the sacrifice of the Christians in the Roman Coliseum: a young girl is left to the mercy of wild beasts. Mark the beauty of her form, the grace of her movement, the concord of the composing lines, not forgetting to observe the pretty incident of a flower thrown on the ground as a kindly offering from a sympathetic spectator. I can well believe that Guido's Cenci is often present in Max's mind, so strongly does he seem possessed by a spiritual loveliness bearing the shadow of approaching death.

The personal appearance of Gabriel Max may be judged from the likeness engraved on page 173: it is faithful, though



The Anatomist.

not flattering. In bodily presence the artist is scarcely so spiritual as his pictures; he is short in stature, his figure is thick-set, and he carries his head somewhat forward. His habits of life are those of a student or recluse; an art so esoteric naturally pertains to tastes fastidious; with the common herd there can be but few points of contact; no one but a most intimate friend dares intrude on the quietude of the painter when secluded in his beautiful villa at Ammerland, near the Starnberger See. In this lovely spot his finely strung mind finds itself attuned to the music of nature; he looks on, but stands aloof from, the crowd and tumult of the world. When I last visited Munich, Gabriel Max was passing the golden months of autumn among the hills and woods of the Bavarian Highlands. But he retained in Munich his town residence, also two studios and a museum. At one time his inquiries in natural history, anthropology, and cognate subjects led him to collect curiosities, both living and dead. Like the Sienese painter, Razzi, he had about him a menagerie of living creatures—an assemblage of snakes, tortoises, parrots, monkeys. But on surrendering his bachelor habits these associates were dismissed, leaving only in remembrance a host of bones and débris, now packed away in boxes. Such properties of the painter's studios suitably find a place within his pictures.

Gabriel Max has before him a future of which the past is the prophecy. Arrived at the prime of life, he has already given ample pledge of his powers, yet still remain in store ideas which admit of further amplitude. When in his painting-room a year ago, I saw promise of abundant fruit; there were portfolios heavily laden with photographs from well-known pictures, numerous enough to fill a gallery, each evidently kept on record for reference and use in future compositions. There were also subjects half rubbed in, still in chaos, or as visions looming into light, the canvases turned towards the wall, awaiting leisure or further consideration. Ideas apparently first dawn on the painter's imagination

in sombre hues of mere light and shade, then are added lustrous colours, afterwards to be toned down into quiet keeping. The onset is made with a white ground, on which the forms are modelled and defined, and so stage by stage, by the use of more or less solid materials, devoid mostly of surface texture, the whole composition is built up harmoniously and compactly. In all this there is little mystery, though the ultimate result becomes magical.

The studios, in their varied contents, give indication of much work and ready demand; the pictures evidently cost anxious thought, and are long in maturing, but when completed they are caught up at high prices. Besides the "soul paintings" there are others evidently not far removed from "pot-boilers." A repetition, with variations, of 'Jairus's Daughter,' is in progress, and on the easel stands a replica of 'The Anatomist,' here engraved. Gabriel Max has not yet come to a standstill: he is essaying more arduous themes, he is venturing on an enlarged scale. I saw on an easel a composition of unwonted dimensions, Prometheus chained to a sea-girt rock, his mother, Clymene, among surging waves, the eagle taking a moment's rest in its devouring rage: the painter seems to have been under a strong vivisection furor. Also I saw the broad rubbing in of the first historic work yet attempted, the funeral procession by torchlight of King Henry VI., described by Shakspere. The picture has been since much knocked about, and is still far from coming into shape, the artist finding a difficulty in satisfying himself, being his own severest critic. Some day this funeral procession will create a new sensation, at least in the flare of the flickering torches, and by the fall of the fire in the midst of the solemn mourners, giving surprise of light with opalescent shade and smouldering smoke bursting into flame again: such dim mystery, or half-revealings in chiaroscuro, are obviously consonant with the painter's mood of mind. While I write a letter comes from my friend, Mr. Compton, himself a skilled painter, describing a recent visit to Max's studio. In addition to the pictures before mentioned, emphasis is laid on a Crucifixion, large in scale, the two arms of the cross stretching athwart the whole canvas, the base being beyond the picture. Two suppliant hands are seen stretched upwards, and into the sky the artist will throw his vivid recollections of two solar eclipses, the veiled orb appearing under one of the extended arms. Max speaks of the Crucifixion as "the touchstone for figure painters," and he hopes to enhance the weight of mystery and agony by suggestive colour and an impressive landscape. Perhaps the Crucifixion may in some sort be accepted as symbolic of the painter's peculiar art—a manifestation of suffering humanity, with a godlike presence to save.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

COMPOSITION AND DECORATION.*

A Lecture delivered before the University of Oxford.

WE now will pass on to consider the subject of decoration, concerning which two questions must be answered, in order rightly to understand it. What is the purpose of Art? And how does the art of painting differ from the art of writing?

The simplest answer to the first question is, that the art of painting is for the purpose of adornment, and that it expresses ideas by form and colour selected for their beauty or character, expressing thereby some idea. The answer to the second question is that whereas in writing the idea is conveyed to the mind through words conveying description, in painting the idea is conveyed through forms and colour conveying description. In short, the writer leaves the formation of a picture to each individual reader, while the painter tangibly supplies it. Wherein, then, can painting succeed in that which writing fails in expressing?

A whole book might be written only describing curves or angles, or concerning the colours of red or blue. But without diagrams such a book would be wholly (to one ignorant of form and colour) unintelligible. The difference between red and blue cannot be described by the highest science with such perfection that the mind will embrace their optical differences without illustration. So that when painting is described as decorative, it is properly so called if it is descriptive of something which no language but the language of form and colour can realise. The beauty or style of the penmanship has no power whatever to assist in the explanation of a writer's intention; whereas upon the pencil or brush, pen or chisel, and the power of the artist in his use of either instrument, depends his only power of expression.

The first essential in a picture is that its form and colour be beautiful and decorative, because, if the form and colour are ugly or inconsistent, the eye will not rest satisfied, nor will it be charmed long enough to take in the intellectual ideas the picture may contain. A picture is intended in a lesser degree to beautify, to adorn a space, in a greater degree to reach the mind after it has satisfied the eye. The degrees and qualities by which the mind may become affected by a work in painting are many; for instance, the end which the painter desired may be beauty of form and colour alone. A beautiful pattern, such as we see in Persian carpets, given with the most exquisite judgment and right treatment of pattern, coloured with infinite skill, is a work of Art distinctly. A beautiful arabesque, such as we see designed by the old painters of Italy, being infinitely full of invention in colour and form, is also a great work of Art. But neither the carpet nor the arabesque contains any element of a dramatic character. It is important to understand that such Art as deals with abstract beauty of form and colour alone for its motive is no mean Art, nor is it in any sense to be looked down upon. The expression "only decorative," often used in reference to a work of Art, is a very misleading one, and implies that he who uses it does not appreciate the real beauties and peculiarities of the art of design, and he has the impression evidently that to be great, a work of Art must have an important subject. This is, however, by no means the case. The purely sensuous or ornamental painter does not em-

* Continued from page 144.

brace in his productions all the powers of his art when dramatic elements are not included; but in his beautiful decoration he has reached a very high point indeed of artistic merit; and at all events he understands the first principle of the strength peculiar to his language, in combining forms with taste and fitness, and colour with judgment. On the other hand, the painter who is an illustrator only, and who attempts to attract the public by high-sounding or sensational descriptions of his picture in a catalogue, with perhaps a long quotation appended from a popular author, and through this explanation of his intention draws attention more to the subject of his picture than to its pictorial merits, has misunderstood the power of his art. And the public may be, and often are, misled into thinking that because the subject is a good and striking one, the picture must be a good work of Art. A painting may be, as we know, very beautiful, and may aspire and suggest high thoughts, having for its motive nothing but a selection of beautiful colours and forms. However well, on the other hand, a story may be told in a picture, if the forms and colours employed to express it are not lovely, and harmonious with the painter's idea, the work fails to be truly pictorial or decorative, and therefore fails in true Art language. The incident painted would have found a better medium in writing than it has found in painting. We should, therefore, be drawn to study a work of Art by its outward appearance, and we should be satisfied and attracted by that, and led through the beauty of colour and form into the deeper recesses of thoughts which are contained within them, and expressed by them. The greater the number of thoughts expressed, the longer will our interest be kept up, and the greater must be our intellectual enjoyment. All true Art is decorative, and where it is so, *i.e.* where it is beautiful and consistent with its use and intention, the Art is good. But where a work of Art is not decorative nor consistent with its use or intention, however grand the subject by which the picture is named may be, the Art is not good.

The means employed for decoration are many, and each method has its own peculiar limitations and characteristics: mosaic, glass painting, wall painting in fresco, tempera, encaustic, oil painting on canvas or panels, are the chief methods employed.

Mosaic is the fittest in a building dimly lighted, and would be probably the very best adapted to our own climate, for it can be washed and cleaned without danger of injury. In its exercise mosaic has limitations which cannot be passed over without producing an effect wholly out of all reason with its nature and requirements. In some respects mosaic is wholly capable, and in others wholly incapable. It is best adapted to large work, least to small work. The characteristics of mosaic are clearness of design, glitter of effect, splendour of colour, and severe beauty of line—it is limited to these. Where delicate transitions of light and shade, or even of expression, are desirable or essential, mosaic should on no account be used. It fails where other methods begin to be strong. Any imitation of a picture, however fine the picture may be, is a decided misuse of this material. In Rome of late years remarkable mosaics have been put up in St. Peter's, remarkable only for their workmanship and neatness, for more misapplied labour cannot be imagined. Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration, Domenichino's St. Jerome receiving the Sacrament, and other subjects from well-known works have been reproduced. The result is utter failure. The reproductions in mosaic are not as good as the pictures; how could they be? The whole effect is confused, and quite unsuitable to the positions they occupy. This is an instance of an entire misunderstanding of the powers peculiar to mosaic, and an utter want of appreciation for its real merits. While the delicacy peculiar to fresco and tempera is not to be obtained in mosaic, a largeness of style and simplicity of arrangement, grandeur of effect, are as possible as in other materials. The early Greek mosaics at Ravenna, at St. Mark's, and in Rome, especially those in Santa Pudentiana and Santa Maria Maggiore, are the amplest examples of the mosaicist's art. Titian, Tintoretto, and Paulo Veronese were employed to execute mosaics in St. Mark's; the older Greek work was unfortunately removed to make room for the designs of the more modern style. But very great as these painters were, as we all know, the style of their art was not adapted for mosaic. They attempted to make pictures to represent atmosphere; they broke up their designs with deep shadows, breaking thereby the flat look of the wall so essential in all mural decoration. As I have said, no better method for decoration could be found for England than mosaic; but only if the designs will allow themselves to be bound by its necessary limitations, and the public will learn to appreciate decorative work in its severest and noblest character—being not of a realistic, but of a poetic and symbolic order. If you would study the best mosaic-work you must go to the early work; in every sense it is the best. Here the tesseræ are unevenly laid so as to catch accidental light; the division between each tessera is considerable, showing the white plaster into which, when wet, the pieces of glass were laid. Black glass was used among the gold glass, giving an infinite value and greyness to the whole appearance of the golden face of the walls. In St. Mark's the really metallic and solid appearance of the gold was achieved by the tesseræ having been laid into a wall of uneven and almost undulating surface. This is only visible in the old work, for in the new work the tesseræ have been laid flatly and evenly, closely packed together; hence charm of variety in surface and colour is lost, the workmanship being neater in the new work than in the old, while all life and artistic treatment are absent.

We will now pass on to consider other methods of wall decoration.

In painting proper there were two principal methods adopted by the wall decorators of antiquity, namely, tempera and fresco. The earlier method was tempera. The word tempera implies that the raw colour in powder is ground with water and tempered with either glue, white or yolk of egg, starch, or, in fact, any vehicle which will cause the colour to stick firmly, not of an oily or resinous character. As it is well that you should clearly understand how to tell a tempera wall painting from a fresco wall painting, and that you should clearly follow their differences, I will explain the two proceedings. If a wall painting is to be executed in tempera, previous to the commencement of the work the wall is prepared with lime, sand, ground flint, or fine marble dust. The face of the wall is carefully prepared so as to have no inequalities; the more beautiful the surface the better the work will appear when finished. A tracing from a cartoon already executed and finished in detail is nailed on to or hung from the top of the wall, little holes having been previously pricked in the outlines all over the drawing; the tracing is then well flattened against the wall to receive the pounce bag, a bag of muslin containing some dark colour in powder; this being dabbed over the whole outline, the powder finds its way through

the little holes to the plaster ground. When the whole picture has received this treatment the tracing is gently removed, care being taken not to rub it against the wall in so doing, as the slightest friction will rub off so delicate a powder as that employed. On the tracing being removed the whole outline of the composition will be seen in little dots. A brush full of any warm colour ground in water will follow over these little dots from end to end of the design, until the design stands out clearly as an outline drawing on the wall. The painter, having chosen what tempera he desires, proceeds with his work.

You will have observed that the wall was *wholly* prepared with a flat surface of plaster to receive the painting. You will note the difference in the process of fresco painting. The wall to receive a fresco is prepared in the same manner as the wall to receive tempera up to the last coat of plaster. On the rough wall, before the last fine coat is applied, the design is roughly traced. Lime and marble dust are then mixed, in almost equal parts, with water; the piece of the wall to be painted on for the day is well soaked in order that it may not absorb too quickly the wet out of the coat about to be applied. This thin coat of lime is called the *intonaco*, and varies from a quarter of an inch to half an inch in thickness. Great care is necessary in laying on with a trowel to make the surface even; the painter must judge how much he can finish of his work in the day, and only put on to the wall sufficient intonaco for the space he will cover during the day's work. While the ground or intonaco is wet, a tracing from the portion of the design to be executed is placed upon the plaster, and a slight indent is made with a style, following the lines of the drawing with gentle pressure. On removing the tracing the design will be visible indented on the wet plaster. The painter then lays on with one colour the light and shade, and, with tints already mixed in pots ready in order, proceeds to paint. As the day goes on the ground becomes drier, and it is safe then to pass thin colour over in glazes of water colour, to enrich the tints already painted with freedom and body of colour. At the end of the day's work the edges of the completed portion are cut round with an inclined edge inwards, in order to form a key for another addition. The day following another portion of intonaco is added, and so on from day to day until the whole painting is finished. The best illustration I can give you, such as will make quite clear my description, is a child's puzzle; if you fit one of these together, as no doubt you often have done, you will understand how the intonaco in fresco painting is arranged. No fixing medium whatever is used with the lime-white and colours in fresco. For the lime in drying forms a crystal over the whole face of the work: lime and colour are crystallized together, forming a complete mass.

Now you will see how to detect a tempera painting from a fresco painting, and in what their difference in execution consists. Fresco is painting on wet plaster, tempera on dry. Fresco receives no vehicle in order to fix it. Tempera colours are mixed with some gelatinous liquid. In fresco paintings, by close observation, the daily joins of the intonaco are visible; in tempera painting the ground is whole and without joins. The chief medium of both is water. No oil or varnish whatever is used in either fresco or tempera painting.

Until the fifteenth century in Italy tempera was more employed by the Italians than fresco. In the Campo Santo at Pisa, where, as all know, are some of the most interesting wall paintings in the world (now, alas! decaying sadly, owing to the salt contained in the sand used), tempera was mostly adopted. Especially in those painted by Benozzo Gozzoli, I have never been able to find fresco joins.

Of the two methods fresco is much the more luminous, as the crystallized particles reflect light; but both tempera and fresco are far more fitted to decorative work on walls than oil colour. This statement may be proved by the fact that while the Roman, Tuscan, and Umbrian schools employed either fresco or tempera, their works are brilliant still. The use of oil by the Venetians in the decorations of the Doge's Palace at Venice, and in the Scuola di San Rocco, has caused these noble works to become far too dark for the position they hold, and it is a very great effort of eyesight, in many cases, to follow the design at all. Leonardo da Vinci employed oil for his mural painting in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, the celebrated 'Last Supper.' The oil and lime of the wall failed to agree, so that this noble work has perished, hardly a remnant remaining of the hand of Leonardo.

Of all methods fitted for monumental painting on walls, encaustic is probably the most durable. In this method the wall is prepared as for tempera, and when dry it receives as much wax dissolved in spirit as it will suck up. Colours for encaustic painting are ground in spirit, wax is added to give body to the colours, and turpentine or naphtha is adopted to thin and keep the wax dissolved during the process of painting. On the whole picture being completed, to the face of the work the heat, either of a hot iron or a pan with live coals, is applied, which softens the whole appearance of the work, causing one tint to mingle at its edges with another, and at the same time it delicately melts the whole into a homogeneous mass. Encaustic was much used by the ancients. The Greeks appear to have been most familiar with its process; the Romans, too, adopted it at Pompeii; the decorations remaining in that interesting city are probably chiefly executed in wax. While encaustic has greater power in depth of colour, and more durability in a damp climate, it cannot be compared for luminosity with either fresco or tempera. It is liable to darken, though not to the same extent as oil does. There is a method of preserving tempera paintings well adapted to mural work, and perfectly free from danger—by covering the whole surface with thin wax and naphtha. No damp can touch the wax or get through it, while in the application of the spirit no fear need be felt of removing the tempera. If mural painting ever takes its proper place in English sympathies, this plan of encaustic will probably be employed.

I have detailed some of the chief methods of painting employed by the ancients, as it will enable you to have some knowledge of their practice, thereby better to understand what is said concerning their works and of their obedience to the demands and limits of each material. Decorative painting is the father of all painting, and its influence is observed in all great works. The noblest efforts of all great painters have been more or less decorative, the greatest of all entirely so. There is no finer decoration in the world than the roof of the Sistine Chapel, nor than the Stanze of Raphael, ordered with architectural splendour, arranged with perfect fitness, designed with the deepest poetry, and painted with the highest simplicity and finish. Who will make use of the expression, "only decorative," when he understands the meaning of the word? Who will despise the decorator, when he becomes fully aware of the fact that the painters who have moved the world were "decorators," nothing more nor less?

W. B. Richmond.

OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:

ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

DINING-ROOM TABLES.

IT is somewhat remarkable that although England has been long a pre-eminently hospitable country, and our feasting and faring have always been conducted on a rather more extensive scale than that of neighbouring nations, yet the dining-table has been the one article of household furniture on which less artistic care has been bestowed than any other. Long after the Middle Ages had ceased, the old fashion of constructing the dining-table as a readily movable piece of furniture, to be thrust aside so soon as its duty had been done, prevailed amongst us, and the "board" and trestles were removed almost as soon as the cloth was drawn.

> "Come, musicians, play.
> A hall! a hall! give room! and foot it, girls;
> More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,"

was a cry so frequently heard in English households that Shakspere but illustrated a feature in our every-day life when he introduced it into the palace of the Capulets; and our old dramatists and other chroniclers—for the dramatists of those days were unwitting chroniclers of current customs—abound with similar illustrations of the removal of the table for more festive purposes than mere feeding. Yet, though the dining-table was at this period of its history but a mere board, it was so pre-eminently an important portion of our household furniture that it gave its name to almost everything done at or around it, whether such transactions were those of business or of pleasure. To this day we speak of a Local Board, or a Board of Health, or a Board of Works, for those who assemble round a table for more important things than dining, whilst "board and lodging" still comprise the chief wants of man. Our children go as "boarders" to school, and our servants are placed on "board wages" when we ourselves ramble off on our holidays; so the dining-table has played an important part in furnishing the English language. In fact, long before the word "table" had come to possess a definite meaning, the "board" was thoroughly understood to be what we now call the table; indeed, until the sixteenth century was well advanced, a table meant a picture, a pocket-book, an index,



Standing-Table at Penshurst.

a list, the game of backgammon, the palm of the hand, a chess "board," and many things other than that article of household furniture to which we have gradually restricted the term, and from which we have well-nigh divorced the old familiar name of "board." The reason for this change of style and title is, no doubt, to be found in the changes the thing itself went through, for when the movable board became fixed to a frame, and was no more placed and displaced on every emergency, it no longer drew so much attention to itself, and thus the word passed out of use. These trestle boards were simply long boards, often hinged down the middle, so as to be easily folded together, and when removed from their taller supports were placed along the walls on low stools (called trestles also, for trestle primarily meant any "threstule" or three-footed support). Thus arranged, the tables formed convenient benches, and often beds, in those days when, inns being scarce, a sudden influx of guests was a frequent occurrence; and as bed and board were freely claimed by all travellers, some such ready means of providing them was a necessity. It must not, however, be inferred that because these trestle boards were of slight and movable construction, they were necessarily rude in their character. Sometimes the trestles had their legs well and carefully carved, and the boards themselves were elaborately inlaid; thus Lydgate writes of

> "A borde of Heban and of yvery white,
> So egally yioned and so clene,
> That in the workes there was no rift ysene;"

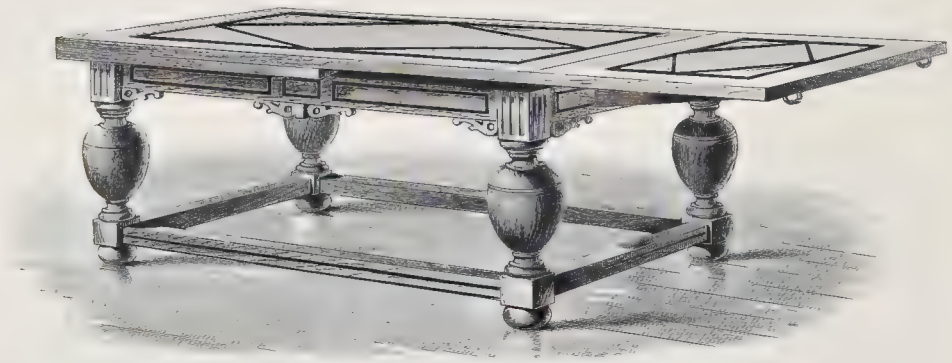
and the three-legged stools which served firstly for the guests to sit upon, and afterwards to form the supports of the table

* Continued from page 156.

when folded and used as a bench or a bed by turns, were often of elaborate workmanship.

The convenience of "trestle boards" at state banquets occasioned their retention until a comparatively late period, and Velasco, the Constable of Castile, who came to England in 1604 to negotiate a peace between this country and Spain, notes that after the cloth had been drawn, at the conclusion of a banquet to commemorate the event, "Pusieron la mesa en el suelo, y los Reyes, de pies sobre ella para laverse las manos, como lo hizieron; que dizen ser ceremonia antigua,"* though I fancy the custom of placing the foot upon the table was a Scottish one King James brought south with him, and one yet obtaining at the conclusion of Scottish festivities, though it is the throats rather than the hands of the diners which are washed at that ceremony in modern times.

When the great changes in social life which took place in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries occurred, the causes of which were hinted at in the first of these papers, this need for easily removable tables passed away, and "tables dormant" began to take the place of them. Naturally the first mode of changing the temporary character of the "board" into the more permanent table was by affixing the trestles to the top; and these supports, no longer needing three feet to hold them up, became broad pieces of wood cut into some fanciful shape, such as are frequently seen in the engravings of Albert Dürer and the German artists and draughtsmen, but of which I do not know any English example yet existing. A simpler and stronger mode of framing soon followed this, such as any ordinary joiner could construct, and "joyned" tables became the ordinary feature of the dining-room. These were of strongly framed construction, with turned legs, at first of moderate dimensions, and afterwards of exaggerated proportions, held in place by framings at top and bottom, as will be seen by the example yet remaining at Penshurst, and engraved on the preceding page. This type continued in use for many years, and the old inventories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries abound with references to the "joyned" tables, "framed" tables, "standing" tables, and "dormant" tables, for by all these names was this article of furniture known, and the "board" was gradually disappearing; yet even in 1603 it appears, and in the Hengrave Inventory of that date "one long joined board, with a frame and a piece with a foote to enlarge it," is mentioned among the "hustilment" of the Great Chamber.



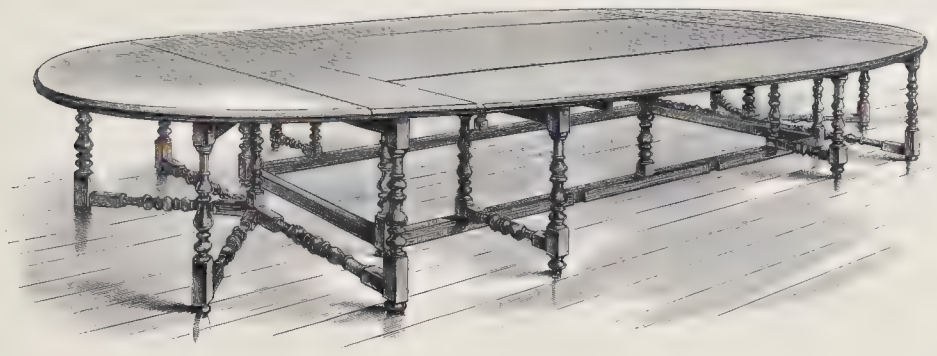
A Drawinge-Table. Seventeenth Century.

The difficulty of altering the dimensions of the table to suit the number of the diners was one which much occupied the joiners of those days, for though "side tables" were common, and these were made of like width to the general table, yet these solidly framed and heavy articles of furniture were cumbrous to move, and the light and easily fitted "trestle boards" were no doubt often yearned after in limited households, until an ingenious expedient, by which extension could readily be obtained, began to be common about the year 1600. This was what was then called "a drawinge-table;" that is, one both ends of which drew out so as to nearly double its length. In the illustration of one such drawinge-table, engraved above, it will be noticed that only one of the ends is withdrawn from under the normal top, the other remaining in its unextended state. These extended pieces are cleverly fixed to wedge-shaped slides, which are so graduated as to bring up the height of each end level with the centre piece, and some considerable care in the right adjustment and graduation of these was required to let this be exactly performed. In order to allow the top part of the centre to give such sufficient play as to prevent these movable ends being pushed in or pulled out without such friction as would scratch or disfigure their tops, and render their use a difficulty, it has a slight vertical movement allowed to it by two pins which fit into, but are not fixed in, holes in the immovable centre cross-piece (which is seen in the engraving, just at the end of the one slide which yet remains in its place), and the whole mechanism is admirably considered for the purpose it has to fulfil. Indeed, its adaptation for its purpose was so good that the principle was long retained, and Sheraton, so late as the commencement of the present century, advo-

* "They placed the table on the floor, and their Majesties, standing upon it, washed their hands, which is said to be an ancient custom."

cates its use for many writing or other tables, and gives the rule for finding the exact rake of the slides, and the technical details of all the other parts. The example from which our engraving is taken is probably of Dutch origin, and belongs to the middle of the seventeenth century. It is constructed of oak, and inlaid with pear-tree, stained black to imitate ebony, a system of decoration which prevailed in Holland down to quite a late period. Examples varying in detail, but following this principle, are not uncommon in the eastern part of the kingdom, sometimes of slighter make than the one we have engraved; but the heavy, bulbous, peg-top legs were in constant use both in England and in Holland all through the seventeenth century, and, more or less richly carved, remained with us until they were replaced by the more slender and often spirally turned ones, which replaced them during the following one. The introduction of spiral turning, which played so important a part in the cabinet-maker's craft, is much due to the marriage of King Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza in 1662, which event caused the introduction of many Portuguese fashions into this country, and this one of spiral turning was one they received from their East India possessions. Indeed, Bombay, one of their East Indian stations, was ceded to the new Queen by the King of Portugal, and much Indian produce found its way thence into this country; so there is a good deal of national history recorded even in the very fashion of a table leg.

During the sixteenth, and until well-nigh the middle of the seventeenth century, the dining-tables were narrow, rarely exceeding 2 feet 6 inches in width, the guests being seated at one side only, the service of the table being performed on the other. The reason of this arose, no doubt, from the scarcity of chairs in those days, forms and stools being the usual seats; and these, when placed close to the wall, afforded a more convenient rest than they could have obtained were they placed on both sides of a table in the middle of the room. Again, in those early days when this arrangement first commended itself, it was sometimes safer to have a wall behind one, and a table in front, should an unexpected raid be made at such a time of general relaxation, so the custom continued until after the times were more



A Folding-Table.

settled, and a more general sense of security prevailed; then the need for these precautions having passed away and become forgotten, attention was turned to modes of widening the table, so that guests might be seated on both sides of it, chairs became common, and the dining-table, leaving the shelter and protection of the wall, advanced into the middle of the room, where it has ever since remained.

For the purpose of widening it, flaps were hinged on the sides, supported by legs which folded back into the general framework when not in use, an arrangement which enabled the table to be used for dining either at one or at both sides; for when one flap was raised that side could be used for dining at, and the other for serving at, the width being not too much increased to render this difficult. Such a table, similar to one yet existing at George Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh, is engraved on this page; it has, in addition, movable end pieces of similar construction, suitable either for side tables or for the extension of the main table itself into an oval form, or which, when not needed for either purpose, folded up into a small space against the wall without encumbering the apartment. This arrangement still continues, and "Pembroke" tables, as they are now called, are even yet articles of common manufacture. When dining-tables thus constructed became in their turn old-fashioned, the "pillar and claw" table began to take their place. The principle of construction on which the "pillar and claw" support was based was that of a central leg firmly fixed into a massive block at top and bottom; to the top block the table itself was hinged, and to the bottom were attached three, or frequently four, projecting feet, generally carved into the shape of lion's claws, and whence the title it passed under was derived. This change in construction was largely brought about by the introduction of mahogany, an event already noticed in a previous number, its great toughness and strength allowing it to be used in smaller masses than the oak or walnut which preceded its use. From this time mahogany, indeed, became so pre-eminently the wood for dining-tables that it passed into a proverb, and to "be able to put one's knees under a friend's mahogany" became a euphemistic expression for the most cordial intimacy. The chief claim of the "pillar and claw"

construction to popular favour was that its legs did not interfere with anybody else's; but its sole means of extension was by adding several tables together, making the dining-table a sort of vertebrated centipede, the which yet survives in many of our country inns, and is so well known that it needs no engraving to recall its features to our memory. This "pillar and claw" system of constructing a table, although appearing in the pictures and tapestries of foreign origin in the seventeenth century, does not seem to have become popular in England until the revival of "the classic mode" at the latter end of the last century; but in spite of the rage for everything *à l'antique* then prevailing, the multiplicity of feet and the inequality of support inherent to this system, caused some more simple method of extending the dining-table to be sought for. The best method of obtaining this was invented by Richard Gillow in 1800, who then patented "an improvement in the method of constructing dining or other tables, calculated to reduce the number of legs and pillars and claws, and to facilitate and render easy their enlargement and reduction," by means of what are called "telescope slides"—the system which, with very little modification, is the one on which our dining-tables are to this day constructed. Tentative attempts to this end had preceded his patent, for Sweetenham and Higgs, some six years before, patented a sliding frame, but in this the leaves, instead of being loose and of indefinite number, were fixtures to the frame, and it is to the founder of the present house of Gillow & Co. that we owe the most notable improvement yet made in this piece of household furniture. Richard Gillow's success induced many other cabinet-makers to invent other means of achieving the like result, but though many of these were eminently ingenious, yet none of them attained their end by such simple means, and none has survived. Still the records of the Patent Office contain much that is interesting and pregnant with suggestions to the maker of dining-tables, and a careful study of some of these failures might lead to a new development of this useful and indispensable accessory to our homes.

Of the present condition of the dining-table there is nothing to record, for no real development has taken place in this century. Screws have been added by which the table may be extended without a contest of rival men and maids at either end, and circular tables have been made which, for expansion and contraction, might vie with King Arthur's, where ten or ten times ten good knights did dine without unseemly gaps or undue crowding; but the principle of extension by means of slides which move in channels cut in each other is still the same as that which Richard Gillow invented.

Hitherto the dining-table has been considered in all its bareness, yet though, as has been already shown, it was frequently inlaid and otherwise ornamented, it was rarely left uncovered during the early stages of its existence. Whenever, in the older inventories, a table is mentioned, its covering follows close at hand; and frequently these coverings were of the most sumptuous character, for that love of colour, inherited from the Middle Ages, was long a prominent characteristic of our household life. Turkey cloths, or carpets, were the most general materials out of which the table-cloth was made, and even down to the middle of the seventeenth century the equivalent for the English word "carpet" is given in the "Netherduytch" dictionaries as "Een Tafelkleeds." Now as, until the Portuguese alliance above referred to took place, we derived most of our Eastern imports from the Dutch, we may take this as being the general term by which tablecloths were known; and carpets for the table were distinguished from "tapets" for the floor by that word which now simply designates a floor covering.

These carpets for the table were much more costly than the table itself, and not unfrequently were provided with other cloths to protect the table-carpets themselves. Thus in the Hengrave Inventory of 1603 we read of one very long Turkey carpet "for the joined board," with the piece to lengthen it by already referred to, and of "one long borde-clothe of greene clothe to lay over ye carpett of ye longe borde," and the "long table to draue out at bothe ends," as similarly provided with both carpet and cloth. Even when we find "a long carved table" referred to in an inventory of 1562, "a counterpayne of carpet work" is mentioned as pertaining to it, and tablecloths of "chaungeable colours," table-carpets of "Inglish work" wrought with arms in the middle of them, of "tapestrie worke," of "checker worke," and of everything that was gay and brilliant, occurs in almost every household account. Indeed, to such a pitch of extravagance did this love of gay tablecloths reach, that the secretary of Frederick, Duke of Wirtemburg, who kept a record of the noticeable things he saw here when he accompanied the Duke on his visit to England in 1592, expatiated on a tablecloth he saw at Hampton Court, which was valued at 50,000 crowns, and was garnished with gold, pearls, and precious stones. The luxury of the table was by no means confined to the viands in those days, and we find, until ornamental woods came into vogue at the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, that the table itself was but a stand on which was set forth much costly loom-work and handicraft. As for the linen which covered these fine table-carpets, consideration of it must remain until we treat upon that portion of household furniture in general; suffice it to say now that it was embroidered and fringed with fitting magnificence to render it in accordance with the general luxury of life, which was then far greater than it is now. When ornamental woods were introduced the tables were more frequently left uncovered, in order that the richness and beauty of the grain might be seen, and the rubbing and polishing of the dining-table, which daily took place, until its surface was that of a mirror, is yet a thing of personal memory with many of us, though of late years a piece of stained deal wood, with a bit of green baize, has been deemed all that is needed for a dining-table top. Its legs may be nicked and notched, turned or carved into any absurdity of form, or made of the costliest wood, but its top is never to be visible but to the servants, though a wholesome change is now taking place, and the dining-table is once more beginning to be cared for for its own sake, and beautiful woods and rich coverings are once again beginning to assert their sway. Again "carpets of Turkey work" are appearing upon them, and again embroidery is beginning to be lavished on the borders of the table-cloth, and a more homelike and cheerful aspect is being imparted to the dining-room, which bids fair to resume that aspect of a living-room which has so long been its peculiarly English character, in place of the continental refectory or frigid *salle-à-manger* guise which some few years since was deemed the most fitting one to give it in an English home.

G. T. ROBINSON.

(*To be continued.*)



THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH EXHIBITION, 1881.

WHETHER or no the present exhibition is a better or a worse one than that of last year, though a favourite subject of speculation, seems to us a profitless one, and we have no intention of indulging in it. Rather do we agree with the Lord Chancellor when he said at the Academy dinner, "I am not one of those who ever measure beauty by comparison. I rejoice to come into 'fresh fields and pastures new,' and I care not whether what I see to-day is better than what I have seen before." A comparison of the general character of this exhibition with that of thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago might indeed present points of great interest, and would certainly go far to confirm the belief that considerable progress has been made in the interval. It is true there are no Reynoldses, no Gainsboroughs, and no Turners, but the general level is far above what it was in the days of those giants. The pictures which twenty or thirty years ago formed the staple of the exhibition would now have scant chance of being made even "doubtful;" most of them would be rejected off-hand. Nor is the improvement merely a technical one; it is almost, if not quite, as marked in conception as in execution. Commonplace vulgarity of subject is not nearly so rampant as it used to be, and though, perhaps, lofty themes still woo the British artist somewhat in vain, there are distinct signs that he feels he has a more intelligent and discriminating public to cater for.

The prominent feature of the present exhibition is its uniform excellence. Though, with the exception of perhaps three or four pictures, none are likely to become beacons and landmarks of Art in times to come, there are plenty which are distinctly of more than average interest and merit, and few that are a blot and an eyesore. Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Sappho,' Mr. Hook's 'Diamond Merchants,' and Mr. Millais' 'Cinderella' are the three pictures which are especially covetable. Each is in itself perfect, and it would be impossible to find better examples of each master's art. Other pictures there are which will, no doubt, attract much attention, such as Mr. Long's 'Diana or Christ?' Sir F. Leighton's portrait of himself, Mr. Dicksee's 'The Symbol,' and Signor Chierici's 'A Frightful State of Things.' To these may be added, on account of the interest of the subject, Mrs. Butler's 'Rorke's Drift' and Mr. Millais' 'Portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield,' the latter added to the exhibition at the last moment by the especial command of her Majesty.

Perhaps, however, to the attentive frequenter of Academy exhibitions, the most noticeable feature of the present one will be the sculpture. Mr. Thornycroft's 'Teucer,' Mr. Brock's 'A Moment of Peril,' Mr. Calder Marshall's 'Sabrina thrown into the Severn' and 'The Prodigal Son,' and Mr. Boehm's bust of Mr. Gladstone are all capital works, and go far to raise the usually poor show of sculpture above the ordinary level. But what chiefly distinguishes this part of the exhibition is the change in the manner of arranging it. Instead of being confronted, immediately on entering the vestibule, with a row of busts on a shelf, reminding one of the loaves in a baker's shop, one sees them agreeably interspersed on separate pedestals among statues, groups, and reliefs; and the same pleasant variety of arrangement is carried out in the Octagon Room and the Sculpture Gallery. Great credit is due to Mr. Armstead for inaugurating this change, and the sculptors certainly owe him a debt of gratitude for having rendered the general appearance of their share in the exhibition so much more attractive.

We will now proceed to notice in detail some of the principal works in the exhibition, premising that our object will be not so much to criticize as to give a general description which may serve for reference hereafter.

GALLERY I.

No. 2. 'Envy, Hatred, and Malice,' BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. *Elect.* A three-quarter figure of a girl caressing on her shoulder a pug puppy, at which a number of other canine favourites are gazing, with the varied passions denoted in the title well expressed on their countenances. The dignified, appealing look of the bloodhound, the petulant importance of the white terrier, and the mingled pride in her offspring, and jealousy at the favour shown it, of the puppy's mother, are admirably rendered.

No. 3. 'Dawn at Bethlehem,' THERESA THORNYCROFT. An ambitious attempt to represent a favourite subject of the old masters. The Virgin, in dark blue drapery, bends over the Child, who, partially draped, lies sleeping on a bed of straw. The character of the country round Bethlehem is faintly indicated in the background.

No. 8. 'Peasant Girl,' OTTO SCHOLDERER. A half-length of a girl in an olive-coloured bodice and a yellow shawl, standing and knitting near a table on which is a flower-pot. Very harmonious in colour and carefully finished.

No. 9. 'Here we go round the Mulberry Bush,' W. F. YEAMES, R.A. The mulberry-bush being an old cannon, round which a number of children are dancing in a ring, while their elders—old pensioners, soldiers, and sailors—sit gossiping by. The scene is laid in a harbour, with a view across the water. Many of the figures are full of character.

No. 13. 'Gorse-cutting,' J. W. OAKES, A. A valley in the foreground covered with gorse and thick underwood, and traversed by a mountain stream; beyond are the deep, calm waters of a lake, backed by precipitous hills clothed in mist. A powerful and impressive landscape.

No. 14. 'For Better, for Worse,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. A newly married couple leaving for the honeymoon amid a shower of satin slippers and rice from the well-dressed wedding guests that throng the steps and balcony of a house that certainly has its prototype in Eaton Square, while the church in the distance must be well known to the dwellers in Lancaster Gate. A crowd of another kind, such as collects in London on the smallest provocation within two minutes, line the path of the happy pair.

No. 16. 'A Cheetah Hunt: The Last Leap but one,' J. T. NETTLESHIP. A herd of frightened antelope are being pursued by a tame trained cheetah, which has singled out a splendid big buck, and, as the description has it, will be on him in

another bound. Admirably composed and drawn, and worthy of a better place.

No. 19. 'The Pool,' CECIL LAWSON. Dark water overshadowed by thick-foliaged trees, through the stems of which is seen a village in the distance. A good specimen of the so-called "impressionist" style of landscape, apparently painted anyhow when looked at closely, but, when seen from a distance, impressive and harmonious.

No. 24. 'Mdlle. L. R.,' H. FANTIN. A charming half-length of a lady in black and grey, full of simple grace and refinement.

No. 25. 'St. Anne's Almshouses, Antwerp,' WM. LOGSDAIL. Not the least interesting of the many subjects with which Antwerp has furnished this artist. He here shows us the interior of a courtyard in which some girls, ugly even for Antwerp, are engaged in various occupations. The painting, though careful, is rough, and the faces of the girls are too much like the bricks of the almshouses.

No. 29. 'The Genius of the Family,' J. B. BURGESS, A. Mr. Burgess once again takes us to Spain, and shows us the interior of an earthenware shop, the walls of which are lined with a variety of pots and pans; on the counter is seated a round-faced boy struggling with a guitar as big as himself, while his father, mother, and sister look admiringly at him on one side, and on the other a group of critics, including a lady and her child, the musical professor, and the village padre, applaud the performance of the youthful genius. The mingled look of anxiety and importance on the boy's face is very good.

No. 30. 'In Time of Need,' WALTER C. HORSLEY. The description in the catalogue tells us that "in time of scarcity the women from the country districts round Cairo come into the town to sell their ornaments in the Gold and Silver Bazaar," and all those who know Cairo will recognise the fidelity to nature with which the scene is depicted. The Arab girl in the foreground taking off her necklace, the youth looking round from examining the incense burner, the man with a kefeeyah round his head taking a bracelet off a woman's arm, the scribe behind reading, and the child with the palm-branch are all capital types.

No. 31. 'A Fisher Station,' CARL RODECK. Fisher boats drawn up along the wooded banks of a river: a powerful landscape, showing all this artist's wonderful effects of light.

No. 35. 'The Loom,' C. E. PERUGINI. A Greek maiden seated at a loom, graceful and refined, as is usual with this artist.

No. 41. 'The Right Hon. Sir Bartle Frere, Bart., &c.,' GEORGE REID. An admirable three-quarter length portrait, represented standing in uniform at a table on which are some papers. It has been presented to Lady Frere by the ladies of Cape Town and its neighbourhood.

No. 42. 'February Fill Dyke,' B. W. LEADER. Title and picture suit one another well. The characteristics of the kind of weather which gives the epithet of "fill dyke" to the month of February are most truthfully depicted in the overflowing ponds and plashy roads and the pale, streaked evening sky. It is a thoroughly English landscape.

No. 43. 'The Road to Mecca,' FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A. Descending from his camel in mid-desert at one of the seven appointed hours of prayer, an Arab sheykh has spread his carpet on the sand, and is engaged in his devotions; the camel behind has that peculiar and characteristic carriage of the head which always gives it the appearance of having just smelt a very bad smell. Mr. Goodall is still unapproached in his rendering of these ships of the desert and their masters.

No. 48. 'Mrs. Donaldson Hudson,' JAMES SANT, R.A. A full-length portrait of a lady in white, standing to the right with a book in her hand; wooded landscape background. Full of grace and refinement.

No. 49. 'Elisha raising the Son of the Shunammite,' SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. The dead body of the child, the lower part wrapped in a white sheet, lies stretched out on a carpet, and over it is bending forward on his knees the figure of the prophet: there are absolutely no accessories. A dignified and powerful rendering of a solemn subject, without any repulsive or exaggerated element.

No. 50. 'The Return from Mecca,' FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A. A pendant to No. 43. The camel is enjoying the pleasure, to which he has long been a stranger, of an unrestrained drink, while the wife of his master hails her spouse with his newly acquired title of "hadji," and holds up their child to his embrace.

No. 54. 'Professor Blackie,' J. H. LORIMER. A very good reproduction of the characteristic features of the learned professor.

No. 55. 'A Mountain Road,' PETER GRAHAM, A. Some black and red Highland cattle are being driven along a road by a man and a dog; the hills in the background are wrapped in dark purple clouds, mingled with white wreaths of mist, while sun and shadow play in strong contrast across the foreground.

No. 61. 'At the Foot of the Rialto, Venice,' HENRY WOODS. One of this artist's admirable Venetian scenes, full of animation, light, and air; the group in the foreground is capital.

No. 62. 'For Sale,' J. W. OAKES, A. Some boats, which the brooms at the masthead show to be "for sale," are drawn up in a creek on the Mersey, while beyond the sandy shore is seen the sea. A fresh, breezy-looking picture.

No. 63. 'Dust to Dust,' HERBERT SCHMALZ. A poetic rendering of a familiar scene. In the foreground is a graveyard backed by a cloister, in which are piled up hundreds of ghastly skulls; at one end of the cloister is an altar, and near it a female figure in black bowed in an agony of grief; from the village, whose red roofs are seen below in the distance, ascends the funeral cortège.

No. 66. 'Explosion of the Cashmere Gate at Delhi, Sept. 14th, 1857,' EYRE CROWE, A. The story, as told at length in the catalogue, is depicted with great skill and directness. Sergeant Smith, kneeling on the battered bridge, is in the act of stooping to ignite the fuse; down in the ditch lie the bodies of Lieutenant Salkeld and Sergeants Burgess and Carmichael, who have been mortally wounded in the attempt; near them stand Lieutenant Home, who had jumped from the bridge after placing the first powder bags, and Bugler Hawthorne, who was to sound the call to advance.

GALLERY II.

No. 69. 'Golden Flags,' HENRY LE JEUNE, A. A pretty little picture of two children standing bare-legged in the water, and plucking the golden flowers of the rush.

No. 70. 'Lightly slumbering,' GEORGE SMITH. The interior of a cottage, a child in its cradle, the mother sitting by and shelling peas; an exquisitely painted work, and charming in its truthful grace and simplicity.

No. 71. 'A Frightful State of Things,' GAETANO CHIERICI.

Another of those highly finished South Italian interiors, full of humorous incident, with which Signor Chierici has delighted the British public for the last few years.

No. 81. 'Success!' SAMUEL EDMUND WALLER. A young duellist, whose "success" is shown by the distant group bending over his prostrate adversary, urged by his two attendants to enter the carriage with four horses which is waiting for him at the gate of the park, seems to hesitate, as though already overcome with remorse. The story is well told, but would have been more effective had it been confined within the limits of a smaller canvas.

No. 82. 'Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, K.C.B.,' FRANK HOLL, A. A strong, powerful piece of painting, but justice is hardly done to the bright piercing eyes of the original.

No. 85. 'The Land of Streams,' C. E. JOHNSON. A remarkably fine landscape, broadly yet carefully painted, and looking equally well close or at a distance. A mountain stream flows down the centre of the picture, and sloping up it on either side are masses of densely foliaged wood; in the distance is seen a broad, calmly flowing river, backed by far-reaching wooded slopes.

No. 86. 'Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.,' JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Three-quarter length portrait of an old gentleman, who stands hat in hand facing the spectator, and looking straight out of the canvas with shrewd but kindly eyes—evidently a most speaking likeness.

No. 90. 'The Relief of Leyden, 1574,' CHARLES J. STANILAND. The following quotation from Motley's "Dutch Republic" tells the story:—"Leyden was relieved. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children, nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way." An animated scene, full of character.

No. 91. 'In the Spring-time of the Year,' T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A. A group of sheep and lambs, one of the latter perched on its mother's back.

No. 95. 'Herdsmen of the Campagna collecting Young Horses,' R. BEAVIS. The wild rush of the horses as they scramble over the ruined remains of an aqueduct is very well rendered.

No. 96. 'The Miller's Boat: Early Morning,' J. W. OAKES, A. Some young fishermen are about to embark in the miller's boat, and if the look of the damp misty atmosphere is to be trusted, they are likely to get wet skins before they return.

No. 97. 'Diana or Christ?' EDWIN LONG, A. One of the pictures of the year. "The scene," as we are told in the catalogue, "is laid in Ephesus, at the end of the stadium, which might have been used as an amphitheatre." The subject, a Christian maiden brought up before the Roman governor and a crowded throng for the purpose of sacrificing to Diana. "Let her cast the incense—but one grain—and she is free." Her lover, standing by, urges her with anxious and almost irritated anxiety, while on one side a row of maidens, and on the other a group of soldiers, attendants, and others, watch the scene with varied expressions of hope and indifference. Needless to say that the silver statue of Diana, the columns of the stadium, and all the antiquarian and architectural features of the scene are rendered with Mr. Long's usual learning and accuracy.

No. 101. 'George II. at the Battle of Dettingen,' ERNEST CROFTS, A. "George dismounted, drew his sword, and put himself at the head of the troops, exclaiming, 'Now, boys, now for the honour of England; fire, and behave bravely, and the French will soon run.'" And run they did. This was the last time an English monarch commanded his army in person, and Mr. Crofts has done well to commemorate the incident.

No. 102. 'Misplaced Affection,' RICHARD ANSDELL, R.A. An old lady with three sleek dogs—a collie, a spaniel, and a pug—turns away from, it must be allowed, a very well-fed-looking beggar girl. The action of the pug, as it looks suspiciously at the girl's bare legs, is very true to nature.

No. 108. 'Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tomlin,' J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Two full-length figures in a garden, the gentleman seated, the lady standing by his side, while a terrier leaps up at her, and a pug looks solemnly on. A very good way for a husband and wife to have their portraits taken.

No. 112. 'Her Grace,' JOHN PETTIE, R.A. This is the companion picture to the 'His Grace' of last year, and represents a very fair and stately dame in white satin examining a chaplet of pearls which she has just taken out of an old cabinet.

No. 113. 'An Episcopal Visitation,' H. STACY MARKS, R.A., or, as *Punch* quaintly has it, "A Bishop before the Beaks." The bishop, irreproachable in look and costume, stands, catalogue in hand, examining with placid curiosity two adjutant cranes within their enclosure; one returns the episcopal gaze, the other seems to be winking—is it at his companion or at the bishop?—as though he should say, "One of us?" The picture is irresistibly comic, and there is a suggestively humorous touch in the cigar-end lying near the bishop's feet.

No. 114. 'Yellow Marguerites,' ALBERT MOORE. Delightful and individual as usual, but differing only slightly from previous works of the same artist.

No. 115. 'Beckton Gasworks,' W. L. WYLLIE. A capital rendering of the smoky, murky atmosphere of the Thames.

No. 119. 'Portrait of the Painter,' SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. This portrait, painted by invitation for the Collection of Portraits of Artists painted by themselves in the Uffizii Gallery, Florence, is by far the best of all the portraits of the President in the exhibition; not only is it superexcellent as a likeness, but a most sumptuous piece of painting. It is a bust full face, wearing the Presidential medal given by George IV., and wrapped in the red and scarlet robes of an Oxford D.C.L.

No. 127. 'Reckoning without his Host,' SEYMOUR LUCAS. A commonplace rendering of a commonplace subject, but painted with the artist's wonted skill.

No. 128. 'Pax Vobiscum!' COUNT WALDEMAR VON REICHENBACH. The interior of a church, a woman prostrate at the altar rails, and two monks looking on; very simple in treatment, but carefully finished, and with a great deal of character in the monks' heads.

No. 129. 'The Reward,' JOHN CHARLTON. A good-looking chestnut in his loose box, enjoying a "feed" from the fair hands of his mistress.

No. 133. 'Mrs. Alfred Cock,' GUSTAVE GRAEF. A half-length of a lady in black, full face; very subdued in tone, and charmingly graceful and refined in aspect.

No. 137. 'Mother and Son,' H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. A grey mare and her chestnut foal, standing amid tufted sand hillocks. Full of air and sunshine.

GALLERY III.

No. 142. 'Mrs. Winchester Clowes,' W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A. What might be called an "arrangement in yellow." The lady is seated in full profile to the left, with a fan in her hand.

No. 149. 'Fair St. George,' SIR J. GILBERT, R.A. One of Sir John's strong bravura pictures. St. George, dismounted, is bidding the Princess bind her girdle about the neck of the dragon (which has been sorely wounded by the knight's spear), and lead it into the city.

No. 151. 'Day breaking,' H. W. MESDAG. A calm sea and hazy atmosphere bathed in silvery sheen.

No. 154. 'The Silvery Thames,' KEELEY HALSWELLE. Such a bit as may be seen between Cookham and Marlow, the surface of the stream covered with the leaves and buds of the water-lily, and dotted with beds of rushes. True to nature, and very attractive.

No. 155. 'A Roman Holiday,' BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. *Elect.* We see nothing of the amphitheatre in which gladiators were "butcher'd to make a Roman holiday," but a portion of the sandy arena, on which lies a dead or dying tiger, weltering in its blood, and near it, prone with exhaustion from the struggle, and pressing his hand to his panting heart, the youthful gladiator—a Christian, to judge by the cross imaged on the sand. Another tiger, in abject terror at its companion's fate, slinks growling and snarling along the wall of the arena, and refuses to attack its prostrate foe.

No. 161. 'Flowers of the Earth,' PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. A decorative picture, destined to form the centre panel over a dining-room chimney-piece to the same artist's last year's pictures of 'The Olive' and 'The Grape.' Roses and beautiful girls occupy the first plan, while beyond is seen a sumptuous banquet spread out beneath the portico of what might be one of the marble palaces of Genoa.

No. 162. 'Rear-Admiral Horton, C.B.,' W. W. OULESS, R.A. *Elect.* Full of strength, and at the same time of refinement.

No. 167. 'Barden Moors, Yorkshire,' CECIL LAWSON. Another of this artist's impressive landscapes, powerful in the contrast between the dark moorland and blue cloud-flecked sky.

No. 163. 'The Farm of the Alhambra,' RICHARD ANSDELL, R.A. Goats, a mule, a donkey, and a man handing oranges in a basket over a wall to a girl, make up the foreground, while within the entrance to the farmhouse, in the right background, are seen some female figures feeding pigeons.

No. 169. 'Ethel,' J. B. BURGESS, A. A charming little head-and-shoulders portrait of the painter's daughter.

No. 170. 'In the Borghese: Winter, Afternoon,' SIR HENRY THOMPSON. Very harmonious in tone and colouring.

No. 175. 'The Symbol,' FRANK DICKSEE, A. As a party of Florentine revellers are passing under an archway, the glance of the leading youth is arrested by an old man seated, with a basket of holy symbols for sale, and holding in his hand a crucifix. The sight brings a momentary expression, half of regret and half of annoyance, to the young man's face, but his gay companion, as she plucks an orange from an overhanging bough, pays no heed to the mute appeal, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" and is not likely to let the incident dwell upon his mind. A beautiful, highly finished picture, resplendent in depth and glory of colour.

No. 177. 'The Wood-cutter,' JOHN LINNELL, sen. Illustrating the text, "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." The work of a veteran, and as such entitled to respect.

No. 181. 'Hilda, Daughter of John Pennington Mellor, Esq.,' JAMES SANT, R.A. A charming full length of a little girl in a large hat seated on a grassy bank with her arm round a dog's neck.

No. 182. 'Swift and Vanessa,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. Dramatically portrayed. The moment is chosen when Swift, arriving at Marley Hall, Vanessa's residence, with the letter which she has written to Stella asking the nature of her connection with the Dean, flings it on the table in a paroxysm of fury.

No. 185. 'The Honourables Mildred, Mabel, and Sibyl, Daughters of Lord and Lady Alington,' G. E. HICKS. A very pretty picture of three children.

No. 186. 'Trout-fishing in the Highlands,' JOHN PETTIE, R.A. A capital bit of Scotch scenery. None but a fisherman could have given so natural a look to the figure of the youth throwing his fly.

No. 187. 'Where is my good little Girl?' THOMAS FAED, R.A. A dark-eyed mother, nursing a baby in her lap, is supposed to be thus addressing a golden-haired little girl, who, with her back turned, and head hidden in her pinafore, is evidently in the sulks, puppy, kitten, and doll being all neglected, and even a half-eaten apple thrown aside.

No. 191. 'The Lady Fanny Marjoribanks,' JAMES SANT, R.A. A full-length portrait of a tall, graceful-looking lady in black examining a portfolio of prints.

No. 192. 'The Nearest Way to School,' J. C. HOOK, R.A., or, as it might rather be called, 'Playing Truant,' for, we are sure Mr. Hook's sympathies are more with the truant pair catching crabs among the rocks in the foreground than with the groups hurrying diligently along the shore. Exceedingly fine.

No. 193. 'Portrait,' HENRY T. WELLS, R.A. A likeness (three-quarter length), if we mistake not, of one of the painter's daughters.

No. 196. 'The Earl of Wharncliffe,' E. J. POYNTER, R.A. Full length in shooting costume, his gun under his arm, and with a view of his Yorkshire moors as a background.

No. 197. 'Idyll,' SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. The Greek word εἰδύλλιον is said by Liddell and Scott to mean "a short, highly wrought, descriptive poem, mostly on pastoral subjects," and such on canvas is the scene before us. A shepherd, naked to the waist, round which clings a leopard's skin, is seated with his back to the spectator, piping to two divinely fair maidens who lie beneath the shade of a tree; beyond are seen the windings of a river and a far-off coast.

No. 198. 'Helen,' E. J. POYNTER, R.A. A half-length figure, richly draped, staring with round wide-opened eyes at the spectator. In the background are the slightly indicated outlines of a city burning and men fighting. The intention of the artist, in thus depicting the fairest woman in the world with a fixed stony stare, may be inferred from a part of the quotation attached to the picture in the catalogue:—

> "As in a trance, her eyes look forth afar,
> All passionless, with something of amaze,
> Wondering, perchance, that men should madly mar
> With furious strife their own and others' days,
> While kingdoms are laid waste and goodly cities blaze."

No. 203. 'Wargrave,' VICAT COLE, R.A. One of the most beautiful bits on the Thames, done ample pictorial justice to.

No. 204. 'The Bishop of Oxford,' W. W. OULESS, R.A. *Elect.* Painted at the request of the clergy and laity of the diocese, to be placed in the Palace at Cuddesdon, with the portraits of former Bishops of Oxford. A half-length, in episcopal robes, and with the blue ribbon of the Garter, seated writing at a table fronting the spectator.

(*To be continued.*)



ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—The present exhibition at Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery is remarkably strong in fine portraits, and those chiefly of the kind which, twenty years ago, were hardly looked upon as works of Fine Art at all. The portraits of Mr. Millais have been one of the chief agents in bringing about this revolution. In the Grosvenor Gallery there are good specimens both of those fancy portraits which he paints in seeming emulation of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and of those dashing transcripts of contemporary life which have led to his being compared with Velasquez. "Sweetest eyes were ever seen," which the catalogue quotes—with a mistake—from Mrs. Browning, gives a name to the portrait of a lovely yellow-haired child of twelve or thereabouts, holding a basket of violets, and dressed in a jacket and petticoat of flowered cotton. The background is a sloping bank in deep shadow. The painting of the dark eyes and of the darker lashes fully justifies the chosen title. In its assured handling, fine colour, and amazing richness of impasto this is equal to the best of Mr. Millais' works. The second picture is a portrait of Mrs. Kate Perugini. The lady is shown with her back turned to us; her animated face, with its crown of chestnut hair, is turned over her left shoulder, so that her features are seen in profile. She is dressed in black grenadine and satin, the transparent material being given with an easy truth of texture which recalls the draped bunting in the 'North-West Passage.' A 'Portrait of Miss Edith Galloway,' by Mr. E. J. Gregory, is in some ways even more remarkable than the two fine works just described. It is the work of a painter who has long been regarded as among the most promising of our young artists, and displays a combination of artistic insight with tasteful fancy and consummate skill in execution which promises a great future. The young lady who thus obtains a good chance of immortality is shown sitting in an easy-chair of dark blue velvet. Her dress is of ivory-white satin. She is without jewellery or ornament of any kind, but in her hand she holds a fan of pale blue silk, and her arms are nearly covered by her long white kid gloves. The background is a brownish red. The attitude is graceful and full of ease, but it is in the extraordinary truth with which every detail is executed, from the face itself to the satin dress and velvet chair, that its chief merit will be found. The portraits by Mr. W. B. Richmond are numerous, but are all inferior to one or two of those which he exhibited last year. The best is a half-length of the Princess Louise. In this the likeness is good, the head is finely modelled, and the general colour, though subdued, is rich and harmonious. Near it hangs a fine portrait of the late Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, by Mr. Watts, who is also represented by a half-length of Miss Venetia Bentinck. In both these works varying tints of red and crimson are used with consummate skill. There are two good portraits by Mr. Frank Holl, who has, perhaps, made a reputation in that branch of Art more rapidly than any man has ever done before. The more important of the two is a half-length of Lord Holmesdale in sporting *tenue*. The attitude reminds one a little too much of Mr. Millais' full-length of the Duke of Westminster of three or four years ago, and the head hardly dominates over the accessories in the way it should, but otherwise this is a good example of a painter who is always robust and manly. His other contribution is a portrait of Mr. Farrer, the secretary to the Board of Trade, whose keen features have received full justice. Mr. John Collier's 'Lady Lawrence' is graceful and interesting, and an effect of sudden illumination is very successfully carried out. The lines of the composition rather suffer, however, from the exaggerated straightness of the figure. Mrs. John Collier has sent a child's portrait, which is not unworthy to hang beside the work of her husband. It is a little hard and deficient in depth, but otherwise shows few signs of immaturity. With the mention of Mr. Holman Hunt's portrait of Professor Owen—a good likeness, but a perverse work of Art—Mr. C. E. Wallis's portrait of Mr. Comyns Carr—modestly called 'A Study'—Miss Louisa Starr's finely modelled head of Miss Shoobridge, and Mr. Whistler's remarkably able full-length of Miss Alexander, a work of some years ago, we may go on to the subject pictures. Of these one of the best, as it is certainly the most conspicuous, is the 'Boat of Charon,' by Sir Coutts Lindsay. This huge composition contains some five-and-twenty figures, those in the foreground being rather larger than life. The well-known passage in the third canto of the "Inferno" supplies the theme. The waters of the Styx occupy nearly all the canvas, except a patch of land in the immediate foreground, and upon them Charon is pushing off with a crowd of unhappy shades for the burning regions beyond. On the near bank are Dante and Virgil and a few despairing wretches who have been left behind. The technical merits of this ambitious work are very considerable. The drawing is good and assured, the colour harmonious, the arrangement of light and shade judicious. It is in the modelling alone that the unprofessional hand betrays itself. As an illustration of the poet's vision it would hold its own with any previous treatment of the theme. A small work by Mr. Alma-Tadema, only a few inches square, is a complete epitome of his many excellencies. It is a repetition, on a reduced scale, of a subject painted by him some years ago, the discovery of Claudius by the Prætorian Guards after the murder of Caligula. This little picture, called by its author 'Ave Cæsar—Io Saturnalia,' is a marvellous combination of minute execution with breadth of effect and humorous imagination. 'The Grey Sisters,' by Miss E. Pickering, is the chief example of the particular school of which Mr. Burne-Jones is the head. Mr. Burne-Jones himself is unrepresented in the present exhibition, an absence which is regretted even by those who do not agree with the extreme eulogies of which he has been made the subject. Miss Pickering is a good colourist, but it is a pity that she does not learn to draw. In Mr. Walter Crane's two pictures there is some fine modelling of the female form, and much harmonious colour; and 'Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,' by Professor Richmond, is full of delicate colour, though rather disjointed in composition. Among the landscapes the first place lies between the poetic 'Gloom of Idwal' of Mr. Herkomer, and the 'Spring' of Mr. Mark Fisher. The former is a rocky Welsh valley without a sign of man, and with a glowing sunset; the latter a Norman orchard full of cows and apple blossom. Mr. Keeley Halswelle is represented by a vigorously painted, but rather cold and grey corn-field, with a clump of trees beyond it and a windy sky above. Mr. Cecil Lawson's two pictures are poetic in sentiment and of good colour, but a little woolly in substance. Mr. Napier Hemy is represented by three works, one of which, 'Oporto,' is very fine in colour, and reminds one curiously of Van der Meer's famous 'Delft' at the Hague. 'The Clyde' is a good work by Mr. David Murray. Among the water colours 'A Story of Imitation,' by Mr. R. Doyle, forms an amusing series. Finally, we must mention two busts of more than common interest. The one is a fine head of Mr. Ruskin, by Mr. Boehm, the other an equally fine portrait in marble of Lord Beaconsfield. This is exhibited at the special request of the Queen, and its fidelity will be recognised by all those who were familiar with the features of the late Earl.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.—The exhibitions at each of the rival institutions in Pall Mall have very marked characteristics of their own. At the older society the works of the landscape painters are of far greater excellence and importance than those which deal with the figure. The sea-pieces of Messrs. Moore, Powell, Albert Goodwin, and Edward Duncan; the landscapes of Samuel Palmer, T. J. Watson, and R. Thorne Waite; and the flowers of Mrs. Angell, form a galaxy of fine works which could hardly be paralleled in their kind by the artists of the Institute. On the other hand, the Society shows few figure pictures which can be named beside those of Mr. Gregory, of Mr. J. D. Linton, or of Messrs. Clausen, Bale, and others. This distinctive character has become more accentuated of late years, and will probably go on increasing if the two societies remain separate, and none of the schemes for amalgamation or for the foundation of a comprehensive Water-Colour Academy are carried through. Meanwhile it is perhaps rather an advantage than otherwise, as it gives to the exhibitions a certain individuality.

At the Society the first works to seize upon the attention of the visitor are the two magnificent landscapes of Mr. Samuel Palmer. These poetic drawings are both painted in illustration of passages from Milton's "L'Allegro," a favourite source of inspiration with Mr. Palmer. The passage beginning,

"Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,"

is the theme of the first. The distance is occupied by a range of mountains, "on whose barren breasts" a few heavy cumuli hang in suspended motion. On some lesser heights, in the middle distance, an ancient embattled keep catches the full rays of the noonday sun, while the foreground is occupied with the

"Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide,

of the poet, bathed in the cool shadows from the tufted trees. In power of illumination it would be difficult to conceive anything finer than this drawing, but in audacity of conception, and in the success with which even greater difficulties of execution are grappled with and overcome, it must give way to its companion,

"the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins its state,"

a drawing which is worthy of the sumptuous lines of the poet. The white orb of the sun is just clearing the long shoulder of the hills, his crimson streamers stretch their fantastic arms up to the blue zenith, and the purple night clouds part before his face and disappear. This is probably the most successful attempt to paint the full glories of sunrise since the production of Turner's 'Ulysses and Polyphemus.' A certain want of depth and richness is inseparable from the material in which it is carried out, and makes us regret that Mr. Palmer should have so entirely abandoned the practice of oil painting. Very different from the colour dreams of Mr. Palmer are the broad, vigorous, and simply conceived landscapes of Mr. Thorne Waite. There are six of this gentleman's drawings in the collection, the best being 'Over the Hills and far away' and the 'First Furrow.' The latter especially deserves careful notice: it is a study of rural England in early summer. The foreground is a stubble-field full of rough grass, weeds, and scarlet poppies, through which a plough is laboriously cutting its way at the heels of three sturdy Clydesdales. Across the middle distance stretches a great brown fallow, and beyond it are the farm buildings and a well-wooded country leading out to the horizon. 'A Wooded Landscape,' by Mr. T. J. Watson, suggests a reminiscence of Ruysdael. There are the same simplicity and gravity in the composition, the same quiet harmonies of rather sombre colour, the same skilful use of accidental lights to give relief and depth. The subject is a fine young beech, relieved against a dark background of oak. In solidity and force this is one of the best works in the room. Mr. Henry Moore is represented by three pictures of the sea, one of which is finer than anything which we have previously seen of his in this medium. It is called 'Light Breezes,' and is a study of waves when they are bluest, and of sky when banks of summer clouds begin to break before a rising wind. In the waves nearest to the spectator there are some lights taken out by the knife which seem a little spotty and crude from the want of minor reflexes to support them. The sea-pieces of Mr. Francis Powell are full of harmony and atmospheric gradation. The best by far is 'Opposite the Setting Sun,' a dead calm with misty effect of sunlight. Almost the same remarks may be applied to the now old-fashioned art of Mr. Edward Duncan, who is, however, represented by at least one drawing, 'On the Mersey,' which is a masterpiece of delicate keeping. Considerations of space prevent us from giving more than bare mention of the 'Summer Sea' and 'Dordrecht' of Mr. Albert Goodwin, the 'Chat over the Wall' of Mrs. Allingham, the splendid 'White Roses' of Mrs. Angell, and the 'God's Share'—gleaners returning home—of Mr. Buckman.

By far the most remarkable drawing at the Institute is the 'Last Touches' of Mr. E. J. Gregory. The subject is not an ambitious one, but it has been carried out with a mastery which is complete. The scene is a grandiose modern studio. A gilded ceiling, walls of golden green, an oak parquet, Spanish armour, Oriental plates, Venetian mirrors, and a model, a lady in pink silk, make up the surroundings of a painter at his easel. The sitting is over, and the lady is in the background warming herself at a glowing fire, which forms the only passage of brilliant colour in the picture. In thorough draughtsmanship, in delicacy of aërial perspective, in dexterous manipulation, and in complete harmony of colour this little work could hardly be excelled. Near it hang two studies of character from Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth." They are by Mr. J. D. Linton, and represent the one Amy Robsart, the other Janet Foster. In all technical qualities, colour, and texture they are quite worthy of their author, but as embodiments of Scott's creations they are extremely feeble. It is a pity they were not called 'Studies of Elizabethan Costume.' 'Carol Singers,' by Mr. Lionel Smythe, is a clever drawing, in which the artist has expressed with considerable skill the contrast between candlelight and the rays of the moon, but the affected attitudes of some of the singers are unfortunate. Mr. Edwin Bale's 'Enid' is an ambitious colour study in the warmest tones, which is only prevented being completely successful by a want of life in the Enid herself. 'Gaywood Almshouses, King's Lynn,' by Mr. G. Clausen, is as harmonious in colour and as full of true aërial gradation as most of his works, but the figures are stiff and awkwardly placed. Mr. John Tenniel is represented by a fine drawing, full of his peculiar humour, of Gil Blas arraying himself in the blue velvet; the President, Mr. Louis Haghe, by a picture of the Christening of the Prince of Wales, which must have been painted many years ago; and H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Germany by a head which is remarkably well drawn and modelled. Among the landscapes the chief place must be given to Mr. Collier's 'Carting Gravel,' an expanse of heathy country, over which a fine breezy sky casts alternate glimpses of sunshine and shadow. Mr. Collier's art is that of an impressionist, and it could hardly be excelled in the qualities which give such work its value. Mr. Aumonier's 'Chelsea, from Battersea Park,' is full of fine colour and tender atmosphere, but the figures are hardly satisfactory, and on the whole the drawing is inferior to the magnificent 'View on the Thames, near Maidenhead,' of last year. 'On the North Holland Canal' and 'Sir Hugh Willoughby rounding the North Cape' are good sea-pieces by Mr. W. W. May, the latter especially being full of poetic sentiment. Mr. H. G. Hine's drawings of the South Downs, and Mr. John Fulleylove's gorgeous colour passages and elaborately facile execution, should not be overlooked. The chief example of the latter draws its subject from one of Mr. W. Morris's poems; it is full of fine colour, especially in the rendering of various tones of marble and other precious building materials, but the numerous figures are very ill drawn and unsubstantial.

THE MACLEAN GALLERY.—Variety is given to this collection by the introduction among the foreign pictures of works by favourite British artists. Among the latter are such well-known men as W. Q. Orchardson, H. W. B. Davis, Vicat Cole, G. H. Boughton, Frank Holl, Briton Riviere, J. B. Burgess, P. R. Morris, Peter Graham, J. MacWhirter. It can scarcely be supposed, considering the claims Burlington House has on the labours of these eminent artists, that their contributions to any of the minor galleries can be other than pictures of the most cabinet size; but though small, and in some instances slight in execution, there is not a single exhibit which is not characteristic of its author. The most important work, perhaps, in respect of dimensions, force, and quality, is Frank Holl's 'Fisherman's Home,' in which we see a wife holding a loaf of bread in her hand, regarding her stalwart husband, who has returned from his labours, and, tired and weary, has just seated himself by the table. At the end of it stands their little girl, whose figure catches the beams of light which find their way through the little window. The tone of the picture is necessarily low; but the chiaroscuro is so skilfully managed that not a single detail of the interior is lost, and the whole scene is presented with a force which only belongs to painting of a high quality. 'A High Tide at Venice,' by Ziem, showing St. Mark's and the tower, a picture whose sparkle tends slightly to spottiness, flanks Mr. Holl's work on one side, and a brilliant conversation piece by G. Kuehl, showing a gallant kissing a lady's hand in a gorgeous apartment on his paying his 'Morning Call,' flanks it on the other. At the far end of the gallery hangs one of Rosa Bonheur's scenes in Fontainebleau. Other pictures of artists no less skilled in the delineation of animal form hang in the immediate neighbourhood, and among them are Peter Graham, R. Beavis, James Hardy, and Briton Riviere. Besides Rosa Bonheur, who we are glad to think is recovering from her late illness, there are several other continental artists of renown, amongst whom are W. Palmaroli, V. Luminais, P. Sadée, A. Windmaier, Josef Israels, and Édouard Frère. We must not close our notice without calling attention to Mr. Orchardson's 'Rejected Lover,' and to Mr. Phil. Morris's fair-haired little girl in black dress clasping gleefully her comely, white-laced mamma in the garden, that she may burst forth with congratulations on her birthday.

THE GALLERY OF THE MESSRS. TOOTH.—Like the last named, this spring exhibition includes British as well as continental works, and, as has been very usual of late, our Munich friends make their presence felt. One of the important pictures in this collection, for example, is by Edward Schulz-Briesen, and represents a prisoner taking farewell of his wife and child in presence of village onlookers. F. Roybet sends one of his vigorously coloured figures, 'A Collector of Arms,

time of Louis XIII.,' and De Nittis one of his fashionable gatherings 'In the Bois de Boulogne.' We have also a 'Soubrette,' by R. Madrazo, and a sketch, life-sized profile of a girl in a loose white morning dress, by G. Jacquet. No less cunning in treatment is B. J. Blommer's bare-legged peasant girl 'Minding Baby.' Near this hangs a small picture in a yellowish brown tone, by J. Hayllar. It is an interior showing a picture in a buff-leather chair, which, with the yellow-striped curtains, may be called the whole of the composition. It is appropriately called 'Another Gem.' We are told the artist is a lady, and still in her teens; if so, we have much yet to expect from her. Stuart Lloyd is another young painter who has a career before him, although his 'Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' is scarcely the measure of his power. Ernest Parton's 'Fall of the Leaf,' some birch-trees and still water, is well painted; but the most important as well as the most pleasing landscape in the room is B. W. Leader's 'Welsh Stream in Summer-time.' The fisher-girl sitting on her creel, with a child at her feet, 'Waiting for the Boats,' is one of those simple subjects to which the pencil of Frank Holl never fails to impart pathos. 'Whisperings,' a young gardener making love to his sweetheart as she descends the steps to fetch water from the stream, is one of G. H. Boughton's pretty idyls; and J. Bastien-Lepage's two 'Mowers,' whetting their scythes in a meadow, shows to those who are familiar with his other works how varied the painter can be both in style and in subject. There are characteristic examples also of John Pettie, J. MacWhirter, E. Crofts, Peter Graham, and several other highly popular artists.

YORK.—On May 5th the summer exhibition of the York Fine Art and Industrial Institution was opened by Sir Bartle Frere, who delivered an address chiefly on the magnificent collection of Indian Art treasures contributed by the Prince of Wales, and the custom of the people and potentates of India of giving presents to distinguished visitors. He stated that all the specimens of the Art and industry of India which had come to this country previous to the visit of his Royal Highness to that empire were from those parts under the direct control of her Majesty's Government; but in the Prince's collection, for the first time, many arts which survived only in the native states were properly represented. Besides the Indian collection of the Prince of Wales, the exhibition includes a number of works by old masters, the Feversham collection of Art treasures from Duncombe Park, and numerous water-colour drawings and oil paintings by modern masters of various degrees of merit.

ART NOTICES FOR JUNE:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Sending-in Days.—Sheffield Society of Artists, 30th and two following days.

Opening Days.—Yorkshire Fine Art Society, Leeds, 6th; Strasburg Exhibition, 1st.

Closing Days.—Birmingham Royal Society, 11th; the Hague, 16th. In consequence of the delay in opening, the Royal Hibernian Academy remains open until the 18th. Plymouth Exhibition, 20th; Birmingham Art Union Meeting, 3rd. Slade School of Art, University College, closes 25th, the distribution of prizes being a few days later. Application for admission to the Royal Academy Schools must be sent in before the 28th.

ART NOTES.

AT a general meeting of the Royal Academy, held on the 5th of May, the following were elected Royal Academicians:—Briton Riviere and W. W. Ouless, and as Academician Engraver, T. O. Barlow.

AT the Royal Academy three pictures, in close proximity to one another, have sold for the exceptional sum of three thousand pounds, or guineas, each. They are Mr. Millais' 'Cinderella,' Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Sappho,' and Mr. E. Long's 'Diana, or Christ?'

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.—The election of Fellows into this society began on the 2nd, and ended on the 7th ult. The total number of exhibitors was 136, of which 19, being Members of Council, became Fellows without ballot, while 55, out of 78 recommended, were elected out of the general body. The *personnel* of the new society is at the present date, therefore, 74.

THE sales at the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, just closed, amounted to £5,461; at that of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts to £5,906.

AN ART EXHIBITION is to be held at Bolton, in aid of the funds for building and endowing the new Infirmary there, to be opened in September.

A CREDIT of £20,000 will be asked in the French Budget this year towards the preservation of ancient monuments in France. We trust the Government here may, after this, be roused to sufficient energy to support Sir J. Lubbock's bill.

ART QUERY.—Did Sir Joshua Reynolds paint a portrait of the celebrated Mrs. Thrale, of the size 30 by 25½ inches?

FORTHCOMING SALES OF WORKS OF ART.—At Messrs. Christie's, the Earl of Aylesford's collection of pictures, 4th; Bale collection of drawings, Italian prints, etchings, 9th to 11th; Bale collection of modern engravings, 13th and 14th.—At Messrs. Sotheby's, a collection of medals, medallions, &c., 2nd; marble and alabaster ornaments of the late James Tennant, 3rd and 4th.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, the carved oak furniture of the late W. Wailes, 13th and 14th.

THE MONTH'S ARCHITECTURE.

The following are the more important Buildings completed during the past month:—

PUBLIC BUILDINGS:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Architect.*
London	Natural History Museum, S. Kensington	A. Waterhouse, A.R.A.
Bedford	New Law Courts (part opened)	A. Waterhouse, A.R.A.
Hove	Town Hall	A. Waterhouse, A.R.A.
Huddersfield	Theatre Royal	E. Entwistle.
Salisbury	Ancient Banqueting House (new front)	F. Bath.
Newcastle	Northern Assurance Co.'s Offices	Johnson & Hicks.
Canterbury	Guildhall (renovated)	J. E. Hall.
Kew Gardens	Miss North's Gallery	J. Ferguson.
Oxford	New High School for Girls	J. G. Jackson.
Ipswich	New Post Offices and School Board Offices	J. Johnson.

ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Architect.*
West Houghton	Daisy Hill Church	Paley & Austin.
Burton	St. Margaret's Church	R. Churchill.
Higher Openshaw	St. Clement's Church	Enticknap & Booth.
Edinburgh	Dumbiedyke's Church	Shiells & Thompson.
Forfar	St. John's Episcopal Church	R. Anderson.
Whittington, near Lichfield	Church	E. Christian.
Mildenham	St. Andrew's Church	
Leeds, Potternewton	St. Martin's Church	Adams & Kelly.
Steeton, near Skipton	St. Stephen's Church	T. H. & F. Healy.
Bexford	Parish Church	
Derby	St. Andrew's Church (Tower and Spire)	The late Sir G. G. Scott, R.A.
Tunbridge Wells	Chapel of Ease	E. Christian.

RESTORATIONS:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Architect.*
Hartshead, near Dewsbury	St. Peter's Church	W. S. Barber.
Standlake, Oxon	Parish Church	C. C. Rolfe.
Sheepwash, Devon	Parish Church	The late G. F. Gould.
Minster, Isle of Sheppey	Parish Church	E. Christian.
Oving, Sussex	Chancel of Parish Church	E. Christian.
Narberth	Parish Church (remodelled)	J. G. Jackson.
Rock, near Bewdley	Tower of Church	M. B. Buckle.
Chatham	St. Bartholomew	The late Sir G. G. Scott, R.A.
West Tilbury	Church	Benton & Wood.

CHAPELS have been built at Partick, Pendleton, Redruth, Longsight, East Grinstead, Edinburgh (Gilmore Place, Canonmills, and Junction Road), and Meanwood.

BUSINESS PREMISES:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Architect.*
London, Basinghall Street	Wool Exchange	J. Gordon.
London, St. Thomas St., Borough	Donner and De Clermont	W. Wimble.
London, King William St.	Standard Life Assurance	Boulnois & Warner.

The following Ornamental and Decorative works have been completed:—

Place.	*Building.*	*Artist.*
Woolwich ..	St. John's Church (Memorial Window)	Gibbs & Howard.
Bishop's Itchington ..	Memorial Window .. .	Holland & Holt.
Condover ..	Memorial Window	J. Davies.
Nottingham ..	Priory Church of Thurgarton (Memorial Window)	Crossly.
Melton Mowbray	Parish Church (Memorial Window)	Wailes & Strang.
Handsworth ..	Church (Memorial Window)	Burlisson & Grylls.
Romford	Parish Church (Memorial Window)	T. Bell.
Bramshott ..	Church (Memorial Window)	A. Gibbs.
Gloucester ..	St. Michael's Church (Memorial Window)	Clayton & Bell.
Brownsover, Rugby ..	Lawrence Eldriffe (Memorial Window)	
Ipswich	St. Clement's Church (Memorial Window)	Ward & Hughes.
Durham	Memorial Cross	T. Drew, *Architect.*
Paisley	Monument to J. Fillans, sculptor	Mossman, *Sculptor.*

Hackney Church: Monument to Lady Lucy Latimer, who died in 1552; moved from St. Augustine's Church.

OBITUARY.

By the death of Mr. Burges—the last elected Associate of the Academy—architecture has lost an artist, and Art has lost an Art scholar endowed with an unusual talent for quaint erudition. As an architect he may have had many equals; as an artist, superiors; but there is no living man who could render his work so interesting by varied and curious lore, or carry it out more skilfully. He was but fifty-three, and in the midst of his work, when he was stricken with paralysis, and death rapidly supervening, his earthly career closed on the 29th of April. His early years and education and his purely architectural work will doubtless receive full consideration in other journals. The first works that called public attention to his ability were the prize drawings for Lille Cathedral and the Chapter House at Salisbury. As an architect who made it his especial province to study with more than ordinary intensity, and to practise with some skill many of the arts with which he decorated his work, his high merit is incontestable. The quaint cabinets which he designed and executed some twenty years ago in conjunction with the young artists who were then interesting themselves in decorative painting, and of which some were exhibited, will probably be remembered by our readers. Amongst the executants were the now well-known names of E. J. Poynter, R.A., H. S. Marks, R.A., H. Moore, H. Holliday, N. H. J. Westlake, H. Smallfield, E. Burne-Jones, and Rossiter. These cabinets were amongst the earliest works which inaugurated the "Art Furniture" movement. Then came his prize drawing for the Constantinople Memorial, his beautiful decoration of Worcester College, Oxford, the restoration of Waltham Abbey, with its curious reredos, the Art work at Lord Carrington's, Cork Cathedral, his work at Studley and Skelton, the Art School at Bombay, his own house at Kensington, and last, but most important of all, the various works intrusted to him by the Marquis of Bute, which were occupying his most earnest attention at the time he was taken ill. There are very few visitors to Cardiff, who are in any way interested in Art, who pass through without seeing the castle. Externally it strikes the visitor—not well acquainted with mediæval work as it originally appeared—as somewhat bizarre, but within there is a museum of interest. Every room is decorated with some story, either of history or quaint legend, from the very chimney-piece to the lintel of the door. There is too much detail to attempt any description in this short notice, but there are two portions of the edifice which, from their private character, are not so well known to visitors as the rest. The first is the "indoor" garden, or open chamber, in which one may almost imagine himself sitting in the court of some nobleman's house in the south of France in the twelfth century, ere what we call Gothic Art had ceased to be somewhat Greek. There, laid out in symmetrical forms, are beds of choice azaleas and camellias, and standing in the midst a beautiful bronze figure of the Virgin and Child, whilst around the loopholed wall is covered with enamelled paintings of ancient stories.

The other chamber to which we refer is the little oratory built in memory of Lord Bute, the minister, by the present Marquis. In this chapel there is not a square inch of idle space. The whole restoration was directed by Lord Bute himself, and the carrying out of it intrusted to Mr. Burges and Mr. N. H. J. Westlake conjointly, but to give a slight description is all that can here be afforded. The floor, to commence with, is of inlaid marble tesseræ, the dado of dove marble inlaid with shields enamelled with the various bearings connected with the Bute family. The altar is a perfect gem. Below it, and inside a sepulchre of open bronze tracery-work, rests the figure of Jesus in sculptured marble. Externally sleep the guards, whilst above is painted the risen figure of Christ, with the angel and holy women. Above the dado are various pictures, all bearing upon the subject of the Resurrection. The light is transmitted through stained-glass figures representing the Evangelists, and their reflections fall upon the jambs, painted with figures of the Greek and Latin Doctors of the Church. The vaulting is covered by the archangels, and angels holding the instruments of our Lord's passion.

To describe all the other chambers, unfinished as the castle even now is, would require a goodly volume. But the student who would understand the genius of Mr. Burges cannot do it better than by visiting Cardiff and Castle Coke; or even, in a smaller way, the house at Kensington in which he spent the last few years of his life, and in which he died.

His contributions to the literature of Art were not only numerous, but learned, thoughtful, and original. With a mind too independent and vigorous to toady to the fashion of a day, his views were all the more valuable in the broad influence of Art. Mr. Burges was particularly fortunate in the patronage and friendship of Lord Bute, who strove to foster and humour the particular talents of his architect to their full bent, and was one of the first to visit and console him in his fatal illness. Cardiff stands as a monument to both the patient and learned patron and the talented but eccentric genius who has passed away.

Mr. Henry Hume, a young artist of promise, died, in his twenty-third year, on the 25th of April, at South Harling, Hants. His last work hangs in this Academy, and he had already exhibited there four or five times. Though chiefly a landscape painter, he had lately turned his studies with success to figure and portrait painting, showing a rich and refined feeling for colour.

NEW ENGRAVING.

'An Old Monarch.'—Engraved in a mixed style by W. H. Simmons, from a picture by Rosa Bonheur. Size 18 by 15 inches. Upright. Artist's proofs, £5 5s.; lettered proofs, £2 2s.; prints, £1 1s. (L. H. Lefèvre). A masterly engraving of a magnificent study of a lion's head, taken in 1879 by this distinguished French animal painter.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Boke of St. Albans" (London: Elliott Stock).—This is another of the sumptuous reprints issued by this enterprising publisher, who now presents to bibliophilists a fac-simile of a work which ranks as "rarissimus," the known copies being so few that they may be counted on the fingers of one hand. A special interest further attaches itself to this volume, because it is one of the earliest of the black-letter books which proceeded from the several independent printing presses which were established in England before the close of the fifteenth century. In this case nothing is known of either the author or the typographer; and its name, which gives no clue to its contents, is derived from its having been compiled and printed at St. Albans. The subjects of which it treats, and which are curiously alliterative—Hawking, Hunting, and Heraldry—have an enticing and antique flavour about them.

"Horticultural Buildings," by F. A. Fawkes (Batsford).—This work would at first sight appear to lie without the pale of notices which are usually confined to publications dealing with Art. But the author, in projecting this handbook for those interested in "garden structures," has not altogether lost sight of the fact that in nothing have the principles of Art been so entirely tabooed as in glass houses. He is emphatic on the Art canon, "Ornament the construction, never construct the ornament," as regards the exterior; while as to the interior we cordially indorse his desire that conservatories should be regarded more as floral apartments, with ample space for moving about in, than as receptacles to fill from floor to roof with incongruous masses of inharmonious and ugly pots. Judicious selection and disposition of half the quantity of flowers, a few chairs, mats, and some old china make a bear garden into a delightful apartment. As a practical work, the book seems to be thoroughly good.





"SENDING-IN DAY" AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DID any one ever meet a painter in the month of March who failed to lament over the backwardness of his pictures, and to lay the responsibility for it on the darkness and fog of the preceding winter? Perhaps the weather is to blame, but perhaps also procrastination is not a failing altogether unknown to the artistic mind. To pursue the inquiry too closely would be profitless. Whatever the reason, the fact remains, that as the month of March draws to an end, a feverish state of activity reigns in the studios. "Show Sunday" even finds many with still a vast amount of work to do, and the agony is piled up by some, until the frame-maker's van calls, at the last possible moment, on the fatal Tuesday, and the precious canvases, still wet, are ruthlessly hurried off. Lucky if there be time to wrap a cloth round them, and inscribe it with the familiar notice of "wet paint," and an appeal to the Academy carpenters not to remove the covering until absolutely necessary. Very often, too, the frame-maker's share in the final result has been equally incomplete at the last moment, and, as a consequence, elaborate mouldings and ornamentation drop off at the slightest touch, and strew the



The Entrance from Burlington Gardens: "Taking In" at the West Gate.

academic vaults, one had almost said, thick as autumnal leaves the brooks in Vallambrosa. But that would be going rather too far; indeed, considering that the great bulk of the pictures are not delivered till the evening of the second day fixed for their reception, and that they then come pouring in till past midnight, it is astonishing that so little damage is done.

Six days are allowed for sending in pictures to the Paris Salon, and no picture is taken in after six o'clock; whereas

at the Academy two days only are allowed, but, as a set-off, they are received up to any hour of the night. This is decidedly a mistake, for no doubt the risk of damage, both to pictures and frames, is much greater when the men employed in taking them in are tired with their day's work, and certain, besides, to renew their energies with more beer than is good for them. The van men, too, who have been at it all day, are weary and anxious to get home, and these causes and the quasi-darkness militate against the absolute safety of the pictures. We believe an effort was made, a few years ago, to induce the Council of the Academy to limit the taking in of works to daylight hours, and was nearly successful, but the spirit of the outsider still lingered in the soul of the



The Lift.

Academician, and it was decided that to interfere, even in his own interest, with the privilege the British artist had so long enjoyed of working on his picture up to the last hour of daylight, would be an unwarrantable assumption of authority, and likely to rouse an indignant outcry.

It was not so, however, in the beginning. The advertisement in 1769, of the first Exhibition of the Royal Academy, runs thus:—

"ROYAL ACADEMY, PALL MALL.

"The President and Council give notice that their Exhibition will open on the 26th of April next. Those artists who intend to exhibit with the Academicians are desired to send their several works to the Royal Academy, in Pall Mall, on Thursday, the 13th of April, or before six o'clock in the evening of Friday, the 14th; after which time no performance will be received."

It may be said that there was no gas in those days, and when the electric light emerges from its long period of probation and becomes an accomplished fact, perhaps the foregoing objection may have less weight. Certainly, however, at present the time allowed for sending in pictures, drawings, &c. —two days—is little enough when it is considered that in those two days about six thousand works are sent in. In the first year the number was about two hundred only.

What a contrast between the scene now presented on sending-in days at the entrance in Burlington Gardens, and in the Quadrangle of Burlington House, to the one which might have been witnessed on that first sending-in day at the modest portal of the building in Pall Mall, a little eastward of the site now occupied by the Senior United Service Club, in which the Royal Academy began its career, when a small room, some thirty feet long, contained all the chosen artistic efforts of the year!

The regular place nowadays for the delivery of works is at what is called the West Gate of the Academy, which opens on to a private thoroughfare leading from Burlington Gardens to Piccadilly, and running along the back of the Burlington Arcade. The entrance in Burlington Gardens is for the joint use of the London University and the Royal Academy, and is always open. The continuation of the road into Piccadilly is hardly ever used except on the occasion we are describing, and at the close of the exhibition, when the vans, after discharging or receiving their load, as the case may be, make their way out at the Piccadilly end, disturbing the newspaper boy, who, by one of those unaccountable police or parochial freaks common in London, is allowed to establish himself between the railing and the gateway in a sort of *al fresco* kiosk.

Business on the first day is comparatively slack, and is chiefly confined to the delivery of works consigned to agents in London from the country and abroad. But as the second day progresses the plot thickens, and in the evening a string of heavily freighted vans—heavy-laden materially with canvases and frames, and metaphorically with thought and fancy, the labour of the brain and the cunning of the hand—stretches away along Burlington Gardens and up into Savile Row in an unbroken line. The corresponding scene in Paris furnishes the subject of many a joke in the French comic papers, and the passers-by are credited with more or less witty remarks on the different pictures as they are carried on the porters' shoulders into the Salon. Whatever the cause may be, no such merriment seems to be aroused here, and the gay frequenters of the neighbouring arcade, as they saunter to and from that classic walk, bestow hardly a passing glance at the unaccustomed sight. As each van reaches the West Gate its contents are rapidly unloaded and placed on trollies for conveyance along the wide passage that runs beneath the

large gallery to the hydraulic lift. Some artists, loath to part with what has cost so much thought and labour, and anxious to the last for the safety of their pictures, accompany them thus far, and gaze up after the gradually rising lift with mingled feelings of love and fear. These, however, are generally young hands; the old stagers take no such unnecessary trouble.

Meanwhile a similar scene, though on a smaller scale, is being enacted in the quadrangle of Burlington House, at the principal entrance of the Academy, known to all frequenters of the exhibition. Water-colour drawings, etchings, engravings, architectural drawings, and such-like lighter works—lighter in bulk—are delivered here. Here, too, the amateurs, especially of the female sex, generally deposit their ventures, consigning them to the porters in charge with many a reiterated injunction to be sure to take the greatest care of them, and be very particular in bringing them to the notice of the Council. Some even endeavour to get an artistic opinion out of the academic Cerberi as to the probable fate of their productions, and whether they are likely to be well hung; one lady actually going so far as to decline to leave her pictures unless allowed to choose there and then the spot where they would be seen to the best advantage. The tall and stately Jeames, on the other hand, slowly descending from his seat, receives from his mistress's hands her last effort, and deposits it in the hall with an air of condescending grandeur, as though he were surprised to find that the President of the Academy himself was not there in person to thank the Lady Palettina for deigning to honour the Academy with a specimen of her skill. In former times there was a notice in the catalogue to the effect that "honorary exhibitors were limited to one work," honorary exhibitors being people who did not follow Art as a profession, or who, in other words, were not supposed to sell their pictures, and it is presumable that rather more leniency was shown to them than to the professional artist. But however that may be, the distinction was abolished a few years ago, and amateurs may now send as many works (eight) as professionals, and take the same chance of getting them accepted. And when they can do good work they have no cause to fear the result. To others, however, the additional liberty of numbers and the corresponding increase of severity in judgment proved fatal; and it was even whispered—out of such trivial causes spring great events—that the excision of that sentence from the Academy catalogue was the tiny seed whence arose, to employ parliamentary phraseology, "another place."

Let us follow the pictures as they reach the galleries. The water colours are taken into the water-colour room, the engravings, etchings, chalks, and architectural drawings into Gallery IX., and the oils into the large gallery as long as it will hold them, and until it literally overflows into the central Octagon Room. It is a strange sight in the evening to see the mass of pictures heaped up against the walls, till it is hardly possible to walk across the room, and piled inside a large wooden erection known as "the pound," which contains the greater part of the small oils. There they are, all jumbled together, good, bad, and indifferent; the picture that may be destined to bring all London agape after it, side by side with the most preposterous caricature that ever presumed to call itself a work of Art; and the first modest effort of the future Millais hidden beneath the gigantic canvas of the matured painter of presentation portraits, whose motto is, or should be, "I paint the living, and they make me live." What a place the "pound" is! chiefly full of small landscapes well deserving of Peter Pindar's sarcastic description—

> "brass skies and golden hills,
> With marble bullocks in glass pastures grazing."

Still, great as the quantity of rubbish is, and strongly as the selecting Council, wearily rejecting daub after daub, must wish that paint might be considered a poison within the meaning of the act, to be only sold in quantities on the order of a person competent to judge of the use that will be made of it, there is something very satisfactory in the feeling that any one and every one, no matter how unknown or how obscure, who fancies that he has any artistic talent, can send his work here with the certainty that it will receive fair and impartial judgment at the hands of ten of the most eminent artists of the country. No institution is infallible, and injustice has no doubt at times been done; but the key-note of the Academy exhibitions—and it should never give out a false or uncertain sound—was well struck by Dr. Johnson, in his preface to the catalogue of the exhibition in 1762 at Spring Gardens, seven years before the foundation of the Academy: "The purpose



The Entrance from the Quadrangle of Burlington House: "Taking In" in the Hall.

of this exhibition is not to enrich the artist, but to advance the art; the eminent are not flattered with preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt; whoever hopes to deserve public favour is here invited to display his merit."

One reflection will certainly strike any one who watches the pictures as they lie massed together on the lift and in the galleries, viz. the utter disproportion in a great number of instances between the width of the frames and the size of the canvases; in many cases the surface area of the former is the greater. The chief, though by no means the only offenders, are the foreigners; but they have set the bad example, and one is tempted to long for a resuscitation, so far at least as frames are concerned, of the "Antigallican," a society which existed in the first half of the last century, and was composed, we are told, of a number of persons of rank and consequence, who entered into a resolution to employ British productions in preference to foreign importations, with which the country at that time abounded. Their patriotic exertions, especially as applied to the promotion of the Fine Arts, are said to have produced the first great stimulus to exertion in British artists.

The reception of the sculpture takes place on the day following those allotted to the pictures, and it is interesting to watch the skill and strength displayed by the *formatore* in handling the sometimes fragile and sometimes ponderous material with which they have to deal.

The works by members of the Academy are not sent in till a week after the first day fixed for the reception of "outsiders'" pictures. When this privileged delay was first accorded them we do not know, but scandal says that it arose from unfortunate mistakes having been sometimes made when the two classes came in together, members' pictures being unwittingly taken up before the Council, and consigned by that body to the limbo of the rejected. Instances indeed are not unknown of the Council having stuck to its decision after the mistake was found out, and insisted on the withdrawal of a picture. Such a proceeding was probably commoner in former years, when people were more outspoken than they are now. The courtesies of society are apt to interfere with robustness of judgment. Many are the stories told of the rebuffs administered in old days by the Hanging Committee to members who wanted to dictate to them where and how their pictures should be hung. Gainsborough, it is known, never exhibited after 1783, in consequence of the hangers declining to place his pictures as he desired. Perhaps, under the circumstances, they were wrong; but it is not to be wondered at that the "inquisitors of taste," as they are called in a contemporary notice, should have had their wrath raised by the following letter which he sent them:—"Mr. Gainsborough presents his compliments to the gentlemen appointed to hang the pictures at the Royal Academy, and begs leave to *hint* to them that if the 'Royal Family' which he has sent to this Exhibition (*being smaller than three-quarters*), are hung above the line, along with full lengths, he never more, whilst he breathes, will send another picture to the Exhibition. This he swears by God."

It may not be amiss to add that all the works sent in for selection by the Council are divided into three classes: the "accepted," all of which the Hanging Committee, composed of half the members of the Council, are obliged to hang; the "rejected," which under no circumstances are they allowed to hang; and the "doubtful," from which they choose the works necessary to complete the exhibition after the members' and the accepted works have been placed.

BOOKBINDING.

IN an article on Bookbinding which appeared in our April number, allusion was made to the influence of German bookbinders on the English trade early in the present century. We have received from Mr. Henry G. Bohn, the well-known publisher, the following interesting details respecting his father, who was one of the most distinguished of the immigrants. They will, we think, be found interesting, both as throwing some more light upon a period of which the history is little known, and also because they afford an authentic statement of the origin of a family which has made a distinct mark in English literature.

John Henry Bohn was born at Weinheim, on the Rhine, in 1757, and educated with Prince Metternich. In accordance with a common custom in Germany he was apprenticed to learn a trade, and chose that of a bookbinder. In order to perfect himself he was sent to Münster, in Westphalia, and, on the termination of his apprenticeship, he began his "wanderjahre," which lasted three years, during which he worked his way through Germany, Flanders, and Holland. He seems to have soon come to the conclusion that London offered the best opening for his energies, and by the assistance of his two paternal uncles, one a bookseller and publisher at Hamburg, and the other a retired publisher at Weissenfels, he started for England in 1790, following the example already set by Baumgarten and Kalthoeber, who had acted as pioneers. At that time bookbinding in this country had fallen to a very low ebb, and the advent of the German workmen was generally welcomed. Hering, Staggermeier, Benedict, Bohn, Kappelmann, Walther, and Meyer were among the next to arrive, and early in 1795 Bohn had started in business on his own account at 31, Frith Street, Soho. Shortly afterwards he married Elizabeth Dundas, the grand-daughter of the so-called Deil Watt, the Dundee shipbuilder (a cousin of James Watt), and continued to prosper in business. He acquired special celebrity for his hollow or spring backs—subsequently applied to account books. He was also the inventor of a system of diamond graining on the sides of calf-bound books. The secret was for a long time jealously guarded, Bohn only working it with those on whom he could rely after the usual hours, or on Sundays. Bohn likewise attained reputation for his skill in tree marbling, and for gilding the silk linings or fly leaves of expensively bound works, being largely employed for these *spécialités* by other bookbinders. He continued his business until 1815, when the opening of the continent induced him to abandon it in favour of foreign bookselling. Bohn died in 1843 at his house in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

CHINA.

THERE are some collectors who need no hints, and more to whom no hints will be of any use; indeed, the majority of persons who nowadays have more or less of a "collection" belong to one or other of these classes. Those who buy simply for investment or for fashion may be left to take care of themselves, and that other worthier and increasing class, viz. those who collect a special class of china,† either soon, or never, become judges in the restricted area of their predilection. The serious acquisition of "blue and white," "Chinese yellow," "majolica," or "Sèvres," is indeed seldom begun without some preliminary experience; and such special subjects require elaborate monographs for adequate treatment. It will be beyond the province of this article to do justice to any particular class of china, and it will consequently be only addressed to those who love china generally, and wish to make a collection which will not only add to the beauty of their rooms, but will illustrate—if roughly and with many gaps—the history of keramic art. To such persons, supposing them to have little experience and moderate means, hints may be of value, as it is desirable that they should buy their knowledge (and knowledge of china must be bought) as cheaply and quickly as may be.

The beginning of a collection is generally a difficulty, but in the case of china the first step has usually been taken by the presence of more or less specimens in the house, if they are only cups and saucers; and it therefore has this merit —that most persons can begin to study at home. The ornaments which have been broken and despised for years, and relics of old services in the store cupboard, will frequently yield a few pieces which will be very useful for those who wish to "know something" about china, especially English china. A cracked saucer of Coalport, a Worcester teapot, a piece of "old Jap," and some bits of a Nankin dinner service may be made the nucleus of a great deal of knowledge. The handling of other pieces in the houses of friends, and careful comparison, will soon store the memory with notes of differences, oddities, and distinctive beauties, which, if properly remembered, and followed up by reading and observation, will be an endless source of amusement.

This is a very empiric manner of study, but it is the easiest and the most natural; and no amount of reading, staring at shop windows, or the glass cases of museums, will equal it as a solid foundation of experience. At the same time, if you wish your collection to be not only an assemblage of pieces which please you separately, but one which shall give exercise to the intellect and cultivation to the taste, it is necessary that you should proceed, if you do not begin, upon some system. The easiest and the worst of systems, if it can be called one, is that of marks. Marks, when they can be relied upon, are very useful things as indications of dates and factories, and a knowledge of them is indispensable to the student; but when they are taken as tests of artistic value, and things to be collected for their own sakes, they reduce collection to a merely mechanical employment, and destroy intelligence in the collector and interest in the collection. I know of one collection which contains some very rare marks, but scarcely one piece of any but the most ordinary merit, and for any pleasure or intelligent interest which it excites, one might as well be in a rag and bone shop as in the room which it is supposed to adorn. For beginners marks are very dangerous. Not only are they imitated by the thousand, but real marks are altered to those of more valuable china. I have one piece where the crossed torches of Courtille have been changed to the windmill of Clignancourt, and several where they could easily be mistaken for the cross swords of Dresden. Sham Chinese marks are common on all kinds of china, old and modern, from Persian of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to unknown factories of to-day. The Dresden mark was imitated at Worcester, Bristol, and other places in the last century; and even when you get the genuine marks, the decoration has often been added outside the factory. In Dresden ware this can be detected by the cuts made by the wheel across the swords, but everybody is not up to this; and in the case of Sèvres there has been till quite recently no way of identifying pieces which have been sold by the factory undecorated, so that it is not unusual to find pieces of Sèvres decorated with portraits of persons dead long before the date of the mark. Another danger of trusting to marks may be mentioned, and that is the habit of some factories to imitate their old marks, after abandoning them for years. Quite recently, for instance, the old mark ℛ (Augustus Rex) of the Dresden factory has been resuscitated, so that any one with no other guide but a book of marks might buy pieces made but yesterday, under the impression that they were made in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. But the most notorious of forgers of their own old marks are the Chinese. Mr. Aug. Franks says the native accounts "show very clearly that at all times the porcelain makers were in the habit of copying the works of their predecessors, and instances are given where they have even succeeded in imposing upon the best judges in their own country." The most beautifully executed "six marks" are, alas! only a proof that the piece on which they are written was not made *before* the date they represent. In many other classes, such as Italian majolica, Worcester, Bristol, and Capo di Monte, the forgeries are numerous and good, and the only way to guard against deception is by training the eye to detect distinctive qualities by the observation of genuine pieces. It is not, however, worth while to be very cautious at first if you take care not to buy expensive pieces. A few mistakes, which your kind friends will soon point out for you, will, if disagreeable, be very instructive; but you will be less likely to make these mistakes if you do not trust too much to marks; and if you are sure that what you buy is pretty and really "good work," it will be always worth having, even if not exactly what you thought it.

A far better guide is character; and character of china may be divided into the body (including the paste and its covering), form, colour, and decoration. With regard to the body, broken

* Continued from page 168.

† The word "china," as used throughout this article, includes any keramic-ware, from stoneware to porcelain.

pieces will be found to be of much use. It is of course an error to suppose, as some people do, that old china is of more pecuniary value when broken than perfect; but it is more valuable to the inexperienced collector in these respects, viz. that he can test the texture, hardness, and porousness of the paste with eye, knife, and tongue, and acquire curious and even beautiful examples at a comparatively small outlay, which will be quite as useful as specimens, if not for decorative purposes. A broken piece of china brings the collector behind the scenes, and enables him sometimes not only to see the composition, but the process of decoration.

In buying in a dark shop (a thing always to be avoided), or examining a piece of which it is difficult to test the transparency, such as a dirty bottle, it will sometimes be difficult to tell a first-rate piece of Delft from Nankin, unless there is a fracture to reveal the paste. A break may reveal to a beginner many other things that he would not discover from seeing a perfect piece; for instance, a chip in a piece of Rouen may teach him that the paste is coarse red earthenware, covered with an opaque white enamel, over which the colours are painted—facts which he may read about over and over again without fixing them in the memory. To master the difference in the constitution of different keramics requires much patience, and it will depend upon whether the spirit of the collector is rather scientific or æsthetic how far he will prosecute his inquiries, but all should know such elementary differences as those between stoneware, faience, and porcelain, pigments and enamels, glaze and slip. It is in porcelain that the body is most important, and, on account of its transparency, can be most easily tested. The dirty colour and viscous appearance of the body of modern Japanese porcelain should at once tell the collector that it is not Chinese; and the peculiar milkiness of Sèvres and old Dresden when held to the light, the glass-like transparency of Swansea and Nantgarw, the blueness in the glaze of old Worcester, the greenness in that of Persia, the water-like limpidity of that of the best Nankin, are among the innumerable *small* distinctions of which a thorough knowledge of china consists, and in which a great deal of the pleasure of the connoisseur lies.

Some persons take pleasure in collecting white ware, especially "Chinese white," of which there are several shades and tints; and these should at least be studied, if the collector do not care to possess specimens of them. The true artistic instincts of the Chinese appear more plainly, perhaps, in this elementary matter than in anything else. For china which is not to be decorated they have a different body from that used for decoration. The latter has always a slight bluish or greenish tint, never a yellow one; and in this partly lies the secret of their unapproachable "blue and white," which is so restful to the eye, not only on account of the coolness of the blue, but because there is sympathy between the ground and the colour, even when the contrast between them is strongest. For their undecorated ware they generally prefer a warm ivory tint, and choose severe shapes, using for ornaments very carefully modelled and finely finished heads of animals or sprays of leaves and flowers, or dragons engraved in the paste. In this fine ivory-ware they model also their gods and goddesses, and it may be said to be the sculpture, as distinguished from the painting, of Chinese keramic art. Occasionally they cover a bottle with enamel of the purest white, having neither a blue nor a yellow tinge—perhaps the purest white to be found in a manufactured substance. Tolerable imitations of the ivory white have been made in Europe (at Chelsea and Plymouth among other places), but Chinese white is in its way so beautiful and representative that a good specimen should be secured if possible.

Another exceptionally beautiful white ware (which appears to have been an imitation of Chinese white, as it is generally decorated with engraved designs of a Chinese character) is the rare Persian ware known as Gombrôn, or Gombroon. This is generally in the form of saucers or shallow bowls, though little vases and larger vessels sometimes occur. It has a very beautiful milky transparency, which has earned for it the title of "grains of rice," and may be called the link between pottery and porcelain, being made of a pure white earth not thoroughly vitrified or blended with the glaze, so that it can be more easily scraped with the knife than ordinary artificial or *soft paste* porcelain, such as is now universally made in England. There are some good specimens of this at the South Kensington Museum, which should be studied in order that the collector may identify and secure a piece, supposing him to be fortunate enough to meet with one.

Of European white the most beautiful are the unglazed or "biscuit" figures. Very noble emblematic figures were made at Sèvres in the time of the first Napoleon, as well as some clever genre groups. For artistic merit of a sculpturesque kind, biscuit is far better than glazed china, as glaze, even of the thinnest, destroys clearness and sharpness of outline. Very beautiful biscuit figures were made at Derby, but perhaps the most beautiful of all are those rare little ladies and gentlemen who carry an incised mark, something like the Dresden mark, enclosed in a triangle. This mark is ascribed to Bristol, but the figures so marked are not only more delicate in execution, but more artistic in modelling, than any others which issued from that factory. One advantage of biscuit or undecorated European china is that it is comparatively cheap, whether old or modern, and a few specimens, well authenticated, are not only useful for comparison, but for decorative purposes in breaking up colour or isolating choice pieces. A collector will do well never to pass a porcelain factory without buying a specimen of the finest undecorated white.

But although one of the characteristics of china is its adaptation for imitating carvings in ivory or marble, and though the different qualities of white, and degree of transparency, of porcelain are proper objects of attention, its special quality is its capacity for receiving decoration, and in this respect pottery and porcelain are on a level. The beauty of the superimposed design is not dependent on the quality of the pottery, any more than the beauty of a picture on the quality of the canvas; and even if we only regard the mere physical delight of purity of ground and colour and transparent brightness of glaze, we shall find that the ware most conspicuous for these beauties, viz. the best blue and white of china, has been more closely imitated in pottery, as in Persia and Holland, than in porcelain, whether of Japan, or Sèvres, or Worcester. Unfortunately for the collector, specimens of such fine Delft and blue and white Persian as will prove this assertion are very rare. It should, however, be the object of the collector to secure at least one specimen of each.

The decoration of china may be in one or many colours, and the simplest of all decorations, if indeed it be not too

simple to be called decoration, is the covering of the whole piece with one colour. These pieces, generally called self-coloured, have no rivals in any other branch of the arts. They combine purely the two distinctive qualities of china, shape and colour. Unfortunately these two qualities in their highest perfection are seldom if ever seen united. The most beautiful shapes are seen in Greek and Etruscan ware, the most beautiful colours in Chinese. The colours of the former, at the best period, were red and black, well suited to display their beautiful designs, but untransparent, and of little beauty of their own; the shapes of the latter, though various, and often possessing dignity and distinction, are frequently wanting in grace. The line of beauty—that flowing curve which is so charming to the European eye—seems to have little attraction for the Mongolian, and is often destroyed by some unnecessary and unpleasing angularity or uncouth bulge even in their bottles. The shape of these and of vases is, however, sometimes nearly perfect; and the colour, whether celadon, turquoise, yellow, apple-green, sang-de-bœuf, or peacock, often quite so. Well-shaped Chinese bottles or vases of fine colour are the most distinctive of all keramic products, and their value to the collector is difficult to over-estimate. The strength, repose, and transparency of their colour is so unrivalled that they are invaluable standards by which the eye can test these properties of colour in all other wares. They differ, however, greatly in quality, and in this respect dealers are good judges, and the prices of fine specimens are high. It will be better for the young collector to buy the best small piece rather than an inferior large one.

There is character even in these self-coloured bottles. That of the Chinese is purity, depth, transparency, and restfulness. The remainder of the world are only imitators, but they have their distinctions. The Japanese are crude and dirty in comparison, the Persian less pure and more uncertain, but very varied, sometimes brilliant, and nearly always striking and uncommon in tint. One marked difference between them and European is that in the former the colour is laid on unevenly, sometimes as if by accident, sometimes with intentional modulations, by which the depth and lustre of the general effect are greatly increased. Such modulations, especially in dark blue, were attempted with success in old Sèvres, Worcester, and Chelsea, but as a rule the colour in European ware is laid on in a flat and mechanical manner.

It is not only in the self-glazed pieces that character is found in colour. One of the most curious facts about china is that, given the same minerals as a basis, we find that scarcely any two nations or factories get exactly the same tints from them. To mention only underglaze colours: from manganese is produced by the Persians and Syrians the curious lilac distinctive of Damascus ware, at Dresden it becomes a lively cherry colour, in England something between the two. Still more remarkable are the changes in cobalt, the ordinary underglaze blue. In the best Nankin it is restful like a sapphire, in Persian restless and "criant," in Japanese slaty or crude. The differences are no doubt partly, if not mainly, due to admixture with indigo and manganese, the different body on which they are painted, and different glazes with which they are covered; but the fact remains that for centuries different countries have been attempting the imitation of one model, viz. Chinese blue, and none has been so successful but that its wares may as a rule be distinguished not only from the original, but also from the other imitations.

For those who wish to make a distinct study of one kind of china of great interest and without necessarily any great expense, I can recommend "blue and white"—not "blue and white" in the ordinary "æsthetic" sense, which means the finest Nankin ("Hawthorn jars," "Lange Lizen," "aster pattern," and the like), but "blue and white" from Nankin to New York. To make "blue and white" has been the first effort of nearly all, certainly all modern, factories. Of the many reasons why this has been the case one will be sufficient to mention here, and that is, that blue is one of the very few colours which can be glazed without changing. The best "blue and white" Nankin is the aristocracy of china, and is accordingly dear. In its perfection it has much the same distinction and relative value, both on account of its pure beauty of colour and its rarity, as that of a perfect sapphire. All the rest are comparatively impure and flawed specimens, and fall by gradation into the lowest ranks, decreasing rapidly in value. It will be necessary for our collector of catholic "blue and white" to have at least one specimen of the "aristocracy" as a test piece. He will then be able to fill up the ranks at his leisure, and almost at his will as regards price. Good specimens of Persian or Italian majolica, of fine Delft and Sèvres, of Carl Theodore and Höchst, may require an occasional extravagance, but sufficiently good specimens of Japanese, Dresden, Berlin, Copenhagen, Worcester, Salopian, and many other factories may be easily secured for a few shillings.

This is only a suggestion. To many it will be a disagreeable restriction to confine their collection to one tint; but, in the first place, there is no reason to be so exclusive as to banish absolutely pieces of more varied colour; and in the next, as it is impossible to make a perfect collection of all sorts, it is as well to have a specialty, and this specialty has a wider range than most. Again, there is no reason for, indeed every reason against, the field of study or interest being confined to the class of pieces represented in a collection. Narrow the collection as much as you please if you enlarge your interest outside it; collect only "egg-shell" taken from the Summer Palace if you like, make it the object of your collecting faculty to gather together specimens of Pinxton and Nantgarw, search the world for a piece of Oiron, but keep your eyes open in street or museum, abroad and at home, to note every difference in shape from the crater of the Greeks to the caudle-cup of Toft, every variety in paste from the "ivory" of China to the drain-pipe of Doulton, each character of ornament from the "arabesque" of the Alhambra vase to the thumb-nail scratches on a Saxon food-urn. The collection should be a nucleus of knowledge, but a small nucleus will serve, and it is of primary importance that in forming it you should indulge your private individual inclination.

I have confined these limits mainly to elementary qualities of china, such as paste and simple colour, as these are important and usually most overlooked, and because the question of decoration is too large to be treated in the same article. With the consent of the Editor, I may return to this subject another time, but it will be well not to close this paper without some little reference to it.

The history of decoration, from the earliest to the latest time, is written on china. From the tombs of the Peruvians, as from the kilns of Minton, issue works in which human beings have tried to realise their desires to imitate, to make beautiful, and to create beauty; and the study of the shapes in which clay has been moulded, and of the patterns and figures with which it has been ornamented, is a human as well as an artistic study. Not only the æsthetic notions, but the pressure

of the human finger, the shape of the human hand, and the wants of the human body, can be traced in the shape and ornament of even the roughest jars. If the collector sink sometimes to a *china-maniac*, it is not the fault of china. It is in European china that the human interest is strongest to us. Were their productions less beautiful, the struggles and discoveries of such men as Della Robbia in Italy, and Palissy in France, of Boettcher in Germany, and of Cookworthy and Wedgwood in England, would give the keramic productions of modern Europe a far greater historic importance than can ever attach to Oriental china. They are closer to our affections, and more in accordance with our inherited tastes. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that, in the matter of decoration, the East is our master. Although a cabinet of choice Worcester and Dresden may have an air of refinement, suggestive of the well-bred ladies for whose pleasure the dainty things were made, and thus in sentiment rise to a sphere of civilisation more delicate and congenial to our taste than anything made by Mongol or Arab can enter, the men who made them were but imitators—and often clumsy ones—of Eastern artists; or, if not of these, of the potters of Greece and Etruria.

The collector, if not a mere specialist, should never lose sight of the fact that the orders of decoration are as distinct as those of architecture. The Mongolian, including Chinese and Japanese, affecting the world; the Arabian, including Persian, Rhodian, Damascene, Anatolian, Moorish, affecting Italy, Spain, and Sicily, and now the rest of Europe; Classic, including Greek, Roman, and Etruscan, the influence of which on keramic art is principally seen, first in Italy at the Renaissance with its gorgeous Majolica, spreading thence to France and other countries on the continent, and then in England through the Portland Vase, Wedgwood, and Flaxman. As I have said, the safest guide to the collector is "character," and character is shown in nothing so much as decoration. Englishmen can fortunately study these three orders of decoration in keramic-ware. At the British Museum there is a collection of ancient classic pottery more than adequate for the purpose, and the comparatively small but choice Arabian collection of the late Mr. Henderson; to this, Mr. Augustus Franks' magnificent present of his collection of Chinese and Japanese ware will shortly be added to complete the triad. Of this last collection, the result of years of continual labour, it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. Other collections may contain a relatively larger number of choice specimens of the best period, but none has yet been formed which can compare with it in historic completeness. The Persian collection at South Kensington is also large and admirable, and is sufficient to convince that if the potteries of Rhodes and Damascus excelled in organized harmonies of colour, and in bold beauty of design, qualities which raise the best productions of these potteries to the summit of keramic art, it was from Persia that the original impulse came, while in variety of design they could rival her no more than in her exquisite lustred ware. The collector who has not mastered the "character" of these three streams of decoration will not only always be liable to be misled by imitations old and new, but will live in a state of confusion as to the origin and meaning of the later mixed styles of Europe, which will prevent him from dividing what is original from what is simple imitation, and what is base from what is pure.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'MUSSEL GATHERERS.'—By Colin Hunter. For the first time, we believe, since the foundation of this Journal—now over forty years ago—we are able to give, thanks to the assistance of the artist and the more rapid method of reproduction now employed, an etching of a picture at present on exhibition at the Royal Academy. Although permanently settled in London, Mr. Hunter does not forget his Scottish origin, and with a single exception, 'The Harvest of the Sea,' has always gathered his subjects, as in this instance, from the shores of his fatherland. Whether a recent visit which he has made to the sunny climes of the Eastern Mediterranean may induce him to alter this determination we know not, but we can ill spare so truthful, and, at the same time, so poetical an exponent of the luminous atmosphere and lovely colouring of the northern shores of our native isles. The picture of the 'Mussel Gatherers' and its companion, 'In the Gloaming,' have been cruelly sacrificed, in a notoriously badly hung exhibition, to the idea that no picture can have a better pendant than its fellow by the same artist. Remembering that Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Their only Harvest' was selected for purchase by the Chantrey Bequest but two years ago, one would be inclined to say that the Hanging Committees imagine that they must be cognisant of the good deeds of their predecessors, and not repeat them; but this hypothesis is upset by the fact that in the place of honour in the selfsame room as that in which these pictures are hung are two seascapes (of course pendants to one another) by a young artist whose picture was bought still more recently by the same fund. The scene of our etching is laid at Newburgh, Aberdeenshire.

'AT THE WELL' is an engraving from Mr. Herkomer's first important exhibited water-colour drawing. It was painted in the Alps in 1871, and was exhibited on his election in 1872 to the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. We are indebted to Mr. Clarence E. Fry, the owner of the majority of this artist's works, for leave to engrave it.

'THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.'—By permission of her Majesty the Queen we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving of the statue which Mr. Boehm, A.R.A., has been commissioned to execute for the monument to be erected to the memory of the late Prince Imperial. It is this effigy around which, ever since its conception, so much animosity has been stirred up. The virulence of the opponents who were successful in altering the locality where it was to have been displayed will surely be softened when they read, in the quiet solemnity of the Bray Chapel, at St. George's, Windsor, on one side of the sarcophagus the Prince's prayer, and on the other the sentence in his testament where he speaks of his gratitude to the royal family and the English people for affording him and his a refuge in time of need.



OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:
ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

THE DINING-ROOM WALL.

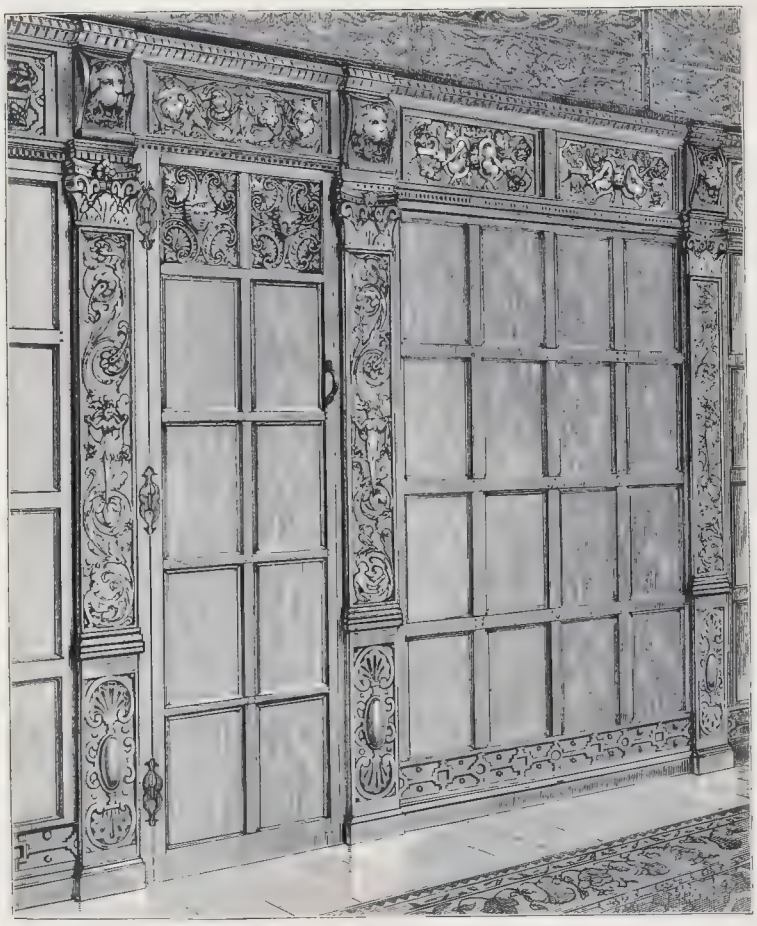
HAVING traced the history of the larger pieces of furniture peculiar to the dining-room, such as the sideboard and the dining-table, through some of their many changes, I purpose leaving, for the present, that of the chairs until they can be considered generally, and using their history as a connecting link between the dining-room and such other portions of the house to which they are common. But there was also another important piece of furniture which seems to have found a place in every dining-room, and this was the "livery cupboard," which was generally a two or three-tiered stand, like our dinner-waggon, and used for a similar purpose. In the contract entered into on the 22nd of February, in the ninth year of Henry VIII., for the execution of certain joinery at Hengrave, it is distinctly specified that "ye cobards, they be made ye facyon of livery yt is wthout doors;" and Comenius, in his "Janua," published in 1659, tells us how the various drinking vessels "are brought forth out of the cupboards and glass case, and being rinsed and rubbed with a pot-brush, are set on the livery cupboard" for immediate use. Livery, of course, meant service or delivery, and these pieces of furniture were usually, in the sixteenth century, of a very light construction, so as to be placed in the most convenient situation, and from their slight build and frequent usage were easily destroyed; hence they are very rarely to be met with nowadays, though I saw one sold at Christie's some few months back. It was of rude construction, consisting of three stages, supported by four legs, and having beneath its middlemost shelf a shallow drawer for table linen. The workmanship showed at once that it was made by the ordinary joiner; and we find in the specification for the work at Hengrave I have just referred to, that the joiner who contracted for the wainscoting of the various rooms contracted also to supply these articles of furniture—and these only—indicating that already a special craft was beginning to found itself, and to supply the more elaborately constructed articles of household usage. The livery cupboard was therefore the impinging point at which these two sections of the craft met, and it will be a convenient one at which to leave the consideration of the movable furniture and furnishings of the dining-room for that of the fixed ones, and principally that of the wall treatment.

By the time the sixteenth century was reached—the period at which this history of ours commences its survey—the lining of most of our living-rooms with wood for their entire height was general in houses of the middle class. "The walls of our houses," says a writer of the latter half of the sixteenth century, "on the inner sides be either hanged with tapisterie, arras-work, or painted cloths, whereon either diverse histories, or hearbes, beasts, knots, and such like are stained, or else they are seeled with oke of our owne, or wainscot brought hither out of the east countries, whereby our roomes are not a little commended, made warme and much more close than they would be." Tapestry and arras hangings were, however, dear, and though, of course, the nobles had their textile hangings of various textures, and these, as wealth increased and the middle classes achieved a recognised position, spread themselves into their houses also, yet in all classes the wooden lining of the dining-room—that most conservative of all the rooms of a house—remained in most constant use, and oak of fine figure and close grain was largely imported from the "Estriche," or Eastern kingdoms of Denmark and the Baltic for this purpose. Some localities in England were indeed celebrated for the fine quality of the oak produced in them, but as a rule the "old English oak," of which we have talked so much, was not so highly esteemed by our forefathers who used it, as by us who have bought their furniture made from foreign products in ignorance of that importation. Chatty old Harrison, in his interesting "Historicall Description of the Iland of Britaine," prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicles, published in 1587, especially notes that the oak grown in Bardfield Park, Essex, "is the finest for joiners' craft; for oftimes," says he, "have I seene of their workes made of that oke so fine and fair as most of the wainscot that is brought hither out of Danske, for our wainscot is not made in England." Indeed, there would not have been enough of it to supply the demand of such a building age, and all the writers of the time bewail the devastation of our forest and timber trees which was taking place at the end of the sixteenth and commencement of the seventeenth century; old Harrison himself going on to say that "the hedge as well as the parke oke go all one waie, and never so much hath been spent in a hundred years before, as is in ten yeare of our time, for every man almost is a builder, and he that hath bought any small parcell of ground, be it never so little, will not be quiet till he have pulled doune the old house and set up a new after his owne devise." Under these circumstances a very large importation took place, not only of the material, but also of manufactured panels for wainscoting, and this in some degree accounts for the many extraneous ornaments we find decorating them, and which have often puzzled our antiquaries. But when our joiners and carvers became more expert, or when, as was often the case, foreign craftsmen found it to their advantage to come and settle in England, instead of the panels being enriched and the framework left plain, as was formerly the case, the reverse process took place, and the main architectural features received the chief adornment, which, as they had to be adapted to the special requirements of the building, could not have been done without some reference to it, and it may therefore be taken for granted that when the framework was more ornamented than the panelling the wainscot was especially prepared for its place, and that when the panelling is more ornamented than the framing the panels were bought ready wrought and fitted up by the local carpenter.

A room richly wainscoted with woodwork especially prepared for it we engrave on the following page from the fragments of it which remain in South Kensington Museum. The technical rendering of the low-relief sculpture here is of unusual excellence for English work of that period, and I am

* Continued from page 184.

inclined to attribute it to some Fleming who had followed so many of his countrymen into the West of England, where wool rather than wood became their staple trade, and Alva's persecutions may have thus served to beautify an English merchant's dining-room. When the woodwork thus became a more ornamental feature of the room, and not merely a protection to its sides, it began to concentrate itself, and demanded its own cornice and its special treatment, leaving some portion of the wall for further decoration. We have no record of how the worthy Exeter merchant for whom this wainscoting was made decorated the upper part of his dining-room, but judging from his Flemish proclivities he would have hung it with tapestry, for the sale of which Antwerp was just then the chief mart in all Europe. The English had not at that time established a manufactory of this beautiful fabric in England, and, as the cost of it was always very great, another and cheaper mode of ornamenting the intervening space between the top of the wainscot and the cornice of the room was adopted: this was "pargetting," or modelling up the wet plaster in low relief, and of which an example is shown in our next engraving.



Wainscoting from an Old House at Exeter. South Kensington Museum.

This plaster modelling was often of very refined character, and seems to have been chiefly done by English workmen, betokening a much greater advance in the plasterer's art than we now retain. But it in its turn gave way to a richer and more brilliant accessory, for the intercourse with Venice and with Spain, which became so great and close during the reign of James I., led to the introduction of gilded leather-work, with which the upper surface of the dining-room wall was often decorated. So popular did this become in the following reign that manufactories of it were established in this country, and one Christopher Hunt, in 1638, obtained a patent for "ymbrodering or huffling guilded leather upon several grounds fitt for hangings or other furniture for houses, whereby our poore subjects nowe wanting meanes may have ymployment and reliefe." His patent seems to have been much infringed upon from the first, for his son Bartholomew only a year afterwards—Christopher having died in the meanwhile—petitions the King and prays "the Lords to express some penalties against such as intermeddle with his invention." Pepys, who was nothing if he was not fashionable, records, in 1660, that on the 19th of October his "dining-room was furnished with green serge hangings and gilt leather, which is very handsome;" indeed, so general was its use, and so peculiarly English was its manufacture conceived to be, that fifty-four years later the question is put in the *Spectator* of October 20th, 1714, "What do you think of gilt leather?" and the self-supplied comment by a would-be furnisher is, "There's your pretty Hangings for a Chamber; and what is more, our own Country is the only place in Europe where work of that kind is tolerably done. I am this moment going to St. Paul's Churchyard to bespeak a Skreen and a set of Hangings, and am resolved to encourage the Manufactures of my Country." So Christopher Hunt's ambition to provide "ymployment and reliefe for poore subjects wanting meanes" seems to have achieved its end about a century after he entertained it.

But to return to the woodwork of the dining-room. So soon as the means of getting it made with artistic feeling at home

existed, it played for a time a great function, but yet its very growth in art seems to have led to its destruction, for little by little the architectural framework only—that is, the decorative part alone—was of wood, and the plainly framed panelling, which formerly filled up the spaces between, disappeared, unless, indeed, rare woods were used for this purpose. Our possessions in the West Indies sent us cedar, and in Charles II.'s time this wood was very largely used in this country, for in 1678, at the Duke of Norfolk's "new palace at Weybridge"—a palace of which no trace now exists—the rooms were wainscoted with cedar, yew, and cypress; whilst Sir Robert Clayton had, in 1672, his dining-room lined with cedar, into the panels of which were inserted paintings of "the historie of the Gyants war incomparably done by Mr. Streeter." This insertion of pictures into the woodwork of the dining-room became common in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and "at the Earle of Norwich his house in Epping Forest," Evelyn remarks, on the 2nd of September, 1669, were "a good many pictures put into the wainscot which Mr. Barker, his Lordship's predecessor there, brought out of Spaine, especially the Historie of Joseph, a picture of the pious and learned Picus Mirandola, and an incomparable one of old Breugle."



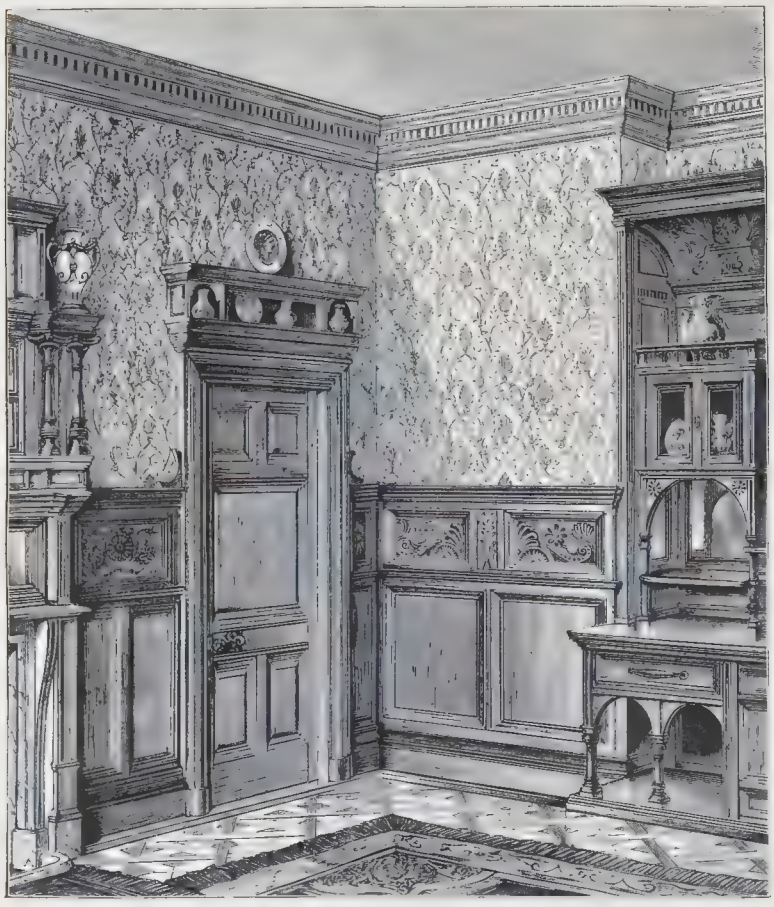
Wainscot and Pargetry, Carbrooke Hall.

Little by little the wainscot became but a frame for the pictures—a beautiful frame truly, as the glorious work of Gibbons in the dining-room at Petworth shows, as does that of his pupils and followers at Chatsworth and elsewhere; but its function as a wall covering was passed, and it dwindled away until Evelyn himself deplores its disuse. "Our late pride, effeminancy, and luxury," says he in his "Silva," "has, to our vast charges, excluded all the ornaments of timber, &c., to give place to hangings, embroideries, and foreign leather;" and he goes on hoping "to see a new face of things, and the natural, wholesome, and ancient use of timber restored, for the more lasting occasions and furniture of our dwellings. I would be glad to encourage the carpenter and joiner, and rejoice to see that their work and skill do daily improve. And it were well if great persons only might be indulged to enrich and adorn their palaces with tapestry, damask, velvet, and Persian furniture, whilst by some wholesome sumptuary laws the universal excess of those costly and luxurious moveables were prohibited meaner men, for divers politic considerations and reasons, which it were easy to produce; but by less influence than severer laws it will be very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to recover ourselves from a softness and vanity which will in time not only effeminate but undoe the nation." Evelyn's sumptuary laws were never passed, but there did come a revival of the wooden lining of our walls in a certain fashion; and in the reigns of William III., Queen Anne, and the first George, our rooms—especially our dining-rooms—received once again their wooden lining, but now, instead of oak or of cedar, only of painted deal—painted white for the most part after the Dutch fashion, which then prevailed. There was, however, but little art in it—wide panels with large mouldings were the mode; panels too wide to be sound were generally introduced, and as these split and came apart the upper and larger ones were cut away, and only the smaller and lower ones remained. And thus was created that which we now call the dado, a very much-abused word which

was never meant to be applied to "high Art" atrocities in paper-hanging, but which tells a tale of good old architecture, for the "dado" really means the square part of a pedestal between its base and its capping moulding; and when our rooms had their pilasters and their columns, their pedestals were united by a prolongation of this capping moulding, and "dwarf wainscot," as it was then sensibly called, filled the space between. Soon even this dwarf wainscot disappeared, leaving nothing behind it but the continuation of the plinth of the pedestal or skirting of the room and its capping, or "chair rail," as it then began to be called, by reason of its serving as a protection of the wall from injury by the backs of chairs. By-and-by this last went also, and a plain surface of plaster, poorly painted or preposterously papered, was all that intervened between the ceiling and floor.

Still, though the woodwork which once graced and preserved the wall had disappeared, the memory of it remained, and often these plastered walls were panelled with styles and mouldings which then meant nothing, and were easily damaged, and so even they passed away at last. Occasionally some cast ornaments in plaster bore witness, in a degraded state, of their nobler parentage in the days of hand-wrought pargetry, and the Bacchic thyrsus and ivy wreath were deemed to be especially appropriate to the English dining-room at the end of the last century.

With the wholesome revival of domestic Art which began about the middle of this century, a better state of things manifested itself, and now our wainscoted rooms are once more returning to us. At the last Paris Exhibition many notable strides were made, and Messrs. Gillow's dining-room, with its wainscot and its tapestry, was a luxurious example of a return to good old principles; and Messrs. Trollope's room in carved cedar-wood was, for colour, odour, and workmanship, a fine illustration of the joiner's craft which reigned with good Queen Anne. Our last illustration shows a moderate and simple treatment of the walls of a dining-room executed by Messrs. Howard and Sons, where a dwarf wainscot is cleverly designed and adapted to modern uses. By the aid of machinery this dwarf wainscoting—for I hardly like to stigmatize it by the much-abused name of "dado"—can be produced at a very moderate price, and history repeats itself in this as other things, for already from the "Estriche" of our own day—from Belgium and from Germany—framed wainscoting is being imported into this country in such quantities and at such prices that it is now really more economical to protect our walls by an indestructible material than to repaper or repaint them so frequently as we are obliged in dirty London. The "natural, wholesome, and ancient use of timber" John Evelyn hoped for, bids fair to be restored to us, and our dining-room to become once again one of the pleasantest and handsomest rooms of our house.



Dining-room Woodwork, by Messrs. Howard and Sons.

G. T. ROBINSON.

(*To be continued.*)

HANS MAKART AND HIS STUDIO.

AN Englishman with whom we went sight-seeing through Vienna a few months ago, on taking leave, said, "The most interesting thing you have shown me is without any doubt Hans Makart's studio. I wish every Englishman could see it." And proud as we are of the masterpieces of architecture that adorn the broad ring round the old city, we are all somewhat of the opinion of your countryman, and think the little house on the grounds, where in olden times the bells of St. Stephen were cast, one of the chief attractions of Vienna. In 1869, when Makart first came here, he was offered a professor's chair, and at the same time the Emperor made him a present of a part of the old bell foundry, with its garden and a small house in which the artist could live. But when he began to paint his first large picture, 'Catarina Cornaro,' he found the studio too small for it, and added to the building a great hall, which is the studio we are attempting to describe. The house consists of a ground-floor only, and the front part of it is built in an angle like a ship's bow. We enter by a porch with overhanging vines, and after passing through an ante-room and a handsomely fitted parlour, we step into the original studio, the one which the Emperor prepared for Makart, but which he uses rarely. Rich velvet curtains are withdrawn as we pass out of this studio into the ante-room, where a few knights' armours seem to keep watch before a heavily curtained door.

At first we mark nought except the enormous size of the place, everything being in such harmony that no single object claims our attention. The only window which admits light is rather high up, and opposite to the entrance, on the western side. A window on the north side, which is equally large, is always closed. A staircase in carved oak leads up to these windows, and to a broad gallery upon which are placed choice palms and other exotic plants. In the centre stands an amphora from the Isle of Capri, large enough to contain half-a-dozen persons, and holding reeds which have a pale green colour and reach the ceiling. As our eyes follow them upwards we discover the open rafters of the roof, which are oak, and inlaid with fine intarsios, the devices of which we cannot distinguish. There is no skylight in the roof, and indeed the means of admitting light to an Englishman must appear insufficient, if he does not consider the difference in the climate. The studio is warmed from below by a large central fireplace. Although the enormous windows are not double, as they usually are in this cold climate, and although the studio is seventy-two feet long and thirty-two feet broad, still there is always an equal temperature of 16° Réaumur, which can be heightened or reduced in a very few moments. The long wall on the north side is usually occupied by one of Makart's colossal pictures. In front of it stands some machinery by which the artist can change his position at any moment, and by which he can reach the highest parts of his picture without changing his place. The portraits, of which there are always half-a-dozen on hand, stand on easels at the side of the large picture. Tables of enormous size, covered with colours and brushes, stand about, several divans with bear and lion skins are placed between the easels, and yet all this occupies but a very small part of the studio. Beneath the large window, which reaches to the ceiling, there is an enormous divan, and the space between it and the gallery at the foot of the window is filled by a great mirror, which reflects the large picture on the wall, and is many a time consulted by the artist. Opposite the angle wall with the two windows there is an open balcony, or rather room, situated above the ante-room at the entrance. This contains at least as many rare things as half-a-dozen curiosity shops, and yet one never for a moment feels the pedantic presence of the collector. On the left-hand side, opposite the picture wall, there is an old fireplace, which, with its mantelpiece and torchlight-bearers, very nearly reaches the ceiling. In front of it is an old iron grate of fine design, taken from the grave of two nuns in a French cemetery, and holding rare old pottery in the iron basins that were once filled with hallowed water. To the right and left of the chimney stand old gilt candelabra ten feet high, with beautifully modelled urchins in every position. One of the little Cupids has an old straw hat on his head, another two or three chains with rare coins round his neck, another has the iron gloves of a knight on his tiny hands, and another supports a Chinese parasol with his chubby arms.

Not far from the chimney is a piano, covered with Gobelins tapestry, to conceal its all too modern beauty, and on the other side a small escritoir of rare workmanship. But it is impossible to mention each article which attracts the attention of the spectator. The mountains and plains of Austria are sprinkled all over with ancient castles, and these are filled with beautiful old furniture of bygone days. Makart has been able to select pretty much what he thought fit for the adornment of his home, and the result may be imagined.

We must not hurry our visit, for we cannot disturb Hans Makart, who continues painting when he is in the humour for work, even if the Emperor himself honours the studio with his presence. The rapidity of his brush has become proverbial here, and is a living proof that the great masters of old were really able to paint all that they signed their names to, without the aid of their scholars. Makart has no scholars, and never will have any. An authority on Art matters told us only the other day, "What gives Makart the foremost place among German artists is that all his work is his own; he can never teach it to a pupil, however talented that pupil may be." His own master was Piloty, from whose school several first-rate artists have come, and although the former master and pupil differ so widely, Makart still speaks with gratitude of the man under whose guidance he was initiated into the principles of Art. His career has been a very rapid one, for he is but forty years old, and had been a wood carver till the age of twenty, when he first came to Munich and to Piloty's school. He is an Austrian by birth, and as soon as ever his name was known, the capital of Austria eagerly courted his favour, and offered him wealth and honour to induce him to take up his residence there. The gay city was quite to his taste, and when he had painted his first picture, which was a great success, he took up his abode on the shores of the Danube. He never waits for the spring, which is rather slow in coming in this rough climate, but takes wing to Italy, Spain, or even Egypt, to give the artist's eye something to indulge in, and to obtain picturesque backgrounds for the beautiful forms of the

women of Vienna. From every one of these journeys he has brought home new treasures for his studio, and fresh vigour for his work. Once he has settled down to his easel, the sky may be overcast, everything may be gloomy and grey, it has no influence upon him whose palette gives the finest colours. After his 'Catarina Cornaro' he painted 'Ariadne,' whom Bacchus leads away from Naxos, a picture which was not so successful as the 'Catarina.' Perhaps Makart felt this, and for this reason undertook his Eastern travels, from which he returned with a rich collection of pictures, and with his mind full of new ideas and new colours. Soon after his return he commenced his 'Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp,' a picture of colossal dimensions, with forty figures the size of life, which he finished in six months. This work of Art called forth the envy and the abuse of Makart's enemies, who were eager to seize an opportunity for derogating the artist's indisputable merits. When it was known that nude beauties and over-dressed courtiers mingled in a motley crowd on his canvas, the public mind was made up that the artist had for once offended common sense and chastity, and that he must be shown the line which exists even for the painter's brush. But when the picture had been exhibited public opinion changed most suddenly. The incriminated figures were so overwhelmingly beautiful that the most prudish confessed their admiration for them. As a matter of course the prices which Makart's pictures fetch are tangible proofs of his success in life, but two years ago he achieved a success such as is but rarely in store for any artist, whilst it is considered an ample reward for a general who returns home after a victorious battle, won at the risk of his army and his own life. Makart composed the novel and exquisite pageantry which formed the procession in honour of the Emperor's silver wedding. When at its close he rode past the hundreds of thousands that filled streets and houses on that memorable day, he was acclaimed like a victorious emperor of old—his name was shouted by innumerable voices, hats and handkerchiefs waved in the air, and enthusiasm knew no bounds. It was certainly the proudest day of his life, although there was, in the smile with which he thanked the people for this enthusiastic recognition of his merits, not a vestige of arrogance or of pleased vanity. He had devoted six months of his precious time to accomplish this colossal work, every detail of which had been conceived by himself, and he did not accept any remuneration for his trouble.

He has painted two pictures of large dimensions since then, the second not being quite finished. The first is a sylvan scene—Diana and her nymphs pursuing a fleet deer, which has thrown himself into a foaming stream, whose graceful sprites undertake to save him, while with their white arms they are striving to protect him against the arrows of the sporting goddess. The picture upon which he is at work now is a scene in Roman life of old—a bathing-room of marble and gold, with a dozen beautiful matrons and girls, some bathing their children, some amusing themselves after their bath, all graceful and beautiful. The colouring of this picture, which has been viewed by very few persons as yet, is brilliant without being glaring, and the novelty about it is that so many women should all be beauties, while each differs from the other. Some years ago Makart's beauties mostly looked faded and worn, with sleepy eyes and a dull expression of face, but with every new picture the graceful figures have become younger and fresher; they are now girls in the spring of life, and therefore much more suited to the general taste than his former women, who looked tired of the refinements of life. One of his first pictures exhibited here, a group of *putti*, when compared with any of his last works, is a striking illustration of this change which decidedly marks a progress. The picture he had conceived, to his idea, did not admit of the bright colouring of healthy children; he suited them to his purpose, and gave them a greenish hue, very much as if they had returned from the grave. Faded flowers and dead leaves were the accompaniments to these unnatural figures, and the whole was perfectly harmonious in its colouring, but very disagreeable to the taste of the general public. Makart no longer requires such artificial means for his effects of colour; his brilliancy and harmony have now adapted themselves to nature, and the result is highly satisfactory.

It has often been said that Makart cannot draw—that he is a brilliant colourist, and nothing more. This is not really the truth. Makart conceives his pictures, throws the outline of his figures upon the canvas, and then proposes to himself to try the effect of putting his colours on before he has drawn his picture. But if the colouring please him; if the harmony—which he knows little about, but which he feels as, perhaps, no one else has yet felt it—be perfect to his eye, then he gives up drawing his picture altogether, and he even refuses to correct a mistake to which he confesses guilty. Colour has entire mastery over him; he will sacrifice all else to the perfect harmony of his colouring. He is like the Persian carpet-weaver, who, without a pattern, out of his many dyed wools, without being aware of his art and his taste, still manages to produce a piece of work which, with its harmoniously blended colours, serves as a pattern to all the world. If you watch Makart at work you will imagine that he paints from blind intuition; it seems impossible that in the moment in which he selects a colour and applies it he should have had time to consider what he intended doing. One night, when all the artists were busy in the lumber-room of the Kümblerhaus preparing decorations for a grand artists' fête, Makart took up a brush, and from a collection of tempera colour pots he painted a pretty large canvas in about half an hour's time. It seemed impossible that he could be doing anything but smudging the canvas with the colours, and yet when he laid the brush down the result was startling. At the distance of a few feet only the canvas seemed covered with the most splendid collection of gorgeous flowers, whose harmoniously blended colours were simply beyond description. But the extreme facility with which Makart creates his works of Art has a great drawback. The technical execution is for the most part anything but careful, and possibly fifty years hence his pictures will look very different from what they do at present. When he is in an impatient mood he will cover parts of his pictures with black, and begin working afresh on the covering. Maybe those covered-up errors will all reappear some day, and then posterity will ask, "What did they see in Makart's pictures that was so superior to everything else?" We hear that some of his earliest pictures have darkened so much already that their subjects are scarcely distinguishable. This is a fault by no means peculiar to Makart alone, but to almost all the modern painters of Germany. Of Rahl's pictures, for instance, a number only show a vague outline on a background dark as night.

When Makart informs his friends, as he does every year, that he will give them a fête in his studio, there is much more stir than when a court ball is announced. His guests always have to appear in costume, but not after the motley fashion of fancy balls. The costumes must keep within a space of ten



Han's Makart's Studio.

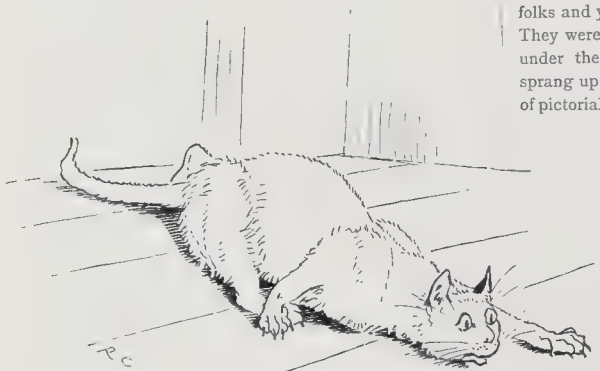
years, and must be quite correct, so as to satisfy the painter's fastidious eye. Makart, for his part, dresses even his servants in the same style, and the studio as well as the banquet must be exactly as history informs us were the apartments and the entertainments of the times represented. This year the period chosen was the year which preceded the First Empire, with Incroyables and ancient Greek costumes, and all the vagaries invented by a highly excited people in times of great political events. Makart is by no means the central point of attraction upon occasions of this kind. Whosoever is witty and gay takes the lead, and the host, with his modest, retiring ways, mingles among the guests, and claims no one's attention for himself. He is of short stature, a mite of a man when compared with the works his brush has created, but his head is as fine as that of Leonardo. His lustrous black eyes do not remind us that his home is Salzburg, but rather look as though they dreamed of the glowing colours of a southern clime. His talent for silence has become proverbial at Vienna, and when he takes the president's chair at the opening of the artists' meetings, the words of his speech are often counted by the newspaper reporters, and are said never to have exceeded fifteen. He manages toasts with four words generally, but he can be very talkative when he has a few pretty women about him, so long as they do not flatter him. Flattery displeases him so much that it silences him for the whole day.

The most delightful part of his house is that upper room, to which we have already alluded, and which opens upon the studio, to which it forms a kind of *buen retiro*. It is furnished in the old German style with stained windows, and a most beautiful old carved bedstead with a canopy, which he uses as a couch. In the centre is an oaken table, with chairs in an elaborate style of carving, several chests, small tables, and everything that can make a small apartment pleasant and cosy. Over the couch spreads a splendid white bear skin of extraordinary size and beauty, and from the open oak rafters of the ceiling hangs an old German candelabrum of carved wood, with a mermaid in the centre. If Makart's visitors studied this apartment only, then the painter's home might become beneficial to the taste of the public. But the large studio below has done a good deal of harm in Vienna. People admire the delightful place, and return to their homes with their minds full of plans for reforming their surroundings. Makart's love for faded leaves and incongruous articles of all kinds is now being affected very generally, and it is impossible to describe the ludicrous effect of the imitations of his studio in the private apartments of the good folk of Vienna, who will not believe that it is the way in which things are arranged that makes them beautiful, and that what may look fine in an apartment of extraordinary dimensions is absurd in a small room. People should understand that, just as Makart's pictures are not to be imitated, so is his delightful abode a thing to itself, which cannot be transplanted into another sphere.

B. Worth.

RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

Mr. CALDECOTT has done some pleasant decorative work in his time—both in colour and in terra-cotta; and he has been more than once an exhibitor at the Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery—in metal, in plaster, and on canvas. But his true titles to fame have been won in other fields than these. In his way he is the most graceful and charming of modern illustrators—a Nursery Small, so to speak; and, moreover, in his way he is the most popular also. Three or four years ago he was, comparatively speaking, unknown. He had produced a good many excellent designs, but he had not succeeded in fixing the public eye nor in touching the public heart. Then, in 1878, he brought out the first of his incomparable picture-books, and became famous at once. They made more noise and gave more pleasure than all the pictures of the year, and between old folks and young there was a contest of admiration over them. They were better than popular, they were fashionable; and under their shadow a crop of imitations and adaptations sprang up like mushrooms. Old England entered into a kind of pictorial apotheosis; and Young England suddenly awakened to the exquisite quaintness of mobs and short waists, and the daintiness and charm of spencers and sandal-shoes and narrow skirts. The times became teacup times once more; and within the Victorian age—as a mimic Italy under glass in a garden; as a Japanese chamber in a Belgravian mansion—there grew up a tiny artificial Age of Anne. A little more, and the Early Florentine would have been put out of court, and our Giocondas and Filomenes would all have turned into Dollies and Chloes; and great ladies would have abandoned baccarat and roulette for ombre and spadille; and poetasters would have taken to the metres of Pope and Namby Pamby Phillips; and Sophia Western and Miss Howe would have dethroned the Princess of Thule and Madcap Violet. And Mr. Randolph Caldecott—the grace of Dolly Varden, and the beauty of Beatrix Esmond, and the tenderness and charm of Mr. Austin



The Cat that ate the Rat.

Dobson's old-world Muse to the contrary—would have seemed the great first cause of it all.

He was born, not very many years ago, at Chester; and in that city, and thereabouts, he was known, while yet a lad, for a kind of Local Genius: for a person of whom there were great things to be expected, and who would one of these days become a celebrated London artist. In his leisure time he trifled with the Muse of Accounts, and did his best to be a banker's clerk. But arithmetic was always subordinate to Art with him. He neglected to subject his talent to the discipline of a regular training, it is true; but he worked hard with pen and brush and pencil; and he produced a great number of designs: all of which, amateurish and innocent as they cannot but have been, were highly appreciated in their author's immediate neighbourhood, while some were even engraved on wood and published in the pages of *London Society*. In 1872 the banking and the seclusion came abruptly to an end. The young amateur resolved to be an artist in right earnest, and journeyed, as he should have journeyed before, to London. He at once got work at illustrating cheap editions, and as a draughtsman for some of the magazines. In the year of his arrival his name is found on the title-page of Mr. Henry Blackburn's book about the Harz Mountains; and in 1873 he represented, in a pictorial manner, the American *Daily Graphic* at the Vienna Exhibition. He worked much for the illustrated press during the next two years or so. And he was aided in his art, both then and afterwards, by the counsel and example of Mr. T. Armstrong, the painter of 'The Fisherman and the Maiden,' and M. Jules Dalou, the prince of contemporary sculptors: the one an idealist, intent on purity and symmetry of design and the chording and combining of delicate shades of colour; the other, at that time at least, a determined naturalist, ambitious of truth and reality and the expression of every-day life and sentiment. Then, in 1875 and 1876, he made a certain mark with a number of very apt and fanciful designs in illustration of reprints, as Christmas books, of Washington Irving's "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall."* They were out and away the best that he had done. The kindly and gentle humour of his author came directly home to him; he could sympathize aright with that mood of the imagination, half creative and half imitative, in which Irving had written; the subject and the epoch were near to him; and in their treatment he found ample scope for the exercise of that peculiar quality of sportive and fanciful realism which is perhaps the most characteristic feature in his art. Not unnaturally, therefore, the results of his association with the American writer were both excellent and fortunate. It had been Irving's aim to treat of a certain picturesque and conventional Merry England he knew in a style that, all personal as it was, might have been admired by Addison and applauded by Oliver Goldsmith; and the English draughtsman, familiar with the example of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua, and the more sweet and kindly practice of Hogarth, and the conversational fun of Bunbury and Woodward, and the fantastic truthfulness of Rowlandson, may be said to have attempted and achieved in Art much the same thing that his author had attempted and achieved in letters. Of the true and individual feeling for colour possessed by Mr. Caldecott, the "Bracebridge Hall" and "Old Christmas" illustrations could give no proof, inasmuch as they were all in black and white. But, apart from this, they revealed him, more or less completely, for the Caldecott we know. For his skilful suggestiveness in composition, the attractive significance of his design, his fondness for comely figures and fair faces, his mastery of a certain kindly order of grotesque, his excellent faculty of invention, and his sympathy with what is quaintly picturesque, his liking for what is pretty and old-fashioned, his command of gesture in the presentment of men and animals, his wit, his pleasantry, his gaiety and grace and charm, are all exampled, to a greater or less extent, in these two gallant little books.



The Village Choir.

It is a pleasure to turn their leaves, for you come upon a new humour, an unexpected whimsy, a sudden quaintness, on well-nigh every page. Are you bent upon jovial company? Then you can, at any moment, command the attendance of Irving's Master Simon, the only legitimate heir in modern literature of Mr. Secretary Addison's Will Wimble. He it is, for instance, who in the picture is handing the very winsome person, his *vis-à-vis*, through the mazes of a country

* Published by Macmillan & Co.

dance, with the Bracebridge tenantry looking on at his agility in a kind of sedate, contemplative rapture, while they await their turn to join the brawls. Are you for birds? Here are rooks of the most politic and authentic type, walking goutily abroad in a subtle quest after worms, under the shade of boughs that



The Parson.

have rocked their mansions from time immemorial. Or you can take the group of dogs that are racing, open-mouthed, and each after the manner of his kind, across the lawn to meet Squire Bracebridge and his guest as they drive up to the lodge gate. Are you for the comic in humanity? Then what better food for an observant melancholy than the figures of the Book-



The Chorister.

worm Parson and the Passionate Chorister? Is not the one, with his spindle shanks, his dull and silly and studious face, his vast pockets, his gesture of pottering inanity, a very incarnation of the Genius of Black-Letter? Is not the other, with his open mouth, his levelled spectacles, his hymn-book held at arm's length like an enemy, a visible Voice of obstinacy in the ways of praise? Or consider, in a different vein, the face, the figure, the attitude of the fine old crusted footman who is leading out the venerable pony, in charge of the family pointer, and say if all are not instinct—and inert—with the sentiment of a long lifetime of fat and comfortable service? And what a capital study of character and manner is the picture of the choir and orchestra of the village church! In the front seat of the gallery, comely in their Sunday braveries and fine bavors, are the prettiest trebles in the parish. Behind them are the tenors and basses and counter-tenors: seven several bumpkin artists, each with an æsthetic theory of his own, each with a peculiar method of production, each the prey of a peculiar form of musical emotion. Behind these are the musicians proper: the steady clarionet, the earnest double-bass, the solemn and laborious 'cello. And the extreme rear is brought up by a vocal skirmisher or two: old and young voices hovering lightly on the skirts of the main column of melody. Everybody is intent



A Troop of Dogs.

upon his work; harmony reigns; you can hear the honest, stupid noise as you look. Rowlandson himself was never more keenly alive to the comic aspect of a crowd, nor ever half so graceful and kindly in rendering one. The very tables of contents are fruitful of amusement, as the pleasant tail-piece that completes my list of quotations will prove. Here, if ever in black and white, are two people with a round wind thrusting strenuously at their backs, and three inches of snow to plod through! And here, if ever in black and white, is a hat blown from its owner's head, and bounding joyously before a romping breeze! Of the many other good things that companion these I have not space to speak. For the rest it is hardly necessary that I should. The drawings made their mark; and when, in 1876 and 1877, Mr. Caldecott followed them up with a set of illustrations for Mrs. Comyns Carr's "North Italian Folk," and a series of Monaco humours for the *Graphic*, it was felt by some that he had a little gone back upon himself, and had strayed from what was evidently the right way for him into a way as evidently a wrong one.

In 1878, however, he not only put himself right again with his admirers, but made a complete conquest of the general public by producing his famous versions of "John Gilpin" and "The House that Jack Built." To my mind they are a great advance upon their predecessors. The drawing is better, both



The Country Dance.

as drawing and as expression; the gesture is larger and more assured; the fun is richer and more spontaneous; the invention is more facile and abundant; there is more of creation and less of research; the charm, the fancy, the gaiety, have grown



The Old Footman.

stronger, and less deliberate, and more personal; and there is proof in twenty places of a true and delicate sense of simple colour, and of an uncommon ability in its arrangement. Never before had Mr. Caldecott drawn such fresh and winsome girls as the Maiden All Forlorn and John Gilpin's customers and servant-maid, and certain among the spectators of the ride. Never had he produced figures so true in gesture and so full of spirit as the Man All Tattered and Torn and the Calender, and the bruised and broken Gilpin, and the wondering Waiter, and the horsemen in the hue and cry. Never before had he contrived to make his animals so comic and personal and so true. The Rat that ate the Malt is a kind of creation; so is the Cat that ate the Rat,* so is the humorsome, ill-favoured, sulky, cynical ruffian—a Quilp among curs!—that worried the cat. The vein thus opened was wrought yet deeper next year in "The Babes in the Wood" and "The Mad Dog." They are hardly so successful as their two predecessors, and they deal with subjects that are far from being agreeable and acceptable; but they contain some excellent work for all that. The Wicked Uncle and the Ruffians of the first are not at all good; but the Babes themselves are very pretty and innocent and touching, and the friends they make in the woods are friends worth knowing. 'The Mad Dog' is altogether superior. The Man is a veritable creation; and the Dog—whether philandering with the Man, or listening to



The Rookery.

the promptings of the fiend Jealousy; or going off his wits, with infinite determination and a humour of frenzy in every hair on his coat; or fading away, as one who has seen a Boojum, into the quiet sunset—is even better than the Man. Our last year's Christmas Box was more acceptable by far; for it consisted of "The Song of Sixpence"—with its wonderful noise of Blackbirds, its delightful King and Queen, its charming Washer-Maiden, and its heaps of comic Courtiers: to say nothing of its value as exegesis, and its freshness and novelty as a commentary on an ancient and most mysterious legend—and of "The Three Jovial Huntsmen," with its Gothamitish heroes, its exquisite glimpses of landscape, its fine differentiation of character, and its varied spirit of adventure. What Mr. Caldecott has in store for us next Christmas is yet to be seen. Is it the romance of Goody Two Shoes? Is it Red Riding Hood's story? Is it the myth of Mother Hubbard? or the legend of the Three Careless Kittens? or the history of Cherry and Fair Star? I had rather it was the precious ballad of "Billy Taylor" than anything; and to that excellent work I hope that Mr. Caldecott may one day turn his pencil

* Published by George Routledge and Sons.

and his mind. Meanwhile, whatever it is, it can hardly be other than charming; and it will certainly receive a warm and earnest welcome.

Whatever it is, too, we may be sure that it will have something to do with that pleasant Eighteenth Century which, from Anne to George, Mr. Caldecott has conquered to himself in Art, even as Mr. Austin Dobson has done with it in verse; so that now none dare to attempt it with his pencil under pain of killing comparison with the author of "John Gilpin" and the "Song of Sixpence," just as none dare to write about it, in dread of the poet of Rosine and Madame Placid and Beau Brocade, of the dramatist of the "Proverbs in Porcelain" and the incomparable "Dead Letter." They are absolute over "the times of Paint and Patch," are these two artists. They reign in them like two æsthetic Kings of Brentford, *arcades ambo, et cantare pares*—though I suppose the poet is the better workman as well as the solider spirit; and of their rule there is not a circumstance but is wholesome and kindly and beautiful. Of course the parallel is not one to be pushed too far. In Mr. Dobson there is a great deal of seriousness. He is an Horatian, and he has read Molière



The Three Jolly Huntsmen.

and La Rochefoucauld, and Montaigne to boot; he has the philosophic mind, he attempts the emotions, he says things that are worth hearing and pondering; he writes for men and women. Mr. Caldecott, on the other hand, is a kind of Good Genius of the Nursery, and—in the way of pictures—the most beneficent and delightful it ever had. It is as if he had lived and worked under the special protection of an æsthetic Fairy Godmother, who made an artist of him wholly and solely that millions of children might be made glad. He has fulfilled his destiny quite royally. He is a Prince of Picture Books. Under his sway Art for the nursery has become Art indeed. Between the toy-books of thirty and twenty years ago and the toy-books of present years the difference is that between a post-chaise and the Flying Scotsman. Such works as Mr. Crane's "Baby's Bouquet" and "Baby's Opera," and Miss Greenaway's pleasant "Birthday Book," and Messrs. Sowerby and Emmerson's "Afternoon Tea," would once have been considered luxuries only fit for dukelets and princelings. Now they are within every one's reach; and for a shilling apiece you can purchase



The Mad Dog.

the picture-books of Mr. Caldecott, which are better and bonnier than them all. The printer, the publisher, the engraver, and the paper-maker have gone ahead surprisingly, and the artist has gone with them. The Art of the nursery was primitive and abominable. It was clumsily imagined and drawn, and as clumsily graven and printed. The lines were coarse and insignificant, the colours were harsh and crude, and even from the best of it the quality of beauty was absent. It was difficult to fall in love with any Cinderella, any Twoshoes, any Goldenlocks but one's own. Now Mr. Caldecott has come, and it seems impossible to be enamoured of any but the artist's. His work, with its freshness and its charm, its vivacity and spontaneity, its admirable gaiety and kindliness, is one of the prettiest facts in child-life. He has given to infancy a new pleasure, and to its governors a new influence for good. His books are not only delightful to have as books; you have but to take them to pieces, and group and mount the pictures under glass, to have one of the most charming decorations imaginable. In this form his work may become an important factor in the process of unconscious education to which all children are subjected. To be constantly familiar with what is cheerful in spirit and pretty and pleasant in fact, is to take a something of these qualities into one's life and one's self. I can conceive it possible and likely that there are many boys and girls alive just now who, wittingly or unwittingly, when they are grown men and women, will owe much to Mr. Caldecott, and be all the better for the place he had in their infancy.

W. E. Henley.







THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH EXHIBITION, 1881.

CONTINUING our description where we broke off in the last number, we now notice in Gallery III. :—

No. 207. 'Buondelmonti's Bride,' H. M. PAGET. Were it not for the revolting subject, worthy of a better place.

No. 208. 'Il dolce far niente,' W. F. YEAMES, R.A. A half-length of a buxom auburn-haired damsel, leaning a pair of pretty plump arms upon a table.

No. 209. 'During the Sermon,' and No. 210, 'A Happy Father of Twins,' FEDERIGO ANDREOTTI. Two humorous small half-lengths of a monk, in one case asleep, with his copper stewpot between his legs, in the other clasping under either arm a flask of choice Falernian.

No. 211. 'The Scape-goat,' T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A. The goat is seen in sharp outline against bare grey hills, which, however, do not remind one very closely of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea.

No. 213. 'Sidi Ahmed ben Avuda and the Holy Lion,' HEYWOOD HARDY. Life-size figures of an Arab and a lion standing at a fountain in an open courtyard. Intended to illustrate the legend of the Sidi Ahmed ben Avuda, a famous marabout of the fifteenth century, and the lion which was sent to him in answer to his request for some sign of Allah's favour. The lion is said to have carried the saint in all his journeys, and now—so runs the tale—appears every year at his tomb, and is led about to collect alms.

No. 214. 'Collecting Sheep in Glen Spean, Inverness-shire,' RICHARD ANSDELL, R.A. A peat-coloured stream spanned by a bridge, across which a shepherd and his dog are driving sheep.

No. 218. 'Susan and Ethel, Daughters of Arthur Wilson, Esq.,' JAMES SANT, R.A. Two pretty girls; the elder, with lovely fair hair falling over her shoulders, seated on a bench, the younger standing beside her.

Nos. 222—228. 'Christian Charity,' EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A. Seven small panels, the centre one a figure of the Saviour, the others illustrative of the acts of mercy. The giving drink to the thirsty is a graceful composition.

No. 229. 'Miss Baldock,' G. F. WATTS, R.A. A refined, graceful portrait of a fair-haired lady.

No. 234. 'Sent on Foreign Service,' JOHN CHARLTON, is the title given to some foxhounds on the deck of a vessel, which have been drafted from home kennels for the purpose of recruiting the ranks of one of the numerous packs which the energy of Englishmen establishes abroad.

No. 235. 'The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., P. VAN HAVERMAET. The Flemish painter—who does not, by the way, make his first appearance on this occasion, he having two years ago exhibited a capital portrait of Mr. S. Laing—has represented the late Conservative leader standing in a very characteristic attitude, the right hand holding an eye-glass, and the left grasping a book and resting on a table. The likeness was taken five or six years ago, and it is interesting to compare it with the one close at hand, painted by Mr. Millais (No. 274A), just before the Earl's death. It is a solid, honest piece of painting, and the modelling of the head is excellent.

No. 236. 'Artist and Model,' FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A. A pretty little girl tempting a lordly-looking pug with the promise of a bit of biscuit to sit still while she endeavours to take his likeness.

No. 237. 'Hester Prynne,' G. H. BOUGHTON, A. This represents an incident from "The Scarlet Letter," and shows us Hawthorne's unhappy heroine, with the scarlet letter embroidered on her breast, knocking at the door of a pestilence-stricken house, and bringing succour to its inmates.

No. 240. 'Bound for the Black Sea, 1854,' J. E. HODGSON, R.A. An animated scene at Portsmouth during the Crimean war. Moored to the quay is an old three-decker, and grouped about are sailors and marines, drinking, dancing, and saying good-bye to their sweethearts.

No. 241. 'Lieut.-Gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.B., &c.,' ALBERT BESNARD. In uniform, standing with his charger beside him.

No. 245. 'Little Nell: "Old Curiosity Shop,"' KATE PERUGINI. It is fitting that the talented daughter of Charles Dickens should interpret for us on canvas the features of the heroines of her father's novels, and we welcome this first instalment of what should be a very interesting series.

No. 246. 'August Days,' VICAT COLE, R.A. A view on the Thames, with cattle seeking shelter from the heat in the shallow water beneath its willow-shaded banks. Mr. Cole, we believe, intends to illustrate the course of the river from its source to its mouth in a series of pictures.

No. 247. 'F. R. Pickersgill, Esq., R.A.,' HENRY GIBBS. An excellent likeness of the indefatigable and respected Keeper of the Royal Academy, painted by one of those students who owe so much to his care and teaching. He is represented seated, with a helmet on the table beside him.

No. 252. 'Author and Critics,' H. STACY MARKS, R.A. The author, seated with his manuscript in his hand, is reading it with evident gusto, and in entire oblivion of the open inattention of his younger listener lolling, pipe in hand, upon the table, and the unconcealed ennui, not to say contempt, expressed in the features of his older critic. Humorous, without the slightest taint of exaggeration, and perfect in the finish of every detail.

No. 253. 'The Rev. Edward Hartopp Cradock, D.D., Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford,' FRANK HOLL, A. In every way a remarkable work, full of strength, and the best portrait Mr. Holl has done since he sprang into fame as a portrait painter, two years ago, with his fine likeness of Mr. Samuel Cousins, the engraver.

No. 258. 'Diamond Merchants: Cornwall,' J. C. HOOK, R.A. We have already spoken of this work as one of three especially covetable ones in the exhibition. The beauty of sea, sky, and rock has never been better imaged on canvas by Mr. Hook. The pair of urchins in the foreground, playing with some shells, have furnished this lovely sea-piece with its title.

No. 259. 'On the return from Egypt to the land of Israel, Joseph is warned that Archelaus reigns in Judea in the room

* Continued from page 188.

of Herod his father,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A. The Virgin and Child on a donkey, and St. John beside them, are listening to the warning from a shepherd.

No. 260. 'The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson,' JOHN COLLIER. Purchased by the Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and the only picture which this year has obtained that honour, the Academy very properly considering that the munificence of a sculptor should be sometimes employed in the purchase of examples of his own branch of Art. The great navigator, who was set adrift in an open boat with his son and some infirm sailors, in the Polar Seas in 1611, by his mutinous crew, and never heard of more, is expiring; his boy lies beside him, and extended against the side of the boat is a dying sailor: behind the boat towers an iceberg. It is a weird, striking picture, but how could the boy have lived five minutes in such thin clothing, or Hudson have held the rudder with bare hands?

No. 263. 'Noon,' H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. Two cows tethered, as the custom of France is, amid luxuriant pastures. A simple subject beautifully treated, the whole landscape—land, sea, and sky—bathed in full sunshine.

No. 264. 'The Rev. John Caird, D.D.,' JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. A three-quarter length portrait of the famous preacher standing in his robes. It is painted for presentation to the University of Glasgow, of which he is Principal and Vice-President.

No. 274. 'Life in the Château Gardens at Fontainebleau, J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. "So runs the round of life from hour to hour," is the appropriate quotation affixed to this representation of the various phases of existence to be seen in a French public promenade: senility, middle age, youth, and childhood are all happily treated.

No. 269. 'Sappho,' L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. Alcæus is seated playing his lyre before Sappho and her friends and pupils. The scene is laid in a marble auditorium overhung with stone pines, and lapped by the purple waters of the Ægean Sea. It is truly a lovely picture, and a perfect apotheosis of colouring and technique.

No. 270. 'Cinderella,' JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. A very pretty young girl with bare feet and legs seated with a broom beside her, and a peacock feather in her hand; on the wall behind hangs a pair of bellows: such are the simple elements which go to make up a most fascinating picture.

No. 274A. 'The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.,' JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. A striking, indeed, a startling likeness of the great statesman, standing with folded arms as he was often wont to address the House; a sad one, too, as betraying plainly, in its uncompromising realism, that the hand of sickness was already on him when he gave "Apelles" the last of the three sittings of an hour each which sufficed to produce this remarkable though unfinished portrait.

GALLERY IV.

No. 279. 'Guarding the Hostages,' J. B. BURGESS, A. Two children, whose features and fair skin betray their Circassian maternity, are clinging to one another with a frightened air, while seated near them is an Arab enveloped in a white burnoose, and in the background are two other guardians of a more dusky hue. The interior of the courtyard is rendered with great care and accuracy.

No. 285. 'Roses and Rabbits,' JOHN MACWHIRTER, A. Two rabbits at the mouth of a hole embowered in wild roses.

No. 294. 'Married for Love,' MARCUS STONE, A. A runaway couple, whose appeal to the paternal feelings of the old gentleman seated at his solitary tea in the garden would appear to have been originally unsuccessful, are venturing, in the evidence they bring that he is a grandfather, to once more approach him.

No. 295. 'Hen and Chickens,' G. D. LESLIE, R.A. A very pale green sunny sward fenced by red-brick walls, and with a red-brick house in the corner; in the centre a group of laughing girls of all ages playing a game of romps, which gives its name to the picture. Needless to say that the girls are all very pretty, and that the whole aspect of the scene is essentially bright and pleasing.

No. 299. 'The Flight from the Sword of Herod,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A. The picture already described, No. 259, forms the sequence to this one. Here, under the bright moonlight of a Syrian night, the Virgin and infant Jesus, accompanied by St. Joseph, are wending their way along the plain lying between the mountains and the sea to the land of Egypt. As always with Mr. Herbert, the aspect of the country in Palestine is rendered with a vivid truth and reality especially charming to those who from experience are able to appreciate it.

No. 300. 'Prawning,' HAMILTON MACALLUM. Some children in the foreground catching prawns among the many-hued rocks, while beyond ripples that peculiar-looking sea which Scottish artists so delight to paint.

No. 306. 'East London Hospital for Children, Shadwell,' THOMAS DAVIDSON. In the foreground a charming-looking nurse is holding up a sick child, who is bound to recover under such gentle care; another nurse and an old woman are seen in the distance. Soundly painted and harmonious in colour.

No. 307. 'Yet twilight lingers still,' JOSEPH FARQUHARSON. The close of a winter's day, with the pale light gradually fading out of the sky, against which are seen in sharp relief the bare branches of some trees. Through a gate in the foreground leading out of a wood a shepherd is driving some sheep. One of the best of the Scottish pictures.

No. 310. 'Doubts,' LUKE FILDES, A. The doubts of the young lady seated in a meditative attitude on a rustic seat are probably as to which of the many suitors for her comely person shall be preferred.

No. 311. 'Montrose at Kilsyth,' ANDREW C. GOW, A. A long quotation in the catalogue serves to explain the incident here depicted. Montrose, to encourage his followers and show how lightly he esteemed the Covenanters, clad though they were in full armour, has thrown off his doublet, and exhorts the troopers to do the same, saying, "The cowardly rascals durst not face us till they are cased in iron; to show our contempt for them let us fight them in our shirts." The picture is well conceived.

No. 314. 'Dolly,' LUKE FILDES, A. The young lady of No. 310 appears to have solved her doubts, and figures here as an industrious housewife engaged in shelling peas.

No. 315. 'Mountain Tops,' JOHN MACWHIRTER, A., aptly fits the quotation—

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

The effect of the mist sweeping round the summit of the mountains is strikingly rendered.

No. 316. 'Henry John des Vœux, Grandson of John Pender, Esq., M.P.,' W. R. SYMONDS. A good portrait of a little boy seated in a big arm-chair, but hardly equal to the same artist's admirable picture last year of a girl and dog.

No. 322. 'Galileo before the Inquisition,' ALFRED H. TOURRIER. The aged astronomer is represented kneeling before the tribunal, and, in accordance with the sentence passed upon him, makes a humble recantation of his opinion that the earth moved and the sun was stationary. There is character in the faces of the various inquisitors, but the arrangement of the picture is rather formal.

No. 325. 'A Quiet Corner in the Dyer's Canal, Antwerp,' WILLIAM LOGSDAIL. Antwerp is a picturesque place, and Mr. Logsdail does full justice to it, but we cannot help hoping that he may soon find some other subject for his clever brush.

No. 327. 'A Choice Vintage,' C. GREEN. Two old gentlemen seated over their wine are about to tap a fresh bottle. The contrast between them—one lean and formal, the other rubicund and easy-going — is well rendered, and without exaggeration.

No. 328. 'Daisy, Daughter of Allen Field, Esq.,' PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A. A charming portrait of a little girl; full of tender grace and feeling.

No. 329. 'Portrait,' HENRY T. WELLS, R.A. The younger daughter, if we mistake not, of the painter, but hardly so pleasing a portrait as that of her sister in the third room.

No. 335. 'Mrs. Robert Bell, aged eighty-two years,' E. J. POYNTER, R.A. A head full of character: evidently a truthful likeness, and painted with extreme care and uncompromising fidelity to nature.

No. 340. 'St. Ives Bay,' JOHN BRETT, A. Less scientific and not less beautiful than usual. The lovely flush in the sunset sky reflected on the water and on the sails of the boats is quite enchanting.

No. 341. 'The Young Solomon,' VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. Gorgeously arrayed in a red robe with a crimson sash, the youthful monarch sits erect on his throne, balancing the sword of justice on his knees; his feet rest on a crimson velvet cushion, on the pedestal beneath which is a Hebrew inscription. Rich and harmonious in colour.

No. 346. 'Scheveningen, Holland,' G. H. BOUGHTON, A. We are not here introduced to the conventional Scheveningen, but to the work-a-day aspect of the beach there, with its groups of fishermen and fisherwomen.

No. 347. 'Mrs. Butterworth,' W. W. OULESS, R.A. Elect. A charming head of an elderly lady, beautifully drawn and modelled. Perhaps altogether the finest piece of portrait painting in the exhibition.

No. 349. 'Sir Joseph D. Hooker, K.C.S.I., &c.,' JOHN COLLIER. Very good as a likeness, but rather coarse, and not altogether agreeable as a painting.

GALLERY V.

No. 354. 'Charles I. before Gloucester,' SEYMOUR LUCAS. In answer to the summons to surrender, two citizens, as we are told in a passage from Clarendon's "History" quoted in the catalogue, were sent to parley with the King. The appearance of these envoys, a certain Major Pudsey and one Toby Jordan, "with lean, pale, ugly visages, and in garbs so strange and unusual, gave mirth to the most severe countenances and sadness to the most cheerful hearts." They are represented in the act of haranguing the King.

No. 355. 'Nature's Mirror,' FRED. MORGAN. Two girls looking at their reflections in water.

No. 362. 'The Rochester River,' W. L. WYLLIE. The sun struggling to show itself through the murky clouds, the puffing tug labouring along with its train of heavy barges, and the squirm of dirty water in their wake, are all admirably drawn and painted.

No. 368. 'Kitty: a Portrait,' G. H. BOUGHTON, A. Full-length figure of a girl in a primrose-coloured dress holding in her hand a basket of primroses and violets.

No. 369. 'Streatley,' VICAT COLE, R.A. One of the loveliest reaches on the Thames. The broad river and its wooded slopes seem sleeping in the warm embrace of a summer's day.

No. 370. 'Thomas Gibson Bowles, Esq.,' THEOBALD CHARTRAN. A capital likeness of the founder of "Vanity Fair," in the act perhaps of penning an epitome of somebody's appearance, manners, life, and character.

No. 373. 'Missing: a Scene at the Portsmouth Dockyard Gates,' HUBERT HERKOMER, A. A crowd of young and old are gathered round the dockyard gates and the high brick wall that flanks them. They are the relatives of the crew of the *Atalanta*, who have come day after day on their sad errand of inquiry, only to meet with the same answer, "Missing."

No. 374. 'A Dead City of the Zuyder Zee: the Town of Hoorn, North Holland,' G. H. BOUGHTON, A. Pleasant in colour. The houses, the polders, the dykes, the figures, are all uncompromisingly Dutch, and yet there is nothing of stiffness or formality in the picture.

No. 378. 'A Venetian,' LUKE FILDES, A. Mr. Fildes should have added the word "hussy" to his title to make it complete, for such decidedly is the buxom damsel, saucy in look and jaunty of air, who is carrying her scraps of finery under one arm and a brazen pot in the other hand, evidently bound on a washing expedition.

No. 379. 'The First Arrivals,' ALICE HAVERS. A picnic in a wood, the first to arrive at which are some children, who have already attacked the fruit; their elders are seen coming through the trees.

No. 385. 'The Survivors,' WILLIAM SMALL. Nothing of the ship is seen but the rigging, over which the hungry waves are breaking and leaping up at the little band of survivors, one of them a woman, who are clinging to it despairingly.

No. 388. 'Leaves have their time to fall,' FRANK WALTON. The borders of a pool, from which slopes upwards a wood, brown with the falling leaves of autumn. A little monotonous perhaps in colour, but true to nature.

No. 391. 'At Last!' ARTHUR STOCKS. The interior of a cottage, and an old woman reading a letter, to whom—

> "By hope and fear alternately possest
> Joy comes at last to set the heart at rest,"

in the shape of a stalwart hussar, who is seen entering the door. There is a great deal of simplicity and pathos in the picture, which, however, might have been expressed on a smaller scale.

No. 392. 'Scarbro' Bay: Low Water,' HENRY MOORE. A pleasing seascape in this artist's usual manner.

No. 397. 'Portsmouth: Ebb Tide,' CHARLIE W. WYLLIE. Not equal to his brother's pictures, but, like them, possessing the merit of being very true to nature.

No. 401. 'Home Again!' FRANK HOLL, A. We are glad to see that Mr. Holl has not entirely given up subject pictures for portraits. The Highlanders who are marching gaily along, preceded by drummer-boys and surrounded by admiring wives and sweethearts, are strong, lusty fellows, full of life and vigour, and there is a refreshing sense of reality about the picture which makes one overlook the comparative roughness of the execution and the over-blackness of the shadows.

No. 402. 'Let sleeping dogs lie,' BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

Elect. Of the two dogs we prefer the quadruped, a white bulldog asleep on the lap of his master, a navvy, who is also enjoying a siesta stretched out at full length on a bench.

No. 407. 'Sir John Astley, Bart.,' JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. A lifelike portrait of the baronet, who is standing with a cigar of portentous size in his hand.

No. 408. 'The Queen's Shilling,' P. R. MORRIS, A., has just been taken by a young recruit, round whom a group of children are dancing merrily and tugging at his coat. "Optat ephippia bos piger"—and he seems delighted enough at the prospect of exchanging the plough for the trappings of a soldier; but there is another side to the shield, as indicated by the anxious face of the sweetheart running hurriedly towards the group, eager to learn the news which as yet she can hardly believe to be true.

No. 419. 'Hope Deferred,' BRITON RIVIERE, R.A. Elect. On the edge of a high cliff against which the waves are dashing stands a girl shading her eyes with her hands, and gazing with an eager look over the raging waste of waters. By her side sits a little rough-haired terrier whose face shows how thoroughly it sympathizes with the anxiety of its mistress.

No. 422. 'The Benediction,' JAMES D. LINTON. This, we believe, forms one of a series of pictures intended to illustrate the life and career of a soldier. It represents a knight and his followers, clad in full armour and bareheaded, kneeling to receive the blessing from a bishop and other ecclesiastics; to the left kneel a lady and gentleman and a little girl, relatives probably of the chief figure, whose escutcheon and banner are borne by attendant squires. The composition is a little scattered, but the conception is good and thoroughly carried out, and the painting finished and effective.

GALLERY VI.

No. 429. 'A Mid-day Meal in the Open,' OTTO WEBER. Though the artist is a German, the whole aspect of the landscape in this picture, the ploughman who is enjoying the dinner which his daughter has brought to him and her brother, and the horses dozing over their corn bags, are thoroughly English. The scale on which it is painted is too large, but the composition and painting are both good.

No. 445. 'Golden Prospects,' JOHN BRETT, A. A view from rocks, painted with microscopic fidelity, over a lovely violet-tinted sea.

No. 446. 'Peace and War,' JOHN R. REID. Three girls and an old gentleman seated at a table in a rustic garden are listening to the stirring tales of an aged pensioner. The painting is vigorous, but somewhat coarse.

No. 452. 'The Palace in the Lake,' VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. A reminiscence of Mr. Prinsep's Indian tour. The effect of full sunlight and intense heat is well rendered; the white marble of the palace seems to quiver on the bosom of the water.

No. 453. 'St. Mark's, Venice: The Piazza Inundated,' CLARA MONTALBA. Beautiful as a piece of colouring, but improbable as the representation of an actual scene.

No. 458. 'Lord de Tabley,' FRANK HOLL, A. A very good three-quarter portrait. It has been presented to Lord de Tabley by his Masonic brethren of Cheshire, of which province he is Grand Master.

No. 459. 'After Rain,' KEELEY HALSWELLE. The swollen river and its flooded banks are admirably rendered, as well as the broken clouds and the pale yellow patches of sky.

No. 460. 'Jesus at the House of the Pharisee,' F. W. LAWSON. In the foreground the Magdalen, prostrate on the floor, is caressing the feet of Jesus, who is seated at a table, on the farther side of which are the Pharisee and the disciples. Worthy of praise, but in many respects unsatisfactory.

No. 465. 'Shirking a Bath,' RICHARD ANSDELL, R.A. A pair of grey horses, which have been taken by a groom for a bath in the sea, have swerved suddenly round on reaching the waves, and are galloping wildly away, in spite of the efforts of the rider. The action of the horses is well rendered.

No. 470. 'The Coral Necklace,' G. A. STOREY, A. A three-quarter portrait of a sprightly-looking young lady in a dark dress, and wearing a large coral necklace.

No. 476. 'A Morning Rehearsal,' RICHARD ANSDELL, R.A. An itinerant showman giving a lesson in picking out cards to a pair of poodles sitting gravely attentive on their hind legs, while a pug, a bulldog, and a terrier watch the proceedings.

No. 478. 'The Man of Law,' H. STACY MARKS, R.A. Though this picture of an old man standing near a table with an open parchment in his hand is unimportant, it shows all the artist's sense of humour and careful painting.

No. 483. 'Sunday in the Highlands,' JOHN MACWHIRTER, A. A number of people, at the head of whom is an old man on a grey pony, returning from the kirk along the seashore.

No. 484. 'Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.,' G. F. WATTS, R.A. A seated portrait of the President in his robes as an Oxford D.C.L. The attitude is extremely characteristic. We believe that it is intended for presentation to the Academy.

No. 488. 'Miss Sartoris,' JAMES SANT, R.A. A graceful full-length of a young lady standing bareheaded in a landscape.

No. 489. 'Past Work,' J. C. HOOK, R.A. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever." An old man and a child seated on the seashore, near a huge rusty anchor, watching some men putting off in a boat.

No. 493. 'Roses,' GEORGE REID. A lovely piece of colour that irresistibly challenges the eye, notwithstanding its undeserved place close to the ceiling.

No. 494. 'A Carpet Dellal (Broker): Cairo,' CHARLES ROBERTSON. Illustrative of a familiar scene in the Khan Khaleel at Cairo, where, on certain days, ambulatory auctioneers go about with articles which they offer for sale to the highest bidder.

No. 495. 'After-glow: Tombs of the Memlook Sultans, Cairo,' FRANK DILLON. All who have seen the magic light which, after the sun has set in Egypt, illumines the sky and brings every object out in clear and startling relief, will recognise and admire the vivid reality of the scene here depicted.

No. 502. 'Beethoven,' CARL SCHLOESSER. The great musician is seated at a piano, on which, and on the floor, are piled heaps of music books. Carefully and skilfully painted.

No. 504. 'The Monk's Walk,' FRANK DICKSEE, A. A shady avenue of tall trees, along which paces a monk reading. The drawing of the trees and the perspective of the long avenue are good, while the general tone and colour are most harmonious.

No. 508. 'Rescued,' BOUVERIE GODDARD. The horses struggling through the water with a heavy waggon filled with people rescued from the surrounding flood are well rendered.

No. 509. 'Little Maud,' EDWIN LONG, A. The likeness of a pretty little girl, who looks at us out of the picture with a charmingly innocent expression.

No. 511. 'Miss M. Williams,' G. F. WATTS, R.A. A refined portrait of a young lady.

(*To be continued.*)

CADIZ.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.



Plaza de Mina.

THE silver saucer, *la tazza de plata*, is the Gaditanos favourite appellation for their native town. The expression is most appropriate. Cadiz lies white and sparkling upon the dark-blue sea like an ivory or alabaster cup, silver and gem incrusted, upon a surface of purple enamel. It was this vivid contrast between dazzling whiteness and deepest blue that most impressed Théophile Gautier in Cadiz. "The blue," he says, "is like turquoise, sapphire, cobalt, anything you please in the way of azure: the white is as pure as silver, as milk, snow, marble, or the best refined sugar from the West Indian Isles." Cadiz is to all outward seeming one of the cleanest towns in the world. Whitewash is lavished freely and perpetually everywhere upon the tall white houses which "stand on tip-toe," as it were, to gaze over each other into the Atlantic. The effect is heightened by the situation of the town. It is built upon the rocks of a narrow isthmus, and is surrounded by water on all sides but one. The isthmus is like a huge natural breakwater fencing in and protecting the magnificent bay, long famous in history, the home and haven of fleets of all nations, ancient and modern, from the days of the Phœnicians down to our own.

The establishment of Cadiz as a port ranges back into remote antiquity. Its natural advantages as such are many and obvious, and soon commended it to the great traders of old. Cadiz is the Tarshish of Holy Writ; it is also the Gaddir of the Phœnicians, who founded it eleven hundred years before Christ. Ford in consequence calls it the oldest city in Europe. It was counted then the end of the ancient world, "the ladder of the outer sea," the Ultima Thule beyond which no adventurous voyager dared or was allowed to proceed. The Phœnicians were shrewd men of business, and kept in their own hands as long as they could a monopoly of trade with the unknown regions to the northward. The Carthaginians succeeded in due course to their inheritance, the Romans came after the Carthaginians, and under all Gaddir, Gades, or Cadiz, continued to prosper and thrive. Julius Cæsar, when one of the quæstors in Spain, first saw its strategic importance, and spared no pains to increase and strengthen it. From his time Cadiz steadily grew in wealth and importance. It became the centre and emporium of Roman trade—the port through which all manner of commodities were passed on to the imperial city. To Cadiz came the tin and minerals from the British Isles; amber from the Baltic; the finny spoils also of the neighbouring sea. "The fish of the storm-vexed Atlantic is superior to that of the languid Mediterranean," says Ford, and then, as now, the fish brought to the Gaditanian market was greatly esteemed. Roman epicures, who spent whole fortunes in a single meal, drew upon it for luscious red mullets, for the splendid John Dory, for soles, whiting, prawns, and many other varieties still popular

at Cadiz, although unknown to us. So much trade made Cadiz rich and luxurious. The city was renowned throughout the empire for its marble palaces, its affluent merchant princes, its aqueducts, its amphitheatres, and its sports. According to Juvenal it was the city of Venus, and "the centre of sensual civilisation." Pleasure-seeking Romans flocked to Cadiz as those of the nineteenth century do to Paris. From Cadiz came the far-famed female dancers, the *improbæ Gaditanæ*, the nautch girls of antiquity, whose rhythmical but sensuous movements were the delight of all beholders.

In the centuries following the fortunes of Cadiz rose and fell with those of its possessors, but it was always a place of considerable commercial importance. On the discovery of the New World, admirably situated as Cadiz was with regard to American trade, it once more took the lead, and soon rivalled Venice and Genoa in their palmiest days. It shared with Seville the privilege of storing and warehousing the gold which flowed in fast from the Indies. A place so rich and prosperous became naturally an object of attack when wars were afoot, and when piratical adventurers swept the seas. Cadiz narrowly escaped capture and sack at the hands of Barbarossa, that prince of sea rovers whose name was a terror along the whole Mediterranean shores. Algerine pirates, again, seeking perhaps to avenge the defeat and expulsion of their co-religionists, the Moors, from Spain, attacked Cadiz frequently, but never took it. It was reserved for English sailors to succeed where others failed. Our naval worthies of the Elizabethan age waged unceasing warfare on the Spaniard, fighting Spanish ships whenever they met them, and harrying Spanish towns in both hemispheres. Sir Francis Drake, the year before the sailing of the Armada, swooped down on Cadiz and destroyed its dockyards. Cadiz



The Wall of Cadiz.

suffered yet worse, a year or two after the Armada had so signally failed, when Lord Essex made himself master of it. The expedition started with sealed orders, its destination being known only to its chief. Under the advice of an English officer, who knew Cadiz well, and was fully aware of its defenceless condition, the attack was promptly delivered upon the land side. Here, as at Gibraltar a hundred years later, the defences had been suffered to fall into decay, and resistance was hopeless from the first. The garrison speedily succumbed, and the whole place lay at the mercy of its conquerors. Essex behaved magnanimously to many. The ladies were allowed to take away part of their wearing apparel, and he spared the Spanish priests. But he was merciless to the city, which was fired in several places, and thoroughly looted and sacked. The fine old thirteenth-century cathedral was almost entirely destroyed. A number of war ships and gold galleons, thirteen of the first and forty of the latter, were captured, whereby nearly irreparable injury was inflicted upon the Spanish navy and Spanish trade. Universal bankruptcy followed. The power and prestige of Spain from that moment began to decline. Cadiz, although it continued for another century or more to be the centre of large commercial operations, never really recovered from the blow. Others followed: nine foreign wars; the successful revolt of the Spanish colonies; and last, not least, the French invasion, and long intestinal disturbances. Now, however, with the development of the Spanish railway system, its prosperity is once more reviving, custom-house returns and population are steadily increasing, and the ancient Gaddir may some day proudly reassert her character as a great seaport.

Cadiz is encircled still with fortifications. The sea wall, or Muralla del Mar, is a substantial rampart of granite, time

worn and picturesque, an admirable promenade, but little calculated to cope with modern armaments. Cadiz could hardly hold out for many hours against ironclads carrying Woolwich Infants, with their terrible projectiles. It has, indeed, no pretensions as a fortress and place of arms. Now, as of old, it is a pleasant, laughter-loving city, devoted to enjoyment quite as much as to trade. It has its bull ring, that in which Lord Byron made his first experience of that cruel sport, as described in "Childe Harold;" its theatres; above all, its well-shaded *paseos*, or public walks. The Alameda, which ends in the Plaza de Mina, a square figured in the woodcut at the head of this paper, is an enchanting spot, exactly suited to a semi-tropical climate, where people throng after sundown to inhale the fresh sea breeze, and *tomar el fresco*, or take the fresh air. Here are to be seen at their best the *Gaditanas*, the beauties of Cadiz—beauties world renowned in all generations, and retaining to this day graces and charms all their own. No women, it is generally admitted, can walk like the Spanish, and those of Cadiz carry off the palm from all Spain. Ford, with a perhaps pardonable exaggeration, declares that "they walk with the confidence, the power of balance, and the instantaneous finding the centre of gravity of the chamois. It is done without effort, and is the result of a perfect organization; one could swear that they could dance by instinct, and without being taught." They have perfect figures, too, these women who walk so well, and beautiful feet. At one time, long ago, it was neither polite nor proper to refer to a Spanish lady's foot. It was always concealed by dresses purposely made long. The Inquisition forbade painters to add the feet in their pictures of the Virgin; and in the same way court etiquette declared that the Queen of Spain could have no legs. But now the foot, as one of her chiefest attractions, is freely shown by the Gaditana, who thereby proves herself a true daughter of Eve.

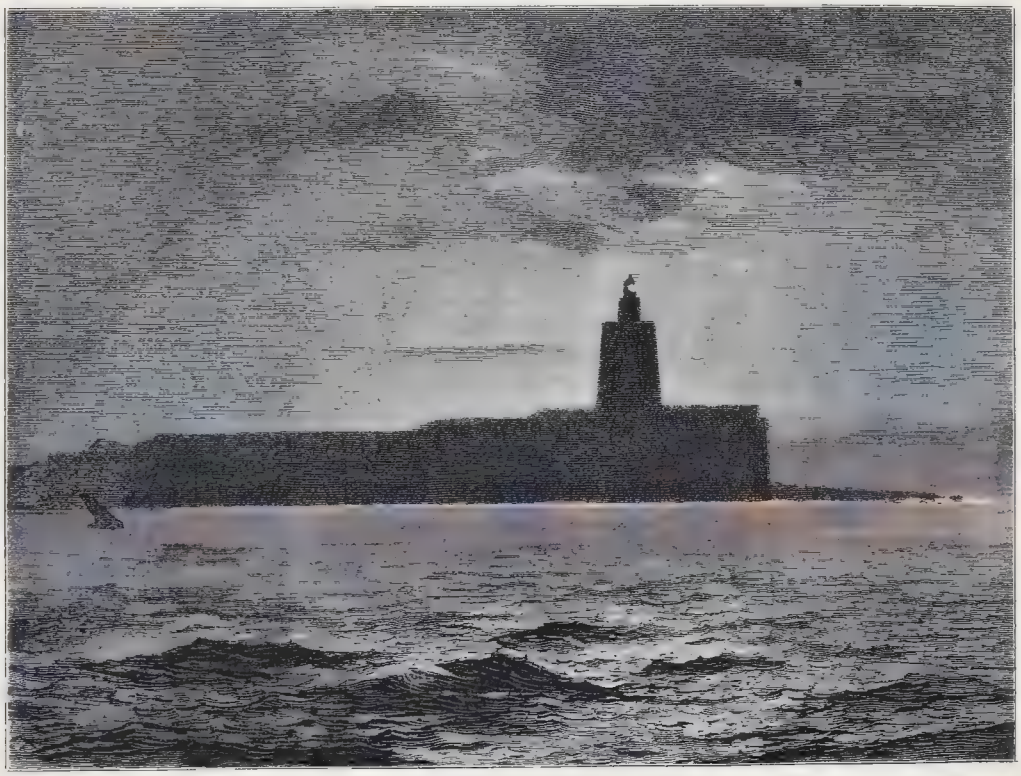


Cathedral of Cadiz, from the Harbour.

Returning trade is sufficiently coaxed and encouraged at Cadiz. There is an excellent lighthouse, which is well placed on a far-projecting reef. This reef acts as a natural breakwater, and is historically interesting as having saved Cadiz from destruction at the time of the great earthquake of Lisbon, when the sea, convulsed by volcanic action, was heaved up in a gigantic wave against the town. This lofty lighthouse, which stands nearly two hundred feet high, is of vital importance. The navigation is not too easy at Cadiz, and even when the inner bay is reached there are several dangerous rocks opposite the town—the Puercas and Cochinos—the pigs and little pigs, so called, probably, from their shape. The bay is divided naturally by the promontory, on which stands the castle of Matagordo, into two parts, an inner and an outer, the anchorage only in the former being at all good. The port is perpetually crowded and busy with every variety of craft. Steamers engaged coastwise and in transatlantic trade must lie off rather more than half a mile, but nearer are barques and brigs, square rigged, hoys and cutters, faluchas and xebecques, and other lateen craft, lying at one or other of the three moles—that of Seville, which faces the Custom House, or that of Puerto Piojo, or the Principal, or Land Port, a long pier from which a roadway leads to the lighthouse and castle. Above the forest of masts rise the twin towers of the new cathedral, so called to distinguish it from the old, which was destroyed by Lord Essex, and rebuilt only to be abandoned in favour of the other. This new cathedral, commenced in 1720, long remained incomplete and unfinished, a gaunt empty carcass, and a standing disgrace to Cadiz. The first plan, by the architect Vicente Acero, was faulty, but it was persevered in for fifty years, when funds ran short, or more correctly, were embezzled. A portion of the customs duties had been set apart for the good work, but the building commissioners sacrilegiously applied them to their own benefit. Meanwhile the cathedral was put to ignoble uses, and was at one time turned into a rope-walk. However, in 1832, a worthy Bishop of Cadiz, Don Domingo de Siloe, determined to remove the reproach and to complete the cathedral at his own cost. The sum expended amounted to £300,000. The edifice, of the Corinthian order, is plain and simple in exterior, not, indeed, without a certain grandeur, but within it is overloaded with ornament in the latest and worst style of Spanish architecture, to which, unhappily for his own reputation, Churriguera, an otherwise talented artist, has given his name. The decoration is rococo and extravagant; gilding is lavished pro-

fusely on all materials—bronze, marble, wood—which are carved and twisted into the most extraordinary shapes. But the marbles here, from Genoa, from the local quarries, Arcos and Manilva, are magnificent, and the cathedral owns also a very valuable custodia, and a choir-place which is reputed one of the finest in Spain. It came originally from a Carthusian convent in Seville, the Santa Maria de las Cuevas. A new high altar of white marble has recently been added; but, when these have been mentioned, the treasures of Cadiz Cathedral are all told. For pictures we must look elsewhere. Cadiz is not particularly rich in them, but the town possesses one or two gems, notably the 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' Murillo's last work, which he had barely finished when he fell from the scaffolding, and shortly afterwards died. This picture is in the church of the Capuchins, which also contains Murillo's 'St. Francis receiving the Stigmata,' one of his finest paintings, remarkable alike for drawing, composition, and colour.

To the sight-seer Cadiz has perhaps but little to recommend it. But it may some day become reputed as a health resort, and it is well situated for excursions. As to the first, the climate is said to be more equable than that of any part of Spain. There are no very strong contrasts, no great extremes of temperature; a good deal of rain falls, but the total average of wet days is less than a hundred in the year. It lies open to all winds, and is blessed or cursed according to



The Lighthouse, Cadiz.

the quarter from which they blow. From the Atlantic come balmy airs which temper and tone down the summer heats; when the wind is in the east Cadiz is visited by that scourge of the Mediterranean, the Levantes, which dries up all the pores, and irritates nervous people almost to exasperation. This is the season to travel elsewhere; to visit Puerta Santa Maria, on the opposite side of the bay; or La Caracca, the great Government dockyard; or to take rail to Jerez and taste sherry in its native place, wandering through miles and miles of bodegas, or wine vaults, which are as spacious as the corridors of a palace or the aisle of a church. Jerez is a bright, lively, thriving town, inhabited by many blue-blooded hidalgos, and the home of thriving wine merchants, whose hospitality is quite Arab in its unstinting generosity. Tarifa, too, a perfect specimen of an ancient Moorish walled town, is within easy reach of Cadiz, and will repay a visit, if for nothing else but to see the Tarifeñas, the ladies with their peculiar mantillas, worn so as to hide the whole face except one piercing eye, a very Oriental and effective costume. Cadiz, moreover, is on the high-road to Gibraltar, and, as the great western seaport of Spain, affords the traveller numerous facilities for proceeding coastwise, for reaching Africa, or for starting on a still longer voyage to Havannah and the New World.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ANIMAL PAINTING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE few leading men who paint purely natural-history subjects seem to have this year decided to add a little leaven of worldly wisdom, and judiciously make their subjects combination ones of figure and animal life: as, for instance, H. S. Marks does not give us storks alone, but adds a bishop; Heywood Hardy has a showman to his lion; and in Briton Riviere's pictures, in nearly every case, the figure takes priority: and we believe the public prefer this. They like themselves so much, they can't bear a picture without one of their species in it; a landscape, however lovely in itself, must have its conventional man with a stick, or they are not happy. But surely pictures that would show us something truly of the lives of the other inhabitants of this world of ours—something away from the toil and turmoil and trouble that must accompany human life—would be more refreshing and novel than this everlasting gazing at our own images and our own manners and customs. This present exhibition is rich in pictures of human misery, wickedness, and unloveliness; we have now a host of battle painters, and crowds gaze at gangs of one sort of man slaughtering another sort of man, and will hardly look at aught else. There is scarcely a picture in the exhibition that shows any but the most commonplace side of ordinary animal life, and there is, therefore, little to be learnt by those who know the merest rudiments of natural history. The few exceptions we will now try to fairly criticize. No. 16, by J. T. Nettleship, is, in common with many other pictures of similar subjects, hung very high—too high really to be seen. The Indian antelopes are spirited in action, one buck in the left-hand corner being particularly good; we could have wished the cheetah itself had had just slightly more stretch in limb—it seems cramped; but it is valuable as the work of a man who has had immediate acquaintance with his subject. We are, therefore, thankful for it, as we feel we learn something new. There are three pictures by R. Meyerheim, having cattle for their principal interest, and all three are good; sunlight is well rendered on their hides, and the drawing for the most part is sound. The majority of the other cattle compositions are so hackneyed and commonplace that one straightway forgets all about them: with nothing to arrest attention, they are just superficial arrangements of picturesque forms and colours. They show no study of their subject, and are entirely wanting in individuality. This is especially the case as regards the Scotch cattle pictures, of which there are, as usual, numbers; every room supplies examples of these highly coloured and highly combed creatures. They are singularly untruthful, since Highland cattle, whether bright russet, yellow, or deep black, all lie down on the same soil, and wade in the same miry swamps; and they are not put to the daily annoyance of having the soil and mire curry-combed off them, so that in the most variously and oppositely coloured beasts there is a harmonizing tone of grey which grows as they grow. But when our painters select their models, they appear to have them washed and combed; for though a general kind of fuzziness, typical of the coat of Scotch cattle, is added, it is an arranged chaos covering the body quite equally, whereas in nature the animals flop down on one side, and there lie for hours together, and then rise and show you one side of their coats all flattened down and glossy, from the fact of so many of the hairs lying in one direction, and presenting a common surface for the sun to play on, unlike those parts of the body and neck that have not suffered compression, and that stand out freely at all angles, offering, of course, less surface for any mass of reflection. This is a criticism which might be made on more pictures than the cattle ones. Cooper's sheep are notorious for never having a wrong crease in their exquisite coats. Animal pictures often present another incongruity. Look at No. 91, 'In the Spring-time of the Year:' were ever such venerable sharp-faced lambs seen before? In animal physiognomies the same changes go on from youth to old age as we see in our own faces. They start with soft, undecided outlines. Even the shrivelled face of a monkey in babyhood shows some comeliness, and lambs especially have full, round faces, and round cheeks and noses. But imagine such a lambkin as Mr. Cooper's here let to play amongst others of its sort, and the agonies the companions would suffer in rubbing noses with the new-comer. We note with pleasure a charming picture by H. W. B. Davis, whose work invariably shows knowledge and thought, No. 137, 'Mother and Son:' glorious in sunlight, solid in painting, this is a picture to which our mind reverts with pleasure. The action of both colt and mare is characteristic and true. No. 77, 'In the Lap of Luxury,' is a portrait of a deer-hound lying at full length, surrounded by objects so gorgeous that they attract the eye before anything else. But we like this the best of Mr. Noble's works this year. All three are hung unfairly high. 'A Frightful State of Things,' by Chierici, is one of the combination type of pictures. The poultry and geese are well drawn; the cocks and hens are very un-English, but they are none the less true. But no geese, English or any other, have a pinky colour suffusing them such as have the geese here shown. The turkeys are very small. All, however, are full of character and humour, and we regret that we have no painter amongst us who could exactly have painted this picture. No. 81, S. E. Waller's 'Success,' is indeed a success; and though perhaps of not so fascinating a subject as some of his former ones, is about the best piece of painting we have had from him. The horses are admirable; simply to arrange four horses in harness pleasantly is no easy task, as those who have ever tried will at once allow. But these are something more than pleasantly arranged, they are a thoroughly well-composed group. Their drawing and modelling too are fine, and show knowledge. There is a peculiar pinkiness over R. Beavis's 'Herdsmen of the Campagna collecting Young Horses' that detracts very much from its effect. The horses are well drawn in their varied attitudes. 'A Cool Retreat,' No. 109, H. Garland, is a pleasant and refreshing picture of sheep under a new aspect, and with different surroundings from those which generally encompass the Academic flocks, for here they are in the cool shade of a wood, the soil red and brown with the remains of last autumn's leaves. Before leaving this room we would notice J. Charlton's 'The Reward,' No. 129, a fine study of a handsome horse, painted in a subdued but pleasant scheme of colour. Briton Riviere's picture of 'A Roman Holiday' we confess to have been disappointed in. The dead tiger is well painted, but surely he has died very nicely and laid his limbs out most properly. The tiger which prowls round the arena walls seems to come nearer the eye than his position in the picture warrants. A very popular painter is Richard Ansdell, R.A., but we can really say nothing in favour of the animal, No. 211, which is supposed to be bearing the sins of a nation, but pass onward, and, of course, upward to Heywood Hardy's 'Lion,' which is, in its simplicity of arrangement, a most striking and effective picture. The canvas is, perhaps, unnecessarily large, but we will not be captious, as we are thankful for so intelligent a rendering of the king of beasts. As to Mr. Herbert's donkey, in a picture entitled 'The Flight from the Sword of Herod,' No. 199, we sincerely hope, for the poor beast's sake, that he is near the end of his journey, for he is completely fagged out, and no wonder, as he is perfectly innocent of muscles, and is as formless as a child's india-rubber rattle. Mr. J. A. Verner has chosen a fine subject in his 'Monarch of the Prairie'—North American bisons grouped together, some standing with lowered heads, and some quietly lying down chewing the cud.

We were glad to see a rather unusual selection of birds chosen to follow the plough of 'The Peasant Proprietor,' No. 415, B. Hook, jackdaws and gulls, instead of the everlasting rook which one has hitherto seen. All birds that live on insect and grub life more or less follow the plough, and we have seen curlews and plovers and oyster-catchers, besides very many other species, following with anxious eyes and discriminating bill the upturned clods. 'Hard Pressed—Otter Hunting,' No. 474, only makes us wish there were a little more real love of animals, and, in opposition, no doubt, to the noble-hearted sportsman, that the poor beastie was not so hard pressed. There are some grand horses in Bouverie Goddard's 'Rescued;' they are really pulling at the traces, with their shoulders well in the collars; they have mud stains on them, too, and look like work-a-day animals. But little can be said in favour of the lion in Mr. Armitage's 'Samson,' which appears to us altogether too puny. H. H. Johnson has, in his 'Eastern Pets,' shown us flamingoes standing in every attitude of luxurious sleepiness: those who know the bird will appreciate the faithful way in which he has given their peculiarities.

In the Water-Colour Room several persons have been at considerable trouble to show they don't know how to paint even the commonest birds of our land; and blue tits, with one, or at most two, feathers only in their tails, and goldfinches, bullfinches, and greenfinches, all done from stuffed birds, finally drove us in despair to the Sculpture Room. But before leaving we would mention two exceptions, where the work had all the appearance of being done from life, namely, the pictures by Rose E. Stanton and Alfred W. Strutt, of 'Hedgehogs,' No. 702, and 'Her First Litter,' No. 760; and though not a water-colour drawing, we would like also to point out Mr. William Brodrick's 'In the Mews' as the only absolutely right piece of feather painting here.

In the Sculpture Gallery there are two little terra-cottas, showing in different ways the charms of young life. The first, No. 1,518, 'Daddy's Pet,' is an absurd little pup crawling round his father; and the other, No. 1,526, a prettier subject of a kid which is the centre of admiration and worship of its parents, or aunts or cousins. Both are well modelled, and are bright little studies. Dachshunds are in nature such crooked and bow-legged animals that we can hardly say we were vastly delighted to see No. 1,566. Two equestrian statues by Walter Roche are in the manner of the late Mr. Goode's work. We fancy Mr. Roche's figures are full big for their mounts.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

PAINTINGS AND CHARCOAL DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT.—This artist, a citizen of the United States, died two years ago at the age of fifty-five. He was highly educated, widely travelled, and one of the most learned painters of his country. He acquired his art, like many more of his countrymen, in Paris, and under the immediate inspiration of such men as Decamps, Troyon, Rousseau, and Delacroix. He joined the atelier of Couture, under whom he very soon distinguished himself, and, being a man of competent means as well as of keen discernment, he became the first patron of Millet, the peasant painter of France. On his return to America he gathered quite a school around him, being a man of great individuality and of commanding and original intellect. The influence of the men we have named comes out more or less palpably in his works, but no one can look at either his portraits, his figure subjects, or his landscapes without being satisfied that he is facing work of a high quality in tone, colour, and execution. In the first-named walk we would point to his own portrait and to a life-sized 'Head of Hamlet;' in the second to his 'Bathers,' and especially to his grand figures of Night and Hope, which he frescoed on the walls of the capitol at Albany, and which we see here in photograph; and in the third to his magnificent painting of the 'Horseshoe Falls of Niagara.' Mrs. Morris Hunt has done well in making the English public familiar with the work of her gifted husband, and our only regret is that we have no space to enter critically into the artistic merits of the painter, or the philosophy and individuality of the man.

THE SWISS EXHIBITION, BOND STREET.—This gallery is devoted exclusively to Swiss Art. Here will be found Lugardon's famous picture, belonging to the Council Hall at Berne, showing Tell pushing off his boat from the Unterwald shore, so as to save Baumgartner, who had killed one of Gessler's emissaries. The active Tell is full of energy, and the work throughout is conceived in the most heroic spirit. The same remark applies to the artist's historic work of the Swiss 'Storming the Castle of Rossberg.' Another spirited picture is Eugène Burnand's 'Village Engine.' One of the most impressive landscapes in the gallery is C. Humbert's 'Wengernalp in an Approaching Storm.' It gained a medal at the Vienna Exhibition. Albert Lugardon is also an artist familiar with the aspect of the Upper Alps, but he has scarcely caught the mystery of mountain atmosphere, or rather cared to emphasize it. He prefers dwelling in the uplands, where the air is pellucid and his native mountain peaks cut clear and sharp against the sky. Still more serene must the face of nature be before A. Veillon sets down his easel, as his 'Mountain View of Monte Rosa' very prettily tells us. Equally sensible to all that is placid and soothing is the pencil of E. Duval. In portraiture nothing can exceed the finished elaboration of C. Vuillermet. The elder Mieris seldom excelled in exquisite texture and minute detail the life-sized 'Portrait of M. S. C.'

THE GOUPIL GALLERY.—Here the great Parisian house treats us to a collection of water-colour drawings by distinguished members of the French Water-Colour Society. The pictures are arranged with great taste and judgment, and the works of each artist are grouped by themselves, and with ample surrounding wall space. From Jules Bastien-Lepage we have a portrait of 'Miss Samary;' from Édouard Detaille some studies and a large drawing of the 'Grand Manœuvres of 1876,' showing the arrival on the field of Marshal Canrobert. The artist having left for the head-quarters of the French army in Tunis, was unable to finish this picture in time for the exhibition. There are five admirable drawings by Louis Leloir, of which the one having the most *vraisemblance*, perhaps, is that of a seventeenth-century regiment of foot 'Retreating' along a wet road leading through a moorland country. Maurice Leloir is no less realistic in the rendering of his subjects, and of his half-dozen contributions, that of the two soldiers of the period belonging to the close of the eighteenth century plying a young countryman with wine, whom they are 'Enlisting,' is the most desirable as regards artistic unity and finish. In all there are about a hundred drawings, and the styles are as varied, if not always as masterly, as those characterizing the English School. The Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild has several landscape drawings, showing an Art capacity and refinement which take us somewhat by surprise. She has an undoubted claim to rank as an artist. The Goupil catalogue is of itself a work of Art.

ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURES.—M. Lefèvre has now on show, in King Street, two pictures by Rosa Bonheur. 'On the Alert' represents a magnificent red deer in one of the many leafy retreats of the forest of Fontainebleau, within whose precincts the artist herself has had for so many years her home. 'A Foraging Party' shows a wild boar and his companion in search of food. The open forest space is knee-deep with fern, and in the distance we behold three other hirsute brutes approaching in the track of their leaders. The painting is consummate in handling and perfect in technique. Similar remarks apply to the stag. Eye, head, horn, and hide are each portrayed with rare cunning, and we can see that the painter must have been in thorough sympathy with the stately creature.

THE UNITED ARTS GALLERY.—Including about twenty pieces of sculpture by H. Thornycroft, A.R.A., Lord Ronald Gower, A. Borghi, A. Argenti, L. Ludwig, and others, the works of Art in this latest addition to the Art establishments of Bond Street number close on four hundred. We first notice Vely's 'Meditation.' Below it hangs a sparkling little landscape, showing a low waterfall embowered in wood, through which the spectator catches a pretty glimpse of the quiet open sky. The artist is R. Hall. Becker's 'Inn Valley, near Innsbrück,' is as full of knowledge as it is of nature. See also his view of 'Balmoral,' commissioned by the Prince of Hohenzollern as a wedding present to Prince William of Prussia. Above 'Meditation' hangs a bold decorative work representing mediæval 'Marauders,' from the hand of T. Rocholl. Less free and more finished in his handling is J. Koppers. His 'Happy Days' is satisfying in detail as well as in sentiment. Of landscapes in the large sense we could scarcely have a better example than E. de Schampheleer's 'Abandoned Canal near Amsterdam,' nor of humorous genre than E. Schulz-Briesen's gourmand intent on 'A Dainty Morsel.' An admirable interior is that of the 'Orphanage of Katuyk,' by Artz. In historic work we have an animated example in Bodenmuller's 'First Coopers' Festival in Munich in the year of the Plague, 1517." Professor Carl Gusson's 'Architect,' and his 'Old Folks at Home,' are triumphs of naturalistic rendering.

A room is devoted to the water colours of that energetic traveller, Tristram Ellis. These were made during his recent tour in the Holy Land, Kurdistan, and Mesopotamia, and give a better idea of those Orient regions than whole tomes of mere written description. The artist's journey, "On a Raft and through the Desert," with thirty-eight etchings, has just been published.

THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN, 1878.—A colossal picture, commissioned by the city of Berlin to commemorate the meeting there of the great European Congress, which secured to Europe "Peace with Honour," is now on view, until the middle of this month, at the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. Its painter, Anton von Werner, has, with great cunning, overcome the difficult task of pleasing the susceptibilities of the Great Powers by breaking up his subject into different groups of somewhat similar magnitude. The one which to Englishmen will be of supreme interest is that in which the veteran Gortschakoff places his hand, in an almost affectionate manner, on the arm of the infirm and tottering Earl of Beaconsfield. By a coincidence we were present at the same time as Mr. Gladstone, and it was a pleasurable sight to see the greatest of our living statesmen doff the hat to the effigy of his dead rival. The picture is exhibited in London at the express wish of the painter.

ART NOTICES FOR JULY:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Sending-in Days.—Devonport, 4th; Christmas Card Exhibition at Society of British Artists, 26th; Newark-on-Trent, China Painting, 27th and following days.

Opening Days.—Sheffield Society of Artists, 13th; Devonport, 18th.

Closing Days.—Bristol Academy, 2nd; Shakspere Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon, 16th; Society of Painters in Water Colours, 30th; Institute of Art, 30th; Grosvenor Gallery, 30th; Milan Exhibition, 31st; Strasburg Exhibition, 31st.

ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL GOLD MEDAL for 1881 of the Institute of British Architects has been awarded to Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., F.S.A. Mr. Street, R.A., in making the presentation, laid stress on the fact that the recipient was selected in alternate years from the ranks of English architects, English writers on architecture, and foreign architects or writers on architecture, and that Mr. Godwin had been recommended rather for his work with the pen than the pencil. Mr. Godwin signalised his election by a munificent gift of £1,000, the interest of which, he proposed, should be yearly given to a capable person, to enable him, during a month's residence abroad, to study and report on the best specimens of modern planning, construction, drainage, and other sanitary arrangements to be found in the city or town he should elect to visit.

IN a recent paper on "Bigness in Pictures" we had occasion to lay some stress upon the fact that America buys hardly any pictures from England—none in comparison with the quantity it takes from France. The statistics which have been recently published by the Administration des Beaux Arts show what an enormous trade has of late years grown up in the Fine Arts between France and America. The amount of exports, calculated in dollars, has been as follows:—

Year ending Sept. 3rd.	Pictures, Statues, and Bronzes.	Books and Engravings.
1875	850,000	234,000
1876	917,000	407,000
1877	702,000	241,000
1878	630,000	157,000
1879	1,151,000	192,000
1880	1,669,000	291,000
Half-year ending March 31st, 1881	600,000	97,000
	6,519,000	1,619,000

Or a total of 8,138,000 dollars, equalling nearly £1,630,000.

It must be remembered, too, that the extraordinarily heavy duty (25 per cent.) levied in America prompts exporters to declare their goods at the lowest possible figures. We presume that similar statistics might, without much trouble, be extracted by our customs officers. They would be of supreme interest, as showing the extraordinary disproportion that at present exists between the influx of English and French Art into America. One of the first artists in America recently assured us that the reason of this is almost entirely due to the facts, 1st, that the dealers in Fine Arts in America have been, up to the present time, almost exclusively of French or German origin; 2nd, that the prices asked by French artists being considerably less in proportion to the talent displayed in their work, larger profits can be assured in dealing in their pictures; and 3rdly, that their choice of subject is more varied and in harmony with the American taste than that of English artists.

FLORENCE.—The committee appointed to examine the pictures lately brought to light from the cellars and warehouses of the Uffizi believe they have found a veritable Verrocchio. The subject is a Virgin and Saints, with an architectural background. It is thought that the picture belonged originally to the Church of the Santissima Annunziata, and that it must have been removed thence during the French invasion.

MR. GEORGE AITCHISON, architect, was elected an A.R.A. at a general assembly of the Royal Academy, and thereby the dying wish of Mr. Burgess, whose place he takes, was carried out. Mr. Aitchison is principally known as the architect of Sir F. Leighton's Arab Hall.

HENRY AND ALBERT MOORE.—Last month we inadvertently fell into an error in speaking of the late J. C. Moore as the junior of these two. He was the eldest, and Albert the youngest, of the three. Besides these, there are still living and working at their profession the two eldest of the family, Edwin and William, both of whom have been frequent exhibitors at the Royal Academy and at the Dudley Gallery. On more than one occasion all the five brothers have been simultaneously represented on the Academy walls.

THE MONTH'S ARCHITECTURE.

The following are the more important Buildings completed during the past month:—

NEW CHURCHES, &c., have been built at Standlake, Oxon; Bullinghope; Leeds, St. Martin's; Birmingham, St. Alban's; Tamworth, St. Chad's; Bispham (Chancel and part of Nave); Harbledown (enlarged); Preston, Kent (Memorial Church); Salisbury (Chancel); Corkbeg; Southampton, Church of Christ above Bar; Attleborough, St. Peter's; Greenock (Free Ch.); Forfar, St. John's (Episc. Ch.).

CHURCHES HAVE BEEN RESTORED at Nantmel; Gwalchmai; Broughton; Hope-under-Dinmore; Tiberton; Sutton, St. Michael; Allensmore; Westhide; Besford (half timbered); Irthlingborough (Coll. Ch.); Eakring; Wallingford; Durham, St. Margaret's; Mansfield; Great Stanbridge; Garway; Bewdley; Plaistow; Chideock; Alverdiscott; Gravesend (R.C.).

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND SCHOOLS have been built at Edinburgh, New University Buildings; Dover, Memorial Hall and Schools; Hereford, County College; Oxford, Univ. Coll. Master's Lodge; Cambridge, Newnham, North Hall; Ripon, School and Manse; Manchester, School of Art; Wolverhampton, Bluecoat School; Hastings, Municipal Buildings; Old Charlton, Assembly Rooms; Taunton, Barracks; Liverpool, Salvage Brigade; Kilmallock, Munster Bank; Marple, Lecture Hall; Dublin, High Park Asylum; Euston Station Hotel; Stamford, New Bank.

MONUMENTAL WORKS have been completed at Folkestone, Statue of Harvey; Westminster, Memorial Brass to Sir G. G. Scott; Worcester (St. Mary Mag.), Memorial Pulpit; Windsor, Braye Chapel, Memorial to Prince Imperial; Devizes, Memorial Window to officers and men of 99th Regt., Zulu war; Kildwick, Memorial Window to Rev. H. Todd; Church Stanton, Memorial Window to Miss Edwards; Canterbury Cathedral, Memorial Tablet to Col. Talbot Cox; Highgate, Memorial Obelisk to George Eliot; Chislehurst, twenty-one Paintings in the Reredos of the Church of the Annunciation.

FOREIGN.—Dixmunde, Flanders, Hôtel de Ville; Milan, National Exhibition; Monte Carlo, Theatre; Zanzibar, Church; Berlin, Brandenburg Museum.

OBITUARY.

MR. SOLOMON ALEXANDER HART, who died on the 11th ult., was the oldest of the Academicians, having been elected an Associate in 1835, and an Academician in 1840. Born in 1806, he was first apprenticed to a line engraver, but preferring the art of painting, he entered the Royal Academy School in 1823. His various exhibited pictures have from time to time been chronicled in these pages, and therefore we need here only say that he is first mentioned in 1826 as exhibiting a miniature, which branch of Art he practised for some years, and that he has continued to exhibit down to the present exhibition. In 1857 he succeeded Mr. Leslie as Professor of Painting, and in 1865 he was appointed Librarian, of the Royal Academy. This latter office he held until his death. Messrs. Herbert and Cope are the only remaining Academicians whose election dates before 1850, and there are but four others whose diplomas are of more than twenty years' standing, namely, Messrs. Frith, Marshall, Pickersgill, and Redgrave.

MR. SAMUEL PALMER died on the 24th of May, at an advanced age, but in the full possession of his powers, as is evidenced by the drawings now on exhibition at the Society of Painters in Water Colours, with which he had been connected since 1843. These drawings were the crowning beauties of a set of illustrations to Milton's "L'Allegro," and it is to be regretted that they were not ultimately hung, as was originally contemplated, namely, as pendants on either side of Mr. Moore's lovely sea-piece. But the works of the subject of our note could afford to dispense with the assistance of "the hanger." Their individuality and strength of colour made them fatal comrades for weaker works, no matter where they were placed. Born in 1805, Mr. Palmer began painting in his thirteenth year, and was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy sixty-one years ago. Elected to the old Society in 1843 as an Associate, and in 1855 as a full Member, he exhibited near upon one hundred and thirty works. He was also devoted to etching, and as a member of the Etching Club he presented to the world many poetical renderings of his pictures. From the *Athenæum* we learn that it is proposed to hold an exhibition of his works—paintings, drawings, and etchings—at The Fine Art Society in the autumn.

REVIEWS.

"History of Design in Painted Glass," by N. H. J. Westlake, Vol. I. (Parker & Co.).—In these days, when so much interest is evinced by the public in all that relates to matters of decoration, it seems strange that no effort has hitherto been made to draw into one comprehensive history the progress of painted glass. The want of some such treatise has been felt by artistic and thoughtful observers, themselves amazed at the audacity with which the glasswright has contrived congeries of incongruities to satisfy his customers. With regard to detail, texture, and manipulation of ancient glass paintings in England, very little ground was left untraversed by Mr. Winston, who wrote on this subject more than thirty years ago, but he and divers French writers have never ventured beyond an accurate observation and description of the various nationalistic styles. Winston, however, in several points is altogether unobservant; for instance, he omits to take note of the value of old glass paintings as historical indications of contemporary dress or armour; he also considered Seeger's glass at St. Denys as the most ancient in existence, and that the oldest glass in England is the work of French artists, who belonged to a school of glass painters who worked at Chartres, or in its neighbourhood. All these interesting matters are cleared up by Mr. Westlake, who points out that the history of the glass paintings at Le Mans goes back at least fifty years further than that of any existing at St. Denys.



Stoning of St. Valerius, Le Mans Cathedral.

The value of Mr. Westlake's arguments in tracing the development of his subject is increased by the large number of illustrations with which he explains his meaning. These have not only been drawn from ancient glass, but ivories, sculpture illuminations, and mural paintings of contemporary date have all been pressed into his service for their elucidation. The drawings and sketches have been made, with very few exceptions, by the author himself during the last twenty years, and he is to be congratulated on his patience and archæological research. No attempt has been made in the volume to attract by means of coloured plates. It is well known that it is next to impossible to convey any idea of the many subtle and delicate effects of an ancient glass painting, even through the medium of transparent water colours; and the treatise now under review would, therefore, not have been improved by coloured illustrations, while the cost would have been enormously increased.

A portion of a Jesse window from Chartres, of which we give an illustration, is a representation of the most ancient Jesse window in existence. How common this subject was may be at once ascertained by looking into old MSS., or at the stone carving or painting of many old cathedrals and churches. This window is far more ancient than anything at Canterbury, York, or Lincoln.

The representation here given of the stoning of St. Valerius, another subject chosen from the very early glass at Le Mans, demonstrates how much fire and action the old twelfth-century artist was capable of depicting with his Greek methods of drawing; whilst in a kindred subject, of which an illustration is given in the work, of the close of the thirteenth century, the stoning of St. Stephen from Bourges Cathedral, we recognise at once how all trace of this Byzantine feeling is extinct, and a dramatic and naturalistic mode of representation, which is essentially Gothic, has taken its place. This gradual transition is worked out by the author by means of a series of illustrations. The résumé, at the end of each century or artistic period, being plainly and concisely put together, aids the reader in grasping more clearly the main outlines of the subjects belonging to such periods. To the architect this work should be of special value as a guide in selecting a suitable style of glass decoration for his buildings. The selection of the style and scale of painted windows is seldom left so entirely as it ought to be to the architect, and it is notorious that numbers of buildings have been marred in effect by the haphazard manner in which their windows have been filled by different individuals with every variety of scale, subject, and style—scale especially, which is a matter of the first importance, being hardly ever thought of.

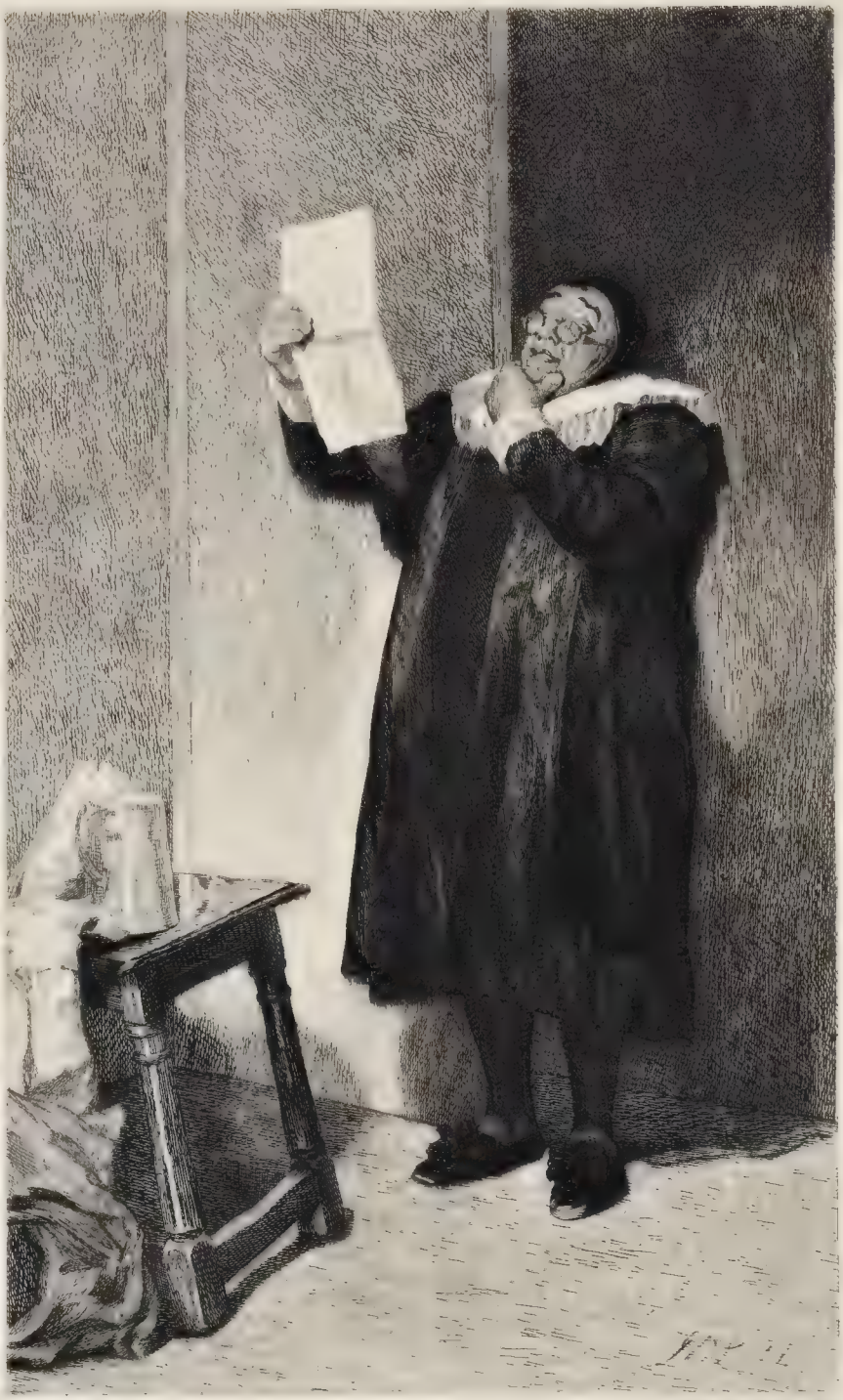
The volume closes with notices of that charming method of glass decoration, grisaille, and we hope to have further instruction on this subject in a succeeding volume, as the one now before us promises to be the first of four, which will carry the work down to the decadence of the art in the sixteenth century. We notice a difference of opinion here on the *raison d'être* of grisaille. Mr. Westlake suggests economy, and in one curious instance, that of the Cistercian, dislike to gaudy or expensive decoration. He advances weighty reasons and much research in favour of his argument, but we submit that, as a rule, grisaille windows were chosen by the mediæval architect more often to accentuate the effect of his work, and as a charming method of admitting light, where perhaps more decided colouring would dwarf and hide, or perhaps draw off, the eye from the carving, moulding, or proportion of his fourteenth-century building.

Several suggestions are given in the work for short excursions to places in France and elsewhere, where the subject of glass painting can be studied and compared.



Figure of Jesse, Twelfth Century, Cathedral of Chartres.

"The Makers of Florence," by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.). 8vo, 15s. 6d.—We welcome a third and cheaper edition of this elegantly written and instructive book. Dealing as it does, not only with the political and religious, but with the Art story of Florence, it opens up rich and interesting ground. Dante, Arnolfo, Giotto, Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Pandolpin, Fra Angelico, Savonarola, and Michel Angelo are the men whom Mrs. Oliphant considers to have been the makers of Florence; and it is with an analysis of these lives that this well-illustrated volume principally deals.



PAINTED BY [illegible]

ETCHED BY V. LHUILLIER

JUSTICE



CHARLES NAPIER HEMY.

EVER since the date of our final supremacy over the Dutch at sea there have grown up, in increasing numbers and ability, artists who have reflected our national pride and our national power. Some of the earliest of these imitated the productions of the nation whose rule we disputed; in fact, some of them were themselves Dutchmen. But with our increased naval power, maritime wealth, and love of the arts, there has arisen a great school of marine painters, amongst whom may be numbered Turner, Stanfield, Chambers, and Hook, and to these we may add Hemy.

"What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," and Charles Napier Hemy, a Northumbrian by birth, with the antecedents of a Scotch naval family on one side, and of artistic predilections on the other, was moulded in the right form for the vocation he ultimately selected. He was born on the 25th of May, 1841, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and, with sharp instincts of observation, he there imbibed from his earliest childhood an intimate knowledge of the shape and make of seafaring men and the "houses" they live in.

But, beyond this, opportunities were thrust upon him of knowing really what the sea and sailing were. At nine years of age he was taken by his parents to Melbourne, in Australia, to



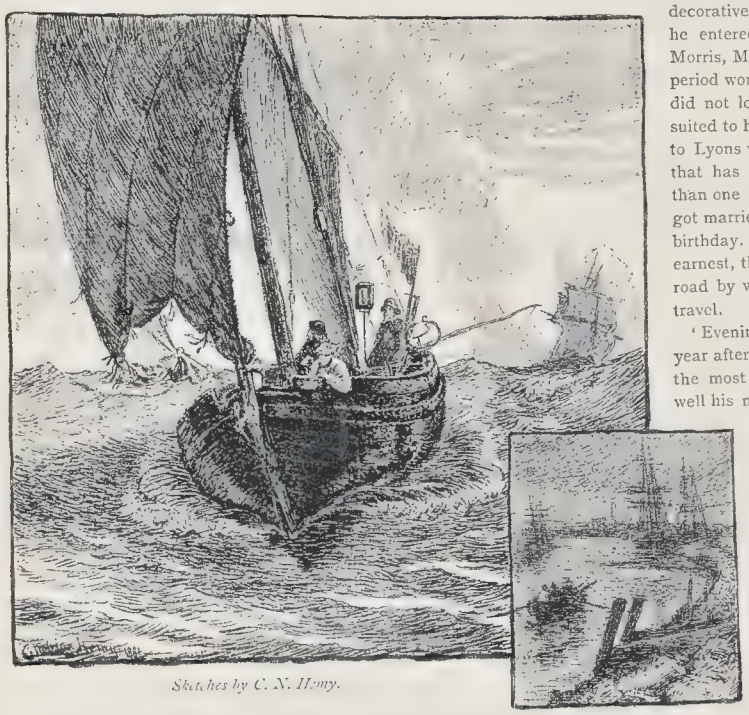
Good-bye

which town they emigrated, and in the voyage round the Cape he learnt much of the grammar of "the language of the sea." After two years passed amongst the rough society of Melbourne diggers he returned to England. It so happened that the vessel in which he took passage was short-handed, and he was forced (child as he was) to take his turn "on the watch," and even at the helm. Here, again, with an aptitude and capacity for observing and remembering the ever-changing form and colour of the sea, his knowledge grew apace, a species of knowledge only to be obtained by exposure and daring.

> "'Would'st thou,' so the helmsman answered,
> 'Learn the Secret of the Sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery!'"

He was in his twelfth year when, shortly after his return, looking at a painting by his uncle (the late S. Hyell, a member of the Society of British Artists), a desire arose within

him to become a marine painter. Very opportunely there had been established a School of Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and of this he became a pupil. Here he studied for some time, until the fervent character of his mind suddenly took another direction. The idea that he had a vocation for the priesthood came upon him, and he was sent to Ushaw College for education and probation; but in this he did not long persevere. Again his inclinations led him to the sea, and quitting that institution, he made a voyage to Malta and Alexandria. Returning to England, he essayed to paint a few small sea-pictures; but the roving blood in his veins would not be still, and ere long he was off for another trip to Carthagena. On his return painting was again attempted, but without satisfactory results, at least in his own eyes. Still continuing as changeable as his favourite element, one after another his leading passions and inclinations were followed for a time with ardour, and one after another relinquished.



Sketches by C. N. Hemy.

"Unstable as water, he did not excel."

This continued until, having reached his nineteenth year, he again bethought himself with religious fervour of leaving the road to human fame, and therefore, relinquishing Art and home, he entered the Dominican monastery of Newcastle, from whence he was sent to a branch at Lyons, where the rules of the order were more rigidly practised. Here he remained two years, a period which influenced the whole of his life and steadied his blood; but still he felt no real inclination to make his final vows, and, on leaving the monastery, at twenty-two years of age, he settled down once and for all to the profession of painting.

It was not yet, however, as a marine painter. The ascetic tinge of his disposition, whether natural or acquired, was at this time influenced by reading "Modern Painters," and seeing the so-called pre-Raphaelite pictures in the collection of Mr. Leathart, of Gateshead. In this style he determined to paint, evidence of the effect of this school being given in the first pictures he exhibited at the Academy, 'The Lone Seashore' and 'The Beach at Clovelly.'

Most of our readers know the rapid changes of ideas—one might say of principles—that have possessed the leaders of this school. During the early period of its existence the mind of the painter was influenced by these changes, and an ardent belief in its leaders seems to have possessed him, until a circumstance led to some development of change in his practice. Under the impression that he would again like to live with the Dominicans in France, and paint with and for them, he betook himself to the study of a more decorative style of work. For this purpose he entered the establishment of Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Co., and for some short period worked as an "improver." But he did not long remain in a position so unsuited to his taste, and the idea of returning to Lyons was frustrated by a circumstance that has upset many calculations in more than one map of life. He fell in love and got married on the day after his twenty-fifth birthday. He now had to set to work in earnest, the door being closed on the other road by which he had so often longed to travel.

'Evening Grey,' painted during the first year after his marriage, and during perhaps the most settled period of his life, exhibits well his new style of work. Determined to carry his practice of painting as far as his talent was capable of doing, his next thought was to obtain a fuller and more perfect knowledge of figure drawing. The recollection of the force shown in some of Leys' pictures which he saw at the Great Exhibition of 1862 was sufficient to attract him to that artist's atelier in Antwerp, whither he went, carrying with him 'Evening Grey.' Leys, attracted by its merit and character, took upon himself the direction of Hemy's studies, and, following his advice, he passed eighteen months of hard labour in the Antique school at Antwerp. At the end of this period he commenced a picture in the style of his master, the subject being a feast of the Blessed Virgin in the sixteenth century. It was the first of a series of pictures of this pseudo-Gothic character. One of them, with more than usual delicacy of handling, was exhibited at the Academy in London in 1870, and obtained a fair share of admiration.

The death of Baron Leys and a longing for the old place brought the subject of this notice again to London, where he passed a summer in painting pictures on the Thames, principally below bridge. His natural aptitude for the quaint delineation of these subjects had evidently been well assisted by the Art cultivation he received at Antwerp. 'The Shrine,'

'London River,' 'Limehouse,' 'The Barge Builders,' 'Blackwall,' and 'Cheyne Walk,' 1872, contain six volumes of unvarnished history, poetical in their bare truth and quaintness, and daily becoming more valuable as the originals are swept away. The 'Barge Builders' and 'Limehouse' were in the Paris Exhibition of 1878: they were amongst the strongest and best of English exhibited works. If the monastery door was closed to our artist, some feelings of his heart, and some few of his thoughts, seemed yet to be weaving before the altar with the odour of the incense, for in the Academy of 1879 he again exhibited two pictures full of calm religious thought. With such pictures and such sentiments our exhibitions are by no means overdone; they are a relief to the monotony of genre, landscape, and portraiture. The subjects of these pictures were 'The Vespers' and 'The Calvary,' and they were his last efforts in that direction.

His last two summers have been spent in painting along the south and south-western coast, and it is probable that Littlehampton and Falmouth have provided some of the best subjects that ever left his easel. Those who know the sea really and by heart, and who have studied her thousands of laws and bye-laws of motion and colour, will best appreciate the painstaking study and the proficient knowledge—generally the result only of ardent love—which the artist has exhibited in these later subjects.

Probably the most important of his exhibited pictures was 'Saved,' the subject of the etching in our April number. It was one of the attractions of the Grosvenor Gallery last year, where its "fresh air and healthy nature" exhibited a strong contrast to many other works. If one were desirous of knowing the characteristics of various artists, and were to make one picture as essentially indicative of them, and were that artist Hemy, one would say, 'Saved' is a "Hemy;" no connoisseur could for one moment mistake it. The way that "dirty weather," at the entrance of one of our southern tidal harbours was portrayed, was the realisation of a mind, and the execution of a hand, distinct from any other.

ON THE POSITION AND AIMS OF DECORATIVE ART.

AN archbishop at an Academy dinner, doubtless with an amiable desire to administer consolation to those less favoured ones whose works did not adorn the walls around him, is reported to have said, in effect—Never mind; it is not given to every one to be a Raphael, a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo (the exhibition being, by implication, of course full of them), but let them not therefore despair; let them turn their attention to Decorative Art, for there was a large field in which they might yet distinguish themselves.

Now, although I do not suppose that even an archbishop could be found now to say anything of this kind, so rapid is the march of intellect, yet it struck me at the time as the expression of a very curious view of Art. It was not the unfortunate selection of names, all of which stood for artists pre-eminently decorative; it was not the placid assumption that the Academy represented both the best judgment upon, and the best work in, Art which the country produced; it was not this so much as the assumption that what is called Decorative Art belonged distinctly to a lower category, that its demands upon the mind of both the artist and the spectator were much less, and, in short, that the whole thing was of inferior aim, and required less skill and power to produce than what is called Pictorial Art.

If, however, we are justified in drawing any conclusions from the history and practice of Art, they would seem to invert this view of the matter altogether.

I have no wish to set sisters one against the other, to throw the apple of discord among the Muses, or make odious comparisons. Indeed, there is no need to do so, as, in my belief, both kinds of Art, in their higher development, join hands. Their true relative position may be illustrated by the two limbs of a pair of compasses—inseparable, and mutually dependent and helpful. And although I am of opinion that the grandest Art has always a monumental character, and that the highest kind of decoration is architectural, it is perhaps sufficiently obvious that painting and sculpture, in their disconnected and modern form, always gain enormously by being supported and balanced by an harmonious environment of their applied forms, by beauty in the framework and colouring of interior ornamentation and furniture.* And as to their higher monumental forms, as well expect flowers to bloom without stem, roots, light, and air, as to think that fine mural painting or sculpture, or the sense that produces and delights in them, can exist where there is no beauty in every-day things, no sources of harmonious thought about us, or gratification of the eye in pleasant colour or refined form in things of daily use and surrounding. This truth is probably coming home at last. It is sufficiently obvious to us—to actual workers in Art, but "truth," as has been said, "can never be confirmed enough," and I am afraid that it has by no means reached this stage with a great majority of the people (not to speak of academies and archbishops).

I am afraid that it still needs demonstration to many that beauty both in life and Art is not something accidental and fanciful, the luxury and pursuit of a few dreamers and misguided beings, even where it is not opposed as something positively pagan, and dangerous in tendency. The conception, to such minds, is still strange, that beauty is an organic thing, having its own laws, however various, its own logical causes and consequences; that its history, like that of everything else, is written in the records of the unending struggle for existence throughout Nature; that it is a survival of the fittest through its ever-varying forms, by selection, by gradual development, by adaptation, but subject with all living things to recurring seasons of growth, perfection, decline, and renaissance, as we follow its course down the long stream of time, and mark its many habitations from age to age.

* In fact, every picture and statue declares its original decorative purpose and architectural origin by the frame which surrounds the one, and the plinth or pedestal which supports the other; and in these adjuncts, so necessary to their completion and due setting, we may see the connecting links, not only with the surrounding structural characteristics of the room or gallery where they are placed, but also with that mural art and architecture of which they are the offshoots, and of which they once formed an integral part.—W. C.

We may well take more care of its treasure-houses and temples, seeing that it is certain the world shall not see their like again, and how grievously ignorance or zeal has ruined them. We may well treasure its broken caskets, its priceless shells and fragments cast up by the ruthless flood of years on our desert shores; but let us not, in our anxiety and admiration for the beauty that is of the past, forget that beauty is still a living force among us—a living presence, and that, like her prototype, she rises from our northern sea any summer morning, without the trouble of going to Cyprus.

But she must be fed, clothed, and housed in these latitudes, and for these necessities we, as decorative artists, must be held mainly responsible. We are the trustees as it were of the common property of beauty, the administrators of her wealth in palace or cottage, the stewards of her public places and broad lands. It is for us to see that they are not abused or encroached upon by weariness and dulness, or made abominable by fantastic ugliness—that her house is not left unto her desolate. For, whether as architects, sculptors, painters and designers, each after his kind, by the forms, proportions, colours, and patterns we put out, we are insensibly forming the tastes, by that strongest of all influences, daily association, of present and future generations.

And herein, to return to the question touched at the outset, is the mark and goal of decorative or applied art—that whereas other considerations may weigh largely in painting a picture, such as desire to get force or expression, or to emphasize the impression of a natural scene (though, personally, I should say they ought never to outweigh considerations of beauty), in decorative art these conditions are supreme. Pictorial art is checked by a more or less immediate reference to Nature, but in ornamental art the greatest triumphs have often a quite remote connection with Nature, as regards imitation of her forms.

The current notion of decoration is summed up in the expression, "flatness of treatment," and to the idea that on this hang all the law and the prophets of decorative art may be dimly traced, perhaps, the conception of it in the mind of the Archbishop, and of many superior persons. Hence, too, perhaps, those curious vegetable designs that are found in the *lower* deposits of Minton and South Kensington, so flatly treated, that they have the appearance of being taken bodily out of the garden and passed under the flat-iron, and the whole species of enfeebled flora and fauna generally, which have done duty as decoration. It is as if the genius of ornamental art had been conceived as a voracious but dyspeptic being, requiring everything in heaven and earth to be thoroughly boiled down before it could be properly assimilated.

Flatness of treatment, of course, is right enough; it is the most simple and obvious answer to one of the many problems a decorative artist has to consider. It is a great part of his business, no doubt, to assert the wall, but his work does not begin and end there. And even if this were the last word of decorative art, it is by no means so simple a matter as it sounds. A world of judgment must come in, as it must at every step in all Art, properly so called. It needs our best faculties, whether we work on the flat or the round; but as well might one be satisfied with the definition of painting as "the imitation of solid bodies on a plane surface," as with "flatness of treatment" as an adequate characterization of decoration. The real test in decoration is adaptability either to position or material. The exigencies of both decide the question of treatment, and at the same time often open the gates of invention, but assuredly no decoration has a right to the name which does not satisfy these conditions. For out of these conditions all varieties of decoration have sprung, and by these all questions of treatment are decided.

Yet within these limits it may truly be said of decorative artists that—

"The World (was) all before (them) where to choose."

Nay, like all true artists, they have to make their own world, and people it with their thoughts; and in respect of thought, applied art in its higher forms, by its command of figurative and emblematic resources, has practically unrestricted range, and in this direction may become again, as at its beginning, but in a higher sense, a language—a picture writing. In fact, in its systematized forms, balance of parts and organic framework, there seems to me to be the closest analogy between great decorative design and the forms of poetry. And considered as a language, what tongue can be more definite and enduring, whether we read it from the artist's or philosopher's point of view? How faint an idea should we get of the nations of antiquity if all their Art had perished! And it is all strictly decorative art, from the incised bones of the cave-men to the frieze of the Parthenon.

There can, then, be no doubt of the pedigree of Decorative Art, or the dignity of its character in the past, or of the importance of its position and aims in the present day. But in its progress there might seem to be greater lions in the path than ever were known before. When we consider what modern civilisation is, with its perhaps equally hideous extremes of luxury and squalor, its huge, ever-spreading, unlovely cities, the bare skeleton and bald scaffolding of new aims and inventions breaking through the rich tattered garment of ancient life and custom; when we consider how to reconcile these things, how to assert the supremacy of beauty, to raise her standard everywhere, and how to bring sweetness out of strength, we seem to need the power and courage of an artistic Samson.

Turn where we will, we must confront the enemy, however, and each do his part towards the solution of the problem. There is the whole armoury of ancient examples, as well as modern. But new difficulties must be met by new methods, and when we go forth in our war paint, tattooed, as it were, with the whole grammar of ornament, to meet the monsters of our time clad in plate glass and iron, or fortified in desirable residences, let us not forget the sling and stone of individual thought and judgment, and that it may yet be potent to put to flight the armies of the Philistines.

WALTER CRANE.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have had the pleasure of reading my friend Professor Richmond's discourses on the same subject, which have already appeared in the *Art Journal*, and I am glad to find that, writing independently, our views tend in the main to the same conclusions. Also since I wrote there has been, on the part of the Royal Academy, something like an official recognition, however tardy, of the claims of Decorative Art in the announcement made at the banquet this year by their excellent President respecting the institution of prizes in the schools for mural design and painting, and for architectural ornament. This is something. "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump," so perhaps in time it may have an effect on the Exhibition walls.—W. C.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH EXHIBITION, 1881.

IN this concluding notice we propose to describe the remainder of the most important oil paintings, and to add such few remarks as space will allow of, on the water colours and sculpture.

No. 514. 'The Hoarder,' SOLOMON ALEX. HART, R.A. An illustration of Shylock's words :—

> "Safe bind, safe find,
> A proverb well in store in thrifty mind."

A great deal of ridicule has been lavished of late years on the productions of this artist, whose last *acte de présence* this is, but it should not be forgotten that his acquaintance with the history, literature, and bibliography of Art was unrivalled.

No. 515. 'Before Naseby,' LASLETT J. POTT. Charles I. playing chess with an old courtier. In the imminent checkmate which awaits the monarch is the presage of his coming defeat in the field.

No. 521. 'Glyder Vawr,' B. W. LEADER. Another admirable landscape of this painter, showing us the rocky slopes of a Welsh mountain.

No. 523. 'A Shipwrecked Sailor waiting for a Sail,' J. E. HODGSON, R.A. A man lying on a wreck, with a dog beside him, watching anxiously for a sail on the horizon. This is the artist's diploma work.

No. 524. 'John Ballantyne, Esq., R.S.A.,' JOHN PETTIE, R.A. The respected curator of the painting school at the Academy is here represented in a very becoming volunteer uniform. We believe that this portrait was painted by Mr. Pettie during the period of his visitorship in the painting school, as an instructive example to the students of his method of work.

No. 529. 'Safe in the Mud,' ALFRED W. HUNT. Whitby Harbour at low tide, with a number of fishing-boats aground in the mud. Hung without any regard to, or appreciation of, its exceptional qualities, and consequently utterly damned by its juxtaposition to Mr. Shaw's hard and unsympathetic work.

No. 530. 'Atlantic Rollers: Gammon Head, South Devon,' and No. 536, 'A "Comber,"' WALTER J. SHAW. Nothing can exceed the vivid truth and reality with which the rolling waves are drawn and painted, but they smack too much of the photograph, and one looks in vain for that mystery of nature at a rendering of which the last-named artist is such an adept.

No. 537. 'Before his Peers,' JOHN PETTIE, R.A. A stately three-quarter figure of a young man in mediæval costume, holding a document in his hand.

No. 542. 'School Board in the North,' THOMAS FAED, R.A. The peasant girl seated at a table, on which are some tea-things, seems puzzled to know what to say. Perhaps she had better never have learned to say anything—in writing.

No. 548. 'In the Gloaming,' and No. 558, 'Mussel Gatherers,' COLIN HUNTER. Two companion pictures of Scotch scenery—the one showing a boat gliding over the calm waters of a loch in the dim evening twilight; the other some women and girls gathering mussels along the rocky shallows. Very unfairly hung. An etching of 'Mussel Gatherers' appeared in our July number.

No. 549. 'Counsel's Opinion,' T. GRAHAM. Seated on a bank outside a house is a pretty girl evidently listening to the advice—asked probably without the least intention of being followed—of an old woman standing at an open window. Very fresh and pleasant in colour.

No. 551, 552, 553. 'The Mistletoe Bough,' JESSIE MACGREGOR. A series of three pictures. The centre panel, showing the moment when the bride announces to her husband and the wedding guests that she is weary of dancing and means to hide, is gracefully composed, but both painting and drawing are amateurish and unworthy of so prominent a place on the line.

No. 554. 'Samson and the Lion,' EDWARD ARMITAGE, R.A. One of the largest pictures in the exhibition. Samson holds the lion uplifted above his head, as though about to crush him on the ground.

No. 559. 'Fresh Flowers from the Country,' VAL. C. PRINSEP, A. A pretty fair-haired girl in a white sun bonnet, with a bunch of primroses in her hand.

No. 561. 'Summer Evening: Venice,' JOHN MACWHIRTER, A. Quite a new subject for Mr. MacWhirter's brush, but one which he shows himself well able to deal with. There are no extraordinary effects of light, but the rendering of the soft hazy distance is good.

No. 566. 'The Origin of the English Woollen Trade,' D. W. WYNFIELD. The catalogue informs us that Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III., was the first to introduce the manufacture of woollen goods into this country; and that sending for her countryman, one "John Kempe of Flanders," she commenced operations in the first instance at Norwich. The picture represents the Queen visiting the manufactory to inspect the progress of the work.

No. 569. 'Monsieur le Curé,' WM. CLARKE WONTNER. A capital study of a head; it obtained a medal at the last distribution of prizes at the Academy schools.

No. 583. 'A Duet,' CARL SCHLOESSER. Painted with great care, and pleasant and harmonious in tone.

No. 584. 'Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator at Westminster Abbey,' EYRE CROWE, A. Represents the incident narrated in Addison's *Spectator* of Sir Roger seating himself in the coronation chair at Westminster, and inquiring, on the verger's telling him that the stone underneath was called Jacob's Pillow, what authority there was for saying that Jacob had ever been in Scotland.

No. 585. 'Whispers,' SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. The President's titles are always short and simple, and he has in this instance refrained from quoting Horace's words, "Lenis sub noctem susurrus," which must certainly have inspired the notice of this classical composition. The scheme of colour, both of the figures and the landscape, is deliciously soft and dream-like.

No. 589. 'Washerwomen: Venice,' C. VAN HAANEN. Not equal in importance to this artist's 'Venetian Pearl Stringers' of last year, but quite as true to nature and as charm-

* Concluded from page 216.

ing in colour. The figures of the two women, one upright, the other stooping, are admirably drawn.

No. 590. 'On the Coast, Connemara,' JOSEPH FARQUHARSON. An exquisite bit of coast scenery.

No. 596. 'It's always the Largest Fish that's Lost,' W. DENDY SADLER. A pendant to the 'Maundy Thursday' of last year.

No. 604. 'Captain James, Royal Scots Greys,' J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. An admirable likeness of the artist's son-in-law.

LECTURE ROOM.

No. 887. 'Candahar: the 92nd Highlanders and 2nd Goorkhas storming Gaudi Mullah Sahibdad,' R. CATON WOODVILLE. Capital as a spirited representation of the scene, but hardly so successful in point of colour.

No. 892. 'Au Revoir!' CLAUDE CALTHROP. Intended to represent a scene at Hampton Court Palace in the time of Queen Anne, when officers went there to take leave of the ladies of the court before going to the war. The perspective of the staircase is good, but the painting is somewhat slovenly.

No. 894. 'Lilas et Fleurs d'Arbres Fruitiers,' H. FANTIN. A beautiful bit of delicate colouring.

No. 899. 'The Defence of Rorke's Drift: Jan. 22nd, 1879,' ELIZABETH BUTLER. Full of dramatic incident. The action and expression of some of the individuals are very good, notably of the young soldier in the foreground kneeling and reloading his rifle. On the other hand, the composition as a whole wants intensity, and the colouring is unpleasant.

No. 903. 'St. Jerome,' ALPHONSE LEGROS. Well drawn, but dry and hard in colour.

No. 906. 'The Funeral Rites of a Mummy on the Nile,' F. A. BRIDGMAN. Having given us, two or three years ago, a most admirable and lifelike picture of the Nile in its modern aspect, Mr. Bridgman now introduces us to a scene of some thousands of years ago. A long quotation in the catalogue describes all the antiquarian details, which are most lavishly and accurately rendered in the picture.

No. 910. 'Innocence,' and No. 918, 'A Stray Kitten,' HORATIO H. COULDERY. Two fascinating pictures of cat life.

No. 923. 'The Curse of Rome: Mr. Edwin Booth as Richelieu,' JOHN COLLIER. The actor, who looks much taller than he really is, has his hand uplifted in the act of denunciation.

No. 937. 'Adrift,' JAMES M'INTYRE. A little girl up to her waist in snowdrift is crying after her umbrella, which the wind is ruthlessly carrying away. The expression of the child's face is good, and the whole painting capital.

No. 961. 'The Pets of an Eastern Palace: a Tunisian Study,' H. H. JOHNSTON. The interior of a courtyard, with gazelles and flamingoes. The different attitudes of the latter and their brilliant plumage are true to nature, and the whole picture is a bright pleasing bit of colour.

No. 968. 'Mid-Channel,' HENRY MOORE. Less of sentiment and more of nature than usual with this artist. The confused roll of deep blue waves is admirably rendered.

No. 971. 'Heresy,' R. BARRETT BROWNING. The heretic lies stretched on the floor of a dungeon with a heavy chain round his neck, while over him stands a monk, presumably exhorting him to repentance.

No. 972. 'Lord Wimborne,' JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. Presented by the Conservatives of Bristol. A full-length portrait of the energetic Conservative who, as Sir John Guest, so often unsuccessfully wooed that city.

No. 973. 'A Pious Fraud,' FEDERIGO ANDREOTTI. Another of this artist's humorous and capitally painted subjects, representing some monks in a cellar.

No. 975. 'C. Stuart Wortley, Esq., M.P.,' A. STUART WORTLEY. A capital and well-painted likeness, though rather too black in the shadows.

No. 981. '"Good-bye:" on the Mersey.' JAMES TISSOT. One of Mr. Tissot's characteristic scenes.

No. 984. 'Glacier of the Rhone,' SIR ROBERT COLLIER. Worthy to rank with many a professional artist's best efforts. "Pater ingeniosus, filius ingeniosior," may indeed be said of this distinguished judge and his son, Mr. John Collier.

No. 1006. 'Tibicina,' ARTHUR HILL. Remarkable as the only study of the completely nude female figure in the Exhibition. It is well drawn and painted, but betrays too clearly the professional model.

GALLERY X.

No. 1354. 'Not of the Fold,' FRED. MORGAN. Groups strolling to church across a rustic bridge stop to look at a basket-mender plying his trade by the roadside; his wife, with a baby in her arms, looks enviously at the church-goers.

No. 1360. 'The Dead Sea from the Wilderness of Engedi: Sunrise,' HENRY A. HARPER. Well known as Mr. Harper is for his true and lifelike water-colour sketches of Palestine scenery, he has never caught the *genius loci* of his subject more completely and successfully than in this admirable picture. The barren, rocky wilderness, the huge gorge called the "Valley of Fire," which divides it, the deep, blue Dead Sea, looking dense as molten metal, and the dark purple mountains of Moab, are all absolutely accurate both in contour and colouring.

No. 1365. 'Un Gage d'Amour,' E. BLAIR LEIGHTON. A carefully painted work, showing great promise, but somewhat defective drawing; it would be impossible, for instance, for the knight to sit upright in the saddle and put his hand inside the window, as he is represented doing.

No. 1366. 'The Bishop of Manchester,' JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A. A three-quarter portrait, presented, we believe, to the Bishop by his friends on the occasion of his marriage.

1371. 'Sir Galahad,' HERBERT SCHMALZ. Another young artist's work, forming a worthy pendant on the line to No. 1365. Full of poetical feeling and good painting.

No. 1372. 'Milking-time,' MARK FISHER. Sketchy, but showing a tender grace and a true love of nature.

No. 1377. 'The Very Rev. Principal Tulloch, D.D.,' GEORGE REID. A broadly treated, vigorous likeness.

No. 1384. 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' and No. 1392, 'David Dale, Esq.,' W. W. OULESS, R.A. Elect. Two admirable portraits.

No. 1391. 'S. Pepys Cockerell, Esq.,' G. F. WATTS, R.A. One of the best of Mr. Watts's portraits.

No. 1393. 'First come, first served,' C. BURTON BARBER. A bright pleasing picture of a girl feeding a number of deer out of a pail.

No. 1398. 'Mrs. Henry Lubbock,' J. HANSON WALKER. Refined and graceful, but does not do justice to the original.

No. 1399. 'An Alexandrian School,' WALTER C. HORSLEY. The attitudes of the old schoolmaster and his pupils, especially of the one reciting, are very good, and so also are those of the orange girl and her companion; while the

glimpse of the sea through the open mesherebeyet is most skilfully managed.

No. 1407. 'The Ferry,' ROBT. W. MACBETH. This picture has provoked very contradictory expressions of praise and blame. We think it deserves both. The group of the itinerant fiddler, his wife, and others on the right of the ferry-boat is admirable, but so much cannot be said of the girls on the left, while the whole of the background is most unfinished.

No. 1408. 'John R. Clayton, Esq.,' HENRY T. WELLS, R.A. A good likeness of the senior member of the well-known firm of Clayton and Bell.

No. 1414. 'Viola,' SIR F. LEIGHTON. P.R.A. To whom can such a lovely profile belong, and who else could paint it with such delicacy and refinement?

No. 1416. 'The Evening Star,' H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. A most delightful and poetical landscape.

No. 1417. 'Bianca,' SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A full-face of exceeding fairness.

No. 1423. 'Renouncing the Vanities by Order of Savonarola,' F. W. W. TOPHAM. The scene is well imagined, but the figure of Savonarola is weak, and the grouping somewhat confused.

No. 1430. 'Cares Forgotten,' WALTER SHIRLAW. A capital small study of an old woman who has fallen asleep over her knitting; the work, we believe, of an American artist.

No. 1432. 'Jogging Home and discussing the "Entry,"' W. H. HOPKINS. The best hunting picture in the exhibition.

No. 1433. 'The Song,' SOPHIE ANDERSON. Two classically draped maidens, seated beneath some forest trees, are listening to a third playing on the lyre. Very beautiful and harmonious in colouring.

GALLERY VIII.—WATER COLOURS.

The collection of water colours in this gallery is in many respects a remarkably good one, and we are very sorry that space will not allow of our doing more than enumerate some of the best. Among the most worthy of notice are the following:—No. 613. 'The Jester,' RAFFAELE GIANNETTI; No. 640. 'Italian Lace-makers,' SILVIO G. ROTTA—a consummate piece of drawing and colouring; No. 656. 'A Quiet Spot,' OCTAVIUS RICKATSON; No. 662. 'Market Place, Verona: Morning,' JOHN O'CONNOR—a large tempera drawing, showing all the artist's skill in perspective and grouping, and more successful than usual in its treatment of colour; No. 680. 'The Holy Rock, Jerusalem,' CARL HAAG—showing the work inside what is now known as the Mosque of Omar, and which is supposed to have been the altar of the Temple; No. 683. 'Left Behind,' JANE M. DEALEY—a charming study of a girl; No. 691. 'Bank-side, with Birds: Early Spring,' MARTIN SNAPE—a marvellous study of natural objects, as is also No. 692. 'The Finishing Touch,' HERBERT ALLCHIN; No. 704. 'Highland Cattle,' J. DONOVAN ADAM; No. 708. 'The History of a Crime'—a wonderfully painted stoat, about to make short work of a nestful of young birds; No. 710. 'Wind-bowed Birches at Arthog,' JAMES WATTS; No. 730. 'An English Homestead,' and No. 732. 'An Old Roman Bridge,' JOHN M'DOUGAL—both capital landscapes; No. 731. 'Feeding Silkworms,' H. REINHART; No. 733. 'Waterfall near the Königsee, Bavaria,' ARTHUR CROFT; No. 740. 'A Study,' GEORGE Q. P. TALBOT—a book, helmet, lamp, curtain, &c., most minutely, beautifully painted; No. 750. 'The Brook Pool,' JAMES E. GRACE; No. 755. 'Moorish Café, Blida, Algeria,' ARTHUR CROFT; No. 759. 'The Castle of Nuremberg,' LORENZ RITTER; No. 783, 'A Two-penny Treasury,' B. W. SPIERS, another minutely painted collection of books, keys, writing materials, &c.; No. 797, 'Richmond Castle,' MARY FOSTER—a lovely drawing of a lovely spot; No. 808, 'In a Cider Orchard; Devonshire Coast,' JAMES G. BINGLEY; No. 816, 'Hay-time in Sussex,' JOHN H. DEARLE; No. 823, 'The Silvery Stream,' JAMES E. GRACE; No. 828, 'Goldfinch and Butterflies,' HERBERT ALLCHIN.

THE SCULPTURE.

No. 1448. 'The Ever-reigning Queen,' H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A. A marble flat relief of Venus drawn over the sea in a shell by dolphins, spoilt by the exceeding ugliness of the queen. It is the artist's diploma work.

No. 1469. 'The Obedience of Joshua,' H. H. ARMSTEAD, R.A. A marble panel in the same style as the preceding. It is intended to be placed as a memorial in the Guards' Chapel, St. James's Park.

No. 1478. 'Cleopatra,' GEORGE A. LAWSON. The Egyptian queen is in the act of expiring from the effect of the asp's bite. The statue, which is in plaster, is heroic in its proportions, but the modelling of the limbs is very good.

No. 1486. 'A Moment of Peril,' THOMAS BROCK. This huge group, the plaster cast of which was exhibited last year, represents an Indian on horseback in deadly struggle with a huge serpent. The Academy has paid the artist the deserved and substantial compliment of purchasing this noble work for the Chantrey collection.

No. 1495. 'Teucer,' HAMO THORNYCROFT, A. Perhaps the finest piece of modelling that has been seen for some years. Were we inclined to be hypercritical, we might say that the anatomy *saute aux yeux* almost too much. But the splendid figure of the Trojan bowman, standing erect after the discharge of the last of his eight arrows, each of them fatal to a hero, though not to the special one at whom he aimed, seems to defy criticism. We hope to see it next year in bronze.

No. 1496. 'Sabrina thrown into the Severn,' W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A. A beautiful reading in bronze of the legend from which the Severn is said to derive its name.

No. 1498. 'The Prodigal Son,' W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A. The despairing attitude of the prodigal is well conceived. This marble statue has also been judiciously purchased for the Chantrey collection.

Among the busts and other works deserving of attention are:—'Mrs. Asher,' WILLIAM BRODIE; 'S. B. Bancroft, Esq.,' COUNT GLEICHEN; 'Miss Du Maurier,' HENRIETTA S. MONTALBA; 'Thomas Carlyle,' J. E. BOEHM, A.; 'Cardinal Newman,' MARIO RAGGI; 'L'Ago Magnetico,' CARLO ORSI; 'Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,' J. E. BOEHM, A.; 'W. Spottiswoode, Esq., Pres. Royal Society,' A. BRUCE JOY; 'A German Wild Boar,' JULIUS HAEHNEL; 'Sleep,' HENRY HOLIDAY; 'Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.,' THOMAS BROCK.

LORD DERBY ON ART CULTURE.

ON March 17th the new School of Science and Art which has been built and presented to the town of Oldham by the firm of Messrs. Platt Brothers, at a cost of £10,000, was formally opened by the Earl of Derby. In distributing the prizes to the students in the Science and Art classes he said, "There are two sides to the question of Art as we look at it here: the one industrial or commercial, the other that which relates to Art as a branch of human culture. Of the industrial part of the question it is enough to say that English products go to every part of the world, that they compete with similar products from many other countries, that successful competition in the articles of common use depends, to some degree at least, on ornamentation, and that defective as the popular taste may be, still, when a good and a bad design are put side by side, the great majority of civilised mankind have sufficient use of their eyes to detect it. A trained eye and a cultivated taste are therefore of no small value in a purely utilitarian point of view, as bearing on the extension of our trade. But that is not the only consideration to which we have to look. We cannot lay down with precision the relation which exists between the artistic culture of any country and its general civilisation. That the one is an exact measure of the other is a doctrine which, as it seems to me, history does not bear out. There are qualities which seem to have no relation to Art, and which yet are important factors in national greatness. I dare not contend that an unartistic people is an uncivilised people. The history of Rome in old days, the history of England up to a recent date, would hardly square with that idea. But I do affirm that a people in whom no high or great development of Art is possible fails to realise a part of its destiny, and fails to do for itself and for the world what it might. And what is true of the nation is true also of the individual. I do not argue that without a love or knowledge of Art even a high degree of mental or moral culture is impossible. Able men, men of keen intellect, men of influence and patriotic purpose, fulfilling their duties blamelessly and usefully, have lived, and do live, contentedly in a world which has nothing to please the eye or to gratify the artistic taste. All one can say of such persons is that their teaching in one respect is incomplete, that they miss one of the purest and the most lasting of human enjoyments, and that their loss is not the less because they themselves are not conscious of it. We do not believe in making everybody an artist, but we do believe in raising the whole level of culture in that respect, and no man whose eyes are open can doubt the direction in which we are moving.

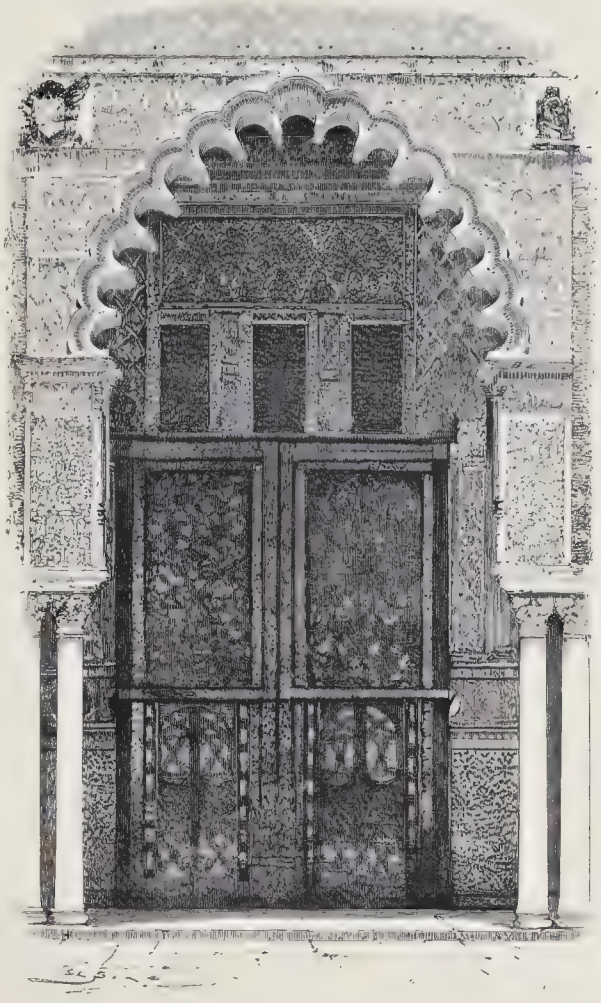
"As to the increase in the love for Art, no man who keeps his eyes open and sees the world around him can dispute it. Look at the interest excited by the London yearly exhibitions; observe the enormous business, and continually increasing business, that is done in pictures, in drawings, and in prints. No rich man at the present day considers himself decently lodged unless he has on his walls some specimens of the work of well-known painters. When we speak of the development of English Art, am I not justified in saying that in one department at least—that of water colours—we have taken the lead in Europe? I know that is a very general opinion, not in England only, which might not prove much, but in other countries also, which proves more.

"I have spoken so far of painting only. Now take the profession which is a branch of Art—take that of architecture. Compare the London of to-day with the London of forty years ago. Far be it from me to say that the results of our present work are all we could wish. There is ugliness enough still, and sometimes there is that kind of pretentious ugliness which is infinitely more unpleasant than the mere absence of anything that attempts to please the eye. Everywhere you see the attempt at least to realise some result better than our forefathers accomplished. Those large square boxes of brown brick, with holes cut in them, which represented the frontage of London streets at the beginning of the present century, are not reproduced in any work I have seen of the present day. And outside London, here in these northern towns, where, it must be owned, our climate and our surroundings are not always inspiring, you at least see that public money is freely spent—and spent with the full acquiescence and consent of those upon whom the burden will fall—in public edifices which only want a brighter sun and purer air to be recognised as not unworthy of more picturesque parts of the world. We do not boast of æsthetic cotton-mills. I have seen one or two attempts in that direction, but on the whole the less said about them the better. But I think our law courts, our town-halls, our free libraries, and public buildings of that sort, even in our poor smoky Lancashire, will bear architectural comparison with most modern European work that I know. A great writer is perpetually inculcating the theory that so long as we live in smoky towns and use steam-engines and build tall chimneys, it is no use our trying to be artistic. Well, that seems to be a hard doctrine, because, though we might modify the conditions of our national existence, we cannot absolutely alter them; and if English Art is only to begin to flourish when English manufactures cease, I am afraid it will have a very long time to wait, nor would a people utterly impoverished care much for anything that was not necessary for their subsistence. But if warnings of that kind are made, not to discourage us, but, on the contrary, to stimulate us into trying to make our surroundings a little brighter, I think we may forgive the exaggeration for the sake of the good advice. For myself, I hold that it is just in districts like these, where, unhappily, nature has lost a good deal of her charms, and where crowded populations gathered in centres of business have not much that is artistically beautiful or pleasant—I say it is here, more than elsewhere, that industry should strenuously exert itself to repair the mischief that industry has produced. If we cannot take our people to brighter and pleasanter regions, we may at least give them the chance of seeing something that is not sordid and squalid; and if dulness of climate and monotony of employment create—as we know they do—in some minds a taste for low and poor and mean gratifications, I say it is our duty to counterwork those temptations by endeavouring to introduce such elements of civilisation—of a higher civilisation—as can flourish under skies which are often cloudy, and such as may soften and refine, I will not say rough, but careless and undeveloped natures."

SEVILLE.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

SEVILLE is rightly esteemed one of the brightest and liveliest cities of Spain. In none are there more gaiety and more movement, a more equable climate, a bluer sky, or a more genial sun. The streets, mostly of Moorish origin, are narrow, but the lofty houses are well built and well kept. Abundant whitewash, freely applied, may mar architectural beauty, but when contrasted with the brilliant colours of striped awnings, green rejas, red-tiled roofs, flowers blooming perennially, and plants and trees perpetually green, it produces under the strong white sunlight a vivid, almost a startling effect. There is plenty to see in Seville. It is rich in antiquities and monuments of the past. Its various owners and rulers—Romans, Goths, Moors, and Spaniards—have left their mark plainly upon it. Roman remains are constantly turned up at every corner. Hard by are the ruins of Italica, a great military town founded by Scipio as a sanitarium for his soldiers—a city which had the honour of giving birth to three Roman emperors, Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius; which was endowed magnificently, owning aqueducts, temples, and amphitheatres. Julius Cæsar did much for Seville, fortifying it, granting it many privileges, and encouraging Roman patricians to make it their home. Under the Moors, who gained possession of it very soon after Don Roderic's defeat, Seville throve and prospered rarely. It became a centre of trade and manufacture. Seated securely far up a navigable river, the Moorish merchants of Seville were engaged in wide operations with the rest of the European world. They paid especial attention to silk culture, which at one time gave employment to more than two hundred thousand persons, while the manufacture of other fabrics, and the raising of agricultural produce, of corn, wine, olives, and all fruits, were greatly encouraged by the industry of the people and the fertile character of the surrounding soil. Dynastic dissensions, unhappily for the Moors, soon lost them this highly favoured city. In the early part of the thirteenth century King Ferdinand, who was subsequently canonised, a great and pious king as well as an excellent soldier, invaded Andalusia, and after taking many minor towns, laid siege at last to Seville. The *romancero*, or ballad literature of Spain, is full of glowing accounts of this hotly contested fight, in which Christians and Moslems alike performed prodigies of valour, and victory, so runs the legend, only smiled upon the former through the direct interposition of the Holy Virgin.



Arch in the Alcazar, Seville.

Seville became nominally Spanish and Christian from that time forth. But the Moors were only conquered and dispossessed, not expelled. Seville long retained its Moorish character; it is indeed half Moorish—a museum of Moorish antiquities, as Ford says—to this day. Moorish marquetry, Arabic ceilings, Moorish arches, Moorish windows, the Moorish *azulejos*, or varnished porcelain tiles, are still to be encountered everywhere in Seville. The great bell-tower of the cathedral, the graceful Giralda, although added to and raised by a Christian architect, is a Moorish monument, originally intended as

a muezzin tower, whence the crier called the faithful to prayer. The Alcazar, again, although enlarged and beautified by Christian kings, is founded upon an ancient Moorish palace, and still rejoices in a Moorish name. It was the royal residence of the Spanish rulers so long as Seville continued to be the capital of the Spanish court, which was until Charles V. transferred his head-quarters to Valladolid, whence in time Philip II. moved to Madrid. Among those who enriched and beautified the Alcazar was Don Pedro, surnamed the Cruel, whose vices and atrocities still survive in Spanish history.

Later Spanish sovereigns sought to alter, if not exactly improve, the Alcazar. The Catholic kings added a pretty chapel; Charles V., who was married in this palace to Isabella of Portugal, laid out the cinque-cento gardens, which, with their orange-laden walls, their marvellous tall hedges of box, their various levels, their ponds and hidden



Fountain in Patio of Pilate's House, Seville.

fountains, are perhaps the most curious of their kind in the world. The same monarch added the fireplaces, and Philip V. tried his best to spoil the palace by subdividing the noble saloons with partitions of lath and plaster. The last benefactor was the Duke of Montpensier, Louis Philippe's son, who married a sister of the last Isabella of Spain, and long resided at the palace of San Telmo, in Seville. At his expense, and under his supervision, an effort was made at restoration, which was costly, but not particularly artistic or successful. The colouring, intended to reproduce the brilliancy of the ancient Moorish decoration, is far too garish, the gilding is coarse, and the painting very indifferent. Still the general effect is good, and must convey some, if only an imperfect, idea of the magnificence of a Moorish palace in the past.

Not far from the Alcazar stands the Torre del Oro, the

Golden Tower, shown in the woodcut on p. 236, just above the iron bridge leading to the Triana suburb. This tower, antiquarians declare, was once an outwork of the fortifications of the palace. At one time a chain was stretched across the river from this point. Various derivations are given for the name, the most plausible being the orange hue of its brickwork. Another not less likely is that this tower was the treasure-house of the Moors. Don Pedro the Cruel, it is said, also kept his money here, under the guardianship of a Jewish banker named Levi. But he applied the tower to other uses, and



Window in Pilate's House, Seville.

imprisoned therein his cast-off mistresses and his private or public foes. The Torre del Oro still more richly deserved its title when Columbus added the new world to the old, or rather "to Castille and Leon," to use the words of the epitaph in the cathedral. Seville rose at once into great commercial importance, and the river tower became a storehouse for the precious metals brought from the Western world. The value of this river port, shielded by its inland position from piratical incursions and hostile attacks, gave it a great advantage over Cadiz, which lay exposed quite at the water's edge. Seville

became the mart for colonial produce, the residence of merchant princes, who lived in palaces and did their business in the great Lonja, the long room or exchange, a splendid building which stands in the square before the cathedral. But trade languished when Spanish naval supremacy began to decline. The long war with England, the destruction of the Armada, the weakness of the home Government, and last of all, the loss of the American colonies, reduced the port of Seville almost to insignificance. From this, however, it is now rapidly recovering, and is fast taking leading rank among the commercial cities of Spain. Its exports are large, consisting mainly of local produce, agricultural and mineral; its imports are varied, ranging from salt cod for the religious fast-observing native population to spices and railway iron. The river is once more crowded with shipping, vessels of considerable draught can lie alongside the wharfs, and there is a regular service of river steamers from Seville to the sea.

A good notion of what Seville was in its palmiest days, when its grandees could spend princely revenues on the gratification of any whim, may be got from a visit to the Casa de Pilatus, a nobleman's mansion of the sixteenth century, built by the ancestors of the present Duke of Medina Celi. This house is supposed to be on the plan of that occupied by Pontius Pilate—hence its name. It was commenced by Don Pedro Enriquez on his return from a visit to the Holy Land, and continued by his son and descendants. Several of these were men of note in their age, with much wealth and great opportunities of collecting Art treasures. Thus one, the first Duke of Alcala, was Viceroy of Naples, whence he brought a number of fine pictures, many of them presented by Pope Pius V. to enrich his family mansion. The third duke was the Mecænas of his epoch, the great patron of contemporary Art and literature. The Casa de Pilatus was the great gathering-point of the men of



Bridge of Triana over the Guadalquivir, Seville.

letters and painters of the day. Here Cervantes met Gongora and the Herreras; here came Pacheco to paint the portraits and write the lives of his comrades and friends. Many of these artists contributed to the decoration of the house. Pacheco painted a fresco for the third duke representing Dædalus and Icarus, and others gave statues or helped in the general design. The style of the house is semi-Oriental; the decoration, as O'Shea says, especially of the great *patio*, or courtyard, "a magnificent example of the Mudejar Saracenic Art at its decline." This patio is very remarkable. Its pavement is of marble; in the centre is a fine fountain (figured in the second woodcut), the basin of which is supported by dolphins and crowned with the head of Janus; at each angle are colossal statues of Pallas, Ceres, and other goddesses, which were given by the Pope, Pius V. Around the patio the walls, to a height of ten feet, are lined with *azulejos*, and above are beautifully intricate patterns of stucco tracery, broken at intervals by niches filled with the busts of great men. The copy of the Jewish original was carried to the extent of reproducing Pilate's *prætorium;* in the private chapel—an exquisite specimen richly ornamented—is a pillar, the gift of Pius V., supposed to be a copy of that to which Christ was bound to be scourged. Many of the treasures of this curiously interesting mansion have been removed to the palace of the Duke of Medina Celi in Madrid, nor is very close attention paid to what remains. Fragments of statues lie here and there in deserted rooms; the garden, teeming with luxuriant vegetation, is greatly neglected; while some portions of the house have been modernised, and certainly not improved. The beautiful old window, which has been engraved (p. 235), surmounted with the family crest and its supporters, is unchanged, and will furnish a key to the general appearance of the house. ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SALON.

AN exceptional interest will for a long time attach to the Salon of 1881, for the Government of the Republic decided, at the end of last year, to retire from the management of the exhibition, and place it in the hands of the artists themselves, the only aid in the nature of a subsidy which the latter would receive being the gratuitous use of the building wherein the exhibition is held.

As a consequence, early in January a meeting of all the artists who had ever exhibited was held, and, on the proposition of the Minister of the Fine Arts, a committee of ninety members was formed by the votes of these artists. It is not only interesting, but instructive to see the relationship which exists between the respective artists and their popularity as judged by their places on the poll. We have, therefore, given the list in its entirety, with the votes attached which each artist secured.

Painting Committee.—Bonnat, 1,670; Henner, 1,632; P. de Chavannes,* 1,537; Jules Lefebvre, 1,517; J. P. Laurens, 1,482; Harpignies, 1,460; Vollon, 1,449; J. Breton,* 1,443; Carolus Duran, 1,388; Bastien-Lepage, 1,365; Busson, 1,336; Bouguereau, 1,329; Delaunay,* 1,296; Barrias, 1,273; De Neuville, 1,263; Cabanel, 1,214; Feyen Perrin, 1,227; Baudry,* 1,207; Duez, 1,199; De Vuillefroy, 1,186; G. Boulanger, 1,172; Ribot,* 1,171; Roll, 1,159; Hanoteau, 1,156; Cormon, 1,116; Morot, 1,086; Gervex, 1,083; Humbert, 1,080; Mazerolle, 1,036; Lalanne, 1,026; Guillemet,* 1,024; Français, 1,009; Fantin-La-Tour, 1,008; Constant, 1,007; Protais, 1,001; Detaille, 992; Luminais, 972; Guillaumet, 840; Jules Dupré, 823; Cot, 654; E. Lévy, 963; Butin, 899; Lairielle, 823; Rapin, 949; Van Marcke, 884; Bin, 964; Pils, 705; Lansyer, 926; Bonvin, 914; Cazin, 984; Lerolle, 873; H. Lévy, 795; Bernier, 751.

Sculpture Committee.—P. Dubois, 271; Chapu, 267; Mersié, 243; Fremiet, 239; Falguière, 239; Schœnewerk, 230; M. Moreau, 228; Thomas, 204; Hiolle, 183; Carlier, 177; Guillaume, 176; Barrias, 176; Delaplanche, 157; Millet, 132; Degeorge, 132; Captier, 132; Dumont,* 110; Galbrunner, 110; T. Noël, 109; Allar, 100; Iselin, 98; Le Villain, 99.

Architects.—Vandremer, 105; Lisch, 88; Ballu, 81; Boesvilwald, 76; Rupuch Robert, 72; Bavdot, 70; Ch. Garnier, 68; Bailly, 66; Coquart, 51; Brune, 46.

Engravers.—J. Laurens, 106; Bracquemond, 102; Didier, 100; Gaillard,* 96; Laguillermie, 86; Gilbert, 77; Boilvin, 76; Rousseau, 67; H. Dupont, 64; J. Robert, 63; Léveillé, 63.

The ninety thus elected at once set to work and organized and drew up the rules of the Société des Artistes Français pour l'Exposition des Beaux Arts, 1881. The duration of this society only extends until a month after the closing of the Salon, when, as at present arranged, it will be wound up. The temporary character thus bestowed upon it at first sight appears peculiar and uncalled for, but we understand that it was adopted at the suggestion of the Government, who felt that it was not altogether a certainty that the artists would be able to manage their own affairs, nor was it more so that the successors of the present ministry would adhere to the acts of their predecessors. The society thus constituted decided that the capital should be £8,000 in shares of £4 each; these shares were all subscribed by the members of the committee, and a question has at once arisen, Supposing the exhibition to be a success, will these guarantors divide the profits amongst themselves? The artists outside the committee say No, that there was no risk unless the exhibition was grossly mismanaged, and that the fund, after payment of expenses and of the prizes, will belong to the exhibitors.

At present it appears that the sum to be derived from entrances, sale of catalogues, and concession from refreshment contractors will be exceptionally large this year; it is stated that during the first week 160,000 francs were taken in entrances alone; but this hardly tallies with the published admissions of the second day, which were as follows:—

At 2 francs	1,124
1 ,,	7,238
Free	1,326
	9,688

It would be interesting to compare these figures, were it possible, with those of the Royal Academy of London.

The total number of works admitted has been considerably reduced from last year, when an enormous mass of productions were exhibited. The numbers this year are as follows:—

Paintings	2,448
Drawings	1,111
Sculpture	807
Medals	43
Architecture	138
Engravings	395
	4,942

A French critic of note blames the jury very much for not having strength of mind enough to limit the numbers to a thousand. After careful observation he apportions the pictures as follows:—Very good, 50; fairly good, 200; interesting, 200. If five hundred more had been included from motives of encouragement to their creators, it should have amply sufficed, and the French would have had a "Salon délicieux."

No artist, it must be remembered, is allowed to exhibit more than two works in each class, so that the 2,448 paintings represent the work of at least 1,500 painters, nearly four times the number who exhibit at the Royal Academy. It is certain that there are in every room quantities of pictures which no "hanging committee" at Burlington House would entertain for a moment, and this probably is the result—at least the French artists so attribute it—of the hanging committee being so large (forty for paintings) that there are few artists who have no friend upon it who will put in a word in favour of their production, whatever its merit may be.

On entering the exhibition the first thing that strikes a foreigner is that no attempt has been made by the new administrators to mitigate that feeling of dinginess and second-rateness which at the outset meets one in the dirty sanded floor, the shouting of catalogue vendors, and the carpets hung around for sale—an impression which is not effaced by the peep through the vestibule of statues placed amidst a

* Declined to serve.

parterre of grass and flowers. There appears no reason why all this should not be dispelled by statuary judiciously placed at the foot and at the first break of the stairs.

In the first room alone is the alphabetical order of hanging dispensed with. On its walls are displayed the pictures which the jury consider exceptionally worthy of notice. This year, facing one, is seen Baudry's 'Glorification de la Loi,' right and left Bertrand's 'Patrie' and Detaille's 'Distribution des Drapeaux,' and behind young François Flameng's 'Les Vainqueurs de la Bastille.' By a large majority (246 votes against 57 to the next in order) the Medal of Honour has been awarded to the first named of these artists for an enormous canvas destined for the Great Chamber of the Court of Cassation. It is difficult for any one to judge of the merits of a work which, intentioned for a ceiling, and to be lit from the side, is now hung on a wall and flooded with light from above. It is still more difficult for an Englishman, entirely unaccustomed to the sight or the study of such decorative works, to altogether understand or appreciate them, especially in this case, where, in order to meet the popular whim, the artist has produced a "national" scheme of colour in the "red" robe of the judge, the "white" garment of the Law, and the "blue" of Justice, which is again repeated in the flag which Authority holds in her hand. This and the startling juxtaposition of blue and green in others of the figures give it, to the untutored eye, an appearance of theatrical garishness, but which to the indoctrinated Frenchman is evidence of a "coloriste aristocrate." This same difficulty of obtaining a harmony of colour in works on a grand scale is evident in the work by François Flameng, the medalist of 1879, which hangs opposite. Here, owing to a greenish hue which pervades the whole, the powerful drawing and capital composition are entirely overlooked. We were informed by the artist that this acknowledged defect arose from his having painted it in too small a studio, where he could not get properly away from his work, and that he had an excuse for the enormous size of his canvas in the fact that it was destined for the new Hôtel de Ville. M. Detaille has, for a like reason, been obliged to go altogether beyond his métier in 'La Distribution des Drapeaux,' and his work shows how a man accustomed to "la petite scène" is confounded by having to accept the State's demands, and cover with paint a canvas the size of a houseside. The sooner he throws off an official encumbrance which compels him to paint with minute exactness, and larger than in reality, the greasy interiors of Deputies' hats, the better for his fame and for Art. The fourth picture, by G. Bertrand, named 'Patrie,' represents an ensign carried from the field of battle on the flag which he has borne aloft until death. The subject is poetically rendered, and was thought sufficiently of by his fellow-artists to place him fourth on the list for the medal of honour, and to obtain him a medal of the second class.

In the limit of so short a notice, and one which this year of necessity deals principally with the novel method of administration, one can but briefly call attention to a few of the works, and therefore we have principally selected those which attract attention by their divergence from academic paths. First amongst these is Puvis de Chavannes' 'Pauvre Pêcheur.' It is certain that had this picture been presented to any hanging committee in England it would, without a second consideration, have been marked with the fatal cross, and a feeling of astonishment at its audacity is for a long time the only sentiment it imparts. But it is a work which, in spite of this, insists upon forcing upon one a feeling of the utter poverty and hopeless life of the fisherman, which it represents in the act of prayer after having let down a net from his boat. If any one could have lost faith in the efficacy of prayer it would have been this man, who had passed his life in such a continued struggle for existence, and in the midst of such an apparently "God-forsaken" clime. Bastien-Lepage's beggar, on the other hand, although evidencing twice the talent, does nothing but disgust from its realistic portrayal of the impostor as he pockets the ill-bestowed charity. This picture is curious, as showing how well and how badly a man can paint. The beggar is admirably rendered, the accessories are the work of a tyro. Under the new regulations De Neuville has again appeared at the Salon. It will be remembered that his battle-pieces and those of one or two others were thought by the Government to be calculated to keep alive the animosity engendered by the war, and, as a consequence, a request was made to them to consider this in their choice of subjects. Some of the painters took umbrage at what they considered an unnecessary dictation, and for some years absented themselves from the Salon. De Neuville's two pictures, 'La Cimetière de Saint Privat' and 'Un Porteur des Dépêches,' exhibit all the vigorous colouring and dexterous handling of the painter, and what goes almost without saying, the valour of the French and the brutality of the German soldiers. Berne Bellecour's 'Attack on the Château of Montbéliard' is the most successful production of the battle painters "in little."

Amongst the single-figure subjects there are few that can vie with Constant's 'L'Hérodiade.' We shall have more to say on this picture when it appears as an etching in this Journal. Lefebvre's 'Fiammetta' is another strong piece of painting of a similar character.

Two pictures, particularly French, but very cleverly painted, are Berndtson's 'Le Chanson de la Mariée' and Dantan's 'Le Déjeuner du Modèle.' These are the extremes to such work as Aubert's 'Le Miroir aux Alouettes' and Le Roux's 'Herculaneum.' In nudities Henner's 'Le Repos' has gained a third medal. It appeared worthy of a higher prize. Even Frenchmen have called out against the pruriency of Morot's, the medalist of last year's 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' and this year his name is not in the list at all. Other figure subjects worthy of mention are Pelez's 'La Maternité,' Dumont Breton's 'Femme du Pêcheur,' Moreau's 'Bohémiens,' Motte's 'Richelieu sur la Digue de la Rochelle,' and Renouf's delightfully simple and quaint 'Un Coup de Main.' Nor must Aublet's 'Salle d'Inhalation,' or his portrait in white, be overlooked. Of the statuary we have no space now to speak, but we hope to devote an article to it when Mr. Flameng has completed for us his etching of Lord Ronald Gower's statue of 'Hamlet,' which adorns one of the four corners of that artist's large group of 'Shakspere and his Characters.'

Amongst animal painters the works of Brunet-Houard and Chelmonski are noteworthy. Of the multitudinous landscapes we would mention Butin's 'Départ' as noticeable for its admirable rendering of a wet shore, as is Loir's wet street in 'Giboulées;' and Charnay's 'Pluie d'Automne' for the skill displayed not only in the autumnal aspect of the old garden, but the clever draughtsmanship of the figures. Others which call for mention are Flahaut's 'Le Retour à la Ferme,' Pointelin's 'Coteau Jurassien,' Defaux's 'Les Bords du Loing,' Demont's 'Bras de Mer,' Guillemet's 'La Plage,' Stott's 'Un Rêve de Midi;' and amongst marines, Courant's 'La Barque à Goddebi' and Ulfsten's 'Sur la Côte de Norwège.'

JAPANESE KERAMIC ART.*

IN 1867 the Art connoisseurs of Europe were first made thoroughly aware of the remarkable skill and taste possessed by the artists of Japan, by means of the Japanese display in the Paris Exhibition of that year. A few individuals, here and there, were fully alive to the beauties of style and exquisite finish of such works of Art as had previously reached Europe, but this feeling was not general, and at first did not develop rapidly.

In 1870 the first important exhibition of exclusively Japanese works of Art took place in Liverpool, on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association in that city. The display was almost entirely made up of cloisonné enamels from the collection of Mr. James Lord Bowes, who not only was one of the first to appreciate those beautiful productions, but also had the good fortune to possess himself of exceedingly fine specimens long before the demand had arisen which eventually drove the really genuine antique enamels out of the market, and led to the inundation of inferior and more modern specimens, which themselves gave way in time to such inferior manufactures that purchasers could not be found for them. The Japanese are wonderfully quick in recognising their position and interests; they soon saw that the enamels of China maintained their value, whereas theirs had lost all charm for collectors, and they immediately induced Chinese workmen to settle amongst them, and combine their knowledge of more brilliant colours with the exquisite fineness of the Japanese artisan's manipulation.

The old enamels of the best period of Japanese Art have so soft an appearance, such beautifully subdued colours, and such exquisitely perfect working out of the complicated, and often exceedingly minute details, that a very short experience of genuine antique specimens teaches the appreciative collector how to distinguish them from the less carefully finished and less harmoniously coloured ones of a later period, and still more decidedly from those which immediately preceded the introduction of Chinese workmanship into the Japanese ateliers.

Many of the last mentioned are very choice, and will doubtless ere long attract the attention of collectors: some especially interesting specimens of translucent enamelling on bright copper are very beautiful, and are remarkably noticeable for the exquisite fineness of the geometric diapering of the patterns formed by the cloisonné wires.

As to the general style and national peculiarities of Japanese Art subjects it is unnecessary to refer here, for the pages of this Journal have been enriched with articles by the most competent authorities. But in another branch of Japanese Art, namely, that of the potter, and the one in which Japanese artists are unrivalled in beauty and variety of design, delicacy of manipulation, and fineness of material, we are chiefly indebted to the public spirit, extensive knowledge, and wide acquaintance with other collections than his own unrivalled one, aided by Mr. G. A. Audsley, of Mr. James Lord Bowes, of Liverpool, who at great cost brought out their magnificent folio work, "The Keramic Art of Japan," which has been followed up by an octavo edition, placing it within the reach of those unable to procure the *édition de luxe*. The information given in those two works, and especially the latter, has led to a more intelligent appreciation of the style and designs of the higher class keramic works of Japan than heretofore existed amongst us. The smaller and much cheaper edition will doubtless have a wide circulation, as the plates have been executed with marvellous fidelity as to the designs. They should prove of great value to collectors of Japanese keramic art, and help to guard them against the myriads of spurious specimens with which the European market is deluged; for genuine ones have long since become rare, being swallowed up in the collections of those who were early impressed with the beauty and perfection of the older specimens which came abundantly into the market immediately after the London Exhibition of 1862, and continued to come into Europe until a short time after the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The Japanese were surprised at the money value set by European connoisseurs upon their Art treasures, and were tempted to part very freely with them until a reaction set in, and they tried to supply modern and inferior wares for the almost priceless specimens they had let slip through their fingers and lost for ever. Probably the private collections of Europe contain more real Japanese antiques than can now be found in Japan, and these can only come into our markets by the breaking up and sale of such accumulations.

As we are only at the beginning of our acquaintance with the Japanese and their manners and customs, and as their language is but little known to Europeans, we have doubtless much to learn and much to unlearn. The natives of Japan visit us in great numbers now, but notwithstanding they have remarkable linguistic powers, and learn to speak our language with apparent freedom and correctness, too great a reliance must not be placed upon them, for their innate politeness leads to a desire to give the information sought for, while their knowledge of the subject may be very imperfect. Even Europeans who have resided in the country have, in spite of every desire to obtain a correct knowledge of such matters as most interested them, often been widely misled by the want of technical knowledge either in themselves or in those from whom they sought information.

Those who possess correct critical taste are not numerous amongst us, and probably there are quite as few in proportion in Japan; but the authors of the work under notice have laboured assiduously and patiently to collect all facts bearing upon the manufacture and decorative arts of the Japanese potters of the best periods of Art in that country.

More especially have they endeavoured to make the principles of decoration pursued by the artists intelligible to the European mind. The divergence between the tastes of the people of Japan and China and ourselves is so great, that it is a most difficult matter to do so, and doubtless we have still much to learn.

It is, however, absolutely necessary that the collector of Japanese Art objects, whether in clay, bronze, lacquer, ivory, or any other material, should know something of the ideas which move the artists of Japan, because the decoration is, after all, the chief point of value in the work. Messrs.

* "Keramic Art of Japan." By G. A. Audsley and J. L. Bowes. 2 vols. folio. 1875. London: H. Sotheran & Co.
The same. 1 vol. imperial 8vo. 1881. Same publishers.

Audsley and Bowes have taken up this branch of the subject with great earnestness, and made it a leading feature in their "Keramic Art of Japan," for their large experience taught them that the leading artists took a higher range of subjects than those who decorated commoner articles. The higher class of artists dealt largely with mythological subjects, and these we find treated in every variety of style, most frequently with a strong spice of humour; for instance, our illustration of a dish gives the seven deities who are most frequently represented in some form or other, and as it is well to make their acquaintance here, we have obtained permission from the publishers of "Keramic Art" to insert it. In this plate or dish the reclining figure to the right of the centre is Shiou-Rô, or Girogin, the god of longevity, chief of human wishes with both Chinese and Japanese. The former people have a hundred different hieroglyphs for expressing the word "longevity," one or more of which appear on all birthday presents—the more numerous, the more sincere are the writer's good wishes supposed to be. The central figure is that of the god Daikoku. This deity is the Plutus of Japanese mythology, and next to long life riches are to them most desirable. Daikoku has for his attributes a sack or huge purse, a hammer for striking his bag so as to bring forth according to the prayer of his votaries, and sometimes a rat, which, as the destroyer of property, is a sly hint to his votaries that unless they behave themselves they may be deprived of what they have got. The god of daily food—Yebis—is on the left side of the plate, easily recognised by the fishing-line and a fish at the end of it, the fish being a kind of rock-bass, known in Japan by the name of *Tai*. He is often represented with various fruits of the sea, such as crustaceans and seaweeds, decorating his person. The mass of fatness and good-nature with the huge bag, from which a boy's head is peeping forth, is Hotei, the god of contentment, just below Shiou-Rô, to the right. Hotei is a favourite subject with the Japanese painters, and with the Japanese people a regular jolly beggar, careless of riches and everything that leads human nature to fret for what it has not, is their *beau idéal* of happiness without cares. The lowest figure of the seven is Tossi-Toku, the god of learning, a sort of male Minerva. He furnishes the artists with a strong incentive to depict the quality of knowingness, which the best of them succeed most wonderfully in doing, both pictorially and by sculpture. This Pantheon would not be complete without deities of the other sex, and the Japanese Venus is represented by Ben-zai-ten, or Benten. She also, like the classical Venus, is connected with the sea, and usually, as in the figure represented in the dish, plays on a stringed musical instrument.



The Seven Deities.





SATSUMA FAIENCE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES L. BOWES ESQ. OF LIVERPOOL

LONDON. J. S. VIRTUE & Co. Limited

Firmin Didot et Cie Paris

The god of glory closes the list—Bis-ja-mon—a sort of Mars in respect of his warlike attributes, but he is also a patron of the priesthood. He is usually represented armed and decorated with fluttering pennons or ribbons.

Next to mythology, social life, chiefly in its comical aspects, is dealt with, then flowers, birds, and landscapes. With the exception of plants and animals, most subjects are treated with a peculiarly characteristic conventionality, but there are no truer painters of flowers in the world than the Japanese, though even amongst them there is every gradation of talent, and the collector must learn to distinguish the highest class of merit, in order that he may be on the alert for really good specimens. We have already said that objects of the highest class are, and are likely to be, exceedingly rare both here and in Japan. But the wonderful people of that country have a remarkable power of adapting themselves to circumstances, and although a few years ago, in order to supply what they thought an indiscriminate desire on the part of Europeans to buy anything Japanese, they manufactured enormously cheap and bad objects, which rapidly reacted against them, they perceived their error when they found their wares unsaleable, and immediately set themselves to work at more painstaking and artistic productions, and, as we mentioned in speaking of enamels, did not hesitate to call in foreign aid. At the present time the Association of Painters in Porcelain and Pottery at Nagasaki is producing work of great beauty and delicacy, and which in times to come will probably be as much sought after as the works of old masters are now.

A collector of the present day has, therefore, the choice of either waiting for rare opportunities of picking up specimens of old and good pieces belonging to the highest period of the art, or carefully selecting the most artistic of the modern productions.

The coloured plate which we have chosen from the volume represents the most costly ware produced in Japan, Satsuma, and illustrates two different styles of design, the mythological and the floral. There is wonderful taste and skill shown in the graceful carving of the tail and wing feathers of the mythical bird *Ho-ho*, and the harmonious arrangement of the colours. Flower painting on the finest specimens of this ware reaches absolute perfection; every touch of the pencil is soft and tender, seeming to melt into the delicate creamy paste with its crackle surface. Taking such examples as these for types, and comparing them with thousands of modern specimens which have recently been imported, it will be seen that unlimited production, instead of artistic excellence, has been latterly aimed at. Moreover, much so-called Satsuma is Kioto ware, and it is often in some respects better than the faience for which it is passed off. Kioto ware also has its imitations; these are chiefly made at Seto, in the province of Aidtsi, where imitations of many other kinds are likewise made. Seto is the Burslem of Japan, and its working potters exceed two thousand in number. The pottery made there, however closely the decoration of other keramic centres may be imitated, is always distinguishable by its heaviness, want of fine lathe-work causing it to be thick and often clumsy; nevertheless, fine pieces, and frequently very large ones, are produced in Seto, and for articles of great magnitude its paste seems well adapted. The designs are bold, and are often in blue, on red or white grounds. Some specimens we have lately seen of this ware at moderate prices will certainly be prized ere long as decorative furniture pieces.

From the mere fact that the Kioto potters produce the best imitations of Satsuma ware, it may be readily inferred that they are much advanced in their art; and so they are, and the Japanese of the present day prize very highly the finest qualities produced by them. Their red and gold decorations are peculiarly rich and brilliant, and many undeniably new pieces we have lately seen were well worthy of the notice of collectors. Second only to the old Satsuma ware is that of Hizen, sometimes called Imari and Arita ware: this at an early period made its way to Europe in considerable quantities, by means of the extensive traffic of the Dutch with the port of Hizen, whence it was shipped. Few of the palaces of European rulers are without some noble specimens, chiefly in the form of large-sized vases. Some remarkably beautiful ones are in the palace of Schönbrunn, in Vienna, and the Dresden collection contains very numerous and fine examples. Collectors have perhaps a better chance even now of picking up good old specimens of this famous porcelain at sales, and had better confine their attention to the old, as the new manufactures are much deteriorated.

Under the name of Saga ware there are, however, brought from Hizen some fine decorative pieces of gigantic size, very marvels of the potter's art, and often very carefully painted. These large pieces are usually blue designs on a clear white ground: such *tours de force* are highly prized in Japan, and rarely reach us.

Another famous porcelain is that called Kaga, or by the Japanese Tshikawa, the name of the province in which it is made. The Kaga artists are especially given to figure subjects, and are very realistic in their pictures of men and women, which in some of the old pieces are wonderful for the expression given to the faces, especially when the subject is a humorous one. Most of the Kaga ware has but one colour used in its decoration—the beautiful vermilion red produced by the native oxide of iron, often helped by skilful gilding. In some of the more important pieces other colours, green especially, are introduced with great taste and judgment.

Japanese Art generally, and the keramic portion of it especially, is now receiving full attention in Europe, and the more it is studied the more it will be admired and impress itself upon modern thought. It is difficult to take it up all at once, but it has such charms that when once appreciated they fix themselves on our attention and excite our admiration, both by their artistic peculiarities and by their marvellous technique. Take, for example, a piece of old Kioto lacquer-work of the finest quality, say a small box; it consists of a wooden body covered with numerous coats of the tree varnish, produced by the shrub known to botanists as *Rhus vernix*, and decorated in the most skilful way with gold and perhaps other materials; but apart from its decoration, the mere construction of the wooden box is such a masterpiece of the cabinet-maker's art that few European artists, if any, could produce such delicate and mathematically true work. So also it is with their keramic work, ivories, and other objects. No amount of time or patience was deemed too much by the old workers to secure their aim, which was to be as near perfection as possible. It is, however, to be feared that the operations of commerce will prevent much of this earnestness and intense care from ever being revived, but a very faithful record of as much of it as possible will be found in the splendid works on "Pottery" by Messrs. Audsley and Bowes.

T. C. A.

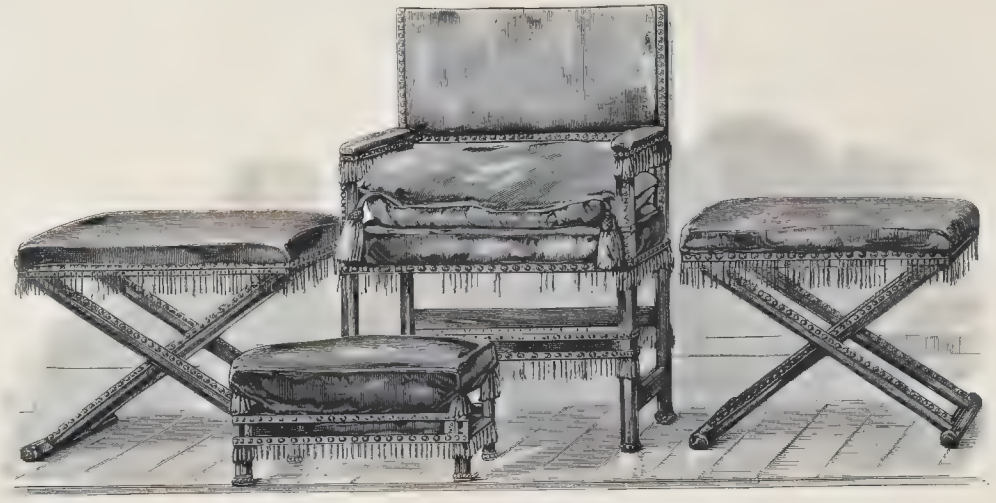
OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:

ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

SEATS.

HAVING considered the larger objects of the dining-room as apart from the furniture of the other rooms of the house, it will be convenient to treat of the arrangements provided for sitting generally, and let the history of this portion of our subject form a connecting link between the dining and the other rooms. Indeed, in the earlier portion of the period under consideration, there does not appear to have been any special assignment of seats to any particular room, the light stools or forms which served for this purpose being moved from room to room as occasion required. The great hall, it is true, frequently had a fixed bench running the whole length of two or more of its sides, but the rest of the house was furnished with plain and readily removable stools and forms. Gradually the stool received a back, and became a chair; the form received a like addition, and became first a "settle," and afterwards, as the height of this was reduced, a sofa; but in the early part of the sixteenth century any kind of seat with a back to it was of unfrequent use.

It will, I think, surprise many of my readers to learn that so abundant an article of household furniture as is now the chair, was, even at the middle of the sixteenth century, one of very rare occurrence. Seldom did more than one occur in any room, and frequently but one or two are mentioned in the inventories of otherwise luxuriously furnished houses. The chair was, indeed, simply the seat of honour, and the relic of the custom of so observing it is yet retained by our designating the president of any meeting "the chairman;" he is requested to take *the* chair, and "the dignity

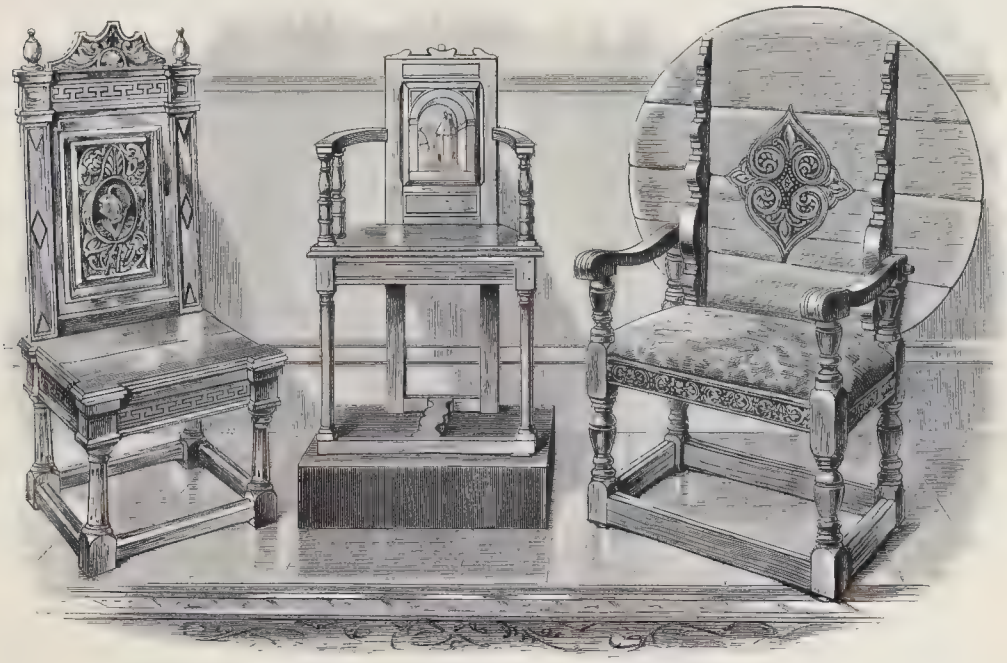


Seats at Knole, 1580–1600.

of the chair" used to be a thing that every one present deemed himself pledged to support. Of course in those days when chairs were rare these very words had a meaning, for the rest of the company were seated on stools and benches, or rather forms, for the word bench implies a seat with a back to it, and these were then almost as rare as chairs. Forms and stools were, in fact, the usual furniture for sitting upon—things which could be easily moved aside; for previous to the severance of the hall, or "house place," into various apartments, it had to change its fashion to suit its various usages, now a dining-hall, now a ball-room, and again a theatre, when the maskers or the players came that way, so that tables, cupboards, benches, stools, and forms were made of the slightest and most readily removable description, and perhaps the then least movable article of furniture was the chair. Even so late as the commencement of the sixteenth century it was a heavy piece of furniture of rude construction, rarely meant to be seen in an uncovered condition, and when in use was vested with its cloth of estate, and furnished with its costly cushions, as befitted its stately purpose, for it was the domestic throne on which the head of the house seated himself in state; for the head of the house was in those days the sovereign, or at least the suzerain, of the community over which he ruled. This one chair usually occupied the centre of the dais, and was occasionally made wide enough to seat two persons, the lord and the lady of the house; but rarely, until the sixteenth century was well advanced, did it become a piece of furniture on which any artistic labour was bestowed, relying for its glory on the gorgeous hangings with which it was covered; indeed, when seats of any kind

* Continued from page 204.

were otherwise treated, they are mostly described in the old inventories as being of "forynge worke." An early instance of such an importation I am allowed, by the courtesy of Geo. Godwin, Esq., F.R.S., the learned editor of the *Builder*, to lay before my readers. It is the first of those on the woodcut below, and is called Anne Boleyn's chair, and came out of Hever Castle some forty years ago. It is of oak, inlaid with a fretwork of ebony and boxwood, and is certainly of Italian origin, or, as it was then called, "Romayne work;" and as Wolsey had been "Italianating" the modes and manners of this country a good deal just about that time, it may have possibly belonged to the ambitious and ill-fated queen. Mr. Godwin, who has a wonderful collection of chairs which have belonged to notable personages, loves to think that Anne Boleyn sat in it whilst Henry VIII. was making love to her, and there is much probability that this was the case; but in giving the designations he has accorded to the many examples he has allowed me to select from his interesting collection, I merely use them as designations, considering them simply as historic examples of household furniture, apart from any reference to the reputed possessors. Even such a chair as this needed cushions, for the attachment of the stuffing to the framework of the seat had not yet come into use. Few things are more surprising to the readers of old wills and inventories and wardrobe accounts than the astonishing quantities of "Quysyns" that are referred to in them, and some idea of the paucity of chairs in comparison with other seats may be gleaned from them: thus we read of "xxvij quysshons, vj with blewe cloth of gold with chevrons, the oon half of the said quysshons of satin figure, the other six with crymson velvet, and six of crymson damask, and six of satin figure, two of purple velvet, and oon quysshon of cloth of gold." At the same time three coverings for one chair were made to go with them—one of "cremyson cloth of gold lyned with blewe satyn, anothere of cremyson velvet," lined in the same



Chairs in the possession of Geo. Godwin, Esq., F.R.S.

Anne Boleyn's Chair. *Shakspere's Chair.* *Theodore Hook's Chair.*

manner, and one of "blewe clothe of gold with chevrons, and lyned with cremyson damaske," so that all of the furniture might be draped alike.

We read also of "long quysshons" and "short quysshons," and cushions of every hue and character made of Turkey work, of cloth of gold or of rich embroidery, and often are these bequeathed to some female friend and relation, because they were of "hir owne makyng." Indeed, the household industry of the day exercised itself very much upon these cushions. But that importation of foreign furniture to which I have just referred brought with it the foreign fashion of fixed stuffing and fixed coverings, and our first illustration shows examples of them which still remain at Knole, and formed part of the furnishing of the state apartments prepared for the reception of James I.

In these will be observed the traditional covering up of the woodwork, none of which is visible, but instead of the covering being loose and hiding the whole of the construction beneath it as heretofore, it now fits close to, and reveals the form of, the framework. The lightness and mobility of the early furniture are present, the stools being made to fold up, as camp-stools still do, and the chief industrial change made is that the products of the loom instead of the needle were used for its covering. The richest velvets and

other productions of the weavers of Venice and Genoa were made for this purpose, and great ingenuity was displayed in the manufacture of the fringes and braidings which bedecked them. In this instance the covering is of rich purple velvet, and portions of the original fringe yet remain fixed to the framework by gilt nails. This character of furniture remained in fashion during the whole of the latter part of the sixteenth century, one or two chairs being deemed sufficient, for the quality of the seat used to denote the degree of the person to whom it was assigned—equals were rare in those sticklish days of precedence; and Juan Fernandez de Velasco, the ambassador from Philip III. of Spain to this country in 1604, mentions that at a banquet to which he was invited the King and Queen only sat on chairs of brocade with cushions, he and Prince Henry being



A "Scrowled" Chair.

each seated on a high tabouret of brocade with a high cushion, evidently priding himself on the fact that he was seated in like manner to the Prince, whilst the rest of the company sat on forms; and at Hengrave to twenty-four stools, "hige joined stools covered with carpet work and fringed with crewell," "two greate chayeres, covered with cremson figured silk and silver," were deemed a just and fitting complement. About this time we, however, begin to find notices of "thrown" chairs—that is, chairs with turned work; "wainscot" chairs, which are sometimes described as "close"—that is, with solid and box-like framing; and "scrowled chairs," which were evidently carved.

The centre chair on our second woodcut will serve as a fair illustration of a thrown chair, and which Mr. Godwin believes to have belonged to Shakspere himself. It is of the date of the latter end of the sixteenth century, and though I consider it to be of foreign manufacture, yet that is no reason why it should not have belonged to the immortal bard. The claim that it once was his is one of long standing. A manuscript in an old hand affixed to the back of it states that it was known as Shakspere's chair in 1769, when Garrick vainly endeavoured to borrow it of its then owner, Mr. Paul Whitehead, of Twickenham Common, on whose death it passed into the hands of Mr. John Bacon, of Fryern House, Fryern Barnet, and of course, since his possession of it, its descent from owner to owner has been carefully chronicled. Whether it was Shakspere's chair or not it is an interesting example of the furniture of the time. Of slighter build than the English furniture of the period, it has what appears to me to be a traditional view of Venice, with the dome-crowned Cathedral of St. Mark and the spire-capped Campanile carved in low relief on the back panel; it is probably of French origin, and the panel may be a French copy of the work of some of those Italian furniture-makers who were brought into that kingdom by Catherine dei Medici, and who did so much to revolutionise domestic furniture in Western Europe.

In England chairs became much more common as the greater privacy of domestic life flourished amongst us, and a good specimen of an English chair of the seventeenth century will be found in the cut on this page, and which may be taken as a type of the scrolled chairs above referred to. It is of Yorkshire manufacture, dating from the early part of the seventeenth century, and presenting a good illustration of the inlaid work of various coloured woods, which represented the Italian influence in England, and comes from the collection of Mr. Dalton, of Scarborough. The ornament is better in design than in execution, and the inlay is composed of boxwood, ash stained a greenish black to resemble green ebony, and a few small pieces of rich red wood, the spoil of some buccaneer who brought back such records of the wonders of the West. These woods are carefully made the most of, being counterchanged, so that the pieces cut out from one side are inserted on the other, an evidence of the care with which they were regarded.

The "settle" received the same attention, and when the practice of ornamenting the framework of the seat itself, instead of relying upon textile coverings for its adornment, was once established, it soon ran riot, and the ornamentation became somewhat excessive. Even the stools were elaborately wrought, and though most of these have vanished, yet the old pictures, the tapestries, and the designs of Vriese and the other *petits maitres* of the day bear evidence that much labour and some thought were also bestowed upon them. The third illustration on the second cut shows us another chair, somewhat later in date, which is ingeniously contrived to serve the double purpose of chair and table, and which may be assigned to the time of Charles I. The back, as will be seen, is fastened to the arms by stout pins, which allow it to be turned down when it was needed for table purposes, and as almost all the early chairs were arm-chairs, there is no doubt that the light and handy joint-stool yet served for the ordinary purpose of sitting at table. This chair is also in the possession of Mr. Godwin, who especially values it as having belonged to, and having been the favourite seat of, Theodore Hook, from whose house at Fulham it came to its present owner.

G. T. Robinson.

(*To be continued.*)

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

THE WORKS OF THOMAS AND JOHN BEWICK.

"O now that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne!
When the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose.
What feats would I work with my magical hand!
Book-learning and books should be banished the land."
WORDSWORTH'S *Lyrical Ballads.*

WHEN Thomas Bewick was sent to Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1767, at the age of fourteen, as apprentice to an engraver on metal, the art of wood engraving was at a very low ebb. Some few practisers of the method were to be found in London and on the continent, but their works were of a dull and feeble order which scarcely displayed a spark of natural expression. Bewick, however, did not see any of these cuts



The Huntsman and Old Hound.

until he had far advanced in his apprenticeship, and in the art which he had practically discovered for himself. In 1768 he began, with the help of the author, Charles Hutton, and consent of Ralph Beilby, his master, to make woodcuts for the former's "Mensuration," which was completely published in 1770; they were nearly all of mathematical diagrams. Before Bewick's time of service was over, Beilby sent some cuts executed by his apprentice for Gay's "Fables" to the Society of Arts in London; these included 'The Huntsman and Old Hound' (which, by the kindness of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, is



From Burns's Poems and Fergusson's Poems.†

here given), and to these cuts a prize of seven guineas was awarded in 1775. Although the design is passable, the execution shows a decidedly youthful hand; it is, however, interesting, and deserves the collector's attention. The editions in which it is best to be found are the original issue in 1779, by Saint, Newcastle, and the York editions of 1797 and 1806.

After visiting London, in 1776-7, Bewick returned to Newcastle, when he became partner with his former employer, Ralph Beilby, his younger brother, John Bewick, being taken as an apprentice; and from this time forward every work that he executed was assured of a ready sale.

In place of detailing the various publications in their



From "Select Fables." *

chronological order, we shall consider them according as they appear most deserving of approbation.

Without doubt the greatest achievement of Thomas Bewick was his "History of British Birds:" of this eight editions have been issued since the two volumes were first sent out—the one in September, 1797, and the other in August, 1804—and to a certainty more might have been given to the world without exhausting the demand, had not obstacles arisen. The cuts in the "Quadrupeds," the engraving of the 'Chillingham Bull,' those of the various "Fables," the "Chase," and Goldsmith and Parnell's Poems, have each their separate



From "Select Fables." *

admirers, but though opinions may differ as to their respective merits, no one who has capacity for reflection can fail to worthily appreciate the "British Birds." It is not that the arrangement differs much from others on the same subject, or that the letterpress is more searching, or even because it is now becoming the fashion to collect Bewick's cuts, that these volumes should be acquired. It is for the truthfulness, the simplicity, the well-caught characteristics in the figures of the feathered creation which they contain, and for the humour,

* Continued from page 200.
† Lent by J. W. Barnes, Esq.
* Lent by J. W. Ford, Esq.

the honesty, and the pungent morality manifested in the dozens of wonderful tail-pieces. As illustrations they contain everything that is needful and proper in a woodcut, and many may be taken as standards of what engraving on wood should be. They are executed with boldness, yet are not rude; they give details, and yet are not "fine," in that terrible sense that a modern engraver employs the term; they are drawn with freedom, yet are mostly correct; with humour, and still are not caricatures: altogether displaying an accurate knowledge of the true ends of wood engraving, which does not strive to imitate the finish of engraving on metal, but retains a peculiar character of its own. Figures of birds we can find in many works, but none of our most accomplished artists have been able to grasp their personality better than Bewick; and as for the vignettes, no one has been able to come within measurable distance of them. They combine the seriousness of Holbein with the humour of Leech; the vice-exposing qualities of Hogarth with, in some instances, the grace of Cellini; the celerity of Landseer with the patient energy of the pre-Raphaelite.

The first book, therefore, that the collector should buy is the "History of British Birds." The scarcest, and, as a result, the most expensive edition, is that of the two volumes, printed on imperial octavo paper in 1797 and 1804; and if, on page 285 of the first volume, the vignette bears no evidence of having been inked over, then the collector may know that he possesses one of the great rarities of Bewick's works, only a few copies having been issued in this condition, for reasons too obvious to the examiner to mention. It is not uncommon for obliterated copies to have been cleaned, but the stain is always visible. Sometimes the last page of the 1797 volume has an advertisement of the "Quadrupeds," and in some the cut of the sea eagle has the words, "Wycliffe, 1791," which in others appear to have been cut away. These are varieties, but they indicate no special value nor superiority.



The Hermit at his Morning Devotions. From Goldsmith and Parnell's Poems.

The second edition of the two volumes appeared in 1805, having about a dozen new figures, and half that number of new vignettes. The third edition was published in 1809, with three additional tail-pieces; and, having been printed on slightly absorbent paper, the cuts are clearer and in more perfect condition than the preceding ones. The fourth edition, 1816, was merely a reprint of this; and the fifth, 1821, had a supplement of one hundred and two pages, with eighty-three extra vignettes and figures. In the sixth edition, 1826, this supplement was incorporated, and being the last Bewick himself superintended in the printing, it is better, for that reason, than the seventh edition, published in 1832. The eighth, and last, was issued in 1847, and to this was added the previously unpublished cuts, prepared before Bewick's death in 1828 for an uncompleted work on Fishes. In all the editions, except the first, the cut referred to as on page 285 of that issue is materially different, and therefore, though uninked, it does not render the volumes either scarcer or more valuable.

The next work to be purchased is the "General History of Quadrupeds," the first edition of which was begun in 1785, advertised in 1787, and issued to the subscribers in May, 1790. The same number of editions were printed of this as of the "Birds;" the second being a decided improvement on the first, and the fourth (1800) on the second and third, while the later ones do not surpass the fourth. Though in many ways far behind the volumes of the "Birds," the "Quadrupeds" contain some wonderfully realistic and sympathetic designs. A goodly number of these—and it is specially noteworthy that they are all the best—were drawn from life, for Bewick never lost an opportunity of inspecting any travelling menagerie that visited Newcastle. It is only requisite to add that the volume of the "Quadrupeds" is not expensive, and occasionally is to be secured very cheaply. All Bewick's books having been worked by hand, and the blocks being what is termed "lowered" in the soft part of the engravings, they vary considerably in their impressions, and it may happen that a later edition is, from this cause, more worth having than a thinly printed early one.

Besides being published with letterpress, the engravings of the "Birds" and "Quadrupeds" were issued separately. Proofs of complete sets are decidedly rare; ordinary impressions, as those published in 1827, are not so scarce. All are worth seeking for, and the collector has little to fear concerning the genuineness of any that may be presented, as no imitations of these have ever been attempted. The only publication of this kind in a large way is that of the "Quadrupeds," issued in New York in 1804, but as the engraver's name, Anderson, appears on the title, there is little fear of its being mistaken for the English edition. The cuts also, though retaining much of the impress of Bewick, are distinctly inferior, being printed on cheap paper, with bad letterpress.

We now pass on to the cut of the 'Chillingham Bull.' Most people know its rarity: it has been much oftener written and read about than actually seen, so that it is



The Chillingham Bull—First State.

pleasant to have an opportunity of publishing the careful reproduction herewith given. It is a fac-simile of one in the possession of E. Grey, Esq., of York, who has lent it for the purpose. This block was commenced and completed by Bewick while the cuts of the "Quadrupeds" were still in progress. Having finished it, he took it one Saturday to be proved, and after having pulled impressions on parchment, to the number of four, or at the most six, he laid the block with his own hands on the inside window-sill, as being the safest place until Monday morning. But unhappily this carefulness was its ruin, for on the Sabbath the sun poured in through the south-west window, and the scarcely seasoned wood was on the morrow found to be split. What Bewick said at this unexpected and disheartening occurrence is not recorded, as he does not trust himself to mention it in his memoir, but we may believe he was strongly touched. He took the cracked cut home and tried to rejoin it, and managed so fairly that he added his name and the date at the left corner of the foreground, and a good number of impressions were taken off without showing the previous accident; however, after some working the wood again parted, showing large cracks, and the rich border which had been engraved on separate pieces of wood was irremediably broken. So at last Bewick laid it aside as an enterprise against which the fates seemed to combine. Nothing more was done with it until 1817, when the inner block was clamped together and many copies printed. This was its fourth state, the third being that in which the cracks show, the second those impressions that are perfect, but have the name, and the first and very scarce ones being those on parchment. A title was printed at the foot of the fourth state, but the border was replaced by some common black ruled lines round the design. The fifth state is still to be purchased, the block having been sold at Mr. Hugo's sale in 1877. The impressions are not, however, richly printed, and are only ghosts of the originals.



From "The Chase," by W. Somerville.

The next in importance of Bewick's performances may be said to be the illustrations for the different editions of "Fables." There was an edition of "Select Fables" published in 1776, which is usually included among Bewick's works, but the artist always denied that they were his, and as they are not very creditable the volume is scarcely likely to be coveted by the connoisseur. The edition of Gay's "Fables," published in 1779, is better, but neither can it be said to display power that would be called exceptional in our day. This was the little volume for which Bewick wrought the cuts that gained him the prize mentioned above. The "Select Fables," published in 1784, contained many cuts similar in design to those of Gay, but differently treated. In this the genius of Bewick becomes more apparent; the landscapes and foliage are essentially the same as those of maturer years, so that this is a volume to be certainly secured by the collector, though it is likely he will have to give a considerable sum for it. In 1820, 1847, 1871, and 1879, the "Select Fables" were re-issued, but, although printed on larger paper than the first, the blocks had been so much touched upon that their beauty was greatly marred. In 1818 Bewick issued his volume of "Æsop's Fables," which cost much trouble and gave little satisfaction. The large-paper copies may be distinguished by their having an allegorical group at page xvi, that is replaced by a demon in the smaller paper. This volume is now scarce.



From "The Chase," by W. Somerville.

Two volumes that are quite desirable for a Bewick collector to have are the Poems of Goldsmith and Parnell, 1795, 1796, 1802, and 1804, and the "Chase," by Somerville, 1796 and 1802, the cuts of which were engraved by Thomas Bewick and by John, his younger brother and pupil. The chief cuts in the former are 'The Hermit at his Morning Devotions,' and the 'Hermit, Angel, and Guide.' The engravings in the "Chase" are finer, and display the genius of the brothers Bewick to great advantage. The vignettes are particularly beautiful in drawing and design, containing as much in their few square inches as is often put into square yards of less worthy representations of hunting. One of them is large enough to show the likeness to King George III. hunting near Windsor, of which the block is printed above, together with another

of the vignettes. These were designed in London by John Bewick, just before he last journeyed to Newcastle in 1795.

The following are the remaining works most worth seeking for:—"The Looking-Glass for the Mind," engraved by John Bewick in a somewhat dry, but bright, clear manner, and its unequal companion, "The Blossoms of Morality;" also "The Progress of Man and Society." The "Tales for Youth," another work of John's, contains a figure of a prowling cat, said to be "the most natural likeness of the animal that has



*From Fergusson's Poems.**

ever been engraved." By Thomas there is "A Pretty Book of Pictures for Little Masters and Misses; or, Tommy Trip's History of Beasts and Birds," that has been many times republished; Liddell and Consett's "Tour through Sweden and Lapland," 1789 and 1815; Burns's Poems and Fergusson's Poems; the "Tour" desirable because it possesses some curious copper engravings, and the others for several excellent tail-pieces, one being impressed above, and another on page 245. The 1799 and subsequent editions of "The Hive of Ancient and Modern Literature" have some interesting cuts, and the "Memoirs of Marmaduke Tunstall" contain valuable notes with reference to the "Birds," the 'Bull,' and the "Quadrupeds." The "Emblems of Mortality" (1789) has the series of cuts, by John, of Holbein's 'Dance of Death;' and in the "Princess of Zanfara," of the same date, is a fine cut of a kneeling negro, which cost Thomas considerable labour. Many other volumes contain cuts by the Bewicks, but it is impossible to name them here. In another place† is published a list which, although classified by me in the most succinct way, takes over fifty pages to give the works authentically illustrated by the engravers.

A few of the designs published in sheets should not pass unnoticed. The principal are the copper plates of 'The Whitley Large Ox,' 10¾ by 7¾, published, like many other fine works, in 1789; 'The Kyloe Ox,' 13 by 10, in 1790; four large woodcuts done for a menagerie keeper in 1799, being a Zebra, Elephant, Tiger, and Lion, the latter having several times been repeated. 'Waiting for Death,' the largest wood engraving Bewick ever attempted, and which never was finished, is still sold, but it is very bald in its uncompleted condition. Bewick, when in Edinburgh in 1823, hastily sketched on a lithographic stone a drawing of a trotting horse. It is slight, and is printed on green paper, about the size of the 'Kyloe Ox.' Under thirty impressions were taken off, so that they are scarce. Besides these there are some excellent cuts done for private gentlemen's book plates. A specimen of one, executed for J. W. Sanders, is given here. Having been well paid for, they were carefully executed, and gave brilliant impressions. Others were done for societies, clubs, shops, races, and exhibitions, and, as a rule, are worth obtaining, though now difficult to secure.

The other art in which Thomas Bewick so eminently excelled, that of water-colour drawing, it is almost unnecessary to mention, as most of his drawings are still in the hands of the family, and are ultimately, I believe, to be deposited in the British Museum. Any that occur for sale are eagerly taken up. To one who aims at having a complete representative collection of Bewick's work a drawing is essential.

It only remains now to warn the collector of Bewick's engravings what to avoid. Many of the works of pupils and imitators of Bewick are daily passed off as being from the graver of their master; such, for instance, as the cuts by Austin, Lee, and Nisbet, although fortunately the two former frequently signed their blocks. The wood engravings by Jackson, Harvey, Clennell, and Johnson, though excellent in their way, are also essentially different, and except as specimens showing the influence Bewick had on later phases of the art, are not interesting to the Bewick collector. Speaking generally, it behoves him to be wary of all books published by Vernor and Hood, by Marshall, and the greater number of Carnan's, Harris's, and Newberry's publications: only a few of those issued by the last two firms indisputably contain works by Bewick, of which the best have been mentioned. Wilson and Spence's York issues are also, in their smaller volumes, open to suspicion, and large sums ought not to be spent in their purchase. A few of the books most commonly said to contain works by Bewick, but which are only imitations, are the various publications of Bloomfield's works, Zimmerman's works, the "Cries of York," and the "Cries of London;" Fisher's "Winter Season;" Mavor's "English Spelling Book;" Goldsmith's "Abridgment of Natural History," published by Craddock; Junius's "Letters," 1797 and 1798; Baldwin's "History of Quadrupeds," 1819; Gay's "Fables," issued in Gainsborough, 1792; and the editions of "Choice Emblems" and Croxall's "Fables," which



J. W. Sanders's Book Plate.

are so different in execution from all the Bewicks' other work as to make their authorship exceedingly doubtful.

In conclusion, it is only necessary to repeat the advice long since given in connection with the acquisition of the Bewicks' works—that the collector has more need to see that what he obtains is genuine than to think of the price. For it is preferable to pay too much for an article which is what its purchaser believes it to be, than to buy cheaply a volume with cuts which, at the best, are only good imitations of the individual and beautiful works of Thomas or John Bewick.

D. C. THOMSON.

* Lent by J. W. Barnes, Esq.

† "Catalogue of Bewick's Works, with Memoir and Notes." The Fine Art Society. 1881.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

TO the world at large the Royal Academy is probably only known by the exhibition which it annually holds in the summer. A limited number of persons are also aware that for the last few years it has collected every winter, for the benefit of students and lovers of Art, a quantity of old works from the numerous owners of pictures in England, who have always been so ready to co-operate in this labour of love. But few, very few, among the thousands who visit these exhibitions, know that the Royal Academy is primarily and essentially the English Art University. The readers of the *Art Journal*, however, will hardly need to be told that the Schools of the Royal Academy have been in existence since the foundation of the institution. In the original "Instrument," as it is called, signed by George III., defining the constitution and government of the Academy, provision is made for the establishment of Schools of Design, with masters, professors, models, a library, prizes, and every other requisite, which are to be *free* to all qualified to receive advantage from them. These schools were opened within a month of the foundation of the Academy, and before any exhibition had been held, and it was on the occasion of their opening that Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered his first discourse, on the 2nd of January, 1769. In the first year 77 students were admitted, among them being John Bacon, Thomas Banks, Richard Cosway, Francis Wheatley, and John Flaxman. From that day to the present time the Art education of this country has been carried on gratuitously in the Schools of the Royal Academy, without one sixpence of pecuniary aid from the State.

Statistics are not as a rule worth much, but it may be interesting to state that during the one hundred and twelve years from January, 1769, to December, 1880, the names of 3,699 students were entered in the Register, and the sum expended in maintaining the schools during the same period was £205,525 10s. 6d. This would give a yearly average of 33 students to an annual expenditure of nearly £2,000. Since the removal of the Academy, however, to Burlington House, the number of students admitted yearly, notwithstanding that the standard has been raised, has considerably increased, and the average expenditure for the last ten years has ranged between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. The number passing through their term of studentship at the end of last year was 380, of whom 211 were painters, 21 sculptors, and 148 architects.

The requirements for Admission to the Schools have not undergone much change since their foundation. Painters have to send in a chalk drawing, not less than 2 feet high, of an undraped antique statue. If the statue be a mutilated one—and the only mutilated ones admissible are the Theseus, the Ilyssus, the Venus of Milo, or the Hermes—the parts wanting must be drawn separately. They must also send two drawings of a figure anatomized, one showing the bones and the other the muscles, with the names of the several bones, muscles, and tendons. Sculptors have to send a model in the round or in relief of an undraped antique statue, together with anatomical drawings similar to those required from the painters. Architects have to send in a plan, elevation, and section, which may be copied from any published drawings, of an existing building; an original perspective sketch in pencil of an existing building, or a part of one; and a drawing of a piece of architectural sculpture, from the original or a cast, shaded in pencil or tinted, the size of the original. In every case applicants for admission must fill up and send in with their works a printed form, which is to be obtained from the Academy, certifying to their respectability and their desire to pursue Art as a profession. All works must be sent in on or before the 28th of June or the 28th of December. Those whose works are deemed by the President and Council, with whom the decision lies, to be up to the standard, are admitted as Probationers, as it is called, for two months in the case of painters and sculptors, and six months in the case of architects. During these respective periods they must attend in the Schools of the Academy, and there make similar drawings and models to those which gained them admission as probationers. At the end of the time these drawings and models made in the schools are compared by the President and Council with those originally sent in, and if they prove of equal merit the probationer is admitted a Student. The probationary period is necessary to prevent any one obtaining admission as a student on the strength of drawings not his own.

The Period of Studentship, which hitherto extended over seven years, has by one of the new regulations been shortened to six; and a still further and more important change is the division of this period into two terms of three years each. Henceforth all students in painting and sculpture will be obliged, at the end of the first term of three years, to undergo an examination, and if they fail in passing it they will *ipso facto* cease to be students. The object of this change is, as the President well observed at the Academy dinner, to insure that "the idle or the inept do not cumber the floor of schools meant for the gifted and industrious." The requirements in this examination will be:—From the male student in painting, a drawing of a figure from the life, a painting of a head from the life, a painting of a figure from the life, and a perspective drawing made in two days; and from the female student in painting, a drawing of a head from the life, a painting of a head from the life, a drawing of a figure from the antique, and a perspective drawing made in two days. From the male student in sculpture, a model in the round of a figure from the life, a model of a bust from the life the size of nature, and a model in low relief of a figure from the antique; and from the female student, a model in the round of a figure from the antique, a model of a bust from the life the size of nature, and a drawing of a figure from the antique. A certificate must in every case be produced of having attended the appointed courses of lectures. In the case of architectural students it is required that they shall have passed, before the expiration of the three years, into the upper of the two divisions into which this school is divided. For this there is no examination, but a certificate must be obtained from the master of the school of regular attendance and industry, and also of having attended certain courses of lectures. If these various tests are successfully passed the student is admitted for a further term of three years, at the end of which period his studentship determines finally. Formerly those who obtained travelling studentships, gold medals, or first silver medals became life students; that is to say, they had the privilege of working

in the schools at any time after their period of studentship was over, with the result that if there was a popular visitor or a good model, the places of the real students were very often occupied by those who merely wanted to get a lesson or a good model for nothing. This is now changed, and there will no longer be any life students.

Let us now return to the student on his or her admission; for it should not be forgotten that women are admitted on precisely the same conditions as men, and that, with the exception of drawing and modelling from the nude, they have the same advantages and the same privileges. Painter or sculptor students first enter the Antique School, which is "for the study of the best remains of ancient sculpture." Here, under the tuition of the keeper and a curator, they go through a course of drawing from casts of famous statues and groups, of which the Academy possesses a very large collection. Their stay in this school will depend entirely on their ability, in the case of painter students, to make sufficiently good drawings of three statues or groups, together with finished drawings, as large as nature, of a head, hand, and foot, and a time drawing in twelve hours of a statue. If they satisfy these tests they gain admission both into the Preliminary Painting School and into the Life School. In the case of sculpture students the requirements are a model in the round of a statue or group, finished drawings or models in relief, as large as nature, of a head, hand, and foot; and a time model in the round or in relief, in twelve hours, of a statue. These tests will admit the sculpture student to the School of Modelling from the Life, and also to model from the draped living model either in the Preliminary or Upper Painting School. Admitted to the Preliminary School of Painting, which is "for the study of the purely technical details of painting," the student has to go through the following course:—1. Painting from casts in monochrome. 2. Painting objects of still life and drapery, all life size. 3. Copying portions of paintings. 4. Drawing heads and extremities from the living model. Approved specimens in all these four stages will procure admission to the Upper School of Painting, "for the special study and practice of the art of painting." This school is divided into two classes, the draped and the nude, arranged on alternate days. All painter students must have reached this school before the expiration of the first three years of studentship, as otherwise they cannot go in for the examination already spoken of, and consequently have no chance of continuing students. The Life School, which is open to male students only, is "for the study of drawing from the nude," and a model for this purpose is set every evening for two hours. Formerly sculpture students had only this school in which to pursue their studies after leaving the Antique School, but one of the most important of the recent changes has been the institution of a School of Modelling from the Life, also open only to male students, "for the more special study and practice of the art of sculpture," in which, as in the drawing Life School, a model will be set every evening for two hours. It will, like that school, be under a special curator, and have special visitors. Though, however, intended particularly for sculptor students, painters who have reached the Life School will be admitted to model in it, and sculptors will still be allowed to draw in the Life School.

The curriculum of the Architectural School, "for the study of architectural drawing and design," is arranged on a somewhat different system from that of the painter and sculptor students. We have already spoken of the admission of candidates to this school as probationers, and then as students. They first enter the lower division of the school, out of which they may pass into the upper division in one year, and must do so in three, or they cease to be students. Among other requirements for passing into the upper division is a certain number of attendances in the school—sixty in one year—which must include two complete courses of visits by different visitors, each course lasting eight weeks; during this time two complete sets of drawings must be made of subjects set by the visitor, and one carefully shaded drawing to the size of the original from a cast. On admission to the upper division, architectural students have the privilege of studying in the Antique and Life Schools. Among other new things in connection with this school is the establishment of a class for architectural modelling, to which all students in the school are admitted, as well as such other students as may receive permission from the keeper or visitor.

Frequent mention has been made of Visitors in the foregoing remarks, and although they are contemporary with the institution of the schools, the office they discharge is probably not very distinctly understood outside the Academy. Article 9 of the "Instrument" already alluded to says:—"That the schools of design may be under the direction of the ablest artists, there shall be elected annually from amongst the Academicians nine persons who shall be called Visitors; they shall be painters of history, able sculptors, or other persons properly qualified; their business shall be to attend the schools by rotation each month, to set the figures, to examine the performances of the students, to advise and instruct them, to endeavour to form their taste, and turn their attention towards that branch of the arts for which they shall seem to have the aptest disposition." And such has continued to be the practice of the Academy up to the present time, with the exception that a few years ago Associates were elected as well as Academicians, and that the number of visitors was increased to ten, to provide for the additional month in the year that the schools are now open. It was also determined, two or three years ago, that there should be visitors in the Architectural School, and now there will be visitors in the Sculpture School. The instruction, consequently, in the Upper Painting School, in the Life School, in the Sculpture School, and in the Architectural School is primarily in the hands of the visitors so called, who are elected annually from the Academicians and Associates, and who serve for one month each, except in the case of the two latter schools, where, there not being ten members in the Academy belonging to these respective branches of Art, those elected are often required to serve two months. The continuous and more detailed teaching and the discipline are carried on in each school by a Curator; and the whole is under the superintendence of the Keeper, who is an Academician.

Another class of officers who are primarily connected with the schools are the Professors, respectively of painting, sculpture, architecture, anatomy, and chemistry. Each of them delivers a course of lectures during the winter season, attendance on which is compulsory on all students for the first three years of studentship. Nor should mention be altogether omitted of the Library, which contains a collection of works—constantly added to—of the very highest Art value, and which, though specially intended for students, is open on application to all qualified to make any use of it.

It only remains to speak of the various Premiums, the additions to which have been considerable, both in number and

amount. The munificent bequest of Mr. Charles Landseer, R.A., has been devoted to the foundation of scholarships of the value of from £40 to £50 each, to be awarded to the two students who shall, at each half-yearly examination for the passing from the first to the second term of studentship, do the best work in painting and sculpture respectively. These scholarships will be tenable for two years. The travelling studentships, formerly tenable for two years, and of the annual value of £130, will now be held for one year only, but they will be worth £200. Instead, moreover, of the competition for them, as hitherto, being limited to those students who had already gained a gold medal, the competition will be open to all students, and will be one and the same as for the gold medal; that is, the student who wins the gold medal in painting or sculpture for the best historical picture or piece of sculpture will, *ipso facto*, be the winner of the travelling studentship in that branch. These competitions are biennial, as also is the one for the Turner gold medal for landscape, to which has been added a Turner scholarship of the value of £50, tenable for one year. An altogether new biennial prize is a gold medal and a sum of £25 for a line engraving of a drawing of a figure from the life, which must have been executed by the competitor himself in the Life School. Although the technical work of engraving is not taught in the schools, the establishment of this prize shows a desire to encourage what would seem to be a declining art. The architectural travelling studentship, which was always an annual one of £130, has also been increased in value to £200, and will likewise be carried by the gold medal, and be a biennial prize. But in order that architectural students may not be on a worse footing than before, a travelling studentship for study and travel in England has been founded of the value of £60, and tenable for one year, and this will be competed for in alternate years with the other. The encouragement of mural painting has been much insisted upon of late by some, and though differences of opinion exist as to its desirability and feasibility in this climate, the Academy has determined to make an effort to induce young painters to take up the subject by offering the students an annual prize of £40 for a design in water colour or tempera for the decoration of a portion of a given public building; and if the design which gains the prize is of high merit, the successful competitor will, if possible, be allowed to carry it out, and will receive during the time he is so employed (which in no case is to exceed twelve months) £4 a week. Another new prize for painters is the Creswick prize of £30, founded by Miss Creswick, the sister of the landscape painter, to be given annually for a landscape in oil colours. In order to encourage drawing from the life, the old premium of £10 for the best drawing from the life done in the Life School during the year has been abolished, and in its stead four prizes have been instituted, the first of £50, the second of £25, the third of £15, and the fourth of £10, for a set of six drawings from the life, executed in the Life School during the year. The value of the prize for a cartoon of a draped figure has been increased by the addition of a sum of £25 to the silver medal hitherto given. The success which has attended the foundation, by Mr. Armitage, R.A., of two prizes of £30 and £10 for a design for a figure picture in monochrome, has induced the Academy to establish prizes of a like value for models of a design in the round or in relief. As in the case of the sketch, the subject is not to be given out till the morning of the day on which the competition begins, and six days will be allowed to complete the model, and one extra day for retouching it after it is cast. For the sketch three days only are allowed. It is also proposed to give students in the Sculpture School two prizes of £30 and £20 each for a set of three models of a figure from the life, executed in the school during the year. To architectural students are allotted prizes of £25 and £10, the one given in the upper division, the other in the lower division of the school. Besides these money prizes, several additional silver medals will be given in various competitions. Altogether the increased expenditure involved will amount, exclusive of the special benefactions, to about £1,500 a year.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'SURPRISE.'—Etched by V. Lhuillier, after a drawing by J. D. Linton. Should the efforts which are being made by the Institute of Painters in Water Colours to secure a habitation where their works can be worthily seen be successful, amongst the first-fruits must be a larger share of notoriety to that talented and active member, Mr. J. D. Linton. For it is not every one, or indeed even a considerable section of Art connoisseurs, who is wont to visit the unassuming gallery in Pall Mall, where, until recently, this artist's works have alone been seen. Until recently, we say, for it is only this year that Mr. Linton has been represented in any exceptional manner on the walls of the Royal Academy, and prior to that, save at the Paris and Philadelphia Exhibitions, hardly a drawing has found its way either to other public galleries or to a sale-room. The total of his productions is by no means large, and each, long before it is finished, is secured by one or other of a small circle of believers, chief amongst whom is that thorough judge, Mr. H. Burton, of Charlotte Street, from whose delightfully select collection the drawing whence our illustration is taken comes. The etching itself is from the needle of an artist who gained a medal at last year's Salon for an English etching.

'A HIGHLAND GROUP.'—Engraved by W. J. Alais, after a picture by Sir E. Landseer. This is worthy of examination, as showing how entirely painters may subordinate the human interest in their subject to that of the animal; and further, how one so *facile princeps* in the representation of one branch of vitality may yet fail entirely in another. In the engraving now before us the pony and dogs are everything, and the incident of the group being in waiting to be ferried across the loch is only perceived by chance; the ferry-boat might indeed be an after-thought, put in to fill up a corner, for neither man, woman, nor dogs evince the slightest interest in it.

'SATSUMA FAIENCE.'—The coloured plate will be found fully explained in the article on "Japanese Keramic Art."



A HIGHLAND GROUP

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

"IBERIAN ART" AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The exhibition of Spanish and Portuguese Art, or Iberian Art, as it has been called, illustrates a chapter in the long history of artistic development, which has hitherto been little read and little understood in this country. We speak of the arts of the gold and silversmith, of other workers in metal, of carvers, of enamellers, of weavers and embroiderers of textile fabrics—of all, in fact, that gather round the inner artistic life of a people. The more conspicuous works of architecture and painting and sculpture have been abundantly studied and amply commented upon, at least in Spain; but all the wide range of objects included by the South Kensington authorities in their present exhibition have been comparatively unknown or undistinguished even by many well informed respecting the arts of other countries. It is also to be observed, as regards Portugal at least, that otherwise well-informed persons there are often so little conversant with the Art of their own country that they like to ignore its existence. The other day the writer conversed with a clever Portuguese gentleman while standing near the cases of objects at South Kensington, and his arguments were directed to prove that Portugal never possessed any Art at all. It may therefore be well to draw attention to a few at least of the more conspicuous examples among those now shown of what has been produced in that country and in Spain, beginning at the Gothic period. In doing so it will become obvious how much these arts above alluded to have owed to countries from which they may have been imported, but it will also be seen that they assumed in native hands a character that is marked and distinctive. Of the earliest or Gothic period of Art in Spain very few examples exist, excepting certain votive crowns and processional crosses of the seventh century, from a treasure which was discovered in 1858 on the site of an ancient Christian convent at a place called Guarrazar, near Toledo. The Cluny Museum has a number of articles from the Guarrazar treasure, which show that the Visigothic kings (whose line ended A.D. 714) owned jewellery of a surprising richness and beauty; and the Archæological Museum of Madrid has sent to South Kensington the arms of a processional cross forming a part of this ancient treasure, which will be found in the case No. 35. Case No. 21 contains a collection of caskets, lent also by the Archæological Museum, which are singularly interesting, especially the old ivory casket of the ninth century, with the "Beatitudes" carved in a stiff Byzantine style round the front and sides, and the back patched up in pieces of ivory carving of obviously later date; and the wooden casket inlaid with crude representations of dogs and birds, and a Cufic inscription round the border, of the eleventh century; and the silver-mounted small casket of agate of the Hispano-Byzantine style of the eleventh or twelfth century. Among the contributions of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Lisbon, in the next stand (No. 20), are two interesting specimens of workmanship of the eleventh century; the clumsily finished crucifix in copper, No. 111; and a still more ancient similar specimen, the powerful simplicity of character of which resembles that of a very boldly and finely carved crucifix among the ivories from Spain in case 21, opposite. It is not difficult to appreciate at a glance the similarity and peculiarity of character of these contemporary specimens, and it is interesting to cross the court and compare with them a German crucifix of the same period (exhibited among the porcelain in a side stand, near the armour, and only accidentally visible in the Spanish court); and then to *contrast* them in character with the gaudily decorated cross in stand No. 21, of red and green stones held together in a metal frame, representing Oriental influence, and an art endowed (as the philosopher said) "with more money than brains." In the stand containing the objects sent by the Academy of Fine Arts of Lisbon are three golden or silver-gilt chalices, numbered 130, 102, 108, of which No. 130 is described as the gift of "Regina Dulcia," the consort of that Sancho who expelled the Moors from Portugal in 1189; it is of hammered gold, the shape is classically fine, and even the delicate filigree-work on the knop seems at first to disturb the chaste simplicity of its beauty; but after looking for a moment at the effect of the comparatively clumsy segmental knops of the other chalices, the eye returns with pleasure to the more ancient piece, and finds its delicate beauty refreshing among the more coarsely elaborated ornamentation of the fifteenth and sixteenth century work. The most remarkable specimens of work of this period—the monstrance, No. 100; pyx, 114; chalices, 129, 115; and processional crosses, 134, 110, all of the late fifteenth century—should be studied in this case; also the monstrance, No. 123 (which is supported upon *claws*, and not, as many of the coffers are, upon the heads of cherubs grovelling with their chins on the floor). Interesting objects are also Nos. 197, 211, 212—three remarkable "nimbuses" for the heads of statues of divine persons; a monstrance, No. 198, as illustrating a composite phase of Spanish Art in the sixteenth century; the objects in the case lent by the King of Portugal (Nos. 92, 90, 91, 93), as very characteristic specimens of Portuguese Art, influenced by that of the East. The coffer in frosted silver, No. 145, with the galleon and ravens of St. Vincent, the patron saint of Lisbon; the beautifully chased armour lent by the King of Spain; and finally, even the "hour-glass of the Inquisition, used during the trial of prisoners," and the processional banners of the "Auto-da-fé" have their own special interest, and fill up the strictly ecclesiastical character of the Exhibition, in which the amalgamation and development of Pagan and Mahommedan arts and myths in those of mediæval and modern Christianity are illustrated step by step.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ON CHINA.—The sixth exhibition, at the galleries of Messrs. Howell and James, contains more than two thousand specimens of the art of china painting, the *average* merit of which is much greater than that of any previous exhibitions. The study is evidently increasing in popularity, and the disposable space being limited, the judges (this year, Mr. Frederick Goodall, R.A., and Mr. H. Stacy Marks, R.A.) are called upon to raise the standard of merit qualifying a piece for admission. The catalogue will refer the visitor to the prize specimens, and to those *commended* by the judges. Among those not so distinguished, however, are many pieces of remarkable, if not of equal, beauty and interest. The only saddening feature of the exhibition is the *price list* of the amateur works, showing how very few shillings are represented in these hard days by the devotion of industry, talent, and taste to a pursuit overcrowded with competitors. Nor does there seem to be a fair relation between the merits of the respective works, and the valuation set upon them, as though the ladies stood in need of professional advice in this respect. It is, however, in the continuance of these exhibitions that their best hope lies of the rectification of such inequalities, and the improvement of the public appreciation of their work, and her Majesty's kind purpose is, no doubt, materially forwarded by the opportunity that these galleries afford of finding out by experience what the public taste is, and what the real marketable value of the work, and to a certain extent, with the help of the judges, of educating the public taste in this particular art. We subjoin a list of the principal prizes, with the names of the successful competitors:—The Crown Princess of Germany's Prize, Miss Whitaker. The Princess Alice Prize, a silver and enamelled badge designed by her late Royal Highness, presented by H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Viscountess Hood. The Princess Christian's Prize, a silver badge designed by her Royal Highness, Miss Everett Green. The Prince Leopold's Prize, Mrs. E. J. Smith. Silver badge presented by her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Miss Marion Gemmel. Silver badge presented by her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, Miss E. J. Barber. The Countess of Flanders' Prize, Mrs. Swain. The *Queen* Prize, Miss Crombie. The *Art Journal* Prize, Miss Kirkman. The "Judges'" Prize, Miss Wright. The "Founders'" Prize, Miss Farnall. Extra Prize for Mirror Frames, Miss Vigers. Special Prize for Door Plates, Mrs. George Purdie. The "Studio" Prize, Miss F. M. Minns.

THE GUARDI GALLERY.—Although Italian in name, this gallery possesses an international character. Several fine paintings by Guardi have been from time to time exhibited here, but the director by no means confines himself to Italy. Spain, France, Germany, and Holland all contribute, season after season, to the treasures of his gallery, and possessing a very keen insight into the Art merits of a man's work, and a quick instinct for discovering the whereabouts of those *ignoti pictores* who are by-and-by to become famous, whether they

happen to be located in Madrid or Munich, Paris or Rome, he manages to bring together pictures of rare excellence, and to give British reputation to foreigners young and unknown. To him untravelled Englishmen owe the discovery of the Spanish Domingo, an artist who stands side by side with the French Meissonier; and this season he makes us acquainted with the Spaniard's famous pupil, Benlliure. It is true Mr. Wallis, of the French Gallery, was the first to give us a glimpse of this artist's quality, but in the present exhibition he stands fully revealed in nearly a score of characteristic gems. The collection in all numbers one hundred and fifty-four pictures, and nearly all of them are of the most undeniable quality. Domingo, Bischopp, Roybet, Professor Till, Hermann Philips of Munich, not to mention the more familiar names of Blommers, Munthe, De Haas, the American Bridgman, and that coming young Englishman, W. H. Bartlett, are, with many others no less renowned, to be found on the walls of the Guardi Gallery. 'The Ferry Boat,' by the last-named artist, is an admirable painting; the limpidity of the water and the exquisite reflection of the sunset are rendered with a masterly hand. 'The Guard of the Alhambra,' a stately Nubian, in white haik, grasping a drawn sword, standing on the landing of the staircase of the famous Moorish palace, is one of the finest pictures now to be seen in London. Charlemont, the painter of it, is a young Austrian, whose technical skill is as remarkable as his consummate method of expression.

ABERDEEN FINE ART EXHIBITION.—An interesting collection of works by living and deceased painters has been brought together in Aberdeen. The main attraction of the rooms consists in a series of some thirty pictures by the late John Phillip, R.A., in which may be traced very clearly the history and development of his art. It commences with certain of Phillip's early portraits, among others that of the artist himself, painted at the age of twenty-four. Then come the delicate little sketches, 'A Scotch Baptism' and 'The New Scholar,' and the large finished picture of 'Presbyterian Catechizing,' exhibited in 1849—domestic subjects full of incident and character painting of the sort familiar to us in the works of Wilkie, and with much similarity in their thin, delicate style of painting, and their detailed finish and brownish tones of colour, to the method of that master—a method which, indeed, was characteristic of the whole Scottish school of the early part of the century. A further development of the same style is found in two single-figure pictures, 'The Gleaner' and 'The Haymaker,' and we pass to 'The Letter Writer of Seville,' lent by her Majesty, a transitional work painted shortly after Phillip had visited Spain for the first time. It has a hardness and opacity of which there is little trace in his earlier pictures, but showing at the same time a definitely increased power of dealing with varied and vivid colour. More perfect and satisfactory examples of his fully matured Spanish style are to be found in 'A Prima Donna in the character of Rosina,' 'The Spanish Beauty,' 'La Alameda,' and 'El Cigarillo,' a dark-skinned, lustrous-eyed girl in a white and pink dress, seated beside a brazier "taking a quiet whiff." Other figure pictures, with more complex detail and greater variety of dramatic action, are the 'Doubtful Fortune,' 'The Spanish Volunteer,' 'The State Lottery,' and the powerful but unfinished 'Fair at Seville.' Two other deceased artists, natives of Aberdeen, are represented in the exhibition—William Dyce, by a portrait of a lady, Lawrence-like in its dignified attitude and delicate flesh painting; and James Cassie, by several landscapes in oil and water colour, of which 'The Bass Rock,' an effect of softly tinted evening light over quiet sea, is a thoroughly excellent and characteristic example. Near it is hung a powerful portrait of this artist by John Phillip; and another telling portrait of an Aberdeen painter, George Reid, R.S.A., by the late Paul Chalmers, R.S.A., hangs on another wall. Mr. G. Reid himself shows several excellent portraits, including the well-known one of Professor Robertson Smith. Among Mr. A. D. Reid's contributions are a view of Jedburgh Abbey and some admirable flower studies; and Mr. S. Reid has an interior view of the Edinburgh National Gallery, and 'The Brook,' a landscape subject. Mr. James Cadenhead shows an excellent 'View of Princes Street, Edinburgh;' and Mr. Sherwood Hunter, another Aberdeen painter, is represented by a number of coast scenes. In addition to the above-mentioned works, contributions come from many other Scottish Academicians.

LEEDS.—The summer exhibition was opened on Whit-Monday, June 6th. It consists entirely of artists' works, and is a considerable improvement upon the one held in the autumn of last year. There is generally more ability, power, and variety displayed. While most of the pictures and drawings are contributed by artists from a distance, there is a fair representation of the works of local painters.

ART NOTICES FOR AUGUST:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Sending-in-Days.—Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, 1st to 13th; Royal Manchester Institute, 6th; Kirkcaldy (N.B.), to 13th; Black and White, Glasgow, 15th; Arts Association, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 12th; Brighton Exhibition, 20th.

Opening Days.—Canterbury, 1st; Christmas Card Exhibition at Society of British Artists, 6th; Flaxman Gallery, University College, open on Saturdays 10 till 4; Newark-on-Trent China Painting Exhibition, 9th; Arts Association, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 26th; Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, and Cardiff Art Loan Exhibition open.

Closing Days.—Royal Academy, 1st; Society of British Artists, 1st; Christmas Card Exhibition at Society of British Artists, 27th; Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 30th, being open during the month on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 11 till 5, reopens February, 1882; Sheffield Society of Artists at end of month.

ART NOTES.

MR. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., has resigned his post as Director of the Art Division of the Science and Art Department, and Principal of the National Art Training School, at South Kensington.

MR. EDWIN LONG, R.A., the recently elected Academician, was born at Bath in July, 1829, and, after studying for a few years in London, took up the pursuit of portrait painting at his native city, until, in 1857, he went to Madrid to study the portraits of Velasquez, and thereupon abandoned portraiture in favour of subjects taken from Spanish life. His principal works have, however, been produced subsequently to an Egyptian and Syrian tour that he made in 1874-5. His picture in the Academy of 1875, 'The Babylonian Marriage Market,' 'The Egyptian Feast' of 1877, and another fine Egyptian piece, 'The Gods and their Makers,' exhibited in 1878, must be fresh in every one's recollection. In 1879 his principal pictures were 'Esther' and 'Vashti,' in 1880 'An Assyrian Captive,' and in the exhibition of this year 'Diana, or Christ,' a work of remarkable power and technical skill.

THE "ROYAL" SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The gracious act of her Majesty in constituting this body a Royal Society has only given expression to the public appreciation of its merit. The large interests of water-colour painting may now, it is hoped, be fully promoted, if the "Royal" Society can be brought to appreciate that wider and more national responsibilities have been imposed upon it, along with the honourable distinctive adjective by which it is ranked among corporations recognised as representative by the Queen and Government of the country.

WATER-COLOUR ART.—We understand that all the funds necessary for the new galleries which it is proposed to erect in Piccadilly have been privately subscribed. The directors have commissioned Mr. E. R. Robson to carry out the new buildings. In point of architectural character, Mr. Robson's design is of Greek type, treated simply and without undue straining after effect.

MR. MARK FISHER has been elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

EXTENSION OF LOANS FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM TO CORPORATION MUSEUMS.—Lord Spencer and Mr. Mundella, the chiefs of the Education Department, have done a great public service by extending the system of loans from the South Kensington Museum to corporation museums. Formerly loans could only be granted to schools of Art, or to museums in immediate connection with such schools, and on the responsibility of the committee of management. The establishment of corporation museums, or museums in connection with free libraries under corporate control, notably at Nottingham, Sheffield, Bradford, and Derby, opened up a new demand, as well as new fields of operation, and the Science and Art Department did well to extend its aid to these institutions in addition to those connected with schools of Art only, such as Burslem, Henley, Stirling, &c. These local museums are thriving and well conducted, and are greatly appreciated by Art workmen. It is undoubted that this legitimate expansion of South Kensington policy has had the effect of inspiring the owners of similar treasures with confidence in such local undertakings, since they may well follow without hesitation where the Government takes the lead. Much generous and voluntary co-operation has resulted on the part of those who would hesitate to incur the risk of lending their

most valuable possessions—often priceless and cherished heirlooms—for the education of the Art workman, and to further the development of general taste and culture, unless convinced by the action of the Department that the fitness and management of these permanent museums may be relied on.

A REMARKABLE feature in the Exhibition of Art-Furniture, now open at the Albert Hall, under the auspices of the Council of the Society of Arts, is that the medals and certificates awarded to successful exhibitors will, with the consent of the eminent firms exhibiting, be awarded, not to themselves, but to the operatives by whom the *main-d'œuvre* is accomplished. The generosity of this concession on the part of employers is not to be measured by the value of the medals and certificates that they resign; it indicates an admirable sentiment of confidence in their employés that they afford them such a facility for making public the degree of their skill, for which, after all, they are mainly indebted to the training that they have had while engaged on their employers' work. This confidence is a new and noble feature in the relations of employer and employed, which fittingly takes its origin from the time when they have both learned to appreciate the higher and nobler, or *Art* branch of their industry.

PROFESSOR CHURCH, one of the most eminent of living authorities on precious stones, recently delivered before the Society of Arts a lecture on their artistic use, in which he dealt with an interesting subject with exceptional knowledge and taste. The lecture has been published in the Journal of the Society.

KIRKCALDY.—The Fine Art Association, in its ninth report, gives a membership of 620, and states that in the nine years works of Art amounting to £8,828 have been sold. It is expected that by a special effort the tenth exhibition of this promising local society will be of greater importance.

DUNFERMLINE.—Sir Noel Paton's original cartoon, 'The Spirit of Religion,' having been presented by the artist to his native town of Dunfermline, has been hung in the Council Chamber there. The cartoon, which is eighteen feet high, was one of the three prize designs at the Westminster Hall competition in 1845, the other prize cartoons being those of Mr. Armytage and Mr. Tenniel.

THE following is the financial result of the first Salon conducted under the management of the artists compared with 1880, when it was under the Government. It must be remembered that the exhibition was only open from the 1st of May to the 20th of June:—

	1880. Francs.	1881. Francs.
Admissions	193,710	329,000
Season Tickets	4,000	4,000
Buffet	12,000	9,300
Catalogues	51,180	20,000
	260,890	362,300

The enormous increase in the entrance fees more than compensates for the diminution in the proceeds of the refreshment department (caused by the increased and exorbitant tariff), and of the catalogues (owing, no doubt, to the extensive sale this year of the illustrated catalogue, and of a cheap penny edition sold outside). The nett result is a balance of profit of about £2,000, which it has not yet been decided how to deal with.

PRINCIPAL FINE ART AWARDS, MELBOURNE EXHIBITION.—Gold medals have been awarded by the jurors of the Melbourne Exhibition as follows:—For oil pictures: Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., for the 'Portrait of Herr Henschel;' Mr. R. Ansdell, R.A., for 'Evening—Girls and Dogs,' 'The Anxious Mother,' 'Sheep,' 'Partridge Shooting,' and 'The Deer Family;' to Mr. R. Beavis, for a picture; to Sir John Gilbert, R.A., 'Doge and Senators of Venice in Council,' and other pictures; to Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., for 'Spring-time in Egypt;' to Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., for 'Lear disinheriting Cordelia' and another picture; to Mr. Colin Hunter, for 'Salmon Fishers, Loch Fyne;' to Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., for 'Industrial Art applied to War,' a drawing made for the South Kensington authorities; to Mr. H. S. Marks, R.A., for 'The Jolly Postboys;' to Mr. Perugini, for 'A Modern Bacchante' and another picture; to Mr. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., for 'An Appeal for Mercy;' and to Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., for 'Britomart and her Nurse' and 'Esau.'

ART GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.—An interesting report has been made to Lord Loftus by the trustees of this gallery, in which the history of the institution is traced, from its inception at a meeting held in April, 1871, to the present time, showing its steady progress in utility. For the first four years, when it had no local habitation, the efforts of the society, we are told, were "restricted to the occasional exhibition of works by colonial artists and amateurs; the distribution of works of Art by Art Unions to Loan Exhibitions, and to reunions of its members." Such being the programme of the society in the most feeble period of its career, it may be imagined that, since it has been recognised by the Government, and assisted by parliamentary grants, its sphere of usefulness has considerably extended, and it is satisfactory to learn that under these altered circumstances it is still the intention of the trustees to set apart one of their courts "occasionally" for the exhibition of works by colonial artists and Art students.

ART QUERY.—Wanted information as to the portraits of Lady Hamilton painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, particularly those in the character of "Bacchante," and for whom they were painted, and their present owners.

THE MONTH'S ARCHITECTURE.

The following are the more important Buildings lately completed. New Churches and Chapels have been built at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Gatley-in-Etchells	Medland & Taylor.
Four Elms	E. T. Hall.
Ludlow, St. John's	A. W. Blomfield.
Sandown	C. B. Luck.
Monkton	Austin, Johnston, & Hicks.
Plymouth, St. Jude's	J. Hine.
Liverpool, Presb.	D. Walker.
Glasgow, Francisc.	Pugin & Pugin.
East Greenwich, R. C.	H. H. Hansom.
Sacriston, R. C.	Dunn & Hansom.
Northwich, Wes.	C. O. Ellison.
Upway, Cong.	R. C. Bennett.
Sheffield, R. C.	Hadfield & Son.

Churches have been restored at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Wedmore	E. B. Ferry.
St. Ewe	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Bitterley	— Nicholson.
Kirkdale	S. Crowther.
Haverfordwest	L. Barker.
Digby	— Kirk.
Colwall	J. T. Micklethwaite.
Syston	— Ordish.
Whilton	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Broughton	W. White.
Artleborough	J. Peacock.
Sheepwash	J. F. Gould.

Public Buildings and Schools have been built at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Nottingham, University Buildings	W. & R. Mawson.
Leicester, Wyggeston Hospital, Girls' School	E. Burgess.
„ Industrial Board School	E. Burgess.
Great Yarmouth, Board Schools	Bottle & Olley.
Oxford, New Schools and Library	— Wilkinson.
Huddersfield, Parish Church Schools	E. Hughes.
London, Brecknock Board Schools	J. Robson.
Ely, Theological College New Buildings	J. P. St. Aubyn.
London, St. Clement Danes Schools	C. W. Reeves.
Plymouth, Board Schools	H. J. Small.
Whitehaven, New Market	
Stacksteads, Beaconsfield Club	L. Booth.
Liverpool, Seacombe Hotel	C. Grayson.
London, Hospital for the Sick Poor of Marylebone	S. Snell.

Monumental Works have been completed at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Wells Cathedral, to 13th (Somerset) Regiment, South African War	E. B. Ferry.
Chelsea, Drinking Fountain to G. Sparkes	C. Barry.
Kidderminster, Statue to Sir R. Hill	
St. Andrews, Fountain to Whyte-Melville	R. W. Edis.
St. Antholin's, Mem. of demolished Ch.	J. D. Mathews.
Cheltenham, Mem. Font to Countess of Loudoun	
Stretford, Mem. Window to J. Hampton	
Dinnington, Mem. Window to J. C. Athorpe	

Foreign—

Place.	*Architect.*
Berlin, "Germania" Life Assurance Office	Kayser & Von Grossheim.
Kassel, Picture Gallery and Sculpture	Baurath von Dehn-Rotfelser.
Marseilles, Cathedral	Vandoyer, and afterwards Esperandieu.

REVIEWS.

"THE ANTIQUARY." Vol. III. (Elliot Stock, London).—This magazine preserves under its new editorship its quaint garb. Although the volume which is just completed does not contain many articles of specific interest to the artist, still throughout its pages there is much to be noted, and many a hint for the details, or even for the subject, of a picture may be culled therefrom.

"THE FIRST OF MAY," with Fifty-two Designs by Walter Crane (London: Sotheran & Co.); 200 proofs at £10 10s., 300 at £6 6s.—It was our fortune to peruse this book for the first time seated in a garden, with an accompaniment of sunshine, fresh air, singing of birds, and humming of bees. As it deals with these delights, it says much for the book that the portrayal of them therein did not suffer by comparison with the reality. This was in a measure due to the quaint but unaffected poesy of the writer of the "masque," who prefers to place his first venture before the world anonymously; but both pen and pencil have been most happily combined, and Mr. Crane could hardly have selected a better subject to illustrate. Since the days when Stothard drew his exquisite head-pieces to Rogers's Poems, it is probable that no work dealing with the figure has issued from the English press so honestly and affectionately illustrated as this fairy poem. In landscape we have, it is true, had in Mr. Birket Foster's illustrations to the poets work which will hand down his name to posterity when his drawings, by which he is now principally known, are no more. But in designs for book illustration of a serious character Mr. Crane, with Mr. Caldecott, occupies a position apart from the rest of his generation. As a draughtsman of the figure he is inferior to both Stothard and Caldecott. In Stothard's case this excellence probably arose from arduous study of the nude, in the latter it appears to come spontaneously. But in design Mr. Crane comes to the front; Caldecott cannot compete with him, and Stothard had neither the inventive faculty nor that lately opened source from which to cull ideas, Japanese ornament. Mr. Crane combines a thorough knowledge of both Japanese and classical ornamentation in the happiest way. In Plate 31, for instance, above and below the principal design, a struggle between Good and Evil, are two delightful classical designs of Cupid as a lawyer reading the Breviarium Amoris, and being armed for the fray, both conceived in an inimitable manner, whilst the field of the letterpress is strewn with rose fronds in a spirit entirely Japanese. Illustrations No. 28 and 36 are also specially noticeable as specimens of the excellence of his work in these respects. The drawings, which were originally in pencil, have been wonderfully reproduced by the photogravure process; in fact, they are marvels of reproduction, and the only pity is that it has been thought necessary to mar the beauty of the plates by an advertisement of the process in every sheet. At present the work is only published in portfolio form, but it is hoped that it will shortly be issued as a volume, and at a price which will place it within reach of the many who would derive not only pleasure but benefit from it, but who cannot at present afford the price asked for the proof impressions.

"TOURIST'S GUIDE FOR SCOTLAND OF THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY." Illustrated. Price 3d.—It may surprise some of our readers that a critical notice of such a work as the foregoing should be considered within the province of a review in these columns. But the advancement of Art being the essence of our existence, any attempt to popularise Art calls for notice by us. Unfortunately, in this instance, the attempt of the company to attract the attention of holiday-goers can call for nothing but censure. It lay in their power, as the book is issued as an advertisement, to publish really good and attractive illustrations of the towns and scenery to which they invite attention. Instead of this, nothing can be more calculated to discourage the tourist from visiting the scenes depicted than the ill-drawn, badly executed, cheap lithographs. No doubt the fault is due to the publication having been intrusted to an official whose powers had hitherto been only taxed to produce a bill-head; but it is lamentable to think what an amount of harm to Art may be done thereby.

"A TRADE CATALOGUE" (Liberty & Co., London).—It is not our wont to criticize such publications as this, but it has happened to fall into our hands very opportunely, as a contrast to the foregoing. A greater one could hardly be conceived. Messrs. Liberty's is fashioned after the manner of, and in strict accord with, the wares in which they deal. It is thoroughly artistic, having been designed by a workman on Japanese lines. Would it not equally have paid the great railway company to employ a Scottish artist of repute to transform their Tourist's Guide from an eyesore into an agreeable travelling companion through the lovely country which it illustrates?

"THE LAW OF ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT," by Martin Routh (London: Remington & Co.).—This handy book has been avowedly compiled for the use of artists, publishers, and photographers, but it may well be of service to the picture-buying public, although the want of a good index impairs much of its value, and it has the misfortune of being written, as to a considerable portion, in an irritating dialogue form. It also deals with copyright too entirely from the artist's point of view, refusing to recognise the well-based contention of a purchaser, "When I ask the price of a picture, I expect the artist to name such a price as will include all his rights in the same." In an appendix will be found the Copyright Acts as they now stand, forms for the assignment and registration of copyright, the Report of the Law Amendment Society, and the proposed Copyright Bill of 1881, which unfortunately very soon received its quietus.

"REVUE DES ARTS DÉCORATIFS." Vol. I., 550 pages, 16s. (Paris: A. Quantin).—In these days too much reliance is no doubt placed by designers and artificers on the works of their predecessors, and perhaps the blame of so doing rests more at the door of the public for whom they cater than their own. If, however, they are compelled to search for antique models, they can hardly go to a better source than this magazine, which is proceeding systematically to deal with the treasures now collected in the Exposition de l'Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliqués à l'Industrie. By the aid of the new processes of reproduction the form and design of each article are portrayed in a manner which has never been surpassed, and therefore the illustrations are of the greatest value to the designer. At the same time the amateur buyer of *objets d'Art* will find hints whereby to avoid the pitfalls which beset his path on every side.

THE ART UNION OF VICTORIA, which was established some nine years ago to promote a knowledge and love of the Fine Arts throughout Australia by a wide diffusion of the works of native artists, has met with the success its efforts deserve. For the current season the presentation work is a volume of wood engravings illustrating a poem by Henry Kendall, entitled "Orara," the scene whereof is laid in the far interior of Australia. The designs of many of the plates are good, and the engraving is most promising. The engravers appear to have, owing to the warmth of the climate, to contend, even more than their brethren here, against the shrinkage of the blocks. There is hardly a plate in the present collection which does not bear evidence to this. In these days of invention some remedy for this disheartening disfigurement could surely be found out.

THE contents of the Museo del Prado, at Madrid, the National Gallery of Spain, will shortly become better known to the world at large through a fine series of autotype reproductions, executed by the firm of Braun & Co., of Dornach. A comprehensive selection has been made under the superintendence of the director of the gallery, and it includes no less than forty-eight by Velasquez, thirty-four by Murillo, eleven by Raphael, twenty-five by Titian, sixteen by Vandyck, and thirty-two by Rubens. In all the list comprises nearly three hundred examples, which are being issued in two sizes, the largest, 20 by 16 inches, costing 12s. each. Some fifty are on view at the Autotype Company's in Oxford Street, and their uniform excellence is remarkable.

NEW ENGRAVING.

'ATALANTA'S RACE.' Painted by E. J. Poynter, R.A., engraved by F. Joubert (London: The Fine Art Society).—It is but seldom nowadays that we have the pleasure of seeing a fine line engraving. The reasons for the decline of the art are not far to seek. This plate, for instance, has, we understand, occupied Mr. Joubert uninterruptedly for four years. This means that the owner of the picture has sacrificed the use and enjoyment of his property for that time, and that the publishers have had to pay the engraver such a sum as would recompense him for his continuous services during that period. These risks and drawbacks can hardly be expected to be hazarded in an age when the public have so much to occupy their mind that almost all recollection of a picture is effaced before the closing of the Academy at which it is first seen. In this instance it will be universally admitted that the results were worth the risks. Seldom of late years has a picture been painted more capable of fine rendering by so classical a mode of reproduction, and it is long since line engravers produced so fine a result. If merit commands success, the plate should live and be increasingly valued as the art which has produced it becomes a thing of the past.



THE DWARF CITIES OF GERMANY.

ALTHOUGH the old German Empire has only ceased to exist some seventy years, yet it is very difficult for us to realise what it was in its palmy days. The present "German Empire" has few points of similarity, and is entirely wanting in its most important feature; that is, the claim of the old empire to be called and considered "Roman." One of the chief offices of the "Holy Roman Empire" was the protection of the Pope. It claimed to be the inheritor of the temporal power of old pagan Rome, sanctified by Christianity, but it always regarded the Pope as the representative of the spiritual power of the Cæsars; thus, while the Emperor claimed the title of *Cæsar* (Kaiser), the Popes adopted that of *Pontifex Maximus*. The great ideal of the Middle Ages was to have these two in perfect accord and amity; and although, as we well know, the disagreements and disputes between the spiritual and the temporal inheritors of Cæsar's power were neither few nor unimportant, and we can easily recall what we have read respecting the quarrels between Henry IV. and Gregory VII., Barbarossa and Alexander III., Frederick II. and Gregory IX., yet the Emperor generally found it convenient to take the first step towards a reconciliation, and if he did not end by "going to Canossa," he at any rate went part of the way. It seems strange that Cæsar should have had so often "to eat humble pie," but there were two very important circumstances which must be taken into consideration: the first is the strong religious sentiment of the Middle Ages, and the other is the fact that Cæsar was the father of a somewhat ungovernable family, who were always quarrelling amongst themselves directly his back was turned. Perhaps it was a dispute with regard to the possession of some city between the Dukes of Swabia and Bavaria, or the Elector of Treves had advanced claims to certain lands which the Duke of Nassau refused to allow, and but one spark was wanted to set the whole Fatherland in a blaze. Under these circumstances it can be well understood that the Emperor was only too glad to make up his difference with the Pope, and obtain the aid of the Church to assist him in putting an end to such a dangerous state of things at home. These constant feuds, however, led to Germany being in a perpetual state of preparation for war, and every collection of houses which could be regarded as anything better than a hamlet surrounded itself with walls, which, as time went on, were defended with towers, gates, moats, and ramparts. Hence arose a number of fortified villages, or "dwarf cities," as they are called. It must not, however, be supposed that walls, gates, and towers were their only claim to be considered "cities;" far from it. These little fortified towns enjoyed a considerable amount of independence, and were in many cases free from all jurisdiction save that of the Emperor alone; in which case, no matter how small they were, or how insignificant, they had the title of "Free Imperial Cities." They possessed, moreover, all the municipal rights enjoyed by the great cities of the empire; elected their own burgomaster, magistrates, and town council; passed laws for their domestic and internal reforms; and as they to a great extent enjoyed "local self-government," manufactures flourished, trade was protected, and the foundations were laid for many of those blessings of freedom and civilisation which we now so greatly prize.

These dwarf cities are to be found all over Germany, but as a rule they have either grown into larger towns, and so can no longer with propriety be called "dwarf cities" (Zwerg-Städte), or have had their walls and gates thrown down, and are reduced to the condition of ordinary villages; even amongst those that remain, "improvement" is every day sweeping away some picturesque feature or interesting peculiarity. Probably, however, the most perfect series of dwarf cities now existing are those upon the banks of the Main between Bamberg and Würzburg. They can be reached from Würzburg by rail, but if the tourist can walk, he will see much that will interest him if he keeps to the banks of the river.

Suppose our tourist to have started upon a walk from the fine old town of Würzburg, and advancing up stream; he will be first struck by the beautiful view of the town, with its countless steeples, great castle perched upon the rock on the opposite bank, and the curious pilgrimage church, with its two hundred steps, lined by representations of the "Via Crucis," and shaded by old thorn-trees. The banks of the river, on both sides, are cut into terraces and planted with vines. Should it happen to be autumn, he will find bunches of ripe grapes tied to the foot of the nearest crucifix.

About two miles from Würzburg the towns of Heidingsfeld and Randesachre, on opposite banks of the river, come in sight: they are picturesque old places, and the church of the former contains a splendidly carved fifteenth-century pulpit and some excellent sculpture by Tilman Riemenschneider, an artist of the sixteenth century, and a native of Würzburg. A little farther on is Eibstadt (on the left), very prettily situated, after leaving which a curious change takes place: the Calvaries and statues of saints which have lined the road at intervals all the way from Würzburg disappear. The gay, coloured dresses of the peasant women are exchanged for black and russet. We have entered a Protestant district, and before long the two pretty villages of Sommerhausen and Winterhausen, on opposite banks of the river, come in sight. The latter has a fine fountain in its market-place, adorned with a bronze statue of a knight in full armour of the latter part of the sixteenth century. After passing two more little villages a bend in the river brings the exceedingly interesting little

town of Ochsenfurth in sight. The first glimpse of this place is indeed a most agreeable surprise, and we are at once carried back to the Middle Ages. Before us is a little city surrounded by walls, defended by lofty dome-capped towers at intervals, and ancient gateways surmounted by pyramidal spires; two graceful church steeples and a host of russet-coloured roofs and pointed gables rise up behind the walls, and a wonderful old bridge with huge starlings and narrow arches crosses the river.



Watch Tower, Ochsenfurth.

A great Calvary at the opposite end of the bridge informs us that the district has again changed its religion. It is impossible to look at this quaint and beautiful old town without feeling that it could tell us an eventful history, and such is really the case. It has witnessed more than a thousand years of chequered fortune. The lofty tower, looking strangely like a telescope, is said to have been erected in heathen times, and to have been used for human sacrifices. Our sketch represents this tower, together with a portion of the old walls. The building seen in the distance is a curious mediæval hospital, now no longer used. Amongst many other places in Germany, Ochsenfurth claims to have been the place of Cœur de Lion's base imprisonment, and even if we dismiss these as fables, there is enough of real history to fill a goodly volume, and this has been done by a learned priest now dead. The bridge goes by the name of "The Red Bridge" from the following circumstances:—In the year 1295 the town was basely sold to the Prince Bishop of Würzburg, and lost its liberties as a free city, but a brave knight named Leopold von Kuchenmeister determined to restore it to freedom, and stormed it with a number of followers; it was, however, well defended by the partisans of the Bishop, and a large reinforcement arriving from Würzburg, the knight's followers were all put to the sword, and the bridge was stained with their blood. Leopold, however, escaped, and shaking his fist at the town, cried out, "Basely won, basely lost!" This expression has passed into a proverb.

The following interesting anecdote is related:—

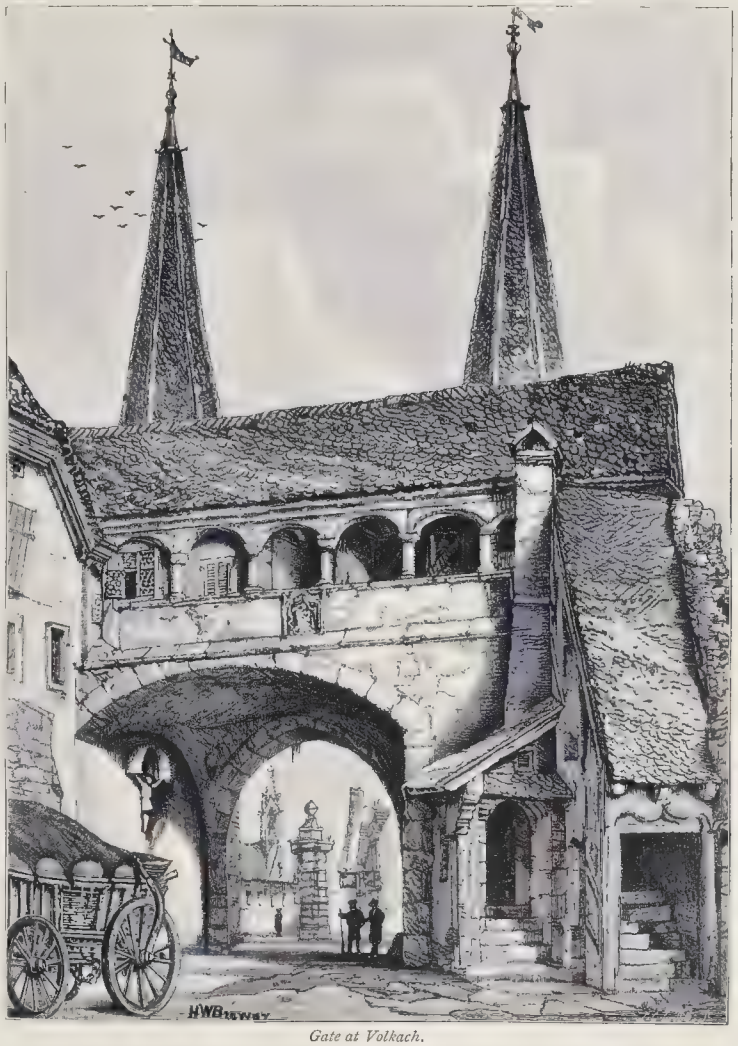
There lived in Ochsenfurth, during the latter half of the thirteenth century, a young blacksmith, who was remarkable for the beauty of his person and nobility of manner. A desire seized him to join the army of the ill-fated Conradin—the last and most unfortunate of all the Ghibellines. When, however, he arrived in Italy he found, instead of a victorious army, the German troop scattered about, vanquished and dispirited, and Conradin himself taken prisoner. The idea struck him at once that the army might be saved if a leader could be found to conduct it back over the Alps, and he determined to personify the absent Emperor. Dressing himself in armour, he presented himself to the troops and declared that he was the Emperor escaped from prison; the deception succeeded, and the army followed him, firmly believing him to be the Emperor. As soon as he had conducted them safely through Italy and over the Alps, he appointed all the troops to be ready to receive an address from him at a certain spot, when, to their great astonishment, he met them, not in armour, but wearing a leather apron, with a huge hammer in his hand instead of a sword. "Comrades," said he, "I am not your Emperor; he, alas! was barbarously put to death at Naples;* I am only John Stock, the blacksmith of Ochsenfurth, and now I have led you back to the Fatherland, I shall return to my forge and my native village on the banks of the Main."

The "Bauerkrieg" had a lively time of it at Ochsenfurth; the peasants found five hundred hogsheads of wine belonging to the Chapter of Würzburg Cathedral, with which they regaled themselves to such an extent that they were easily captured and executed. The old bridge is the scene of Götz von Berlichingen's exploit with the waggon, related in Goethe's poem.

Gustavus Adolphus took possession of the town in 1631.

* Conradin, or Conrad V., was executed at Naples by Charles of Anjou in 1268. His army had been previously routed at Tagliocozzo.

Unfortunately the beautiful room which he occupied was destroyed by fire in 1868. The old Rathhaus, dated 1497, with its ancient furniture, is a charming example of old German municipal architecture. When the writer was looking over it, a man was brought up for selling short measure, and what he had tried to pass off as a bushel of grain was poured into a bronze measure bearing date 1484, beautifully adorned with bas-reliefs of the Crucifixion and Annunciation. It is said to have been made for the town by Peter Vischer. The fine old church is full of works of Art. There are a beautiful carved stone tabernacle about fifty feet high, a bronze font said to be by Peter Vischer, and several fine statues by Tilman Riemenschneider. A little chapel in the churchyard is adorned with beautiful bas-reliefs. The streets are wonderfully quaint and picturesque; they climb up and down hill, and wind about in a way that would drive a modern builder distracted. A mile farther on is Markt Breit, a busy and thriving little Protestant town, with a noble old street and a Rathhaus built partly over the city gate, and partly over a street. Opposite Markt Breit is the pretty village of Segnitz, and half a mile farther on the little town of Markt Slefr. On the opposite bank, to the left, is a curious little "dwarf city," which looks like a small edition of Ochsenfurth. This is Sulzfeld, one of the very smallest cities in Germany, with its towers, walls, and gates nearly perfect. The lofty spire of its church and noble Renaissance gable of its Rathhaus rise finely up above the red roofs of the more humble buildings. This Rathhaus was erected by Würzburg's great bishop, Julius von Mespelbrun: there is scarcely a town in the neighbourhood which does not show some mark of his princely generosity, and his two noble foundations in his own city, the magnificent university and vast hospital, called after him the "Julius Spital," serve to hand down his name to posterity as that of one of the most enlightened sovereigns of his time. We use the word sovereign because, be it understood, the "Prince Bishops" of Würzburg held temporal as well as spiritual authority over their diocese, and in the cathedral their monumental effigies will be seen standing upright against the columns of the church, grasping the pastoral staff in one hand and the sword in the other. The people who were under the rule of these Prince Bishops were by no means badly off; they had far less military service than the subjects of the surrounding secular princes, and as there was less fighting going on, the prince bishoprics got very rich, and being an elective monarchy, the cathedral chapter, for their own sake, generally took care not to nominate a tyrant to the office. The election appears to have been carried out in the following way:—The cathedral chapter, who were, by the way, all noble, sent to the Emperor a list of nine names of candidates for the bishopric. The Emperor crossed out six of the names, and sent the remaining three to the Pope, who returned the name of the person considered most worthy to fill the office, and he was generally elected. Occasionally, however, affairs were not carried on so smoothly, and in the year 1266 a serious battle was fought between the followers of two rival claimants, between Sulzfeld and Kitzingen.

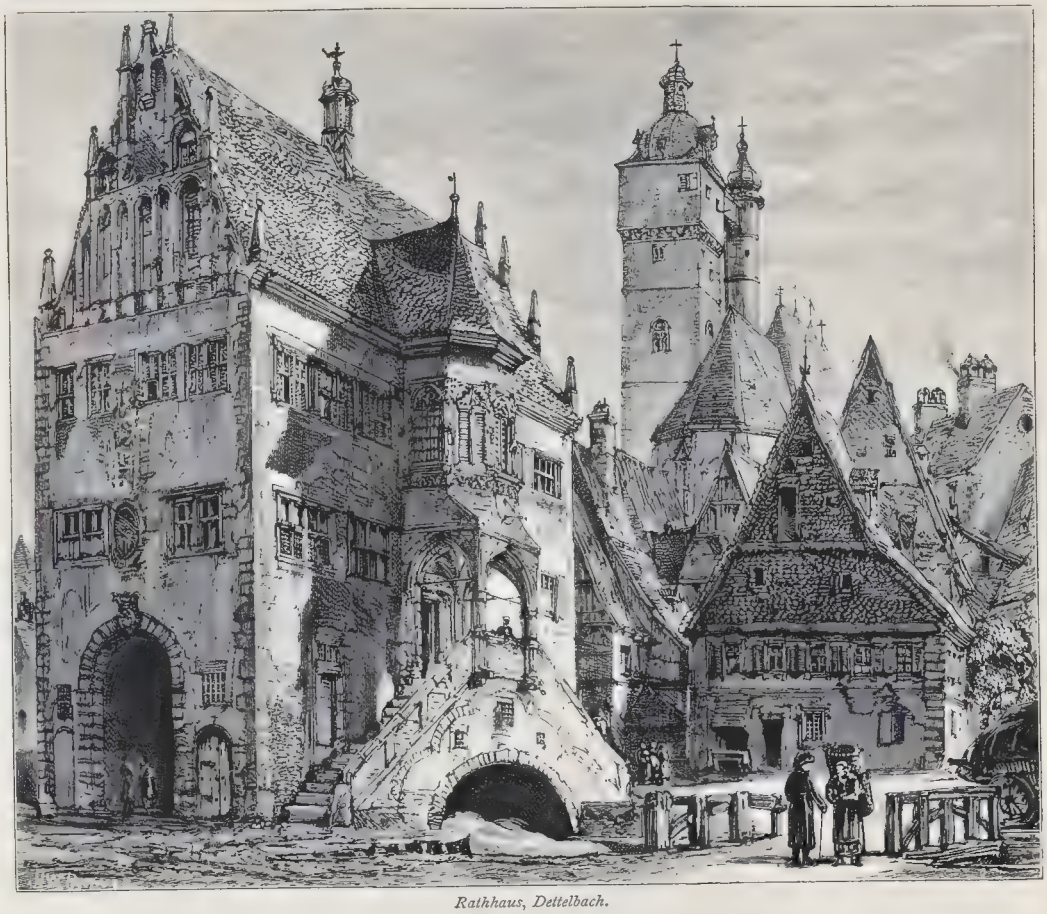


Gate at Volkach.

A pretty little stream falls into the Main nearly opposite to Sulzfeld: walking along its banks the tourist will pass through

Mainbernheim, an old fortified town surrounded by high walls, defended at the angles with tall circular towers. As the whole is covered with whitewash, the effect when seen of an evening is almost that of a phantom town. A little more than a mile farther on the ruined walls and lofty towers of Iphoven come in sight. At a distance it seems an important city, but in reality it is little more than a village. Many an English town, with its forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, presents a less imposing and dignified aspect than this Bavarian village, with its population of some eighteen hundred or two thousand souls. The sketch at the end of this paper will give our readers an idea of the general aspect of this curious old town. The singular building with the large gable shown in the view was formerly a convent. The grand old gates, Rathhaus, and interesting church at Iphoven deserve attention; the latter retains some fine stained glass, and has two remarkable staircases constructed in the thickness of the walls.

Returning to the Main, a walk of about two miles will bring the tourist to Kitzingen, the most important town he has yet seen. Unfortunately its prosperity has robbed it of much of its picturesqueness. The fine old bridge, with its thirteen arches, still crosses the Main, but its lofty gate and barbican



Rathhaus, Dettelbach.

were destroyed ten years back. The Rathhaus and Catholic Church are worth seeing; the latter has a fourteenth-century gallery of stone, running the whole length of the aisle. Kitzingen was, in the year 1525, the scene of one of the most horrible acts of vengeance connected with the history of the "Bauerkrieg."

Between Kitzingen and Dettelbach the villages are so numerous that it would be impossible to give sufficient space to describe them, so we will hurry on at once to Dettelbach, one of the very oldest towns in Germany, and said to have been in existence, fourteen hundred years. Like Ochsenfurth, it possesses walls, gates, and towers, but its chief object of interest is the fine old Rathhaus built over a stream, with a road also passing through it. It is an excellent example of the civil architecture of the fifteenth century, and the little chapel over the porch is a graceful piece of Gothic architecture. Our sketch represents this old Rathhaus, and in the distance is seen the singular tower of the church, with an isolated staircase turret connected with the tower by a little bridge.

The scenery of the Main between Dettelbach and Volkach becomes very romantic, especially when it approaches the latter town. To the right lies the fine range of hills called the Stiegerwald, with their blue peaks, and to the left is the Vogelsberg, or "bird mountain," crowned with an ancient ruin. The valleys were once rich in monastic institutions. A few broken walls are all that is left of the once magnificent abbey of Munster-Schwarzach, one of the wealthiest monasteries in all Germany, and said to have been founded by Charlemagne. The superb church was rebuilt between the years 1715 and 1743, in imitation of St. Peter's, Rome, and adorned with the most costly frescoes and precious marbles. Although completed little more than a century back, *not one single stone of it exists!* The abbey was suppressed by the French, but the magnificent church was spared, and remained perfect down to the year 1810, when the great dome and one of its towers were struck by lightning. After this the church was allowed to pass into private hands, *and was pulled down bit by bit!* What the Bavarian Government, which has always had the credit of protecting works of Art, was about to allow such acts of vandalism it is difficult to conceive. The noble portico and west front existed to about the year 1840, but now nothing is left to give us any idea of this most superb building, except a small model preserved in the Kunstverein at Würzburg, judging from which the church must have been very like our St. Paul's. The pretty little convent and church of Maria Stern, near Dettelbach, are, however, perfect, and still inhabited by barefooted friars. The church was rebuilt by Bishop Julius, and is one of the most celebrated places of pilgrimage in Bavaria. The hills around are covered from apse to summit with vineyards, and glimpses of old castles attract the attention every now and then; those of Mainstockheim and Rudenhausen are interesting old buildings.

Volkach possesses the most picturesque gateways of any of the towns on the Main; that represented in our illustration is remarkably perfect. The pretty little gallery looking down into the barbican, and two lofty spires, are interesting objects. What could have been the exact use of either of these features it is very difficult to say; they are, however, curious examples



Iphoven.

of mediæval military architecture. The church, Rathhaus, and curious old pilgrimage chapel deserve notice.

There is a good deal of pretty costume to be seen between Ochsenfurth and here. The women wear a short scarlet petticoat and a jacket open in front, showing a kind of waistcoat laced up with chains of silver. The old "Mutter-Gottes-Thaler" (a gold coin struck by the Prince Bishops of Würzburg to commemorate their election to the bishopric) is frequently set in a gold framework and worn as a brooch. The men wear very long coats and three-cornered hats. The buttons on their waistcoats and coats are often formed of silver coins. The pottery of the district, in fact of the whole Würzburg neighbourhood, is remarkably good, and the designs cut upon it are quite thirteenth century in character. In one of the towns the writer saw a peasant woman reading a manuscript prayer-book, finely written upon vellum, evidently between two and three hundred years old; in another there is a baker's shop which has been in possession of the same trade and the very same family for more than three hundred years. The carts, which are generally drawn by oxen, are singularly picturesque; they are made so as to take off their wheels and serve as sledges in the winter. The docility and gentleness of the animals will strike an Englishman; the sheep, oxen, and goats will feed out of one's hand without any fear. Nearly all the larger villages and little towns contain inns where one can obtain a good dinner and supper, and a thoroughly clean bed. The wine and beer of the district are drinkable, and exceedingly cheap, but the brandy is most detestable. The cooking is not at all to be despised, and the writer has had many a better dinner for one mark (a shilling) in one of these little Bavarian gast-hauses than in many a pretentious English hotel for five times that sum. The Bavarian coffee is far from good, and every Englishman who cannot do without his tea should take that article with him from England, or purchase it in Würzburg.

At Volkach we must bid adieu to our tourist; he can either retrace his steps to Dettelbach, and take the train back to Würzburg, or proceed in his walking tour on to Bamberg, where he will find much to interest him.

H. W. Brewer.

MR. MADOX BROWN'S FRESCOES IN MANCHESTER.

IF we except the vast, but even yet to some extent abortive, scheme of pictorial decoration in the Houses of Parliament, it may fairly be said that no such important project of the same class has been attempted in this country as that which has for the last two years been going on in the central hall of the new Town Hall of Manchester. We speak here of the central hall only, although it is more than probable that sooner or later some further works of pictorial adornment, of a somewhat less elaborate and exacting kind, will be applied to other parts of the Town Hall as well. In the central hall the number of works required is not very large, being altogether twelve; neither are the dimensions for each work exceptionally great, namely, 10 feet 5 inches long, by 4 feet 10½ inches high. This scale of painting, however, is quite enough to try the mettle of any artist, or, indeed, to overtax all except a few of those whom our country can marshal at the present day; and, what is of more consequence than any question of mere size, the range of subject belongs to genuine historical Art—national, and more peculiarly local. The set of works will, when completed, be a real series, with ample variety of subject matter, and at the same time a close link of connection, illustrating the history of Manchester and its district from the earliest period up to a recent date. This is exactly as it should be, and offers an excellent example to other towns which may be disposed to show an amount of public spirit and of intelligence in Art matters comparable to that of Manchester. After a great deal of debate and uncertainty, in the course of which there was at one time considerable danger that the nationally humiliating expedient would be resorted to of handing over the task to a brace of Belgian artists of very ordinary qualifications, a highly approvable choice of two English painters was made by the municipal committee, and Messrs. Ford Madox Brown and Frederick James Shields were invited to undertake the work. The latter gentleman (who was at one time settled in Manchester, but is now again domiciled in London) has not yet begun *in situ* his portion of the task. Mr. Brown, an artist who has no local connection with Manchester, has thrown himself in earnest into the work, and has already completed on the wall the first three pictures of the series. The subjects were settled by the artists themselves, in concert with the members of the committee, one of whom, Alderman Thompson, was more particularly zealous and judicious in this matter.

The first picture (which was, however, the second in date of execution) represents 'The Romans building a Fort at Mancenion,' which local name got Latinised into Mancunium, and hence has passed into the form "Manchester." The date is A.D. 60, when the celebrated Agricola was the Roman governor. This composition embraces a large number of figures, several of them comparatively distant and small. The principal group consists of Agricola, in the prime of manhood, alert in inspection and command—a remarkably successful figure, admirably poised in a vivacious but subdued action, which presented not a little difficulty to manage felicitously; a centurion who holds the plan of the camp which is being fortified; behind him the dragonifer, or standard-bearer, tall and erect like a column; and the governor's wife and son, a chubby and stalwart little fellow, some three years of age, who, with the insolent prankishness of his age and station, is aiming a kick at a negro slave—one of two who, standing on lower ground, hold up the lady's litter, somewhat in the form of a sedan-chair. In the forefront of the picture come some of the Britons, who are acting as bearers of stones and cement; next to them a legionary, one of those engaged upon the mason's work, is also a leading figure. The scenic ensemble of this picture, blending all its varied elements together into one impressive whole, is of particular importance, and is treated with a free-spirited pictorial naturalism bracing to witness: the river Medlock, the distant blue of the hills of the Peak district, and the red November oak woods; above all, the impetuous wind, which plays a great part in the fast-moving clouded sky, and in the principal group, making the general's mantle and the centurion's cloak stream wide in vehement folds and flutterings.

The whole work is a most conspicuous piece of lifelike historical invention and potent truth, reconciled with pictorial unity and harmony. We could dwell long upon those vigorous touches of realism, never merely bald and literal, but always suggestive and discriminative, sometimes not without a homely quaintness, which Mr. Brown has introduced into this, as into other examples of his work. We will only cite the "get-up" of the lady and her boy. The lady has emerged from her litter to take the air on the half-finished ramparts, and associate herself in her husband's labours. The wild, biting wind blows about her garments—a hooded fur cloak chiefly—and whistles aside the words that are interchanged; it sets a strained smile upon her lips, and makes her blink. Her hands are in mufflers; her black hair (but not her eyebrows) has been dyed yellow, marking the artificial luxury of the time. Her little boy is in a miniature soldier's costume, a second Caligula in aspect, to delight the veterans' eyes, and he holds a toy brass trumpet, almost big enough to serve for practical uses. The litter, which Mr. Brown has probably had to invent for himself, is an attractive piece of decorative design, which might furnish a hint to some æsthetic lady in our own days of ingenious revivalism.

The second subject is 'The Baptism in York of Edwin, King of Northumbria and Deira,' whose dominions included Manchester, in the year 627. Ethelberga, grand-daughter of Clovis, married Edwin, and about six years afterwards persuaded him to embrace Christianity, and to be baptized by Bishop Paulinus, an Italian, the people soon following the lead of their sovereign. Edwin is here represented as kneeling within the font, while a priest pours water over his shoulders from a flask, and Paulinus pronounces the baptismal words. The Queen, and her sister and infant daughter, form a balancing group, conspicuously graceful and attractive, to the right, the intermediate space being occupied by a tapestry, and behind it a number of spectators of both sexes, all ages, and various stations, furnishing an abundance of characteristic and well-conceived minor incidents. The scene of the baptism is a roughly improvised wooden church, on the site now occupied by York Minster. This point rests upon the authority of Bede's narrative. Mr. Brown's exceptional instinct, or gift, of historical invention is shown in his

making a Roman mosaic pavement the flooring of the structure. The pavement, the yellowish tapestry, and the bright sunlit glimpse outside the window apertures constitute a setting highly grateful to the eye for the incident of the picture, and the grave but unaustere spirit in which it is treated.

The third subject, recently completed, is 'The Expulsion of the Danes from Manchester,' towards 910. This is, of course, a theme involving much more rapidity and violence of action than either of its predecessors, and the artist has in nowise flinched from these requirements. The Danes are shown in full career of flight, racing along the street of the wood-built town. Four principal incidents may be distinguished. The chief of all is the main body of the Danes bearing away, on a rude stretcher, a chieftain who has been severely wounded. The warriors protect their lowered heads by their uplifted shields, one of them holding up two shields, one in each hand, so as to shelter both himself and a comrade, whose share in carrying the stretcher will not allow of his guarding his own head. In the central front comes a warrior of approved prowess and costly equipment who has tumbled over a scared young pig which has started out of the sty, still occupied by its dam—a homely detail, the real significance of which, as a true part of the street scene, will be readily seized: an aged Saxon is launching from a window a spear against the pirate-hero. Behind the latter comes the standard-bearer, with his rude and fatal emblem of the raven, struck down by a tile which a woman has hurled. Lastly, to the extreme right, just at the rampart gate which forms the outlet from the town, a stalwart Dane turns round for a moment as he retreats, to brandish his sword in defiance, and promise the victors that they shall not fail to see him back again on some more auspicious day; and a boy, with tameless precocity of rage, speeds the last arrow from his bow. The Danish troop generally, we may observe, is treated by Mr. Brown as composed of very young men, as the youth of the nation began their raids at the age of fifteen. It would be difficult to attempt a more difficult feat of expression in face and action than that of the sword-brandishing Dane, and difficult to achieve, in any such attempt, a more decided success than the artist has here attained. At the other extremity of the picture the soldiers of King Edward the Elder, pursuing and decimating the fugitives, close the vista. The effect of this most spirited and forcible picture is of bright sunlight, and a leading feature of its colouring is the black and red military accoutrements of the Danes.

The series of works in the Manchester Town Hall is executed by the process termed "spirit fresco," which owes its origin to the zeal and ingenuity of Mr. Gambier Parry. An important advantage which it possesses over the old or Italian system of fresco is its being washable with soap and water. This is of enormous importance in a climate like ours, where the molecules of gas and coal smoke are for ever present. Italian fresco, it is true, *ought* also to stand washing, but practically such a process leaves the fresco so smeared with the whity particles which come off the lime that it can only be regarded as a form of "picture cleaning," with all the perils and exigencies incidental thereto. Mr. Brown, we understand, made an actual experiment with soap and water on his trial picture (exactly corresponding in method to those now on the wall in Manchester), and he found it to answer perfectly. What between the greasy smoke that is in the atmosphere and the damp that condenses on English walls, no process of mural painting which will not bear washing can be considered satisfactory. As to the durability of the Gambier Parry fresco, and its thorough adhesiveness to the surface of the wall, we have to remark that this system offers, beyond the ordinary chances in favour of fresco, the safeguard that the wall is previously coated and scientifically prepared with the vehicles wherewith the colours are ground, and some extant examples of the process have already stood perfectly for more than twenty years.

We hear of only two objections that can be urged against spirit fresco, and both of these may be modified and neutralised by care and habit of work. First, the tendency of the painting to keep on drying until the colours are much lightened and weakened; and, second, the shining of the pigments in places where they are opposed to the light. The first objection is got over by habit, and by the resolve to paint with the utmost force, warmth, and richness of colour—a point in which, as proved by the general range of his previous works, Mr. Brown may, beyond almost any painter of the day, be counted upon not to fall short. The second difficulty has, in this artist's practice, been met by applying to the shiny parts a varnish of wax dissolved in water. This varnish (which naturally lies on the surface of the painting without mixing with its resinous particles) imparts a soft gloss to portions which have dried quite dead, and at the same time deadens the shine of those parts where the colours had not sufficiently dried in.

We will conclude this brief account of a very important and interesting pictorial scheme by adding a list of the subjects which remain to be painted. 4. 'The Establishment of Flemish Weavers in Manchester, 1330.' 5. 'John of Gaunt' (Duke of Lancaster, and thus locally connected with Manchester) 'defending Wiclif before the Consistory Court at St. Paul's, London, 1377.' 6. 'The Testing of Weights and Measures in Manchester, 1566.' 7. 'The Astronomical Student, William Crabtree, at his House at Broughton, watching the transit of Venus over the Sun, thus confirming the Observations of Horrocks at Preston, 1639.' 8. 'The Successful Defence of Manchester by Bradshaw for the Parliament against Lord Strange, 1642.' 9. 'Humphrey Cheetham's School established for Forty Healthy Boys, 1650.' 10. 'The Muster of Prince Charles Edward's Troops in the Collegiate Churchyard' (now the cathedral ground), '1745.' 11. 'John Kay saved from the Mob which assailed him for having invented the Fly Shuttle, 1753.' 12. 'The Opening of the Bridgwater Canal, 1765.' It may be matter of some legitimate regret that no subject of a later date than this has as yet been found to unite all suffrages. The infamous "Peterloo massacre" of 1819 was proposed, and would, in a pictorial as well as an historical sense, have been a highly approvable selection, but other easily intelligible considerations prevailed, and this subject was set aside. Nos. 4, 7, and 8 are the trio most likely to be undertaken by Mr. Brown, the others forming that share of the work which has been assigned to Mr. Shields.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

THE DOME AS A FIELD FOR DECORATION

THE late Sir Gilbert Scott passed away without, so far as the writer knows, fulfilling his desire to build a grand dome. He devoted two of his lectures at the Royal Academy to this subject, with the purpose, amongst others, of proving how a dome can be adapted to Gothic architecture. He had, however, to admit technical difficulties—not interesting to the readers of this Journal—in the way of combining pointed arches with a domical surface.

These difficulties have ceased to press upon the majority of architects, having gone the way of the other difficulties that hinder the modern practice of Gothic architecture, for *it* is gradually ceasing to exist. Instead we have buildings that are as free from the mock comfort of mediæval examples as from the pedantry of correct classical ones. We are not, therefore, likely to be hampered with pointed arches, unless these should happen to suit some particular purpose. Now a dome rises naturally and easily from among semicircular arches, and there is always a fine effect produced when the eye reaches the comparative height of a dome as the culmination of subordinate semicircular ceilings in an interior view; finer still when the space that is domed over is an expansion of the spaces that lead up to it. For instance, the nave of St. Paul's Cathedral is narrower than the central space under the dome; so are the choir and transept, and the approach from either increases in interest with every step as the eye takes in more and more breadth, more and more height, until the full expanse of the great dome is reached and sends a thrill of delight through the nerves, like a crescendo movement in music culminating in the clash of a full chorus.

There are other arrangements by means of which the interest is diffused over minor domes, each partially seen: one predominant dome, however, is necessary for the completion of the entire scheme of design. But it is not only the form of a dome that inspires such pleasing emotions. It, in common with all curved surfaces, lends itself to far grander fields of decoration than any flat surface can do. A figure subject painted on a flat ceiling can only be fairly seen by bending the head right back, and looking straight upwards. Thus one often hears the admiration of a finely painted ceiling qualified by the remark, "It seems a pity to have put such good work where it is so difficult to look at it." This constraint of bending back the head destroys the comfort indispensable to enjoyment of beauty. Nor can the eye even thus take in more than a very limited part of the painting: to look *along* the ceiling is to get the subject foreshortened and confused.

The surface of a dome is set fairly before the eye, and one has only to stroll easily about, with the head not ricked, but raised towards the opposite side, and to gaze at the paintings and follow the scheme of decoration in comfort. There is no need to look right up at the apex; that is reserved, in many cases, for something that should be felt, and not seen, namely, the daylight that pours in therefrom, and catches the curved surface in graduated tones, and sends off reflections in various ways, producing, in their turn, unexpected glints of light, especially if the decoration be laid on a golden ground. There are many instances in which the sides of the dome are pierced for light, but this requires very careful management, or the decorated surface seems black by contrast.

Moreover, the spherical surface of a dome seems to be the most natural field for the portrayal of heavenly, saintly, and allegorical subjects. A dry representation of an historical or scientific event would be sadly out of place in such an exalted situation; but when the mind has to be lifted above the contemplation of earthly persons, events, or ideas, what more appropriate field could there be for this than the mimic vault of heaven? There the awful figure of Christ enthroned can loom over us, as it were, in mid air, and be of gigantic size, and yet its proportions will not appear ridiculous in contrast with the smaller surrounding and adoring saints and angels; there the visions of the Apocalypse can be seen as in a trance; there the pagan gods and goddesses can revel in airy space; there the metamorphoses told by Ovid can follow their mazy order; and none of these things need appear more strange than a dream to a dreamer.

But the dome does not depend upon vast size and grandeur of scale for its effects of beauty. The smallest nook in our houses will be more beautiful if it can be covered with a domed ceiling than with a flat one. The steep curve and the top light will probably be found impracticable, and give way to a flatter form and a light derived from some adjoining window. But the easy point of view and the varied play of light will still offer a charm that the flat surface could never give.

Where a complete dome cannot be obtained, a semi-dome may be possible; and a barrel vault, or curve in one direction only, is often easy of arrangement. Nor are there practical difficulties to be overcome in adopting these curved forms. A small dome can be made in one piece, and a larger one in several sections, of "canvas or fibrous plaster," a portable material which the artist can paint in his own studio, and try its effect in position before it is finally fixed.

Our entrance halls, staircases, ante-rooms, and other portions of the house frequently offer easy chances of contriving a domical or curved ceiling. The living-rooms cannot often spare the height required for the rise of the arched surface, but even in them a deep cove can sometimes be managed along the sides, leaving the ends for the full height of the windows. In this case the flat of the ceiling should receive mere geometrical or arabesque decoration, while the cove, easily seen and enjoyed, can be ornamented with the highest kind of decorative Art, forming a connecting link between the framed pictures on the walls and the lines and scrolls overhead.

EDWARD J. TARVER.

PEASANT MODELS.

OF the many fields of labour in other countries from which the English modern school of painters have fetched home subjects and studies, none has had a more important influence on our national Art than the peasant life of Scotland and Ireland. Whether it is due to the character of the subject, or to the national taste being congenial to it, there is a quality recognised by foreign critics in English pictures of this class which is wanting in the corresponding works of other nations. It is not that the painter cannot alight on as good a choice in foreign parts; in Brittany, Spain, and other districts a little removed from the high-roads of traffic, similar incidents are to be found, of rustic life planted in the midst of romantic scenery, and characterized by the same simple and picturesque accessories as in Scotland and Ireland; and it is remarkable how often, from Wilkie to John Philip, where early artistic sympathies have been formed in the Highlands, the culmination of his Art ideal has been found by the Scotch painter in Spain. Again, it was after Wilkie's return from Spain that he made his first visit to Ireland, and wrote to his friend, W. Collins, a letter—which the course of events has shown to have been prophetic of the interest that the picturesque character of the Irish scenery and population must excite in time, and of the Spanish character of the people of Mayo and Galway and of Dublin—where he said, "Velasquez, Murillo, and Salvator Rosa would have found fit objects for their study."

It was in 1836 that he painted his celebrated Irish picture of 'The Peep o'Day Boy's Cabin,' the sentiment of which may be closely compared with that of his Spanish work of 1827, of a 'Guerrilla taking leave of his Confessor.' The description of the Irish piece is so closely connected with the incidents of to-day that it may be interesting to recall it. The rebel, a fine athletic young fellow, has thrown himself down upon the mud floor, and fallen into a deep slumber, with the hand of his naked infant clasped in his own. By his side kneels his wife, and listens with a countenance of intense anxiety to another female, who whispers in her ear most probably the news of the approach of a party of military. This picture was hung in the Royal Academy close to Collins's 'Sunday Morning,' a peaceful scene of village happiness. "Let the lovers of agitation," says a critic, "look on this picture and on this . . . . such as Mr. Wilkie has depicted is the Irish cabin; such as Mr. Collins, with as true a pencil, has depicted is the English cottage. Such are the inhabitants of the one, and such also are the inhabitants of the other. Agitation, treason, murder, crowd the one; quiet, peace, content—yea, even in poverty—encompass the other." The springs of tragedy and happiness and the expressions of the milder emotions are discovered so readily in the primitive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish peasant life, that it forms a good school for the inexperience of a young painter, and leads him on to understand and reproduce the same expressions from the subtle forms of a more conventional and highly civilised life.

This moral is also deducible from the life of John Philip, and in a still more typical manner from that of the late F. W. Topham, the water-colour painter, who identified himself, in the earlier part of his career, completely with the subject of Irish and Scotch peasant life, and was always remarkable for the unstudied simplicity of his work, the success of which depended entirely upon a spontaneous instinct of sympathy, to which these peasant subjects are at the first glance congenial. Like Philip and many others, he found the development of his art in Spain, and like them (perhaps from the simplicity of his methods, more strikingly than they) his subsequent work showed the character of the peasant life of Spain to be a more refined expression of that of Ireland and Scotland.

The peculiar quality of the treatment, by the English school, of this class of subjects is appreciated by Bulwer in his work of "England and the English," published in 1833. When speaking of David Wilkie, he calls him "the Goldsmith of painters in the amiable and pathetic humour, in the combination of



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smiles and tears, of the *familiar* and the *beautiful*;" and he goes on admirably to connect the Scotch works of Edwin Landseer with the same subject, calling him "a sort of link to the great genius of Wilkie, carrying down the sentiment of humane humour from man to man's great dependent family, and binding all creation together in one common sentiment of that affection whose wisdom comprehends all things. Wilkie and Landseer are the great benevolists of painting: as, in the quaint sublimity of the Lexicon of Suidas, Aristotle is termed

'the secretary of nature, who dipped his pen in intellect,' so each of these artists may be called, in his several line, the secretary also of nature, who dips his pencil in sympathy: for both have more in their genius of the heart's philosophy than the mind's." This, then, is the peculiar and national attraction of these Scotch and Irish peasant subjects. They appeal very directly and strongly to a quality that one seldom hears a man boast of possessing, or claim to be proud of, but that is none the less one of the highest qualifications of the English nation for the leading position that it holds in the world, and one which, expressed in Art, gives a beauty and a dignity to the works of British Artists which it is beyond the power of the highest skill without it to attain: the quality of Wilkie, in his illustrations of human life, and of Landseer in his of "man's great dependent family," "dipping their pencils in sympathy, and having more in their genius of the heart's philosophy than the mind's."

A summer excursion round the northern coast of Scotland and among its various groups of islands, such as Scott took with his friends, the Lighthouse Commissioners, in 1814, to fill his mind with the scenery described in the "Pirate" and the "Lord of the Isles" (for which last Turner subsequently drew the illustrations), rewards the student of nature in more than one respect. The grand atmospheric pageantry of northern mists and clouds among the cliffs, and above an ever-restless and broken sea, and the romantic inland lakes in the recesses of the mountains, among magnificent scenery of rocks and caves, have been the subject of Turner's works;



"Our Home."

and, in order to appreciate their quality and their connection with our subject, we cannot do better than think out the dictum of Mr. Ruskin, who regards as representative of modern landscape its *cloudiness*, "a general delight in breeze and darkness, much attention to the real form of clouds, and careful drawing of effects of mist;" through which, as he remarks, "whereas all the pleasure of mediæval landscape was in *stability*, *definiteness*, and *luminousness*, we are expected to rejoice in darkness and triumph in mutability; lay the foundation of happiness in things which momentarily change and fade; and to expect the utmost satisfaction and instruction from what it is impossible to arrest, and difficult to comprehend;" and, in his hypothesis that modern sympathy will be transferred "from men to mountains," from human emotion to natural phenomena, he binds together, as the greatest descriptive poet and painter of modern times, Scott and Turner, whom he calls "the types and first-fruits of the age in word and work." Considering how Scott was completely, and Turner, in his illustrations of the works of Scott, in great part, inspired by the beauties of Scotch scenery and the romance of Scotch national life, his selection, as bearing upon our subject, is important, for the "men" cannot be separated from the "mountains" in considering the influence of the Scotch field of labour upon the development of modern Art. When landscape painting, for the first time in the history of Art, was cultivated for its own sake (by Claude Lorraine, the Poussins, and Salvator Rosa in Italy, and by Ruysdael, Cuyp, Hobbima, and other painters of the



Tethering the Kine.

Flemish school in the north), it is remarkable that, following close upon this revolution, the doctrines of the *Naturalisti* began (also for the first time) to take firm hold, culminating in the two Teniers, of whom our own Wilkie was, in our time, a refined counterpart, and in Snyders, the Dutch Landseer. The painter's devotion being once attracted to the truth of natural objects, he turned simultaneously to landscape and to peasant life, and the two branches of Art became as closely connected as the character of a people and that of its home are in nature. The works of an artist who goes to study figure painting in the Highlands cannot escape the influence of the natural beauties of the landscape, and the expression of that influence has given a soul and a refinement to such work that are absent from equally faithful studies of peasant life made in less beautiful countries; the difference, for example, in the sentiment of an interior by Teniers, and a similar Scotch subject by Wilkie, being representative of that between a Dutch sky etched by Rembrandt and a misty mountain of Turner, and of the modifications of peasant character due to the influence of their sky.

A few scenes of the picturesque life of the peasantry of the northern islands, which has such a breezy charm about it, and is at the same time so classic and yet so familiar, are represented in the slight but effective sketches by Mr. E. Giberne that illustrate this subject.

These figures differ from those of the peasantry of other nations with which we are familiar, in the complete absence of all theatrical or romantic peculiarities of costume appealing to the imagination; there is no carefully folded mantilla such as we should see in a Spanish scene, no head plate or metal girdle, or other mediævalism connecting the figures with the romance of history; they are nothing but the truthful representations of four modest, industrious peasant girls of the Shetland Islands, engaged in their ordinary daily labour; and yet each in its way has its own eloquent little story to tell, from the childlike eagerness of the slight figure with the large blue eyes, and the features working with anxiety to be seen from the steamer which is to send a boat ashore for the laird's letters held aloft for a signal, to the pathetic weariness of the finely posed young mother of children overweighted with her burden. The figures are slightly idealized, but in the best manner, with a tendency rather to repose than exaggeration, and in a manner that adds to, rather than detracts from, their truthfulness of effect. They are still very simple studies, but they are of a class to which the English school of modern Art owes a debt of liberation from overwrought theory on the one hand, and Dutch realism on the other, which is not in general adequately appreciated.

J. W. Mollett.



Carrying Peat.

AUSTRIAN ART INDUSTRY.

THE London Exhibition of 1862 inspired the Austrian Government with the idea of founding a Museum which, by being permanently open, and by exhibiting really valuable products of Art manufacture as well as works of Art, might promote the spread of Art industry. This museum was opened in 1864, in a number of rooms in the Vienna Foreign Office, and remained there until funds were raised for a building large enough to serve not only as a museum, but also as a school for students. This building was finished in 1870, at a time when there were but two drawing schools for industrial purposes in the whole country, and but seven schools of Art. It was believed at the time that to teach the young people drawing was all that was necessary, and that if they could draw they would teach themselves the different branches of Art work without any further help. No useful results whatever came from these efforts, and the Austrian Board of Trade determined to try the more practical side of the question. In 1872 Professor Emmanuel Hermann (the inventor of the post card, so universally in use) was sent by the Board of Trade on a tour through the country, to find out where home industry was chiefly carried on, and whether it was possible to develop this branch of labour—oppressed by the great establishments manufacturing the same articles on a large scale—into Art industry. After this inspection the Board of Trade first established schools for Art industry in different parts of the country, taking care to suit the branch taught to the natural disposition and the talents of the population. The Museum followed the example set by the Board of Trade, and established practical schools within its own walls. First a central school, or rather a miniature manufactory for Keramic Art, connected with a school of painting on pottery. Then two more schools, one for wood carving, the other for chiselling. A second building was also added to the Museum, so that there is now in Vienna a regular school of Art industry, in which teachers for the provincial schools are educated, and the models for the minor schools are prepared. The pupils of these two latter schools have done all the wood carving and chiselling on the cabinet presented to the Crown Prince of Austro-Hungary and his bride upon their wedding-day, which we will presently describe.

In the space of ten years the schools of industry and Art industry in Austria—there are not any in Hungary as yet—have increased from seven to seventy-five. Of these, forty-four are devoted exclusively to Art work. The number of pupils exceeds four thousand, that of the teachers one hundred and seventy. Many of the articles produced in the schools are quite suitable for the commercial market of the world, the technical execution being very careful indeed, and the designs in most cases are the work of first-rate artists, and in all other instances have been made under their supervision. We must not speak of the splendid lace worked with needle or with bone, and equal to any produced in France or Italy, because this branch of the subject would lead us too far. The young weavers of Rumburg and Reichenberg draw their own tasteful designs for the table-linen they produce; the goldsmiths are making rapid progress, and only a few weeks ago a golden goblet was exhibited between two goblets of the old Nuremberg school, and declared, by the Art critics who viewed it, to be as beautiful in design as the valued works of that famous school of goldsmiths. This goblet was designed and executed by a young pupil of the Prague school. The schools for Keramic Art are also progressing, but not so well as those of the wood carvers, who are already rivalling Switzerland, not in the quantity of their produce, but in the quality. Art furniture seems to be the branch which will make Austrian Art industry famous. One of the schools or small factories at Grulich, in Bohemia, sent some samples of its carved furniture to the Paris Exhibition, which attracted the attention of some American Art-furniture dealers, and pleased them so much that they prefer them to French articles, and have purchased or ordered everything that the schools of Grulich can manufacture in the next ten years. All the schools for carving and inlaid-wood work have received more orders than they can well carry out. Of course all this is maintained only on a small scale, for it must be remembered that the schools have no capital whatever to work upon. The Government has spent £260,000 upon them in the nine years since they were first established. At present it contributes about £20,000 a year towards their support, so that about an average of £200 a year for every school is all they can dispose of. No charge is made for the teaching, and whenever the pupil has gained ability enough to make his share of a piece of work fit for sale, he is paid for his trouble. When the articles have been sold, and there is any profit, it is distributed among the teachers and the pupils. Not one of the schools as yet is quite independent of Government aid.

It should be understood that these schools do not solely represent the Art industry of Austria. The last Industrial Exhibition of 1880, in the Rotunda of the International Exhibition, proved that sufficiently. But among the objects worthy of notice, Art furniture and wrought-iron work were again foremost. The several specimens exhibited were all delightful, and if they were a little monotonous, it is because something must always be conceded to the taste of the public, and in Germany and Austria just now this excludes everything that is not a revival of the old German style. Stained windows are sought for by all those who can afford them; also high-backed oak chairs, and cabinets in carved oak, reaching, if possible, to the ceiling. All this kind of Art furniture is copied from models existing in old country houses and castles, and requires no great knowledge of Art. New designs are scarcely in demand, the old being copied over and over again. Objects of this kind are, therefore, not worth notice, because they can be found in many an old book of Art-furniture drawings.

The subject of the heliographic illustration which accompanies this article is quite original in design and workmanship, and was intended by the donors—wealthy representatives of commerce and industry—to show the future Emperor's young bride at a glance how far Austrian Art industry had advanced, even though French articles are still generally patronised as the ones most worthy of notice. The cabinet is made to contain a great number of water-colour drawings by the first artists of

the country, which form the real wedding-gift to the young Princess. There are seventy pictures in all, but it is large enough to contain at least double that number. There are pictures of the wild landscapes of Austria by Seelos, charming interiors by Franz Alt, buildings and green parks by Rudolph Alt, pretty home scenes by Pasini. L'Allemand painted a group of soldiers, and Laufberger a group of children. Matejko, Von Angeli, Blaas, and all the names



Cabinet presented to the Crown Prince and Princess of Austro-Hungary.

conspicuous in Austrian Art, have contributed to make this present an exceedingly valuable one.

The style of design is not copied from any classical model. It was conceived and drawn by Professor Joseph Stork, the genial director of the Austrian schools of Art, who will leave his name to posterity by many beautiful artistic objects. He is a true artist in the full sense of the word, but is not too proud of Art to see it applied to the objects that surround us in every-day life. He intended that the cabinet should be no slavish imitation of the old, but a modern work, inspired by the legacies left to us by the Old Masters. In its outline it was to resemble the severity of the Italian Renaissance, and all its details were to be guided by the German Renaissance, without its over-abundance in ornaments or its extravagance. Professor Stork drew three cabinets, from which the present one was selected by Baron Rothschild, the president of the committee for the present to the Imperial Princess; but we cannot say that either of the two other drawings is inferior to it. The cabinet consists of two separate parts. The lower is four feet high, with a door in the centre, enclosing the drawers for the paintings. Upon this base reposes the upper part, which is equally high. The front of the upper part is divided into three compartments, which do not open. The paintings in it are taken out by a door at the right side of the cabinet, covered by a panel, on which there is an oil painting. A strong cornice finishes the upper part, and on it there is a silver balustrade bearing miniature representations of Art and Art industry.

The central panel of the upper part, which is somewhat prominent, is adorned with an oil painting by Canon—the triumphant procession of Hymen—which, with its frame of polished ebony, forms a kind of desk, for which a sliding panel is drawn out, and upon which the water-colour drawings are displayed. The contrast between water-colour and oil-colour painting is avoided by the water-colour sheets fitting exactly into the frame of the picture, and the difference is thus concealed from view. The side panels of the upper part are adorned by two niches, with rich ornaments: in each there is the figure of a warrior in silver and gold, bearing, one the arms of Belgium, the other those of Austria. Each panel is framed with a broad band of embossed silver, representing laurel wreaths. The upper and lower parts of the cabinet are divided by a rounded cornice, which is repeated below the top cornice on the upper part. The lower part, in massive ebony, is smaller than the upper, there being on either side a bearer upholding the latter. These supports are beautiful winged boys in carved pear-wood of a very fine light brown colour, contrasting strangely with the ebony harnesses and helmets, richly decorated with chiselled silver. On the centre of the door in the lower part there is a large medallion of chiselled and embossed silver, with festoons of fruits and flowers, and the respective arms of the princely bride and bridegroom. The chief parts of the cabinet are in polished ebony, except the bearers and the feet, which are in pear-wood. The cornices are all walnut, and the ornaments visible on the rounded cornices are entirely novel. They are inlaid with natural woods of several very delicate pink and greenish tints, but the inlaid work protrudes by a quarter of an inch, and is carved into flowers and foliage after it has been inlaid. The effect of this new kind of intarsia is very striking, and besides, the coloured wood serves to enliven the cabinet, which would be too sombre for a wedding gift if it were entirely of ebony and silver. The coloured raised intarsia also prevents the contrast of the oil-colour paintings and the ebony from being too great. The doors at the sides of the upper part are covered by painted panels displaying a number of children personifying the different branches of Art. The inside of the doors is ornamented with inlaid work and a silver tablet, on which are inscribed the names of the donors and the artists who painted the water-colour pictures.

Although not much can be said in praise of the pictures on the panels, which ought to be beautiful miniatures that could bear close inspection, still the effect of this piece of rare workmanship is very beautiful. There is perfect harmony of form, and the colours are so happily blended that the whole is bright without being in the least glaring. While looking upon it we cannot despair of the time returning when first-rate artists combined to embellish the houses of the wealthy, and the chief considerations were not a low price and vulgar effect, but genuineness and refined beauty.

B. WIRTH.

HISTORICAL PROCESSION ON THE COMPLETION OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE public festivities which suitably brought to a close the labour of five centuries, and proclaimed to the world the completion of the Cologne Cathedral, present certain Art aspects that deserve record in these pages. The ancient city, well planted for dominion over land and water, has a memorable history. Here the Romans pitched their camp, and a tower in *opus reticulatum* standing on the Roman wall attests their former power. The next epoch, five hundred years later, is distinguished by the proclamation at Cologne of Clovis King of the Franks. A third era, signalised by almost unrivalled prosperity, dates from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, when Cologne, a chief emporium of the Hanseatic League, became the most flourishing city in Northern Europe, concentrating the trade of the East, and for purposes of commerce and Art maintaining close communication with Italy. Hence Mr. Hope says of Cologne that "in the Middle Ages, from its wealth, power, and the considerable ecclesiastical foundations of its bishops, it was often called the Rome of the North." And this commercial wealth, political power, and religious domination naturally made themselves felt in Art, and so arose on the banks of the Rhine magnificent Byzantine churches; hence, too, in the art of painting was centred at the chief city the school of Meister Wilhelm, while about the same time the brilliant Art epoch became still more illustrious by the foundation of that masterpiece of Gothic architecture, the Cathedral of Cologne. Such

being the antecedents of the city, the authorities were justified in devising a grand "Historic Procession" the better to celebrate a momentous incident in the history of the arts.

The cavalcade, with accompanying costume characters on foot, was composed of successive groups or tableaux; the programme, indeed, sets forth no less than seventy-seven constituent parts. The procession paraded the principal thoroughfares, and its length was so considerable as to occupy nearly an hour and a half in passing any given point. Its structure and clothing were civic, not ecclesiastic, existing hostilities between the Church and the State precluding in Germany, as at the present time in Italy, the presence of bishops, monks, or priests in public ceremonials, and the consequent loss, from a picturesque point of view, was of course considerable. Fortunately, however, the historic periods illustrated afforded in the costume of civilians sufficient scenic display. And, moreover, the religious element could not possibly be left out wholly on an occasion which expressly celebrated the foundation and the finishing of the grandest religious edifice reared in modern times. And happily the shrine of "the three holy Kings of Cologne" brought to the opening scene such sanctity as attaches to legends of the Church. The original shrine, of which a copy served for the procession, ranks among the priceless treasures of the cathedral, and conserves three skulls inscribed in rubies with the names "Gaspar, Melchoir, and Balthazar." The sacred bones were presented by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, in the year 1162, to the Archbishop of Cologne: such are the historic materials out of which the Düsseldorf painter, Fritz Röber, composed an effective *tableau vivant*. Then followed a chorus of singers and royal banner-bearers and knights from Rheineck and the Drachenfels, and so, with a car bearing the first architect of the cathedral, ended the second group. After came compositions arranged by the well-known historic painter, Professor Baur, of Düsseldorf, commemorating the building of the cathedral choir: this also was a time of war, and so in the moving panorama arms mingled with arts, and pagan warriors, with consonant accoutrements and attributes, imparted to the scene effective diversity. Then followed a company of cathedral choristers, with the architect, his assistants and workmen, together with the Cologne school of painters, headed by Meister Wilhelm and Meister Stephan, the retinue reaching a crowning climax in a model of the Gothic choir, faultless in the beauty of its proportions. The third and last arrangement of tableaux fell under the skilled hands of Professor Camphausen, the great battle painter, who already had signalised himself in the artists' festivities at Düsseldorf. The scene opened with heralds, banner and ensign bearers, followed by mounted musicians, cavaliers, and ladies, till at length loomed within sight the old and familiar wooden crane which, as a sentinel mounted on the half-raised, half-ruined Gothic tower, kept watch for centuries over the foundations of the unfinished nave and transepts. The removal, within the memory of living travellers, of this crane, which might well have served for a scarecrow, signalised the approaching completion of the long-lagging structure. And likewise so in the procession representing the history of the cathedral, the crane speedily gave place to "Germania," who stretched a victor's arm over the miniature model of the completed cathedral: the gigantic figure, caparisoned with sword and helmet, here even in the day of peace keeps warlike watch on the banks of the Rhine. Thus ended a scenic demonstration which has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, in ancient or modern times.

The Germans, in bringing Art into public ceremonials, and in calling in the aid of skilled painters to compose and decorate outdoor processions or triumphs, do but follow the precedents of the best periods. Some, indeed, of the finest creations—pictures as well as bas-reliefs—have been processional or triumphal in character. As examples, the mind will at once recall the panathenaic procession in the frieze of the Parthenon, 'The Triumph of Cæsar,' by Mantegna, and 'The Triumph of Maximilian,' by Burgkmair. It will also be remembered how great artists have from age to age been employed by reigning sovereigns to design triumphal arches, or pictorial or plastic compositions for public festivals. Vasari tells how Michael Angelo was made so useful by the Medici that "one winter, when much snow fell in Florence, he received orders to form in the courtyard a statue of snow, which was exceedingly beautiful;" but it is very properly added, "to make a figure in snow was for so great an artist a childish and unworthy occupation." We may read, too, a letter wherein Leonardo da Vinci recommends himself to the Duke of Milan as competent to execute in the public park, or any other place, all possible manner of sculpture or painting in marble, clay, or on wall or wood. And we find in St. Petersburg, within the Hermitage, six sketches of triumphal arches, "composed by Rubens for the solemn entry of the Cardinal Infant Ferdinand into Antwerp in the year 1635, and carried out under the artist's eye by his pupils." And further examples in point may be quoted, if not from the sketch-book, at least from the journal of Albert Dürer. This close observer and credible witness describes the entry of Charles V. into Antwerp; how the King was received with a costly triumph; how the gates were ornamented in the most costly manner; how there was music and great rejoicing, with beautiful young maidens quite naked, whom he confessed to Melancthon to have observed "very attentively and closely, because he was a painter." The whole scene, if we may trust the glowing pencil of Hans Makart, must have been supremely artistic and attractive. Another pageant, also witnessed and described by Dürer, and chosen by Baron Henri Leys for a great picture, further illustrates the mediæval practice which the Germans in recent years have done their best to emulate. Brief extracts from Dürer's journal are worth transcribing, not only because they are among the most trustworthy records of public fêtes in the olden times, but also because they might almost serve to chronicle the recent pageant in the streets of Cologne. "I have seen," writes Dürer, "the great procession from our Lady's Church at Antwerp, when the whole town was assembled, artisans and people of rank, every one dressed in the most costly manner according to his station. Every class and every guild had its badge, by which it might be recognised; there were also long silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion, and likewise many German pipers and drummers, who piped and drummed their loudest. Likewise I saw in the street, marching in a line in regular order, with certain distances between, the goldsmiths, painters, stonemasons, embroiderers, sculptors, joiners, carpenters, sailors, fishmongers, butchers, curriers, weavers, bakers, tailors, shoemakers, and all kinds of artisans and tradesmen who are useful in producing the necessaries of life. In the same way there were the shopkeepers and the merchants and their assistants. After these there came the marksmen, with firelocks, bows, and cross-bows, some on

horseback and some on foot. After that came the city guards, followed by a whole troop of very brave folk, all dressed in the most splendid and costly manner. This procession, from beginning to end, was more than two hours passing by our house, and there were so many things that I could never write them all down, even in a book, and so I let it alone."

And great is the need of reverting to bygone equipages and accoutrements, inasmuch as no nation in Europe is now in possession of costumes which an artist could venture to use in scenic array. Processions in olden times adopted dresses which were contemporaneous, but in our modern and degenerate days the costumes worn are almost of necessity ancient, the whole cavalcade reverts to the past, and the further the removal from the actual present, the better is the chance of artistic effect. The processions which Albert Dürer witnessed, the triumphs painted by Mantegna and Burgkmair, were composed more or less of men and women as they actually walked abroad in daily life and in their ordinary avocations; but the artistic fêtes which it has become the fashion of late years to get up in Vienna, Munich, Düsseldorf, and now lastly in Cologne, are inevitably "historic," not the handiwork of chroniclers of our own times, but the composition of artists who take counsel of antiquaries. Books on costume, relics in museums, are consulted and copied, and sometimes municipalities have generously lent historic robes, ancient armour, and old firearms, in order the better to realise the prosaic fact or the poetic fancy of the days that are no more. And when the eye glances from the mantle of purple and gold, from the rich robes of venerable burgomasters, from figures decked in designs by the hands of Holbein and Quentin Matsys, when the traveller turns from the "historic procession" to the ignoble crowd of spectators, perhaps for the first time is realised the wide gulf which lies between the great Art periods of the past and the utilitarian uses of the present. And if these historic revivals, which have in Germany taken place in somewhat rapid succession, are to work any good, it will be in teaching the people, first, how utterly inartistic are their usual modes of dress and habits of daily life, and, secondly, by showing through what means and by what changes political and municipal functions, together with domestic economies, may be rendered picturesque and beautiful. The arrangement of such festivities is properly taken out of the hands of tradesmen, tailors, milliners, and such people as in England satisfy the aspirations of aldermen and lord mayors, and instead are engaged first-rate artists, who, almost regardless of expense, are told to design a procession just as they would compose an historic picture.

Such historic or scenic processions are, in fact, to be looked on and enjoyed as a succession of pictures or as a continuous moving panorama. In fact, all such performances, whether processions, pictures, or panoramas, are equally composed on like principles: the same fundamental laws govern the composition of the forms, the balance of the masses, the distribution of the details, and the concord of the colours; accordingly artists engaged on such festivals make preliminary drawings or cartoons, as if about to execute an historic work. And the most material matters in which these moving and living panoramas differ from easel pictures—the unities of time, place, and action—were really, not dogmatically, insisted upon by the old masters; indeed, the ancient panel pictures coeval with the earlier groups figuring in the streets of Cologne were often made up of distinct though not disconnected events, bound ultimately together in one framework. Thus in the Museum may be seen pictorial narratives by Meister Wilhelm, Stephan, and others of the fourteenth century, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with the Ascension; and even so the story of the cathedral—the architectural tabernacle of the living Church in Cologne—was rolled out as upon a scroll or in a tapestry, and century after century became graphically present to view. The completeness and consistency with which the conception has been carried out are perhaps only possible to the German intellect, an order of mind which, though slow to take an idea, is persistent in its pursuit and untiring in its prosecution to all its logical consequences. In England we have as yet hardly entered upon like experiments, and we may with advantage take a lesson from our kinsfolk on the continent. Hitherto our nearest approach has been in the studiously accurate and artistic revival of historic plays upon the stage; and if the reader will imagine the actors in one of Shakspere's historic dramas, together with the attendants, chorus, and orchestra, removed from the stage into the streets, the materials at any rate are present for making a *tableau vivant*—an historic panorama enacted in the open air and the light of day. And yet in Cologne the characters were something more than players; they filled their parts as if to the manner born, and though living, they seemed to have stepped out from dim chambers of the past, and were deeply shadowed and intoned in slumbrous hues dark as the harmonies on an old canvas which perchance had not seen sunshine for many a day. And thus this procession all the more suggested associations and sustained illusions of historic transactions stretching into remote antiquity.

The Germans will, indeed, feel proud if the proceedings and processions which signalised the completion of their great cathedral be accepted according to their intention, as a pledge of national unity. Certainly these festivities were deliberately delivered from every suspicion of foreign intervention. The style of Art, the fashion of costume, far removed from the French, was radically German; the incidents were local; the figures, in form and cast of draperies, might have been taken from church niches and porches; and the colours, patterns, and textures of the fabrics were nothing modern, because wholly mediæval. And the autonomy of the German Empire became asserted by the merging of all divisions of separate states in a confederation which for a common cause united Bavarians, Brunswickers, Hanoverians, and Prussians into one people. In like manner the antagonism of creeds was, at least for the moment, appeased; Protestants had shared with Catholics the cost, and a Protestant emperor dedicated the completed temple to the worship of the one God. In short, all parties, political, religious, and æsthetic, alike joined hands in universal brotherhood: the cathedral, from the first stone to the last—the historic procession, from its opening to its close—equally proclaimed the unity of the Fatherland.

J. Beavington Atkinson.



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By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

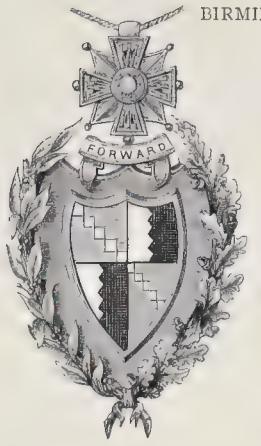


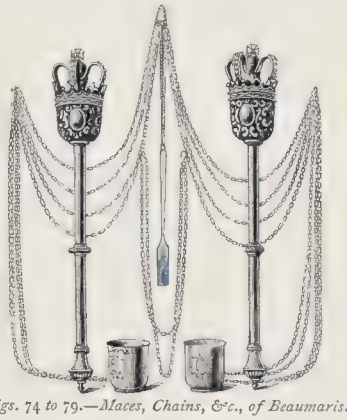
Fig. 73.—The Birmingham Jewel.

BIRMINGHAM, the very heart and centre of Art metal-work, possesses but little in the way of corporation insignia, and is, in this one respect, behind many of its older and some of its more modern municipal brethren. It is somewhat strange that in a town from whose manufactories are sent out to other corporations throughout the kingdom chains and badges, maces and cups innumerable, so little in the way of insignia should be attached to its own corporate body. All that belongs to it is the mayor's chain and badge; a jewel in which is centred a more than usual local interest; and the borough seal. The mayor's chain was obtained by subscription, and presented to the corporation in 1863, its cost being about two hundred guineas. It is of Louis Quinze style, of good workmanship, and originally consisted of thirty links (to which twelve more, to form a row across the breast, have been added), united together by smaller ones. These large links contain, in letters of purple and ruby enamel, the monogram of each successive mayor of Birmingham, the years of such mayoralty being engraved on the back. The central front link, of oval form, highly decorated, is of ruby enamel, encircled with purple, and it bears the initials (W. S.) of William Scholefield, the first mayor of the borough, 1838. The badge, suspended from this central link, bears the arms of the borough as adopted by the Council, viz. those of the ancient lords of Birmingham quarterly, 1 and 4, *azure*, a bend lozengy, *or;* 2 and 3, party per pale indented, *or* and *gules;* and the motto "FORWARD."

The jewel is of local historical interest; it is the first diamond ever cut in Birmingham, and is fitly set in gold and enamel. It is engraved in Fig. 73. The diamond forms the centre of the Maltese cross. Beneath this is an admirably worked wreath of laurel and of oak surrounding a shield bearing the Birmingham arms as just described, carefully emblazoned in enamels. Above the shield, which is mounted on a plate of gold, is the borough motto, "FORWARD."

NEWBURY, in Berkshire, possesses two fine maces, engraved in Figs. 80 and 81, "some silver spoons, and a lot of pewter plates with the Borough arms upon them," as well as borough seal. Formerly it owned other plate, but this, like much belonging to other corporations, was "borrowed" and melted up in the troublous times of Charles I. One of the maces, known as the "Stewart Mace," is 39 inches in length, and of silver. It is of the usual open-arched crown form, with orb and cross, the arches rising from a circlet of crosses pattée and fleurs-de-lis of unusually elaborate and elegant design, both crosses and fleurs-de-lis being richly foliated. Beneath the arches of the crown are the royal arms in relief, and round the bowl, which is divided into four compartments by demi-figures terminating in foliage, are the rose, surmounted by a crown, with the initials A. R.; the harp, similarly crowned and initialed; the fleur-de-lis the same; and the thistle treated in similar manner. The shaft is divided into three lengths by encircling bands, and, as well as the base, is chased. On the upper length of the shaft are engraved the arms, without shield, of the borough of Newbury, a castle with central domed tower and two side turrets, with flag from each, and above the arms, "Burgus de Newbury," and beneath them, "E. Stewart, Mayor, 1707." The second mace, known as the "Kimber Mace," is 39 inches in length, and is of silver. The open arches of the crown, beneath which are the royal arms, rise from a circlet of fleurs-de-lis, foliage, and balls; and the head, or bowl, which is "bulged," and decorated with foliage, &c., in relief, bears on a medallion the name and date, "John Kimber, Mayor, 1758." The shaft is divided into three lengths by massive knobs, which, as well as the base, are chased.

The insignia, &c., of HEDON, grouped together in Fig. 14,† consist of three maces, a peg tankard, two goblets, and four apostle spoons. The great mace, of silver gilt, 44



Figs. 74 to 79.—Maces, Chains, &c., of Beaumaris.

inches in length, is of the usual form, with open-arched crown rising from the circlet of fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée. Round the bowl, divided by demi-figures and foliage, are the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp, each surmounted by a crown between the initials C. R. On the flat plate at the top, under the arches of the crown, on a raised boss in high relief, are the arms, with supporters, crown, garter, and motto, of Charles II. The shaft and encircling bands are richly chased with roses and thistles, and on the base are the arms of the borough, a one-masted ship, surrounded by a ribbon bearing the words, "CAMERA REGIS VILLA DE

* Continued from page 108.

† Page 35, *Art Journal*, 1880.

HEDDON;" and those of the donor, with the inscription, "The Gift of Henry Guy, of Tring, in the County of Hertford, Esq., to the Corporation of Heddon, in Holderness, in the County of York." The hall mark is of the year 1659. The second mace, of silver gilt, is 25 inches long, and is of very unusual form. The head is circular and conical; around the top is a cresting of roses in flower, and branches, on a continued stalk; at the bottom is a coronal of Gothic flowers, and on the sides three lions rampant between corded bands. On the top of the mace are the royal arms, France and England quarterly, ensigned by a crown, between the initials H. R. of Henry VI., and surmounted by a crown (of later date) of four arches, with orb and cross. The shaft, at its base, "ends in an iron mace head of six blades, 2⅝ inches across." The third mace, 18 inches long, of silver, has a low, not quite semi-globular bowl, round which are three fleur-de-lis, and on the top are the royal arms, France and England quarterly, surmounted by a crown, between the initials E. R. The shaft terminates in an iron mace-head of six blades, a screw through the shaft uniting the head to the end. This fine old mace is said to be of the time of Edward IV., and is one of the oldest known. One of the silver cups, or goblets, bears the arms of its donor, and the inscription, "The Guift of Coll. Math. Alured, to the Corporation of Hedon, 1658;" and the other, "I.A. 1640," with the hall mark of 1603. The peg tankard, of silver, with cover, is of fine form, and has three pomegranates for feet, and two on the purchase. On the front are the arms of the donor, and on the lid, "The Gift of Matthew Appleyard, Esq., to the Corporation of Hedon, the 10th of October, 1689." The apostle spoons have the hall mark of 1651.

FOLKESTONE is fortunate in possessing a burghmote horn, and this, and a mayor's gold chain and badge, are its only insignia. The horn, engraved in Fig. 61,* is of brass, and its dimensions are, length 18 inches, diameter of mouth 5 inches, and at its smaller end ⅞ of an inch. The words "Town Horn" are almost obliterated. This horn was formerly, as in other places, used for calling together the commonalty on occasions of election of mayor, and was carried in corporate processions. The mayor's chain, also engraved in Fig. 61,* is of highly ornate design, each of the large shield-like links bearing on the front the monogram of successive mayors since its adoption, and the back the name in full, with date of election. The badge bears the borough arms, and at the back, "This Jewel, and the 3 first Links of this Collar, presented to the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Folkestone by Charles Doridant, Esq., 1867."

The city of WINCHESTER is rich in the possession of four maces of unusual beauty, as well as a remarkably elegant mayor's chain and badge, and city seals. The large mace, 5 feet 3 inches in length, is, as usual, surmounted by an open-arched crown with orb and cross, rising from an unusually rich and ornate circlet of crosses pattée and fleurs-de-lis. On the plate at the top, beneath the arches of the crown, are the royal arms, with crown, supporters, and motto, and the initials G. R. Round the bowl, which is divided into four compartments by demi-winged figures with arabesque and foliated terminations, are, first, the arms of the city of Winchester (*gules*, in fesse, and facing to the fesse point, two lions passant guardant and counter passant guardant, *or*, between five castles, *argent*); second, a harp, surmounted by a crown between the initials G. R.; third, a fleur-de-lis, crowned; and fourth, a rose and thistle conjoined in stem, also crowned. The shaft, brackets, and base, richly ornamented, are of great elegance in design. The other three maces—the one 3 feet in length, and the other two 2 feet 7 inches in length—are of the same general design, and bear the same decorations as the large one: they are all shown grouped together in Figs. 82 to 86.

If the present borough of PRESTON had no other distinguishing feature to warrant its claiming its usual title of "Proud Preston," its corporation treasures alone would be sufficient to substantiate that claim, for assuredly they are treasures of which the town may, and ought to be, "proud." The insignia and plate consist of three silver-gilt maces, a sword of state, a silver oar, two mayor's wands of office, an elegant hanap or covered cup, a two-handled loving cup, punch bowl, tankard and ewer, and a choice specimen of antique drinking glass, besides borough and mayoral seals.

The large silver-gilt mace, 54 inches in length, is of the usual form, with open-arched crown. The bowl is crested with an elegant circlet of crosses pattée and fleurs-de-lis, from which rise the open arches of the crown, surmounted by orb and cross. Around the bowl, divided by demi-figures and foliage, are, on one side, the arms, with supporters, ducal coronet, motto, and Order of the Thistle, of the Duke of Hamilton; on the opposite side are the arms of Preston, an Agnus Dei, and the letters P. P.; on another side a rose surmounted by a crown between the initials A. R.; and on the fourth a thistle similarly crowned and initialed. On the flat plate at top, under the open arches of the crown, in high relief, are, singularly, the royal Stuart arms, with crown, supporters, garter, and motto, and the initials of Queen Anne, A. R. The shaft is divided into three lengths by massive knops, and the base is richly chased. On the shaft is the inscription, "The Gift of the High and Mighty Prince James, Duke of Hamilton, Marquess of Clydesdale, Earl of Arran, Lanark, and Cambridge, Lord Avon, Polemont, Machanshire, and Innerdale, and Knight of the Most Antient and Noble Order of the Thistle, &c., To the Towne of Preston, in Lancashire, in the year 1703. In Token of his Friendship to that Corporation, and of their Civilities to him and Elizabeth Gerard, Dutches of Hamilton, His Consort, Testified on Several Occasions, dureing their abode in that place, and particularly upon the Birth of their Son James, Marquis of Clydesdale, who was born at Preston, the Third day of January, 1701."

The pair of smaller silver maces, each 34 inches in length, are alike in every detail. The bowls are crested with a circlet of four crosses alternating with as many wiry-looking fleurs-de-lis, the open arches of the crown not rising from the circlet itself, but being attached to, and springing from, the top limbs of the crosses. Round the bowls, which are semi-globular, are—divided from each other by upright bands—the arms of Preston (Agnus Dei and P. P.), a rose crowned between the initials G. R., a fleur-de-lis, and a thistle, similarly crowned and initialed. On the flat plate at the top, in high relief, are the royal arms of the Stuarts, the same as on the great mace, but without initials. It is said that these maces formerly bore the name of "Edward," or "Edmund Assheton, Mayor, 1722;" and it is singular that, having on the bowl the initials of George I., the arms should yet be those of the Stuarts. The two silver-headed wands of office bear, the one the borough arms and inscription, "Thomas Sumpner, sen, Maior of Preston, 1645." "Henry Werden, Richard Feilden, Baliffs;" and the other, "Ex Dono Edwardi Rigby, Arm'r."

* Page 361, *Art Journal*, 1880.

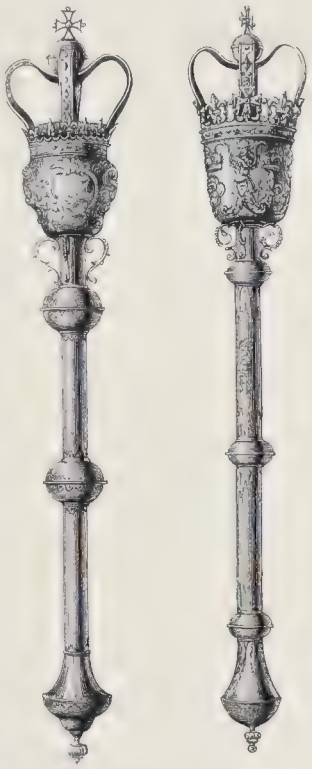
The silver punch bowl, salver, and ladle were, as the inscription on the bowl records, "The Gift of the Rt. Honble. Edward, Earle of Derby, 24th August, 1746." On one side of the bowl are the arms (with supporters, crest, motto, and mantling), of the Earl of Derby; and on the other those of Preston, with the words, "PRESTON IN AMOUNDERNESSE, ANNO DOMINI, 1742." The salver is uninscribed, and the ladle bears the Stanley crest. This punch bowl has always been used at corporation banquets, and supplied many a bumper in which the quaintly expressed old toast, in form of a couplet—

"Prosperation
To the corporation"—

has been drunk. The covered silver cup is of great elegance. The cover is surmounted by an open-work obelisk supporting a figure bearing a shield, on which is the date, "Ao. Domini 1615." The cup bears the arms of Preston (the lamb, statant regardant instead of couchant, without nimbus, and bearing on its breast a shield of the three lions of England), and the words, "Sigillum Com'une ville de Preston;" and those of the donor, Henry Banester, with the inscription, "Donum gratulatorium Henrici Banester de London armigeri collatum in usu propriu Maioris de Preston in Andernes ac fratrum eius pro tempore existentuum in perpetuum." The two-handled silver cup, capable of holding a couple of quarts, is inscribed, "Ex dono Rad'i Longworth, gen., Ric'o Hynde, gen., Majori burg. sive ville de Preston et successoribus suis in perpetuum. A.D. 1761;" the covered ewer, "The Gift of Richard Atherton, Esq., of Atherton, to the Corporation of Preston, 1722," with the town arms and those of the donor; and the tankard simply the town arms. Queen Anne's cup, a fine and early example of cut glass, fitted by means of a screw into a stand of gold, bears on the base the arms of Fleetwood, with the motto, "Homo homini lupus," and the inscription, "Prosperity to the Queen, the Church of England, and the Corporation of Preston." Preston retains much of its loyal character, many of its ancient customs being still observed. The festival of the "Preston Guild," which is celebrated every twenty years, will next be held in 1882. An account of this unique ceremony, and other peculiarities of the borough, will be found in Dobson and Hurland's "History of Preston Guild."

The insignia of MONMOUTH consist of two maces, which on public occasions are borne by the "mace-bearers," who wear dark blue cloaks with capes, and bordered with light blue. The maces are of the usual open-arched form, but in some respects are more than ordinarily interesting. The maces themselves are of silver, but the open arches forming the crowns, with orbs and crosses, are of brass, and have been gilt. Round the bowls, which are divided into four compartments by demi-winged figures, terminating in their lower extremities in foliage, are a rose, a thistle, a harp, and a fleur-de-lis, each surmounted by a crown. On the flat plate at the top of the bowl, surrounded by chased foliage, are the royal arms, quarterly, 1 and 4, France (semée of fleur-de-lis); 2 and 3, England; over all a label of three points, *ermine*. These arms, it is conjectured, were introduced as allusive to Henry of Monmouth, afterwards King Henry V., who was born in that stronghold. The shafts are divided into two lengths by encircling bands, and on the base are introduced the arms of John, Baron of Monmouth, viz. *azure*, three chevronels, *or;* over all a fesse, *gules;* these being the arms also of the town.

PWLLHELI, a borough first incorporated by Edward the Black Prince, whose charter was confirmed by Henry VI. in



Figs. 80 and 81.—Corporation Maces, Newbury, Berkshire.



Figs. 82 to 86.—Corporation Maces and Chain, Winchester.

1422, possesses a mace which is probably quite unique in its character, and a remarkably good old borough seal. The shaft of the mace, whose extreme length is 41½ inches, is turned of mahogany, with central bands dividing it into two lengths, and bands at top and base. The head of the mace is simply a two-handled covered loving cup, of somewhat the same form as shown in Fig. 48.* The mace is therefore nothing more than a drinking cup, 7 inches in height, placed for the time being, as an emblem of municipal authority, on the top of a wooden staff 34½ inches in length. Examples occur, as I have already stated, wherein the head or bowl comes off,

* Page 183, *Art Journal*, 1880.

or contains a separate vessel, to be used as a loving cup; but no other example, so far as I am at present aware, is known in which a drinking cup, double-handled and covered, made specially, and fit only, for use at the social board, has been converted into a symbol of dignity and authority. The cup is of silver, of elegant form, with goats' heads on the handles, and bears on one side the words, "In usum Lætitiæ," and on the other, "Repetita placebit."

The Corporation of PORTSMOUTH is the fortunate possessor of an unusually large and important assemblage of plate and insignia. These consist of three maces, a loving cup, four standing cups and covers, a tazza, two salt-cellars, six cups without covers, a rose-water salver and ewer, three flagons and a tankard, and six Elizabethan spoons.

The great mace of silver gilt, said to have been presented to the town by Sir Josiah Child about 1678, is of the usual open-arched form, the arches, however, curving inwards at the top, "crozier fashion," instead of passing under the orb; these are chased with oak-leaves. Round the bowl, divided from each other by demi-figures and foliage, are the four usual national emblems, the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp, each between the initials C. R., and surmounted by a crown. On the flat plate under the arches are the royal arms, with crown, supporters, &c., and the initials C. R. The band below the circlet of fleurs-de-lis and crosses pattée has, instead of the usual jewels, a series of harps, thistles, roses, fleurs-de-lis, and portcullises. The shaft and base are elegantly chased. The second mace is of an early date, but has been repaired and "restored." It is of silver, 18¾ inches in length. The cup-shaped bowl bears on one side a rose, and on the other a fleur-de-lis, each crowned, and it is crested with a modern circlet, an exact counterpart of the original. On the flat plate at the top are "the arms of James I., somewhat defaced." The third mace, like the last, has a semi-globular head, or bowl, but, instead of being crested, it is surrounded in its middle by a circlet of fleurs-de-lis and lozenges. On "each side is a star rudely engraved." The flat plate at the top is palimpsest, bearing on one side the arms of the Commonwealth, and on the other those of Charles II. The shaft is divided into three lengths, and on the base are five open-work laminæ.

The loving cup, of silver gilt, is of low, font-like form, with massive stem; it is 4½ inches high, by 6 inches in diameter, and bears round the bowl, in Lombardic capitals, + SI · DEVS · NOBISCVM · QVIS · CONTRA · NOS (If God be with us, who can be against us?) It is exquisitely chased and ornamented in repoussé, and bears the initials F. B. (Francis Bodkin, Mayor, 1553, 1560, 1579), by whose wife it was presented. It has the hall mark of 1525-6. The spoons are of the usual Elizabethan pattern, with circular bowls and straight stems, surmounted by baluster-shaped knobs and buttons; three bear the hall mark of 1558-9, and the initials F. B. as before; and the others those of 1588, 1601, and 1618; the first, having the initials $\frac{S}{I\,A}$, having been given by Joshua Saviour, master gunner of the garrison.

The Berry covered cup, "the bowl shaped like a gourd, and the stem like the twisted and gnarled trunk of a tree with lopped branches," beautifully chased, and partly encased with vine-leaves, bears, just beneath the crown, the following punning inscription on the name of its donor, Sir Benjamin Berry, Lieut.-Governor of Portsmouth:—"This sweete berry from benjamin did falle then goode sir berry it call;" and on other parts of the cup, "Multa cadunt inter calicem supremũ labra" (There's many a slip between the cup and the lip); "Vivite ad extremũ b.b." (Live to the last); the arms of the donor impaling those of his wife; and the arms of Portsmouth, with the inscription, S · PREPOSITS · PORTESMVE. The silver tazza, beautifully worked in repoussé, and chased, bears the initials $\frac{S}{I\,A}$ of the donor, Joshua Saviour and his wife, and the hall mark of 1582. Sir Robert Lee's covered cup, beautifully worked in repoussé and chasing, and surmounted by a female figure with shield, bears the Merchant Taylors' arms, with the words, "The Gyfte of Roberte Lee, of London, Marchant Tayler;" the monogram of the donor, with "To the towne of Portesmouth;" the arms of the borough with defaced inscription, the only legible word being "Portesmouthe;" and AMICORVM · BENEFICIA · NON · PERIBVNT; and the hall mark of 1590-1, in which year it was presented. The next covered cup, "embossed and engraved with grapes, leaves, and scrolls, on baluster stem with three detached scrolls and long bell-shaped foot, the cover surmounted with a triangular obelisk of open-work and scrolls," bears on four shields, relatively, the arms of Portsmouth and its three donors, Bryan, Watts, and Riddlesden, by whom it was jointly presented in 1606. It bears their names and the inscription, TRES · PROHIBET · SVPRA · RIXARVM · METVENS · TANGERE · GRATIA. The Bonner covered cup is of similar shape and character as the last, and bears the borough arms and the words, "THE GIFT OF THOMAS BONNER, 1609."

The Bold salt-cellar, given by Robert Bold, who was mayor in 1613, has plain drum-shaped body, corded belt at top and bottom, mounted on three ball-and-claw feet; the removable cover, dome-shaped, is raised up from the collar by which it fits on to the lower portion, upon three brackets of scroll-work. The three Haberley wine-cups are chased, and bear the borough arms and the name of the donor, William Haberley, who was mayor in 1615, 1626, and 1630: there are also two somewhat larger ones, one bearing the inscription, "The gift of Elizabeth Ridg, Widow, 1629," and the other given by James Moray about 1625. The rose-water salver and ewer, weighing together 92 ounces of silver, are inscribed as being the gift of John Herman, Esq., with hall mark of 1637. The Silvester salt-cellar, with broad foot and flat top, with centre cavity for salt, and three upright scrolls for handles, bears the name of its donor, Edward Silvester, who was chamberlain in 1668. The tankard is inscribed as "The gift of Thomas Hancocke, Alderman, to the Corporation of Portsmouth, 1679." One of the flagons, weighing 64 ounces, is inscribed, "The Gift of Capt. Thos. Allin, Commander of his Maits. Ship ye Rubie, to the Corporation of Portsmouth, Anno Domini 1682."

Two other large and remarkably fine flagons measure 16½ inches in height, and 9½ in diameter at base, and are richly ornamented. They were presented to the corporation by the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth. Their weight is 175 ounces, and they bear in front the arms of the Duchess, with mantling and motto, ABEB · ENT · LEALDET, and the inscription, "The Gift of the Right Noble Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth, to the Corporation of Portsmouth. A. D. 1683."

"UN-ACADEMIC ART."

THERE can be little doubt that Essex is not on the whole the liveliest of our English counties; neither its scenery nor its population is of an exciting character. Those who "leave the flaunting town" by the Great Eastern Railway have scarcely passed the confines of the metropolis before they begin to be conscious of a certain atmosphere of sluggishness, mental and physical, which surrounds each successive halting-place. The station-master loses his military abruptness, the guards and porters "doze upon the bridge," the few passengers saunter up leisurely, talking of their local gossip, the train itself loses its enthusiasm, and drops gradually half an hour or so behind its time. And nature, too, seems to share in the feeling. The little undulations of the fields sweep with more timid curves; the villages hide themselves away under the sides of the hills, their presence only revealed by queer glimpses of moss-grown roofs, or a grey church tower rising above the trees. The rivers sink to the dimensions of the smallest stream, and their current is so slow as to be scarcely perceptible. Throughout the rich landscape there reigns an absence of marked individual character, of all metropolitan energy and excitement. Talk to the peasants, the farmers, or the small gentry of these parts, and the first impression is more than sustained. The people are not uncivil, they are simply—slow; they will give you, conversationally, what they have, but they have so little. You do not find them exactly uninterested in what is going on in the great world, but they contrive to dull the themes they touch upon, till you wonder whether you ever really thought that the "assassination of the Czar" was an important event, or cared a straw whether the ministry "went out" upon the Land Bill. And it is the same with every subject. "George Eliot!" said one of these good people to me, "*what is that?*" apparently thinking that the great writer was a new dish, or a fresh discovery in science. A gentle air of "Tupperian" wisdom lingers round their conversation; they are possessed by the consciousness that "Macaulay was a good writer," and if you mention dramatists, they speak confidently of Shakspere. But there is one point upon which it is difficult to extract a word, either of sense or nonsense, and that is the subject of Art. You arrive, say from South Kensington, or Chelsea, or St. John's Wood, in which the very air is choked with peacock feathers, blue china, and Lent lilies; in which Art this, and Art that, and Art the other, furnishes your house, your life, your bed, your board, and you find yourself amongst people to whom all such things as are considered artistic in London are positively unknown, who live their lives without the help of a Morris paper, and die unsolaced by a dado! No wonder that the æsthetic traveller finds his music mute in such a company. And yet—and this is the point of our preamble—and yet the people are not inartistic, did they but know it, though with them Art has never grown into speech. Go into the farm-houses, or even the labourers' cottages, and you will find, standing modestly in the corner, a tall clock which you seem to have seen before, and after a minute's consideration you remember that it is one which is supposed to be the latest refinement of æsthetic taste. Look a little at the chairs and tables, and you will be surprised to find that their forms are, as a rule, both simple and good. Pictures on the walls you will find but few, but accepting the materials for what they are, the cottage mantelpiece is commonly thoroughly well arranged, and the mug, which is a record of the daughter's visit to Brighton, the fossils which the father has picked up by chance in the vicinity, even the little photographs of Jim and Sally with the mother in the midst, all seem to take their natural place in the domestic decoration. And the same feeling is visible outside the cottages. The gardens are so pretty in their wild profusion of blossom, that no one can think of the poorness of the individual flowers, and the rough plaster of the cottage walls is decorated by the simple device of scratching a pattern into it while it is wet. Now it is a very curious thing to note that if you take a house or a cottage in the neighbourhood of London, where everybody is talking about Art till they are, metaphorically speaking, deafening one another, you seldom find that the slightest attempt has been made to render the exterior beautiful, except by the architect. And yet here are these poor Essex boors who know nothing of Art, and they can't be content even with the meanest cottage till they've panelled out all the wall-surface and put a pattern in each panel; and they do this simply enough, without any notion of its being artistic or inartistic, purely because they like it. It is still more curious that this decoration, which has remained in use for several hundred years, is essentially good; that it has the very first qualities of decorative art, simplicity and effectiveness. In one village that we are acquainted with in Essex the number and the variety of these pierced plaster decorations show, almost conclusively, that they were not copied slavishly from one another, but were done by the workman who laid on the plaster, as well as he could, of any pattern he could remember or invent at the time. Now, no doubt some of our readers will say that this is all very true, but that such decoration proves nothing, or rather that it only proves that certain lower forms of Art have filtered down from the town to the village, from the palace to the cottage, and that we have here but the result of the general Art instruction of England. Such reasoning, however, can be proved erroneous by the consideration that we can trace this decoration back to a time when there was practically no methodized Art in England at all. And the point upon which we wish to insist is, that this is essentially Un-Academic Art; is, in fact, the foundation from which all Academies and Art theories must take their rise; typifies the desire that exists in the uncultivated mind for some form of Art expression, some way of making beautiful the outside of the cup and platter. And this plaster decoration is a good example to take, for this reason, that it is one of the few forms of Art which, being absolutely primitive in method, has survived to this day unchanged. It will, no doubt, seem to many that we absurdly overrate the importance of an Essex peasant covering his walls with diagrams and spirals, and varied arrangements of horizontal, vertical, and oblique lines; but the truth is that without this peasant and his ancestors of Europe and Asia, we could have had no Art at all. The Memnons of Egypt and the gods of Greece, the frescoes of Michel Angelo and the pictures of Raphael, are all due to the first impulse which scratches a rough repetition and variation of lines upon a spear, a vase, or a cottage.

If you go back to the first forms of any nation's Art, you come inevitably upon this combination—unmeaning, save in one respect, which we shall notice presently—of zigzags and spirals and straight lines. You find it in the early forms of Syrian and Greek Art; you find it in Persia, India, and China; you find it existing to this day amongst the tribes of North American Indians and the South Sea islanders. And it must be remembered that these primitive forms of decoration, no matter how sternly limited in their scope, are always good. The secondary forms into which they developed are sometimes good and sometimes bad, but whenever we get back to the earliest manner, we get back to one which contains no element of bad Art, which is never vulgar, never affected, never wrong, but does its work, no matter how incompletely, with distinct success; that is to say, that purposing to decorate, to improve the appearance of some given object, it always does so improve it. From the study of these forms can be deduced most, if not all, of what are called the great principles of decorative composition, such, for instance, as those of repetition, of alternation, of filling a space, &c., all of which may be studied at South Kensington, and all of which were understood, or at all events practised, quite as truly by artists in the time of the Pharaohs as in the time of Victoria. Wherever we get an Academy or a school of Art we get a formula for these principles; we get long historic and metaphysical explanations of why this should be so, and we come after all to the sublime conclusion, that it is so, because—it is! Symmetry, series, and contrast, that is the essence of ornament, says one; opposition, alternation, and repetition, says another; but why the essence of ornament should reside in such forms, or whether it does so reside independent of other laws, none of them can tell us. One thing is plain, that you may have ornament (so called) which contains all three of these qualities—which is symmetrical, contrasted, and sequential—without its being true ornament at all. And you may have ornament in which it is difficult, if not impossible, to trace those qualities which are most distinctly and perfectly decorative. And, in fact, the definition, or any definition that can be given of ornament, only applies to those elementary forms which really, like a syllogism, contain the principles which they are supposed to prove. The finer the form of decoration, the more impossible does it become to ascertain the principles by which it is governed, or rather the principles upon which the *greater part* of its beauty depends. It is much easier to see the contrast, series, and symmetry in three leaves and a stalk arranged after the South Kensington pattern than it is in the acanthus ornament of the Parthenon; and it is much easier to trace the same principles in the acanthus than it is in the frieze of the Elgin marbles. And other things being equal, there can be little doubt that directly you get beyond bare, unmeaning lines—directly you leave, that is, the primitive forms of ornamentation of which we have been speaking—another element of ornament comes in which overrides the first principles. What is this element, and where do we see it in its most primitive shape? It is difficult to say, though we may, perhaps, suggest a few thoughts in the right direction.

The earlier forms which rely upon the principles of which we have spoken, have very stern limitations as regards their ornamental character; each is good in itself, but a repetition of many examples becomes intolerable. The ornaments tell us nothing, in fact; are only given, like speech, to conceal thought, or rather the absence thereof. And even the beauty, which these lines in combination supply, is at best a rude and imperfect one; like the rough words of an unpractised speaker, they alternately repeat the same truth, and jerk us away to its opposite; they often weary and distract the attention which they should excite and please. And more than this, each element of the ornament, each one of the separated or alternated lines, has a separate existence, stands alone, "like Adam's recollection of his fall," and challenges our attention before we can connect it with the other portions of the ornament. In a word, the elements of continuity, mystery, and change are entirely lacking. Everything is "cut and dried," so to speak; all that ornamental knowledge knows at this state is expressed in distinct propositions. The next step in the explanation is a hard one to take, and one which will leave many of our readers in doubt, if not in denial, of our theory. We are here presented with this distinct difficulty. It is granted that there are forms of ornament to which certain principles belong, which can be traced throughout; it is also granted that there are other forms of ornament, commonly called higher, in which these principles can be little traced, or in which they will not at all events account for the beauty; then what principles are they which govern these higher forms, and how can their action be explained? To which we would make some such answer as this. The explanation is only possible by granting a somewhat wider interpretation of the scope of Art than is commonly received, by assuming that in Art there lies the power of expressing man's whole nature, with all his capacities, spiritual, intellectual, and physical. If we may assume this, we may assume with considerable probability that the earlier, and what may be called the cruder forms of Art, have an unconscious parallelism to the earlier forms of intelligence, and give us delight by their similarity to our intellectual growth. What is it that affords us most pleasure as children? Games and pleasures, and people, which are either endeared to us by custom, or attractive by novelty; series and contrast, in fact. We do not care for continuous action, we cannot bear anything which savours to us of subtlety or mystery. We take our opinions crudely and sharply on the "Doctor Fell" principle, and express ourselves with a cheerful, self-confident dogmatism on such matters as come within our notice. And then, as we grow older, we grow a little less certain. White is not so glistening, nor black so dark, as we used to think it. The various ins and outs of life and thought begin to reveal themselves in their connection, rather than in isolated instances; we begin to trace the threads that bind together action and opinion, and to note how character modifies circumstance, and circumstance reacts upon character. And, lastly, if we are men and women in anything but the name, there grows upon us a great sense of the mystery and the strangeness of life, of the never-ending results of our slightest actions, of the way in which truth and falsehood, good and evil, are almost inextricably intertwined. We look back with a shuddering wonder to that time when everything seemed so plain, when we could explain our life, as our art, by terms of simple contrast and series—the day's lessons, interrupted by the Christmas pantomime. Well, it is just the same with Art. In its earlier forms its principles are clear, learnt at the Mother Nature's knee—easy to understand and follow. But as it grows up, other sanctions come into play, its subject matter becomes of fuller meaning, its manner of treating that matter alters. Instead of counting with delight its repetition of line, it grows to hate repetition at all, unless it be repetition with a differ-

ence. Instead of contrasts more or less violent, it seeks to emphasize the gradual change of what is, into what is not; the eternal ebb and flow of life has its parallel in the subtly changing curve. And even this is not the end. No sooner has it reached this stage than it begins to adopt into its very nature the elements that were once most despised: mystery and intricacy begin to be sought for, and symbolical meanings to be hinted at; all which savours of rule and precision is laid aside; mechanical accuracy becomes as hateful as it was once precious; the feeling and knowledge of the artist become his sole guide. When this happens Art has grown up and reached its highest point. Its next step is one of decline. As Professor Ruskin once said, a time has always come in the history of a nation's Art when it has begun to "contemplate its perfection and to deduce rules for it;" when, in fact, its Art has ceased to be natural and has become Academic.

But to return to our subject. Is it not a fair explanation of the increased pleasure gained from the higher kinds of decorative art, that they correspond with the ideas we gain of the general order of things throughout the universe? Seeing that we live in a world where the simplest words have often a far-reaching meaning and influence, where the most trivial actions are frequently fraught with the gravest consequences, where we are continually reminded of the intimate connection between a virtue and a vice, a deed and its opposite, is it not reasonable to suppose that so living, and that having the need of expression, or, as Matthew Arnold would call it, the "need of expansion," we should adopt forms of Art as complex as our feelings and experiences, and should feel the influence of Art to be most vital to us, when it reflected in some manner, in its own practices, the subtlety, the variation, and the instability of life? How it is that infinite variations and combinations of curve and line, and infinite gradations and harmonies of colour act upon the mind through the sensuous organism we shall perhaps never know. And still harder is it to understand how there passes from the soul of the great sculptor or the great painter something which we may almost call a soul into the statue or the painting. But it seems sufficiently evident that there is some such transfusion of impulse, something which makes a spectator feel, when standing before certain pictures or statues, that he is standing face to face with intense human feeling. It is works of this kind which have rightly the title of un-Academic Art—Art which has grown out of the heart of the artist, perhaps in accordance with rule, perhaps in ignorance, or even in contravention, of precept, but which stands erect in its simple truth, and says to him who has ears to hear, "I am a true work of Art, because I am a true record of what a man felt while he was painting, or writing, or modelling."

It is curious to note, in connection with the above illustration of the parallelism between the growth of the intelligence and the growth of design, that the repugnance to rule, the impossibility of receiving any code for the production of Art, increases in direct proportion to the value of the Art concerned. Thus in simple geometrical decoration we can work by rule and precept with tolerable comfort (though even here the human mind asserts itself, and insists upon having a little error introduced into its calculations), but directly we get into higher forms we become more and more impatient of theory, and finally discard it altogether. Tolerable and helpful with things of little value, a formula becomes noxious in matters of real importance, and is of as little use to us in Art as the *nurse*-wisdom of our childhood is to us in our age. The truth is, that true Art is exactly like true feeling, of which, indeed, it is one form of expression, and this is the reason why it must always be un-Academic, for Academic teaching is shortly but the endeavour of a school to substitute principles for feeling; it is education, not by the heart and the spirit, but by the head alone; it is the effort to make an artist, without considering that before he is an artist he must be a man. That attempt *must* fail, and this is the reason why we have so few true artists nowadays. We have painters, and we have draughtsmen, and we have men who can fill a space beautifully and correctly, but we have forgotten that our artist, if he is to produce great work, must be essentially a *man*—must have his head and heart and lungs, and other organs, in good healthy working order; must be a member of the body politic, and feel with the brains and heart of the nation. Is it not so in full sober truth?

> "Not from a vain and shallow thought
> His awful Jove young Phidias wrought."

And certainly when Tintoretto painted his Paradise, Angelo carved his Moses, and Ghiberti cast his great gate of the Baptistery at Florence, they worked in representation of what they believed vitally, and what those around them believed. The two truest artists whom England has ever had, what was their subject? The beauty of England itself; for that is the main motive of Reynolds's portraits and Turner's landscapes. It is true enough that the latter obscured much of his nationality under an affected classicalism, and the former copied the form of Titian's composition and background somewhat mistakenly; but far beneath Turner's admiration of Claude, or Reynolds's of Titian, lay the delight in each master's mind in the subject of his work; and you never find Turner's classicalism prevent him from the simplest and most loving delineation of English scenery, or Reynolds's admiration for the old masters cause him to make an English lady look like an Italian signora. Strange that painters cannot understand that they can only paint what they know; and what do they know about mediæval history or old English society? The most they can hope to do when they paint such subjects (and, as a matter of fact, three out of four of our Academicians paint nothing else) is to produce a pleasant masquerade—nineteenth-century people and warriors dressed in buff jerkins, or silk hose, or plate armour. In the name of all the gods of Greece and Rome, "What's Hecuba to *us*, or *we* to Hecuba?" What do we care about 'Galileo before the Inquisition,' or 'Sir Thomas More in his Garden at Chelsea?' If we had 'Thomas Carlyle in *his* Garden at Chelsea' we might have thanked you, and even 'Mr. Bradlaugh at the Bar of the House of Commons' would have interested many of us; but this futile lingering amongst the ashes and dusty perspectives of the past, just because our artists have no heart and mind to live in the present, this is unworthy of the name of Art, and should be relegated to the picture gallery of the St. James's Theatre.

This is the result of all our expensive training schools and Art museums, of our Royal Chartered Academy and its accomplished president, of the increased interest felt in Art, and the fifty new picture exhibitions: that our galleries are simply choked with picture after picture that represents nothing except more or less well-painted "properties," lent about from one artist to another, or borrowed from the nearest costumier; the same models in the same dresses year after year—under different names; the same dull round of subjects,

from the 'Relief of Leyden' to 'Swift and Vanessa;' and only here and there a solitary example of contemporary life and manners, and that one generally selected for the opportunity it offers of introducing some costume accessories. Such is the state of things upon the walls of the Academy, under the guidance, that is, of those who receive the shillings of the nation under the pretence of keeping up the standard of Art.

Is this the best of which we are capable? Is there no un-Academic Art which promises better things for the future; which will give us fresher, even if coarser, fare, than this *réchauffé*? Fortunately the Academy galleries by no means represent the artistic strength of England; there is much Art, with a genuine healthy life, existing amongst us, of which hardly a sign is to be found at Burlington House; and if we really want to judge of what has been the result in England of the introduction of Art schools, and the spread of Art literature, we must look to the minor developments of Art industry. A school of painting takes many a long year to form, and longer still before its existence influences visibly the course of national work; but the signs of increased desire for, and increased knowledge of, Art are easily perceptible in those industries which depend for their existence entirely upon pleasing the public taste of the moment. A good picture may perhaps afford to wait till the right buyer comes to appreciate and buy it, but a good wall paper cannot; unless it is generally liked at the moment it is necessarily—no matter how good in itself—a failure. The same with furniture, with tapestries, with brasswork, with pottery, with glass. All industries of this kind which are combined of skilled mechanical labour and that intangible but essential quality called "good taste," must reflect the general opinion of their purchasers. Manufacturers are not yet, and it may confidently be predicted never will be, so philanthropic as to go on producing unsaleable articles for the good of Art. If, then, we find that in all these departments there is an increase of merit, that design is more clearly understood, form more carefully observed, and beauty of colour more diligently sought for than of old, we are justified in concluding that these improvements do reflect some general desire for increased beauty, such as must lie at the root of any true artistic improvement; for there is nothing in the history of Art more certain than this, that almost alone among the desirable things of the world, beauty comes by greatly desiring it. There is no record in the world's history of a nation which loved Art and did not possess it; and if hitherto we English have been an unartistic people, it has not been because of our foggy climate and sluggish blood, but simply because we have had—in the common phrase—"other things to think about" which we considered of greater importance. It has never seemed necessary to us to consider the *form* of life, we have spent all our energies upon its *material*. We have reversed the saying of Carlyle's, "What matters it out of what stuff your ideal is composed, so that the form thou givest it be heroic, be poetic?" And so we have gone on with a dull and dogged honesty of our own, shouldering aside, with what we thought was sturdy common sense, all that could not be expressed in a maxim, or entered in an account book, and have rather prided ourselves upon our Philistinism. And now all seems as if it were upon the eve of change—the old creeds will endure no longer. Art has attacked our lines with a fierceness only to be accounted for by the length of time in which it has been kept in subjection; a dammed-up river, it has burst its dykes and is sweeping over the land. No wonder that straws and rubbish of all kinds float easily upon the great water; no wonder that satire finds an easy theme in the follies and affectations which surround the movement; no wonder even that the unscrupulous amongst the artists themselves reap a rich harvest by playing upon the ignorant desire for Art—that they give the public "orange peel and water" for wine, and by "making believe a great deal" gain its acceptance. All this is irritating enough to some of us, and we read greedily Mr. Du Maurier's satires, and listen to Mr. Gilbert's plays; but, after all, it's not the essence of the matter. The English public—at least if we may judge from London—are beginning to have a desire for beauty in their surroundings such as they have never before shown signs of; they want Art with a blind longing, which would be comical were it not almost pathetic.

And, as usual, from the want is coming the remedy. Art of the un-Academic kind has sprung up round us in the last five-and-twenty years to an almost incredible extent. Amongst the articles of domestic use and ornament now offered for sale, nothing is more notable than the attempt to give as much artistic form as is compatible with usefulness. The shape of nearly everything we use, from a tea-urn to a coal-scuttle, has been remodelled. Delicate glass, engraved and plain, has almost superseded the heavy cut crystal to which our ancestors attached so much importance. The designs for pottery, and its variety of manufacture, are so greatly improved as to form a practically new art; and the alteration in the character of furniture alone would be almost sufficient to justify our words. It is not because we now imitate Queen Anne in our couches and tables, rather than George II., that we have improved, but because the imitation is—though many of its adherents know it not—grounded upon the fact that simplicity of form in furniture, so long as it perfectly fulfils its purpose, is more akin to beauty than useless and irrelevant ornament. And so we might go on throughout the matters which are connected with our daily life, and show, beyond contradiction, how an inarticulate desire for Art has spread amongst us, of which our training schools, museums, and academies are the least part. We are now showing the same spirit which leads the villager to decorate his plaster walls by dots and lines. Whether this be a passing phase of feeling, or whether it be destined to spread and endure, it is too soon to determine; but of one thing at least we may be fairly sure—at least if there is any certainty to be gained from past experience—and that is, that the future of painting and sculpture in England depends not so much upon the teaching of their professors, or the patronage of the rich, as upon the desire for beauty which is manifested by the general public in their ignorant, and often futile, efforts after un-Academic Art

HARRY QUILTER.

SEVILLE.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

PART II.

THE chief glory of Seville is its Cathedral, a vast and magnificent pile standing on the site of a pagan temple and of a Mahometan mosque, and deemed as a Christian fane second only to St. Peter's in Rome. It is the finest specimen of Spanish Gothic architecture, unrivalled in Spain and out of it. The great mediæval churches of the Peninsula had their peculiar epithets; that of Leon was styled elegant, Santiago strong, Toledo rich, and Seville grand. "Grandeza," grandeur, imposing dignity, and grave importance—these are the obvious characteristics of Seville Cathedral. No wonder; for it took a century to build, and neither money nor pains were spared from first to last. When the chapter resolved to replace their old and crumbling structure with something better, they declared their intention of building a finer edifice than imagination had ever conceived, "so grand and beautiful a church that posterity would call them insane for having attempted the gigantic task." But they were in earnest, and with a laudable self-sacrifice which proved it, they cheerfully surrendered the bulk of their incomes, contenting themselves with the merest pittance in order to carry out the good work. The gifts of the pious, no doubt, also contributed, and large sums were obtained for the building fund by the free sale of indulgences to the people. The first stone was laid in 1402, the last in 1506, by the Archbishops of Seville for the time being; but the name of the architect who first designed the glorious pile has not come down to us. Some say it was Alfonso Martinez, others Pero Garcia, some this man, some that, but it is all mere conjecture, and is not very material; the great work speaks for itself.

Perhaps the best notion of the size of the Seville Cathedral may be got from Gautier's happy description. He calls it a hollow mountain, a valley upside down. Notre-Dame de Paris, he says, might be put bodily inside the immensely lofty aisle. Everything within is on the same gigantic scale. The pillars are like massive towers, yet so tall that they seem quite fragile, and utterly inadequate to the support of the vast arches above; the *retablo*, or high altar, is a great edifice in itself. All the religious ornaments and accessories are enormous. The paschal wax candle is as thick and tall as a ship's mast; its bronze candlestick, modelled on that in the Temple of Jerusalem, was compared by Gautier to the column in the Place Vendôme. Twenty thousand pounds of wax, and as much of oil, are burnt yearly within the cathedral; eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty litres of wine are used annually for the Holy Sacrament. The organs are colossal, giving forth volumes of sound which anywhere but in these "high-drawn aisles" would seem thunderous; one of the latest in date is reputed to have more than five thousand pipes and one hundred and ten stops. The whole place, notwithstanding the desecrating hands of the rude spoiler, still teems with treasures. Quantities of fine work in iron and bronze, rich carvings in the choir upon the stalls and Archbishop's throne, doors splendidly decorated, carved plate chests, and coffers filled with archives, superb choir books, quantities of costly robes for the pageantry of the services; many relics, both bones of the deceased saints and curiosities more unmistakable, and perhaps more interesting, such as the ancient keys of Seville, surrendered to St. Ferdinand, one silver gilt, the other iron gilt. There are other relics of St. Ferdinand: his sword, which used to be taken out on all military expeditions, and which forms the subject, on the saint's day, of a "Sermon on the Sword;" his body also lies here, almost perfect, in a great silver-glass urn standing over an ancient sepulchre, bearing inscriptions in three foreign tongues—Latin, Arabic, and Hebrew—written by Alonso el Sabio, the saint's son. The warrior king lies in state in his royal robes, wearing his crown, and surrounded by his insignia, with sceptre and sword. Another interesting monument in the nature of a relic is the tomb of Ferdinand, son of Columbus, a studious and pious man, who bequeathed his large library to the chapter of the cathedral. He is buried under a plain marble slab, on which are carved the caravels in which the discoverer made his perilous voyage, and bearing the inscription, "A Castilla y a Leon nuevo mundo dió Colon" (Columbus gave a new world to Castille and Leon).

This cathedral is rich in valuable ornaments and divers gifts. Even worshippers of Mahomet contributed to its decoration; a Sultan of Egypt sent Alonzo the Learned a crocodile, and this quaint creature, stuffed, still hanging beneath the horseshoe arch of the old mosque, gives its name to the entrance, the Gate of the Lagarto. The silver ornaments, pictures, and stained glass of Seville Cathedral are far-famed. The custodia is the work of Juan d'Arfé, the great silversmith, who has been called the Benvenuto Cellini of Spain; it stands twelve stages high, and consists of four main pieces resting upon ninety-six small pillars. It is adorned with beautiful allegorical statuettes, and surmounted by a statue of the Immaculate Conception, a more modern substitution for D'Arfé's original figure of Faith. Of the numerous pictures many are extremely fine. They are by several hands. Murillo, a native of Seville, is well represented. He is, indeed, to be better appreciated here in his own city than in the great Madrid gallery, and the cathedral possesses some of his most celebrated works. Foremost among them is the San Antonio, the picture in which the Infant Jesus is seen descending from the clouds into the outstretched arms of the saint. It may interest modern painters and picture dealers accustomed to the extravagant prices of to-day, to know that this picture, which is in Murillo's best manner, was bought from the painter for a hundred pounds. In the chapter-house is a large Conception; in the sacristy are two full-length portraits of grandees represented as saints, San Leandro and San Isidoro. There were other Murillos, but two of the best, the 'Birth of the Virgin' and 'Repose in Egypt,' were abstracted by Marshal Soult during the Peninsular War. The story goes that Soult, showing his pictures, pointed to these two, saying he especially valued them, because they had saved the lives of two very estimable men—

the fact being that while the French occupied Seville these pictures were concealed, and Soult threatened to have the persons concerned shot unless they immediately gave them up. Another picture of which stories are told is 'The Descent from the Cross,' by the Italian, Pedro Campana. Murillo admired it so greatly that he often stood hours before it, replying once, when asked why, that he was waiting till those holy men had taken our Lord down; while Pacheco declared he was afraid to remain alone in front of this picture after dark. Murillo also expressed a wish to be buried before it. Many great artists worked upon the stained-glass windows, of which there are ninety-three in all. Some were Flemings, the earliest being by Micer Christobal Aleman. The designs in the windows include such subjects as Ascensions, Mary Magdalen, Lazarus, Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, the Lord's Supper, and Jesus washing the Feet of his Disciples. Two by Arnao,



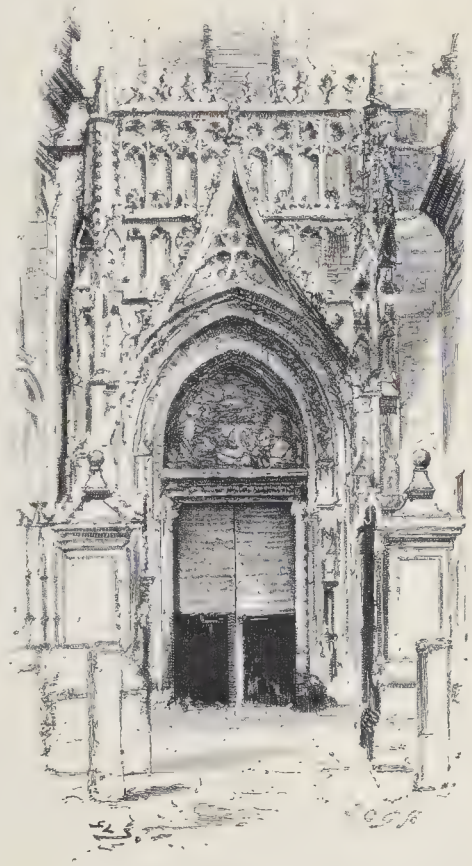
A "Patio," or Central Courtyard, Seville.

of Flanders, 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' which faces the transept to the right of the high altar, and 'The Descent from the Cross,' near the door of the Court of Oranges, are especially fine.

Seville is essentially a clerical, or, as Ford styles it, a Levitical town, in which the Church and its ceremonies fill a very prominent place. They have a world-wide repute: crowds of visitors flock thither at Eastertide to witness the gorgeous processions of the Holy Week, when the *cofradias*, or religious guilds, parade the town with priests and high dignitaries in full canonicals, with bell, book, and candle, and the Host is borne aloft in the proudest state. At this time, too, a special wooden edifice of gigantic dimensions, designed three centuries since, is erected to receive the

sacred wafer. This *monumento*, as it is called, stands in the cathedral, exactly above the tomb of Columbus's son; it was originally only three stories high. Subsequent additions have, however, been made, which spoil the general effect, yet "when lighted up during the night of Good Friday," again to quote Ford, "when the Host is enclosed in the silver custodia, the effect is most marvellous." "There is nothing," he adds, "like it in Spain or Italy." Another strange religious performance, which takes place within the cathedral at certain seasons of the year, may also be considered peculiar to Seville. This is the dance executed by the choristers before the high altar in the Chapel of the Conception. They are dressed as pages of the time of Philip III., with plumed hats, and in white and blue for the Virgin's Day, and red and white on St. John's Day, or Corpus. Another great ceremony is the military mass, which is performed more especially on the occasions when it is desired to do honour to the conqueror saint, St. Ferdinand of Seville. The saint's body is still preserved in a silver urn, and this is displayed three times a year with an imposing ceremonial, in which the troops take part, with colours lowered and all military honours.

But although religious observances are thus popular, there is nothing ascetic in the social life of Seville. It is perhaps the gayest city of the south of Europe, with a capacity and means for enjoyment peculiar to itself. There is but little formality; friends come and go, and there is everywhere a sort of perpetual "at home." The *tertulia*, or evening conversazione, is a great feature; it is held in the *patio*, or central courtyard—the *impluvium* of Roman houses—which in summer is roofed in with an awning, or *toldo*, of bright striped stuff, and in winter is generally glazed. The patio is paved with marble slabs or porcelain; in the centre is a fountain in full play; all around, in the corners, and between the arches of the surrounding corridor, are plants and flowers in pots, or thriving in narrow beds of earth. The patio, which is well represented in the preceding woodcut, with its tall palmettos and broad-leaved plantains, is the favourite rendezvous of the whole family, especially during the torrid summer months. Here meals are taken and visits received; in the daytime there is shade, in the evening silver lamps give a pleasant and chastened light, which improves the beauty of the Sevillana, and causes her bright eyes to glisten with a dusky glow. But now and again, at the time of fair or great Church festival, there are other sport and excitement to be had for those who will seek them farther afield. The bull-fight is still a popular institution in Spain, widely patronised everywhere, especially in Seville, for there are no bulls like those reared in Andalusia, and to the Andalusian *majo*, or peasant, *el toreo*, the art and pastime of bull-fighting, is what cricket is to an English lad, or golf to a Scotchman. Descriptions of bull-fights are to be found detailed *ad nauseam* in all manner of books, from "Childe Harold" to the last new guide, and there can be but few readers who are not familiar with the general outlines of this cruel game. How the bull, raging in his dark den, is presently let loose upon his prey, the patient, blindfolded horses, which the padded *picadors* bestride, striving, with their long spears, to check the infuriated animal's onslaught, but usually in vain; how the bull's fury, slaked by the slaughter of some half-dozen horses, is again aroused by the darts which the *banderilleros* implant between the shoulders; how at length the *matador*, or *espada*, the leading personage, or captain, of the *cuadrilla* of bull-fighters, stands out single and alone, with red flag in one hand and sword in the other, to play and kill his enemy—science and skill against rude courage and mere brute force: these are the episodes sufficiently well known to most. Points less insisted upon are the curious brilliancy of the whole pageant; the vivid colours of the costumes of the spectators, crimson and yellow standing out in sharpest contrast to the glittering whitewash of the ring and the deep blue hues of the southern sky; the hoarse discordant murmurs of the excited multitude, rising at times to wildest uproar at some



Door of Seville Cathedral.

daring feat skilfully executed, or at the imminent peril of a fellow-creature for a moment at the mercy of the cruel, unreasoning horns; the wild music of the bands, the troops to restrain excitement, the reckless bravery of the chief performers, and the terrible sufferings of the inoffensive, hardly used horses—these are what most impress the ordinary spectator. In Seville, however, there is something more. Few bull rings offer a wide prospect beyond their own precincts; the walls of the circular amphitheatre rise up straight all round, and altogether shut out the view. At Seville one-half of the upper part of the ring has been left for generations

incomplete, and through the opening a part of the bright city is visible, dominated by the rosy tower of the Giralda, not the least of the architectural ornaments of the Alhambra. This is a remnant of the old mosque—its muezzin tower—built in 1196 by the architect Jáber, or Geber, whom the Spanish writers and others in error have credited with the invention of algebra. The Moorish tower was but two hundred and fifty feet in height; it was raised another hundred feet by Fernando Ruiz, who faithfully followed the main lines, and detracted nothing from the beauty of the tower. Originally the Giralda was crowned by four enormous brazen balls, or apples, which were thrown down by an earthquake, and replaced by a female figure of faith in bronze. This is called El Girandillo, the weather-cock, and the figure holds a banner which veers round and round with the breeze. The Giralda is under the especial protection of two female saints, Santas Justina and Rufina, daughters of a potter, who were martyred in the third century, because they reviled a pagan procession in honour of Venus Salambo.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'FISHING-BOATS OFF WHITBY.'—Drawn and etched by David Law. Voesmaer, a Dutch poet, in a sonnet which the reader will find translated and used as a prelude to Mr. Hamerton's "Etching and Etchers," speaks of etching as

> "The whispering from Nature's heart,
> Heard when we wander on the moor,
> Or gaze on sea, or fleecy clouds of heaven,"

and asserts its superiority over other forms of reproduction because it catches

> "What in the artist poet's mind
> Reality and fancy doth create."

Hence, in many cases, its pre-eminence over the more laboured and mechanical process of line engraving. It cannot for a moment be asserted that etched skies as faithfully reproduce the forms of nature as do the best line engravings; but, though the most skilful etcher cannot render by his ruder process the sky itself, the evanescent delicacy of the cloud-forms, their soft fleecy edges and delicate traceries, their melting imperceptible gradations, he can, and does, with slight effort, reproduce in others the mental emotion caused in himself by the contemplation of the aërial phenomena; he can adequately *suggest* the effects which the copper-plate engraver can faithfully reproduce. The value of an etching, therefore, depends a great deal less upon the technical skill of the etcher than upon his meaning, and his personal or subjective quality of sympathy with his subject. From this point of view our illustration, representing an evening effect of gathering darkness, at the close of a breezy day on the Yorkshire coast, must be judged. Its merit is not that it *represents* the sky and the sea "tumidus hic nubibus, fluctibus ille minax," but that the contemplation of it suggests the mental effect that would be produced by such a sky over such a sea, and brings the spectator into sympathy with the scene.

The waves of the "minacious" sea, in fact, like the chief incident in a Greek tragedy, are behind the scenes—wasting their fury upon the breakwater outside; but the *expression on the face of Nature* (apart from the fleet of fugitive fishing-boats in the harbour, which have run in for shelter, and are rolling to all points of the compass at once, on the ground swell) conveys to the imagination the sound of the storm outside; the "harbour bar a-moaning" and the sullen slow lapping of the smaller waves; the smell of salt water in the air, and that indescribable air of weariness and disorder that pervades all things at a seaport in the evening of a long day's hard blow.

'HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.'—Painted by Carl Bauerlé, engraved by W. Roffe. Mr. Bauerlé is a painter well known in the Bavarian capital, and, to a certain extent, may be indicated as a representative of a school that is, for a time, losing a part of the influence it once possessed on German Art—the school of the idealist Overbeck. There is much in the lines and the sentiment of our illustration of 'Hagar and Ishmael' that recalls the work of Overbeck, from which it is distinguished, however, by a greater fidelity to nature in the accessories. The draperies, the desert shrubs, and the landscape are true to Oriental life, and the folds of the robes of Hagar are distinctly realistic. In like manner the nerveless repose of the figure of the child (in all excepting the muscles of the neck and face, which are not satisfactorily relaxed), and the necessary awkwardness of the mother's distributed action, are true to nature; and yet they are very cleverly managed to compose a classical and statuesque grouping. There is a great deal worthy of study in this composition, indicating as it does the mean chosen by the painter between the extremes of the "real" and the "ideal."

'ST. MARGARET AND THE DRAGON.'—This beautiful statue was one of the special attractions of the English Fine Art galleries at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and obtained for Miss Grant a high meed of approval from the most competent critics.

> "Mild Margarete, that was God's maid;
> Maid Margarete, that was so meeke and mild,"

is surrounded with sweet memories as one of the most cherished saints of the fourteenth century; the chosen type of female innocence and meekness, whose attribute, with a beautiful sentiment which it is pleasant to refer to such a wild and stormy period of the world's history, was the conquered dragon; a sentiment akin to the equally beautiful legend of Una and the lion. The subject is peculiarly one for feminine handling, and Miss Grant has treated it with a kindred feeling of sympathetic tenderness to that which inspired Raphael's beautiful picture at the Louvre. The face youthful and refined, mild and beautiful; the hair without ornament; the attitude firm, with a conscious strength, but yet calm and placid; the whole figure, simple and composed, "placing before us an allegory" (as Mrs. Jameson truly remarks of the Raphael), "and not an action—innocence triumphant over the power of sin." It may well be desired, in the interests of an art which is slowly reviving in England from a long trance, that we may have many more groups as refined and beautiful as this from the studio of the accomplished niece of Sir Francis Grant.



ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ART SALES.

THE Art Sales of the season of 1881 have been so numerous that we have found it impossible to give anything like complete details of each collection sold. Notes have appeared in the *Art Journal* showing the chief prices obtained up to the middle of April, and we now propose to resume the chronicle, and, as far as possible, mention the principal pictures disposed of by auction since that time.

The sale which excited most interest among the general public was that of the pictures belonging to Mr. E. J. Coleman, of Stoke Park, on May 28th, when three Landseers fetched more than £5,000 each, another over £3,000, and a couple of Clarkson Stanfield's £6,000, while a Millais reached within £10 of £4,000. The names of the pictures were:—'Man proposes, God disposes,' Landseer, £6,615; 'Well-bred Sitters who never say they are bored,' Landseer, £5,250; 'A Stag pursued by a Deerhound' (cartoon), Landseer, £5,250; 'Digging out the Otter,' Landseer, the figures finished by J. E. Millais, £3,007; 'The Battle of Roveredo,' Stanfield, £3,465; 'Pic du Midi d'Ossau, Pyrenees,' with smugglers, Stanfield, £2,677; and 'The Princes in the Tower,' Millais, £3,990: thus realising together £30,344. This enormous sum has been only on one occasion exceeded, namely, at the Novar sale, in April, 1878, when nine of Turner's most celebrated pictures fell under the hammer. The price of 'Man proposes,' however, exceeds any sum paid at that sale, £6,142 having been the largest, which was paid for Turner's 'Rome from Mount Aventine;' it is also the greatest amount ever given for a work by Landseer, the next highest having been at Mr. Albert Grant's sale in 1877, when 'The Otter Hunt' went for £5,932. The figures reached at this sale can hardly be taken as a guide to the values of the works, or as evidence that the prices of pictures are increasing. Although it was stated at the time that these sensational sums had been given by an American, and the *Times* even went the length of devoting a leading article to the question of the value to English artists of these works going across the Atlantic, it is now well known such was not the case; nay, further, that the prices were the result of a *carte blanche* having been given to the auctioneers to buy them for a well-known philanthropist at any price.

The following pictures were sold at the same time as the Landseers and others, the property of the late Mr. John Marshall:—By Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., 'A Coast Scene, with Wreck,' £236; by John Linnell, sen., 'The Woodcutters,' £514; by G. Cole. 'A Corn-field,' £283; by John Phillip, R.A., 'The Music Lesson, Seville,' £525; by E. Cooke, R.A., 'Sunset: Bay of Carthagena,' £252; by T. Creswick, R.A., 'The Trent Side,' £2,100; by D. Roberts, R.A., 'The Piazzetta of St. Mark, Venice,' £304; by C. W. Cope, R.A., 'Lear recovering at the Sound of Cordelia's Voice,' £283; by P. F. Poole, R.A., 'The Messengers of Job,' £735; by Copley Fielding, 'The Close of a Sultry Summer's Day at Kingley Vale, near Chichester,' £561. From a different property:—By Miss Thompson (Mrs. Butler), 'The Battle of Quatre Bras,' engraved, bought in for £745; by Duverger, 'Confirmation at Villiers-le-Bel,' £215; by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., 'Jonathan's Token to David,' £304; by F. R. Lee, R.A., 'Avenue at Althorpe,' £215; by Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 'Approach to Verona from the Tyrol,' £315; by W. Collins, R.A., 'The Cherry Seller,' £325.

The sale of the Bale collection was probably for connoisseurs the most interesting sale which has happened for many years. It is not saying too much to allege that probably no one ever collected in so many branches of Art with such success, or with such judgment, as Mr. Bale. Throughout the whole three weeks, during which some six thousand lots were disposed of, hardly a single specimen that could be called even second-rate, much less spurious, was offered. It has been said that during his long life Mr. Bale had from time to time weeded his collection, until at last it reached the perfection in which it appeared in the sale-room; but we have not been able, on inquiry, to find that this was, to any large extent, the case. The fact appears to have been that he was singularly endowed with the faculty of distinguishing between what was good and what was not, and this, curiously enough, long before the Art world had learned to appreciate such things. His range of subjects, too, was marvellous, for it meant a range of superior knowledge; it extended from drawings and paintings by the old masters to those of to-day; from Greek coins to the magnificent medals of the Renaissance; from the crackle and nine-border plates of the far East to the more modern manufacture of Europe. His Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' bought when no one would look at it, fetched hundreds where he had given pounds; and his egg-shell plates and his celadon went in like manner.

The sale of the Bale collection, which commenced on May 13th, lasted, with certain interludes, until the middle of June. The principal prices were:—Water-colour drawings, all by Turner, 'Ingleborough from Hornby Castle,' £2,310; 'Fall of the Tees,' £1,270; 'Hastings from the Sea,' £1,102; 'Chain Bridge over the Tees,' £1,102; and 'Lyme Regis,' £672. Pictures, by W. Collins, 'Cromer Sands,' £262; by T. Creswick, R.A., 'A Road Scene, with Gipsies,' £204; by James Holland, 'Venice,' £556; by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., 'Lord Whitworth,' £367; by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., 'Mrs. Mayne,' £525, 'Mrs. Otway,' £1,260; by Berchem, 'An Italian Landscape,' £472; attributed to Claude, 'Mercury lulling Argus to sleep with the Music of his Pipe,' £640, the companion, £420; by Adrian van Ostade, 'A Lawyer in his Study,' £682, 'Interior of a Cabaret,' £1,008; by W. van der Velde, 'A Gentle Breeze,' £483; by Philip Wouvermanns, 'A Hilly Sand-bank,' £315; by Velasquez, 'Don Baltazar, Infante of Spain,' £871; by Fra Angelico, 'A Virgin and Child,' £378. Among the etchings were:—'Van den Wouver,' Vandyke, £450; a Marc Antonio, £241; 'Cottage with White Pales,' Rembrandt, £155; 'Hundred Guilder,' Rembrandt (second state), £75; 'Cottage with Dutch Hay-barn,' Rembrandt, £45. £210 was paid for an engraver's proof of Turner's Liber plate, 'Ben Arthur;' the 'London from Greenwich' fetched £60; 'Chepstow Castle,' £57; 'Mer de Glace,' £60; 'Solway Moss,' £53; 'Norham Castle,' £73; 'Raglan Castle' (first state), £49; 'Æsacus and Hesperia' (with the white face), £89; engraver's proof, 'Mont St. Gothard,' £86; 'Sea Piece,' £52; 'Little Devil's Bridge over the Reuss' (touched, and with notes), £149; 'Windmill and Lock,' £86; 'Glaucus and Scylla,' £102; 'Sheep-washing,' £67; 'Stork and Aqueduct,' £56; 'Barges on the Medway,' £73; 'Falls of the Clyde' (first state), £58. In passing, it may be mentioned that on July 4th, at another sale, a set of the Liber fetched £194; on July 9th a set sold for £157; and on the 11th of the same month £525 was given for a "fine copy." These prices show that good impressions of the Liber are increasing in value. From amongst the drawings we select the following:—Albert Dürer, Head of a Young Man, black chalk, £189; Raffaelle, the Marys and two other figures, £535; Rembrandt, Landscape, cottage, and figures, £189; Leonardo da Vinci, Study of a Child, £309, a Female Head, £204. For the porcelain from the same collection:—A purple parrot, £40; grey crackle teapot, £27; two dishes with ruby backs, £76 and £74 each; match pot, £85; a pair of celadon match pots, 7½ inches high, £420; sucrier and cover, 4 inches, £147; écuelle, cover and stand, £210. Majolica dishes were sold for £265, £157, and £162; a piece of Palissy ware, £236; snuff-box, £362. Of the miniatures, one by Oliver of Richard, Earl of Dorset, £800; another £150. Two small lockets, of the very finest quality, were sold, one for £533, and the other for the unprecedented sum of £2,126.

The following pictures, belonging to Mr. H. R. Willis, of Wolverley, near Kidderminster, and others, were sold at the beginning of April:—T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'A Sunny Summer Evening in the Marshes,' 1880, £295; J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., 'The Source of the River,' exhibited 1877, £225; J. Tissot, 'Lilacs,' exhibited 1875, £236; R. Ansdell, R.A., 'Scottish Sheep,' £609; Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., 'Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall after Sentence of Death,' £498; Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., 'A Highland Lassie,' £320; J. T. Linnell, 'Opening the Gate,' £430; C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Tintagel Castle,' £640; P. H. Calderon, R.A., 'The Queen of the Tournament,' 1874, £394; E. M. Ward, R.A., 'Charles II. and Lady Russell,' 1874, £519; J. Phillip, R.A., 'The Scottish Baptism,' £1,018; A. Elmore, R.A., 'Paris, June 20th, 1792,' £210; E. Long, A.R.A., 'Unconvinced,' £388; J. Sant, R.A., 'An Easter Offering,' £204; W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Mr. Honeywood introducing the Bailiffs,' £420; Henriette Browne, 'The Sisters of Charity,' £519; J. E. Hodgson, R.A., 'Army Reorganization in Morocco,' £262; J. Tissot, 'The

Convalescent,' £330; A. Elmore, R.A., 'Life in Algiers,' 1869, £388; A. L. Egg, R.A., 'Scene from *The Taming of the Shrew*,' 'What, is this Mutton?' £304; Rosa Bonheur, 'View in Normandy,' £525; Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 'A View near Dort,' £210; P. H. Calderon, R.A., 'The Gaoler's Daughter,' £293; W. Etty, R.A., 'The Triumph of Cleopatra,' £451; R. Ansdell, R.A., 'Bringing Home the Deer,' £220; H. W. B. Davis, R.A., 'Returning Home,' £619.

On April 28th Messrs. Christie sold the following water-colour drawings:—E. Duncan, 'Coast Scene,' with a pilot boat, £131, 'Wreck on the Corbière Rocks, Jersey,' £152, 'Lindisfarn Abbey, Holy Island,' £189; R. Thorne Waite, 'Leaving the Hay-field,' £126; W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., 'Sappho,' £115, 'Kate Kearney,' £136; J. Hardy, 'Highland Keeper,' £120, 'Keeper,' £100, 'Deer-stalking,' £115; D. Cox, 'In the Lledr Valley,' £52; C. Fielding, 'A Coast Scene,' £100, 'Llyn-Tal-y-Llyn, Cader Idris,' £183, 'Off the North Coast, £315; Carl Haag, 'Crossing the Desert,' £210, 'The Arab Family,' £210; Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., 'Early English Troops on the March,' £210; F. W. Topham, 'Water Carriers, Venice,' £210; F. Tayler, 'The Ferry Boat,' £115.

Messrs. Christie sold on the 30th April the following pictures, the property of Col. Holdsworth:—W. Linnell, 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' £231; G. B. O'Neil, 'The Young Artist,' £220; T. Webster, R.A., 'Seesaw,' £267. 'Punch,' £325, 'The Gipsy,' £241; Ary Scheffer, 'Jacob and Rachel,' £556; Rosa Bonheur, 'Les Pâturages,' £567. 'A Landscape,' with two cows, a goat, and a female figure, £861; E. Frère, 'Feeding Baby,' £304; F. Goodall, R.A., 'The Blind Beggar of Cairo,' £210, 'Fête du Mariage, Brittany,' £367; J. T. Linnell, 'On the Moor,' £241, 'Atop of the Hill,' £577; A. L. Egg, R.A., 'Buckingham Rebuffed,' £231; A. Elmore, R.A., 'Hotspur and the Fop,' £357; P. F. Poole, R.A., 'The Greek Goatherd's Courtship,' £294, 'The Mountain Spring,' £315, 'Lighting the Beacon,' £703; W. E. Frost, 'Cupid and Nymphs,' £325; W. Müller, 'The Old Mill at Pont-y-Pool, North Wales,' £2,100; R. Ansdell, R.A., 'Gossip at Seville,' £336, 'A Spate in the Highlands,' £430; C. Stanfield, R.A., 'On the River Texel,' £556; P. Nasmyth, 'View in Hampshire,' £493; J. C. Horsley, R.A., 'Stolen Glances,' £420; H. O'Neil, A.R.A., 'Mary Queen of Scots' Adieu to France,' £346; W. F. Yeames, R.A., 'The Appeal to the Podesta,' £294; W. P. Frith, R.A., 'Dolly Varden,' £357, 'Derby Day,' £640, 'Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' £1,249; T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Group of Three Cows, Bull, and Three Sheep in Landscape,' evening effect, £561; J. Linnell, sen., 'The Bark-peelers,' £378, 'The Coming Storm,' £808, 'An English Pastoral,' £892, 'The Sheep Drove,' £840, 'The Barley-field, Noon,' £997; T. Faed, R.A., 'Winter,' £315, 'Cottage Piety,' £425; E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'The Grand Canal, Venice, Sunset,' £388, 'Hastings,' luggers coming ashore in a breeze, £619; Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., 'A Roman Lady,' £357; J. Phillip, R.A., 'Scene from "Heart of Midlothian,"' £472, 'The Gentle Student,' £241, 'O Nannie, will ye gang wi' me?' £840; J. C. Hook, R.A., 'A Cornish Gift,' £840, 'Mending Nets,' £1,365; T. Creswick, R.A., 'The Skirt of the Park,' £367, 'A Watery Lane,' £336, 'Near Barnard Castle,' £430; T. Creswick, R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., and M. Stone, A.R.A., 'The Cottage and the Hall,' £577; T. Creswick, R.A., figures by W. P. Frith, R.A., 'On Shore,' £630; J. Tissot, 'The Reply,' £787; E. Verboeckhoven, 'Sheep in a Landscape,' £420; W. Mulready, R.A., 'The Widow,' £1,155; C. R. Leslie, R.A., 'A Picnic Party,' £535; D. Roberts, R.A., 'The Piazza of San Marco, Venice,' £1,617; H. Bone, 'Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk,' £108.

On the 2nd of May the following were disposed of, the property of the late Mr. J. Harrison:—Engravings: 'Dignity and Impudence,' after Sir E. Landseer, by T. Landseer, A.R.A., £64; 'Hunters at Grass,' after Sir E. Landseer, by C. G. Lewis, £52; 'The Transfiguration,' after Raffaelle, by R. Morghen, £126; 'The Aurora,' after Guido, by R. Morghen, £60; 'The Last Supper,' after L. da Vinci, by R. Morghen, £57; 'The Madonna di San Sisto,' after Raffaelle, by C. F. Müller, £84; Turner's "Liber Studiorum," complete set, £325; unpublished proofs and etchings from the Liber — 'Sheep-washing, Windsor Castle,' £42; 'Dumbarton Rock,' £52; 'Temple of Jupiter in the Island of Ægina,' £29; 'Stonehenge,' £57; 'The Felucca,' £54; 'Lighthouse, Mouth of the Tyne,' £31; 'The Evening Gun,' £61. Drawings:—J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 'A Ruined Abbey,' £147, 'Scene in the Himalayas,' £147, 'Scene in the Himalayas,' £105, 'St. Mawes, Cornwall,' £147; W. Hunt, 'Grapes, Plums, and Peaches,' £157; F. Tayler, 'Highland Drover and Cattle,' £199.

On May 7th and 9th the collection of Mr. A. B. Stewart, of Glasgow, was sold as follows:—'Worn Out,' G. P. Chalmers, £264; 'The Lesson,' do., £231; 'The Covenanter,' R. Herdman, £351; 'Scene from "Bride of Lammermoor,"' W. E. Lockhart, £246; 'A Hawthorn Glade,' J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., and T. Graham, £325; 'Will Naebody come to Marry Me?' T. Faed, R.A., £378; 'Noonday Rest,' F. Goodall, R.A., £215; 'Crossing the Brook,' J. C. Hook, R.A., £535; 'In the Valley,' C. Lawson, £535; 'Piccadilly Pastoral,' do., £215; 'Lucia,' £262, and 'Teresa,' £273, by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.; 'Home, Sweet Home,' G. D. Leslie, R.A., £798; 'A Harvest Field,' J. Linnell, sen., £546; 'The Reader' and 'The Birds,' Albert Moore, £315 each; 'How delicious is the Winning!' W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., £336; 'Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne,' do., £210; 'The Cavalier,' J. Pettie, R.A., £309; 'Lady of High Degree,' do., £304; 'The First Lesson,' do., £273; 'Old Noll,' do., £393; 'Poetry,' £420, and 'Prose,' £525, Alma Tadema, R.A.; 'The Parting,' J. Tissot, £378; 'Man goeth forth,' Fred. Walker, £420; 'Ponies and Sheep,' Rosa Bonheur, £1,501; 'Le Coup de Canon,' F. J. Clays, £220; 'Dance of Triumph,' J. Corot, £1,039; 'The Eagle's Rest,' M. Courant, £252; 'The Wooden Shoon,' T. Graham, £336. Water-colour drawings:—'The Pool, London,' Sam Bough, £100; 'A Landscape,' D. Cox, £225; 'A Battle Piece,' Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., £199; 'Fruit Piece,' W. Hunt, £100; 'Poor of the Village,' J. Israels, £179; 'The Fireside,' Fred. Walker, £383.

The collection of Mr. H. Lovatt, of Low Hill, Wolverhampton, was sold at the end of May. The highest prices were:—By F. D. Hardy, 'All Round the World, £210, 'Songs by the Sea,' £225; by M. Stone, A.R.A., 'In the Shade,' £267; by E. J. Niemann, 'Hughenden Manor,' £252; by B. W. Leader, 'Autumn,' £231; by E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'Nothing Better to Do,' £315; by E. J. Niemann, 'Warwick Castle,' £252; by B. W. Leader, 'Welsh River, Summertime,' £346; by R. Ansdell, R.A., 'Good Day's Sport,' £220; by Vicat Cole, R.A., 'On the River Arundel,' £525; by H. Garland, 'Collecting Cattle, Highlands,' £215; by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., 'Saint's Day,' £283; by T. Creswick, R.A., 'The Ford,' £446; by G. B. O'Neill, 'The Father of the Regiment,' £262; by E. W. Cooke, R.A., 'Lugger Ashore,' £304; by B. W. Leader, 'A Babbling Brook,' £430; by G. B. O'Neill, 'The Rehearsal,' £420; by E. Long, A.R.A., 'A Nubian Girl,' £598; by P. Graham, A.R.A., 'A Passing Shower in the Hills,' £367; by M. Stone, A.R.A., 'The Letter Bag,' £493; by T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'The Herdsman's Charge,' 1876, £472; by T. Faed, R.A., 'Forgiven,' 1875, £577; by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., 'The Salute,' £483; by J. Linnell, sen., 'Departure of the Emigrants,' £483; by G. Vincent, 'On the Yare, Norwich,' £693; by J. de Haas, 'On the Coast, Picardy,' £431.

The collection belonging to Mr. W. Sharp, of Handsworth, Birmingham, realised, in July, the following sums:—By G. B. O'Neill, 'The Heart's Complaint,' £159; by F. D. Hardy, 'Interior of a Cottage,' with a violin player, £241; by J. Sant, R.A., 'Light and Shade,' £262; by M. Anthony, 'Stratford-on-Avon,' £346; by J. B. Pyne, 'Haweswater, from Waller Gill Force,' £273; by J. Linnell, 'The Hillside Farm,' £950, 'The Eve of the Deluge,' £399; by W. Henry, 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' £162; by T. S. Cooper, R.A., 'Mountain Sheep,' £262, 'A Landscape,' with sheep and goats, £546; by T. Webster, R.A., 'The Pedlar,' £577; by T. Creswick, R.A., and R. Ansdell, R.A., 'The King of the Forest,' £630; by H. Le Jeune, A.R.A., 'Consider the Lilies,' £273; by C. Stanfield, R.A., 'Hospital Ship in the Medway,' £577; by P. F. Poole, R.A., 'A Scene from *The Tempest*,' £640; by Copley Fielding, 'Travellers in a Storm,' £3,150; by W. Collins, 'Borrowdale, Cumberland,' £2,625; by J. Constable, R.A., 'Hampstead Heath,' £577; by D. Maclise, R.A., 'The Spirit of Justice,' £220; by W. Müller, 'A Frosty Morning,' £162, 'A Frost Scene, the Gamekeeper,' £462, 'Arab Shepherds, £2,730, 'Tomb in the Water, Telmessus, Lycia,' £2,362, 'Prayers in the Desert,' £1,890.

MISCELLANEOUS.—On June 30th, four panels of Gobelins tapestry, representing the story of Jason, were sold for £4,882; a pair of candelabra, £105; two marble busts of Greek warriors, £682; a pair of mounted library tables, £525; a black buhl library table, £267; Renaissance ebony cabinet, £299. On July 6th, an ancient coffer, mounted, dated 1560, fetched £106; and a candelabra, 7 inches high, in Louis XV. style, £146. A table belonging to Lord Beaconsfield brought £157 on July 14th; his other objects sold for high value, though not for great sums. At Tadworth, near Epsom, at the same time, a carved and silvered suite brought £133. A pair of Chelsea vases fetched £235 on July 21st, and an old Sèvres écuelle, £226.

COINS.—An interesting collection was sold in April, the property of Mr. Halliburton Young, of Lee, Kent, amongst which were:—A British gold coin of Verica, £5; a penny of Ecgbeorht, £7; penny of Alfred, £15; penny of Edward the Elder, £5; penny of Athelstan, £5; penny of Harthacnut, struck at Exeter, £7; penny of Henry I., struck at Southwark, £5; groat of Edmund I., £5; gold noble of Henry IV., £14; shilling of Henry VII., £12; "Septim" groat of Henry VII., £12, rare coin, the only other being in the British Museum; gold double rial of Henry VII., £26; George noble of Henry VIII., £25; noble or rial of Mary, gold, £20; silver crown piece of Elizabeth, £7; pattern penny of Elizabeth, £5; pattern halfpenny of Elizabeth, £5; portcullis crown of Elizabeth, £12; gold rial of Elizabeth, £13; silver crown of James I., £7; fifteen-shilling piece of James I., £14; silver pound piece of Charles I., Oxford, £37; half-crown, Charles I., Exeter, £32; several sovereigns of Charles I. sold at from £7 to £8 each; pattern piece, £18; Commonwealth half-crown, £27; shilling pattern piece, £35; pattern half-crown, by Blondeau, £25; pattern sixpence, by Ramage, £18; two-shilling piece of Cromwell, £25. Very high prices were obtained for proof and pattern pieces of the reigns of the Georges, in gold and silver; pattern crown of Pistrucci's fine design, with the St. George and Dragon, £20; one by Wyon of William IV., £31 10s. The whole collection realised £3,041.

Another collection, belonging to Mr. Brice, of Bristol, sold in June, obtained the following high prices:—Henry VII. sovereign, £37; Henry VIII. George noble, £31; Mary sovereign, 1553, £10 10s.; James I. fifteen-shilling piece, £20 10s.; Charles I. pattern half-crown, £20; George I. five guinea, 1726, £10.

In July a gold medal of Oliver Cromwell, by Thomas Simon, from the collection of Mr. R. W. Richardson, was sold for £150.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE EXHIBITION OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS, opened under the auspices of Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co., is larger than any former display of the kind, and shows, in the higher standard of technical skill on the walls, that the liberal conditions offered have attracted highly skilled painters and designers. But the question is forced upon us, what is it all for? Is this exhibition to be merely another added to the annual shows of artistic labours; or is it to be an encouragement to that admirable form of philanthropy by which the humanising and refining influences of gentle life (as poor Hain Friswell would have said) are brought to leaven the lump of Art? Our sympathies are with the large class of competitors whose works, for lack of technical skill, are mostly among the enormous number of rejected pieces, but who in respect of poetic or fervent intention are high above the cleverest colourists or designers selected for reward by the eminent artists appointed as judges. The first essential to success in an exhibition such as this should be intelligent and refined sympathy with the pathos, domestic and religious, of the anniversary; and in this respect the exhibition takes a low ground. The proper designs to reject were those which contained nothing in them to remind us of Christmas-tide (their other merits have nothing to do with the purpose of the institution), and such works are the majority on the walls. The English sentiment of Christmas should find its expression rather in archaic simplicity than in aiming at scholastic perfection; the style should be Northern and bold, and its success should be drawn from the sympathies it awakens. With the exception of the 'Grand Prix' composition, which is in every respect beautiful, there is not a picture among the selected ones which has anything whatever to do with Christmas or the New Year, or domestic sentiment, or the Christian faith. But there are a few such subjects, admirably drawn, among the unhonoured works; one, a group in the South-East Room, drawn from German inspiration, in the style of Richter, gives views of child life throughout the seasons, ending in a dream of Christmas joys; another, a simple and unaffected conception of the Mother and Child and a group of youthful angels in medallion; and 'Christmas without and within,' a contrast of a happy family party, with the despairing houseless mother and child on the doorstep outside; and 'Winter Scenes,' a charming drawing of a group of children singing as "Waits" on the verandah of a mansion. Such subjects as these appeal more to the sympathies of the English public at Christmas-time than wearisome children after the manner of Kate Greenaway, or birds and flowers and decorative designs totally unconnected with the season. Briefly, a little more study of the heart, even with less of the eye and hand, is wanted to set this new groove of Art industry into a right direction. The first prize of £200 has been taken by Mrs. Morgan, better known as Miss Alice Havers; the second by Mr. E. K. Johnson, Member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours; and the third and fourth by Messrs. George Marks and A. Glendinning, jun.

THE EXHIBITION now open at 47, New Bond Street, contains an interesting series of the works of Mr. J. R. Herbert, from his earliest pictures of 1841 to the present date. The most remarkable production of his early period, in every way, is the 'Procession of the Brides of Venice,' which for wonderfully delicate beauty of colour is approached by nothing else in the room. On the gilded surface of the ducal barge and the soft pink canopy of another, on the marble masonry of the palaces and the richly coloured draperies of the figures, the play of the light from the clear Venetian sky is admirably effective. Some of Mr. Herbert's early work is singularly like that of Ary Scheffer, especially a Magdalene of 1858. There are two Judiths of 1862 and 1878 which illustrate in a remarkable manner the progress of the painter's art—the first fiercely conceived, with a concentration of passion in the facial expression scarcely borne out by the pose; while in the second, which is altogether finer, the expression is found rather in the whole figure, though especially in the hands. Mr. Herbert is a close student of the expression of hands: those in a portrait of Monsignore Newsham are quite remarkable, and the head of this figure is finished with a Denner-like fidelity. The large cartoons in the room, the 'Judgment of Daniel,' and the Moses, are too well known to require description. The Oriental landscapes are interesting, and the finish of the draperies, especially in Eastern subjects, the caftans of gold, silk, and the mixed webs of camel hair and silk, are given with great truthfulness. In some of the earlier Scripture subjects, which are characterized by fidelity of detail and a mystical symbolism of intention—as, for instance, in the 'Youth of our Lord,' of 1847, and 'The Sower'—we see the forerunners of works that Millais, Holman Hunt, and others have since produced with similar motives. On the whole this exhibition is pleasing and instructive.

THE STONEHAVEN EXHIBITION of works of Art and industry was opened on the 4th of August by Sir Thomas Gladstone, and has been a great success, Mr. Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone, the Premier, being one of the principal attractions. Another valuable illustration is here afforded of the beneficial working of the system of loan collections, the success of the exhibition being assured, in the first place, by the articles of general interest contributed by the South Kensington Museum. The local exhibitors have the further advantage of a close comparison of their own work with examples of standard merit from the Government collections.

TAUNTON will this autumn inaugurate a similar exhibition, aided in like manner by the State.

AN EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE ANTIQUITIES has been held in Japan this summer, at the Monastery of Kaizenji, Asakusa, to which many Japanese nobles contributed priceless works of Art. The old Art inspirations of Japan seemed at one time likely to be gradually ousted by a spirit subservient entirely to commercial purposes, and it is gratifying to hear that that dexterous and learned people have become aroused to the peril which threatened them. Better influences, of which such an exhibition as this is the outcome, have begun to make themselves widely felt in Japan. The ultimate effect will be still further to check the exodus of undoubted specimens of ancient Japanese Art, and already their price has become well-nigh prohibitive. But this is far better than that the demands of Western markets should have the effect of degrading so refined and distinctive an Art as that of the Japanese.

ART NOTICES FOR SEPTEMBER:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Opening Days.—Nottingham Society of Artists, 1st; Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, 5th; Kirkcaldy (N. B.), 5th; Black and White and Scottish Water-Colour Society, Glasgow, 6th. The Royal Manchester Institution, the Newcastle Arts Association, and the Brighton Exhibitions open during the month.

Closing Day.—Yorkshire Fine Art Exhibition, Leeds, 17th.

ART NOTES.

THE recent acquisition by the National Gallery of the Charlton Park Leonardo, 'Madonna delle Rocce,' is properly commented upon by the *Times* as an incident of considerable importance. The works of Leonardo have become so confounded with those of his pupils, and especially of Luini (if Luini was

his pupil), that it is very important for the nation to possess this specimen, of which happily the authenticity is undoubted, as it is the subject of a most interesting contemporary criticism in the *Trattato dell' Arte della Pittura*, of Lomazzo (1585). The picture was originally painted for the church of St. Francis, in Milan, and hung in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception in that church until 1796, when it was purchased by Gavin Hamilton, who afterwards sold it to Lord Suffolk. The replica in the Louvre, 'La Vierge aux Rochers,' is better known to the public, and has been frequently engraved.

THE EXHIBITED WORKS bought under the Chantrey bequest this year by the Royal Academy are:—'The Prodigal Son,' a statue by W. Calder Marshall, R.A.; an equestrian group in bronze of 'A Moment of Peril,' by T. Brock; and J. Collier's painting, 'The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson.'

DR. HAROLD BROWNE, Bishop of Winchester, is about to be presented, by the ladies of the diocese, with a pastoral staff of exceptional beauty and of admirable workmanship. It has been designed by Mr. Street, after the well-known staff at New College, which belonged to William of Wykeham. The intricate metal-work and the enamels of the original are faithfully reproduced, and Mr. Street's Art taste and knowledge have been well seconded by the technical skill of the manufacturers.

GLASGOW ART NOTES.—Arrangements are at present being made for a loan exhibition of Oriental Art—principally Japanese and Persian—to be held in the Corporation Galleries during the ensuing winter. The authorities at South Kensington are giving every assistance in the matter. It is proposed that similar exhibitions, illustrating decorative art of various periods and countries, should be held every winter in Glasgow. The Corporation of Glasgow have lately purchased a series of water-colour drawings by Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, illustrating Glasgow as it was forty or fifty years ago. As many of the most picturesque parts of old Glasgow have now disappeared before the operations of the Improvement Trust, these drawings are exceedingly interesting. Together with a small collection of Turner drawings, lent by the National Gallery, they are at present on view in the Corporation Galleries, Glasgow.

THE Trustees of the Museum of Sydney, New South Wales, have purchased De Neuville's picture of 'The Defence of Rorke's Drift.' We had hoped that this magnificent representation of British prowess—of which in late years England has not had so many to boast—would have found a place in our National Gallery. Failing this, however, no better destination could have been fixed upon than in the chief town of one of the most enterprising of our colonies.

THE MONTH'S ARCHITECTURE.

The following are the more important Buildings completed during the past month.

New Churches and Chapels have been built at—

Place.	*Architects.*
Hopwas, St. Chad's	J. Douglas.
New Swindon, St. Paul's	E. B. Ferrey.
Bolton, All Souls'	Paley & Austin.
Impington, Cambs	E. Christian.
Fulham, All Saints'	A. W. Blomfield.
Parkstone, St. John Evang.	Horner & Adams.
Rowbarton, St. Andrew's	H. Spencer.
Salton-in-Ryedale	C. H. Fowler.
Newbold-Pacey	J. L. Pearson, A.R.A.
Brynamman	E. H. L. Barker.
West Leigh, St. Peter's	Paley & Austin.
Jarrow, St. Peter's	C. F. Armstrong.
Hammerwood, East Grinstead	E. P. L. Brock.
Birch, Mission School Church	Medland & Taylor.
Eastbourne, Cong.	G. Mitchell.
Birkenhead, Un. Meth.	R. H. Roberts.
Aberdour, St. Michael's, Episc.	Rev. C. Jupp.
West Drayton, St. Catherine's, R. C.	S. J. Nicholl.
Northampton, Cong.	S. J. Newman.
New Brighton, St. Peter and Paul, R. C.	E. Kirby.
Oxford, Cong.	J. Sulman.

Churches have been restored at

Place.	*Architects.*
Holtby	J. R. Naylor.
Wixford	W. J. Hopkins.
Newcastle-under-Lyme	T. Lewis & Son.
Combmartin	W. C. Oliver.
Glasbury, St. Peter's	E. Christian.
Blackenhall Heath, Christ Church	— Naden.
Portlemouth	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Thurning	R. H. Carpenter.
Hazelbeach, St. Michael & All Angels	— Butler.
Badby	E. F. Law & Son.
Wickersley, St. Alban's	E. H. Hubbard.
North Curry	J. O. Scott, Chancel.
Foxton, Cambs	F. Puiday.
Soberton, Hants, St. Peter's	C. R. Pink.
Leicester, St. Margaret's	G. E. Street, R.A.
Henley-in-Arden	C. H. Fowler.

Public Buildings and Schools have been built at—

Place.	*Architects.*
Leeds, School Board Offices	G. Corson.
Salisbury, Theological Coll., Additions	W. Butterfield.
Stafford, Museum, Free Library, and School of Art	J. B. McCullum.
Richmond, Surrey, Free Library	J. S. Brunton.
Carlisle, Great Central Hotel	D. Birkett.
Cheapside, Mercers' Hall, Internal Work	J. G. Crace.
Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, Town Hall	S. Stent.

REVIEWS.

"ALFRED STEVENS;" a Biogtaphical Study, by Walter Armstrong (Remington & Co.).—It is noteworthy that a treatise on the life of one of the most talented sculptors which England has ever possessed should, in the first instance, find a place in the pages of a French periodical, and that it should appear in the language in which it was written only after it had been translated into French. This is indeed a reflection of the chilling reception which sculpture receives at the hands of the English people, and the whole of Stevens's unhappy, daunted life bears witness to the same fact. But for the encouragement which he received from a few appreciative and fortunately well-to-do patrons, notable amongst whom was Mr. Holford, of Dorchester House, it is more than probable that the artist would have succumbed to his apparent fate, and settled down to be the designer of nothing higher than a stove. The Art world would owe a debt of thanks to Mr. Stevens's biographer, were it only for his perpetuation of the history of the Wellington monument at St. Paul's, and the way in which such undertakings are set about, carried on, and, we were about to say, completed—but, alas! in this instance, as in the majority of cases, completion was not permitted to the artist, for the monument remains, and probably ever will, without its crowning feature, the equestrian statue. We regret to see that a book so handsomely got up has been allowed to leave the publishers' hands with so many inexcusable typographical errors, such as "*Egpytian* temples and saracen palaces," "onw independent scheme." The author is apparently in some measure to blame for the use of such words as an "aquarelle" and "calorifere."

"COLLEGE AND CORPORATION PLATE," by Wilfred Cripps, (London: Chapman and Hall).—This little book, which is written with admirable taste and skill, forms one of the series of Art Handbooks issued under the authority of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. Mr. Cripps is so well known as an authority on all matters connected with ancient plate, that students of this handicraft will welcome a digest which, while dealing with the reproductions of the finest specimens extant of early English plate, lately made for the South Kensington Museum, gives also a general idea of the work of every succeeding generation of goldsmiths. The Art student will now find, it appears, at South Kensington, each period of English plate represented by its most historical and important examples. Mr. Cripps, commencing with the Saxon and early Romanesque periods, brings his record down to descriptions of Queen Anne and Georgian plate, and, in a little book of 150 pages, gives most interesting details, which we heartily commend not only to the Art student, but to the general reader.

"THE CATACOMBS OF ROME" will always possess the double interest of pagan and Christian archæology, and, indeed, of the most interesting process recorded in the history of Art, the transition from the former to the latter. A work by M. Théophile Roller has been recently published, illustrated, among other subjects, with fac-similes of the ornamental, and especially of the symbolical, Art (Christian and pagan) of the tombs. We mention the work as one important for its obvious utility in settling vexed questions relating to the transition symbolism of the earliest Christian era, for which the heliograph copies of symbols, inscriptions, and designs are of more value than libraries of disputatious descriptions. The work is in two large volumes, published by Veuve A. Morel et Cie., Rue Bonaparte, Paris.

FREDERICK PRELLER.

THE position assigned to Preller in Germany, especially in the sphere of poetic and historic landscape, induces me to introduce the painter to the English public. The life of this artist is of personal interest, and his pictures exemplify principles which, for better or for worse, are moulding the arts of Europe. Preller was born in 1804 at Eisenach, in Thuringia, a lovely country of hill and dale, of woodland and river, befitting the cradle of a landscape painter. While a child he removed with his parents in poverty to the neighbouring capital of Weimar, then the centre of poetry, philosophy, and Art. The young artist in an autobiographic sketch describes his first interview, at the age of fifteen, with Goethe. He had already given proof of talents, which secured the introduction. He tells how the poet-philosopher, solemnly seated, pierced him with searching eyes through and through. Yet the greeting was kindly. Goethe about that time was occupied in well-known speculations concerning colour and atmospheric phenomena, and he shrewdly directed the observations of the young student to meteorology and the scenery of cloudland. The youth, being of an inquiring mind, took kindly to the work, made some dozen studies of skies, much to the satisfaction of the venerable sage, and to his latest days gratefully acknowledged that his first insight into the aspects of the heavens was due to the teachings of Goethe.

Two years' study in Antwerp gave Preller a fairly good academic training: on his return to Weimar he brought such strong warranties from Director Van Brée that the Duke and Goethe took the warmest interest in his career, and a journey to Italy was planned, with a pension for three years. It is truly refreshing to read the painter's narrative of his experiences and emotions as he enters the bright and joyous land of promise. Latent fires kindle in the warm south, imagination expands in the presence of the nobility and beauty of Italian landscape. Germans congealed by the rigours of northern winters have experienced, from the time of Mengs, Carstens, and Cornelius, a like process of mental thawing which served to temper their art. And it is worthy of remark that while the Italians themselves are content simply to enjoy the loveliness of nature through their intuitions, the Germans call into exercise the understanding and the reason, and having analyzed the objects of sense, set about the construction of new and strange pictorial forms or philosophic systems. The writings of Winckelmann, Goethe, Frederick Schlegel, Humboldt, Oersted, have a supersensuous reach, and discover the key to a philosophic interpretation of Nature through Art. Hardly does Preller cross the Alps before he begins to talk in usual fashion of the soul in nature, of "Art thought," "intention," "motive," "style."

A painful incident drew all the closer the bonds between Goethe and the painter. One day, when in Rome, the poet's son was brought to Preller with letters from his father, and an excursion was soon planned for Albano, but young Goethe had taken a cold, which ran into a fever. Preller watched over him in the illness, and was beside his death-bed. The painter writes, "Is it remarkable that the old man should now look upon me as a son?" By unforeseen transitions it came to pass that years after Preller had tended the bed of the only son he stood before the dead father. With firm resolve he took pencil in hand and sketched Goethe, lying as a demigod, with a laurel wreath on the brow. The drawing, conserved among the treasures of the Museum, gains a double value now that artist and poet alike are numbered among Weimar's illustrious dead.

In Italy Preller found his ideal, not, however, ready made to hand, but to be worked out through long and careful study. Goethe had given his young friend the advice to make himself acquainted with all the best Art of past ages, and thus to form a style. The wise mentor continued, "Your tendings



Frederick Preller.

are already towards Poussin, therefore devote special study to Claude." Preller, like other men of mental force and originality, found out more than he was ever taught; he did not believe in academies or other short cuts and ready roads, but fought hard as in a struggle for life or death. Mediocrity he despised, painters devoid of talent he discouraged. His advice, whenever a youth wanted to become an artist, was, to give him a good thrashing, after to starve him for a week, and then ask his views. Preller had already passed

through this ordeal when he found himself in Rome, and then nothing but the very best was good enough for him, the foremost artists, the greatest pictures and statues, and the grandest and most lovely nature.

Preller writes of his reaching Rome, "It was in the spring-time of 1828 that a new world opened before me." Goethe, thirty years before, declared, "A true new birth dates from the day I entered Rome;" and Thorwaldsen was accustomed to say that before entering the City of the Seven Hills he did not exist. Preller, on arriving all-confident, hoped to find, or at least soon to make, himself a scholar and a painter. He formed a friendship with Führich, Thorwaldsen, and Genelli; later came Bendemann, Hübner, and others. Rome indeed, in those days, was a high school. This companionship had all the immunities of universality: in religion the society ranged from Roman Catholicism to Rationalism; in Art it comprised styles classic and romantic, ideal and naturalistic. Preller, having breathed the atmosphere of Weimar, and been taught at the feet of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder, was prepared to enjoy the varied aspects of thought around him. Many-sided, he reflected truths of all complexions, so far at least as they were capable of assuming Art aspects. He happened to be a Protestant, and was accustomed to say jestingly that he wished he had been born an old Pagan; but, in a broad sense, Art, as the revelation of the beautiful, served as his religion. And here in Rome, among friends possessed of one common aim, it was possible to lead an undivided Art life. All things breathed of Art, fancy played free as air, to live was pleasure: such existence came to Preller as the realisation of his longings.

This ideal condition found a twofold manifestation in



Ulysses in the Land of the Cyclops.

Preller's art—the one in humanity, or the figure, the other in nature, or landscape. Sometimes in his pictures each stood separately, but his ultimate aim was, after the example of the Poussins, to conjoin both in an harmonious whole. There happened to be in Rome an old experienced painter, Joseph Koch, and Preller, after enumerating the distinguished artists who helped to mould his life, writes: "The cynic Koch was the one from whom most was to be learnt. When I called for the first time on him, he began conversing with the utmost freedom. 'Do you,' he asked, 'really know Goethe, the Art critic? Yet he himself can do nothing!' I took much to Koch, found relish in him, as he did in me. We went together to Olevano and Subiaco, where is such beauty in the kingdom of nature that during the three years I remained in Rome, every summer brought me there. With earnest striving I endeavoured to understand Nature to her foundations. Koch helped me to the knowledge and to the formation of a style."

Yet Olevano with its romantic scenery had been for successive generations the favourite sketching-ground of Roman artists. What then did Preller more than others? One answer is that others had been trying to do the same, but did not succeed so well. And perhaps the best way of putting the case is to say that Preller's success arose not so much from striking out something absolutely new, as in perfecting what had gone before, and in expressing by pictorial art certain ideas which in master minds of the time being were struggling for utterance. These, in fact, are but the antecedents common to all developments, whether in science, philosophy, or Art—the conditions and surroundings, in short, of all progressive movements, past or present. In Weimar the dominant thought had taken dramatic form; among the chief literary achievements were the dramas of Goethe and Schiller. And, as by logical necessity, the drama of humanity induced as its correlative the drama of nature. Great historic actions, tragic scenes composed by poets,

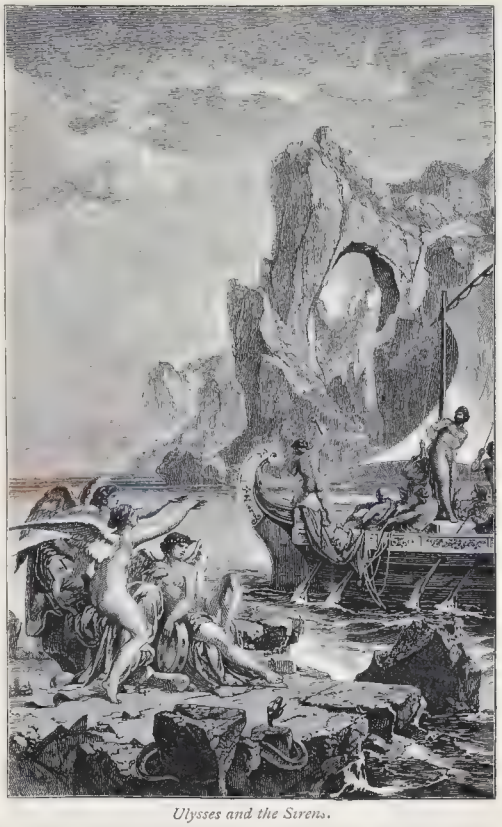


even situations on the level of ordinary life, all must have had outward surroundings and accessories. The world of nature is but a stage, and the men thereon are but the players. And the human incident and interest infused by the presence of man into nature were fitly reflected into landscape art; hence historic, heroic, epic, and lyric landscape. The growth of such landscape art matured late; and, as before said, Preller's career was not solitary, but lay in the path wherein others were treading. How far the vocation of his life obtained adequate fulfilment may be judged by his crowning effort, Homer's Odyssey, selections from which illustrate these pages.

The history of landscape painting presents many phases or schools, corresponding for the most part with the prevailing feelings of the times for the truths and beauties of nature. In the present day we find that English landscape seldom departs from the most literal and prosaic aspects. It is content with a donkey when it desires the assistance of some living object or incident, with a parish pump when it would evoke human interest, with an umbrella when it wishes to suggest a stormy drama in the elements. From such manifestations in modern Art stand wide as the poles asunder Preller's wall pictures in Weimar illustrative of Homer's Odyssey.

I have seen a multitude of Preller's sketches, many carefully kept in portfolios by his widow at his pretty villa in the chestnut avenue leading from Weimar to the Ducal Belvedere he loved so much, and those scenes of which the originals I happen to know, show me how greatly he romanced and played with his theme. I think, however, his studies from nature were, like those of Turner, of two sorts—one as literally true as they could be made, the other idealized as much as imagination could desire. Preller used to say every artist must build up for himself from the ground, and work from the beginning to the end as nature works, and he also held that the painter must take nature into his mind, and then give it out something different. He was accustomed to walk in silence, but intent in thought, amid the scenes he loved, till he evoked the latent picture. He had favourite trees in Weimar and Eisenach, still pointed out, trees which I have marked as standing on the ground like figures, and posing their branches in harmony with the surroundings. He so studied nature as to comprehend her underlying laws and inward meanings, and when he had deciphered the motive of the panorama before the eye, that intent he made the dominant idea in his picture, casting out accidents which marred the beauty, and blemishes disturbing the type. He thus viewed nature as the poet and the philosopher; as an artist his method or treatment was that of the Greeks. I am told by a favourite lady pupil, Fräulein Stichling, that when in Rome they read in the evenings Goethe's Italian and Swiss Tours, although the painter knew them almost by heart, and in turning to the pages I recognise the promptings to his art. Pictures which I can call to mind respond to passages wherein Goethe tells of his rapture for works which speak to him as true expressions of nature. Only, he says, the Art that has genius charms me, and those cold imitations, the products "of mere painstaking diligence, are to me utterly intolerable." Landscapes with all that lives and moves therein I can understand and enjoy. Goethe adds, "If only destiny had bidden me to dwell in the midst of some grand scenery then would I every morning have imbibed greatness from its grandeur, as from a lovely valley I would extract patience and repose."

The revival this century in Literature and Art found Germany divided between the romanticists and the classicists. The former, who were in the majority, might rightly claim the old Niebelungen Lied and the plays of Schiller; the latter could boast of such works as Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. Preller, wholly unlike Rethel, had few affinities with ancient German Art. His love of form, symmetry, and typical beauty led him towards Grecian statues and vases. His sympathies, in short, lay with the classic renaissance as represented by Carstens and Thorwaldsen, by Flaxman, Wyatt, and Gibson. His drawings, such as 'The Genelli Frieze' and the predellas to the Odyssey Cyclus, one of which is reproduced in these pages, prove how closely in Rome he studied Grecian bas-reliefs and



Ulysses and the Sirens.

vases. His compositions stand as first-class examples of the school; they are on an equality with, but not superior to, like designs by Carstens, Thorwaldsen, and Flaxman. Preller, as a proselyte to this party, held firmly to the doctrine that the human figure is the most perfect of created forms; he studied from the antique and from the living model, in the belief that therein were to be found proportion, ideal types, and the germs of absolute and all-pervading beauty. And as in these directions pictorial art has never reached plastic, he might with reason say that could he begin life afresh he would be a sculptor.

Preller's processes were deliberate, like those of the workers in marble, and while he could off-hand extemporise a sketch, he took time to mature a picture. Though not widely read, he

made thoroughly his own the leading and formative ideas of others; and if not a philosopher in his own right, his art, like that of the greatest masters, reflected the philosophic thought around him. His pictorial doctrine, that all created things culminate in man, that the beauties diffusely scattered among trees and flowers, hills and plains, seas and rivers, are concentrated and perfected in the human form, does but reflect certain speculations in ancient and modern times. The old tenet of metamorphosis, the modern theory of the transmutation of species, the persuasion of an essential oneness between the outward and the inward, the faith in symbolism and correspondence, may be said all to have a bearing on Preller and his art. Fancy peopled his compositions with fauns, satyrs, and



Ulysses and Calypso.

centaurs; his trees bend to their action, his rocks echo their proportions. There exists in the Villa Borghese a well-known statue of Daphne, half turned into a laurel: like myths inspired the painter. And it is to be remembered that such speculations took possession of Goethe in his metamorphosis of plants; so again we discover how the seed cast into the artist's life at Weimar fructified in Rome. In short, Goethe's guesses in science obtained in more ways than one unconscious confirmation in Preller's art.

Preller was in the habit of throwing off impromptus, hundreds of which are in the hands of his widow and friends. He had acquired a facile certitude in expressing his thoughts at the end of his pencil. These jottings are sometimes memories of actual scenes, often imaginings, the hasty embodiments of the mind's reveries; common nature finds no place, the land is a poet's Arcadia, the life is idyllic. The motive was to realise a state of existence removed from the prosaic present, and to extract from troublous and ignoble experiences a refined essence and sensuous beatitude. Turner was thus inspired in one of his most lovely of dreamlands, 'Datur Hora Quieti,' and Nicholas Poussin touched the same chord in the Louvre picture, 'Et in Arcadiâ Ego.' Occasionally the turbulent forces of nature are by Preller called into action and personified, as in a drawing of wild centaurs attacking with spear and arrow a panther. But for the most part the sentiment tends to repose and meditative sadness, as the sober colouring of "an eye that had kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Preller's life, indeed, was deeply shadowed: the course of true Art never did run smooth, and the romance of Italian pilgrimage met with reverse on return to the realities of home. The artist was once more in Weimar in 1831; a year later his friendly patron, Goethe, died, and he felt in the world alone. To be head master in a small local school, with a scanty pension, seemed an ignominious lot. But necessity was at his door; he had married, and a wife and child must be provided for. Yet, though very poor, he could never be untrue to his art. The household had been starving, and a picture was on the easel which would have fetched money, but he could not be induced to let it go, because he felt with more time he might make it better. Unfortunately his ideal landscapes were not yet appreciated; his wall pictures in the Duke's Palace, illustrative of Wieland's *Oberon*, obtained little attention; and so, in a kind of despair, he turned to naturalism, and reverting to Ruysdael, made in 1840 a sketching tour to Norway. There he painted, not without encouraging patronage, woodlands and coast scenes. In stormy seas and windy skies he took delight, the conflict of the elements aroused his imagination, the form and movement of waves in their curve and balance pleased his sense of symmetry, and savage rocks served as *dramatis personæ* in semi-tragic compositions. A masterpiece in this way now holds a place of honour in the Weimar Museum. Still Preller was conscious of higher capabilities: after a labour of a quarter of a century he felt his mission still to be fulfilled.

Homer's Odyssey was the classic romance on which during a long life Preller consecrated his highest powers. The site of the pictures is the corridor of the handsome new Museum in Weimar. The long wall opposite the windows is there occupied by twelve pictures grouped in four triptychs, with predellas beneath; and the two side walls are decorated with four upright compositions, one on either side of the two doors. The largest of the woodcuts here published indicates the proportions, the length being 8 feet, of the centre picture of each triptych; the smaller illustrations are from the side pieces. The colour is bright, cheerful, and light-giving, as befits decorative ends. The predellas, sixteen in number—that is, one at the foot of each picture—are in monochrome of red, after the manner of Greek vases; the full-page illustration to these columns is a reproduction from the design for one of these predellas. The pictures are connected by suitable ornamental borders, and the concerted polychrome decorations—pictures with accessory ornament—come together in pleasing harmony. The paintings were not actually executed within the corridor, but on movable slabs in the artist's studio; the compositions were, however, expressly

designed for their ultimate destination, and when finished were transferred to their permanent positions. The process is not fresco, because the plaster surface was dry when it received the colours; neither is it tempera, though the effect is nearly the same, the surface being without glaze, and the colours having a somewhat crude freshness. The medium employed is a species of encaustic, a mixture of wax, oil, and volatile spirit, now much used in Germany for mural painting, and similar to Gambier Parry's "spirit fresco." Preller's handling is facile and certain; so sure, indeed, was he of the result that he had little need of retouching or correcting. The colours remain to this day unchanged: the pigments adhere firmly to the underground, and altogether the pictures are so well in keeping with the place that they seem to grow out of the structure. This cyclus traverses Homer's entire narrative, beginning with the departure of Ulysses from Troy, and closing with the return to his home in Ithaca. Five of the incidents portrayed furnish illustrations to these columns. The first woodcut represents the hero's companions on the shores of the Cyclops, with the enraged Polyphemus on a height threatening vengeance. The second shows the seductive sirens enticing the voyagers to land. The third pictures the wooded island of Calypso, with the parting between Ulysses and the nymph. The fourth wood engraving depicts Ulysses, disguised as a beggar, making himself known to his son Telemachus; he is recognised by his dog, while the swineherd, a faithful servant of the house, watches the greeting of father and son. The full-page composition is a reproduction from an original design founded on the story of the faithless handmaidens of the chaste Penelope. Two trusty servants, the swineherd Eumæus and the cowherd Philotios, standing on either side, denounce the culprits and prepare their punishment. The flowing grace in the lines and the ideal beauty of the forms exemplify Preller's classic manner.

These Homeric paraphrases, which have roused phlegmatic Germany to rapture, were not unaccompanied by interesting experiences in their production. The ultimate performance had the advantage of repeated preliminary rehearsals. What for years was a labour of love met with reward, when about the year 1831 the æsthetic Dr. Härtel gave a commission for pictures from the Odyssey on the walls of his Roman house in Leipzig. Cartoons in black and white were studiously wrought, an habitual method which serves in Germany to place landscape as mural decoration in the rank of figure painting. These pictures, seven in number, the largest about ten feet square, and the figures one and a half feet high, remained when I saw them last autumn in good preservation, barring cracks in the plaster, and as examples of domestic wall decoration were agreeable and satisfactory. Comparatively, however, as to composition and handling, they were but prentice work, and did not reach the rhythm and typical beauty of the Weimar pictures, which have the advantage of thirty years' further study. With a perseverance and passion undaunted by poverty, numberless designs and materials were accumulated for the ultimate life work. At length the cartoons, when complete, were sent in 1858 for exhibition in Munich: the impression produced, especially in Art circles, proved immense; nothing so great, it was said, except perhaps Rottmann's Grecian landscapes, had been produced in the way of an organic building up of poetic nature with historic figures. Already the discriminative patron, Baron von Schack, was on the point of giving a commission for the painting of the whole series, when the Grand Duke of Weimar, not to be outdone, hastened to Munich and secured the cyclus for his capital. Great was Preller's gladness, the more so that he could promise himself yet another visit to Italy for the further maturing of the cartoons. In the Bay of Baiæ, in the island of Capri, and on the coast of Salerno, one hundred or more fresh studies were made on the spot. The artist was in fancy treading in the footsteps of Ulysses, and the almost unearthly beauty of these shores is reflected in the completed panoramas of the hero's wanderings. The finished pictures in Weimar have been greeted by German critics with superlative and not undiscriminating praise; they are spoken of as "organisms,"



The Meeting of Ulysses and Telemachus.

as vital growths uniting figure and landscape into an harmonious whole, associating history with poetry, combining the idyl with the epic, and in style reconciling the romantic with the classic. Furthermore, it strikes me they may be said to fulfil what Goethe has laid down as to the functions of "genius," a faculty not overstepping existing rules, but the power in man which gives laws and obeys them. And surely the best hope for landscape art in the future is thus, after the mode of Preller, to view nature with the mind's eye, and to interpret her phenomena through the reason and the imagination.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

ALPHONSE LEGROS.

THERE are painters and painters. Some are able to do no more than make pictures, and are content provided that, year by year, they can colour over a given quantity of canvas in such a manner as to make it vendible. Others find in painting a means of personal expression, and produce in obedience to a certain spiritual impulse, and to the satisfaction of a certain imaginative and intellectual need. The first are the journalists of plastic art; they paint because there is a market for their wares, and there happens to be a demand for stuff which they are competent to supply. The men of the second class are artists; they paint because they must, and inasmuch as they have something in them which they can put out in no other way. Professor Legros is one of these latter. He has been accused, and with good show of reason, of being lacking in charm, and too constant an exponent of the æsthetics of melancholy and the unbeautiful. But he is an artist among artists—an artist to his fingers' ends. He works to give peculiar and individual expression to an individual and peculiar view of truth; and from the pursuit of this object he has never once turned aside during the whole of his laborious career. He has been called "the Alceste of painting;" and the epithet, lofty as is the praise it implies, could hardly have been better chosen or more becomingly applied.

He was born in the old Burgundian city of Dijon in 1837. His parents were poor, and he was one of many children, so that he was ill taught and bitterly reared. At eleven years old he was apprenticed to a drunken, but not unkindly house-painter, who paid him for his care and conduct of the business—which, boy as he was, appears to have been left pretty much in his hands—by sending him to get drawing lessons at the local School of Art. In no great while, however, the Legros' migrated to Lyons, where the artist of the family got employment in a painter's workshop, and helped to decorate a neighbouring chapel in fresco. At fourteen he came to Paris, and served for awhile with Cambon, the scene painter, whom he presently quitted to become a pupil under Lecoq de Boisbaudran, in Belloc's drawing school, Rue de l'École de Médecine, and at the Beaux Arts. There can be little doubt that his progress was surprisingly rapid, for he produced—in a portrait of his father, painted largely under the influence of Holbein—a picture in every way notable while he was yet in his teens. This work, exhibited at the Salon of 1857, won him the notice and the regard of Champfleury, the novelist and archæologist—the first, by the way, to recognise the splendid and unpopular talent of Gustave Courbet—and Charles Baudelaire, the poet. Their approval came welcome to the young painter, and their friendship—with that of men like young Léon Gambetta, whom he was afterwards to paint for Sir Charles Dilke; like Guillaume Regamey, the excellent painter of soldier life and soldier character; like Solon, the greatest of living artists in pottery; like Poulet-Malassis, a prime mover in the revival of etching and the abandonment of lithography as a means of illustration, and one of the most remarkable of modern publishers, to whose initiative is largely due the prevailing fashion of artistic books—was one of the pleasantest facts in his life. He had to exist as best he might: on lessons, cheap portraits, an occasional lithograph, an occasional frontispiece or illustration. But he went on working his hardest for all that. He painted in oils and in water colours; he drew continually at the antique and from the life; he became one of the most powerful and accomplished of modern etchers. He had been one of the first of those few experts in Art who, without waiting for countenance from the Abstract Connoisseur, had persisted, in the teeth of opinion, in acclaiming the genius of Méryon; and the plates he set himself to produce were as unfortunate with the general public as Méryon's own. He was not one, however, to be put down by adverse criticism, or dismayed by unpopularity. He went his own way as resolutely as if he had had the whole world to cheer him on in it; and his influence upon the practice of etching, his share in its revival as an art, and his importance among its exponents are not to be easily exaggerated.

At twenty-one he drew a bad number for the army; and for a year, at least, he was nominally a private in the Hundredth of the Line, though he never did an hour's duty; and, by the operation of a pleasant bureaucratic intrigue, was always on furlough. At the end of that time he contrived to buy his discharge; and soon afterwards (1859) he exhibited his first 'Angelus,' a small canvas, popular in theme and religious in inspiration, which was warmly praised by Charles Baudelaire. It was followed, in 1861, by the 'Ex Voto,' which is now in the museum at Dijon; and, in 1863, by the 'Messe des Morts,' or—as it is sometimes called—'Le Lutrin.' The ill-fortune of this last work, with a fragment of which he afterwards won the gold medal of the Beaux Arts, obliged him to look for an opening elsewhere than in Paris, and so avoid the miserable lot of Méryon and the scandalous neglect that was Millet's; and in the year of its exhibition he crossed the Channel and came to London, where he has resided ever since. He met, from the first, with great kindness and consideration at the hands of men like Mr. Watts, the brothers Rossetti, and Sir Frederick (then Mr.) Leighton; and he had the pleasure of seeing his 'Ex Voto' (1864) attracting a great deal of attention at the Academy, in spite of the height at which it had been placed by the Hanging Committee. In 1866 he exhibited a 'Martyrdom of Stephen,' which, abominably hung by the Academicians, won next year's gold medal at the Salon, was bought by the Government for the national collection, and is now in the Avranches Museum. A second gold medal fell to him in 1868 for a head from 'Le Lutrin,' and for the 'Amende Honorable,' now in the Luxembourg Gallery; and in the same year he exhibited at the Academy his 'Réfectoire,' and his 'Demoiselles du Mois de Marie,' both of which take rank with his best and strongest work. They were followed at intervals by his very notable 'Pèlerinage,' presented by Mr. Philip Rathbone to the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool; the solemn and impressive 'Bénédiction de la Mer;' the admirable and finely painted study of commonplace things and the commonplace in humanity, called 'Le Chaudronnier,' now in the possession of Mr. Constantine Ionides; and the 'Marchand des Poissons,' an essay in still life and the æsthetics of the streets. All these pictures were remarkable in one way or another. They were full of sentiment and dignity; they were excellently well drawn and composed; and they were painted with a

breadth, a freedom, a finish, a mastery of means, not common in modern Art. But they were one and all unfortunately placed. The Hanging Committees of the period thought lightly of the Legros' sent in to them; sometimes they "skied" them, sometimes they "floored" them; never, by any chance, did they permit themselves to "line" them. There were not wanting critics who complained, and were urgent for justice; but they did but waste their indignation and their ink. It had been decided that Legros was too dull, too austere, too serious for the distinction of a place in which he could be seen to advantage; and all along the line the majesty of British Art asserted itself triumphantly. The opening of the Grosvenor Gallery gave the painter new opportunity and a fairer field; and the very remarkable 'St. Jerome,' lately on the line at Burlington House—a picture that, as much for its fine quality of style and the vigorous distinction of its draughtsmanship as for its sober and quite arbitrary scheme of colour, reminds one of an old master come a couple of centuries too late—is the first Legros that has been seen on the Academy walls for some years. Among the pictures shown by him in the Bond Street Gallery mention may be made of the four 'Études de Têtes' of the first exhibition; the masterly and melancholy 'Repas des Pauvres' (1878); the superbly drawn 'Jacob's Dream' (1879), now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; the 'Incendie,' the largest and one of the most dramatic of his works, and the portrait studies of Mr. E. Burne Jones and the late Thomas Dixon (1880), the technique of which is, of its kind, incomparably good; and the nobly wrought and impressive 'Brûleur d'Herbes' of the present year.

In 1876, Mr. Legros, not as now a naturalised Englishman, but already Professor of Etching at South Kensington, was elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts at University College, in room of Mr. E. J. Poynter, appointed to the headship of the National School of Art. This post, his appointment to which was largely owing to the recommendation of his distinguished predecessor, he has ever since retained, with infinite credit to himself, and much to the advantage of the schools, which, in spite of the high fees asked for admission, are as full of students as they will hold. The reason is not far to seek. Professor Legros, an ardent and indefatigable student of Phidias and the Greeks, whose works he delights in copying, and by whom it is his constant practice to example himself, is probably the best and most successful of living drawing masters. His own draughtsmanship is good enough for comparison with that of the good old masters; and he spares no pains to impart to his pupils as much of his accomplishment as is communicable. The principal objects of his pursuit are boldness and skill in attack and rapid thoroughness of execution. He trains his scholars not to stipple their lives away in quest of futile and impossible effects of light and shade, but to see fearlessly and quickly, to understand readily, to draw with a large and energetic exactitude, and to educate completely whatever individuality they may happen to possess. His method of instruction is peculiar to himself. He corrects—as Ingres, the prince of draughtsmen, corrected—from easel to easel, and with direct reference to the model of the moment; and he paints and draws before his classes as well. It is a part of his theory that the practice of æsthetics should be open. The less mysterious are the principles of any given success in Art, the better for everybody. If a pupil has it in him to surpass his master, it is that master's duty, as an artist and as a teacher of Art, to give him every opportunity and lend him all the help he can. It is to the practical illustration of this very noble view of the artist's function that the "Legros Heads" are owing, and to no desire for notoriety, to no itch for display of any sort. These strong and vivid transcripts from the real, apart from their merit as æsthetic work, have the value of so many experiments in physics, or so many anatomical demonstrations. Each is a two hours' lesson in the technique of attack and execution, a lecture in action on the employment of purely artistic means to purely artistic ends. They are neither athletic exhibitions nor matches against time. Their aim is merely educational; and their educational effect is the only one with which—at least at the moment of production—their author is concerned. It may be added that Mr. Legros is ready to illustrate his theory wherever a body of learners can be got together, and that he has done so not only in his own class-rooms, but also at South Kensington for Professor Poynter, and at Cambridge for Professor Colvin; and at Aberdeen, Liverpool, Paisley, Glasgow, Manchester, Sunderland, and Newcastle besides. That he is not alone in the belief that good work can nowadays be done quickly, is proved by the fact that M. Carolus Duran has been urged by his example to produce in public; that Professor Richmond's portrait of Mr. Holman Hunt was exhibited last year as a four hours' study; and that Mr. Millais is stated, on authority, to have painted the famous 'Portrait of Mr. Gladstone,' exhibited two years ago, in five hours—just as Hals and Holbein, and Rembrandt and Vandyck and Velasquez, are seen to have needed but a single sitting for the heads and for the hands of most of their incomparable portraitures.

Professor Legros has great and eminent merits both as a painter and as an etcher, and his teaching and example seem likely to produce a marked and durable effect for good on English Art. As with Millet, and Corot, and Rousseau, his achievement is all one proof of the invaluable excellence of tradition subjected to the operation of a vigorous artistic individuality. He has learned much; he has assimilated nothing that is not worthy; and he has contrived to remain himself, and yet at the same time to qualify for a representative of some of the best and soundest tendencies in Art. The influence, therefore, which he has it in him to exercise is an influence of style as opposed to one of personality—of the absolute in Art, that is to say, as opposed to the accidental; and in England, where every one is careful of peculiarity, so that even eccentricity has its apotheosis, and to be mannered is often to be illustrious, such an influence could hardly become too popular or too active. He has affinities with Holbein—he has been called "the Holbein of the Poor"—and with Nicolas Poussin; and it is hard to say if he has been more impressed by the blunt and splendid realism of the one, or by the august and scholarly heroics of the other. Be this as it may, it is certain that he is no slavish nor unworthy follower of either, and that his good gifts are many and great. He is rich in sentiment and dignity. His imagination is not less active and vigorous within its limits than in itself it is virile and austere. The sober elegance of his invention makes ample amends for its lack of abundance. He is often meagre, often unattractive, often severe, often ascetic; but he is never vulgar, nor cheap, nor common, for, as has already been noted, he has the rare qualities of purity and elevation of style. His colour, which is not remarkably unconventional (to say the least of it), is always quiet, harmonious, and sufficient, and is often rich and

personal in a very marked degree. His design, at once imaginative and exact, is quick with energy and distinction, and tinged with a kind of intellectual passion almost unknown, and certainly unparalleled, in the work of contemporary draughtsmen. Finally, he has such a command of means—of oil and water colours, of chalk and sepia, of ink and charcoal and blacklead—as makes him, in a solid, strong, old-masterly way, one of the finest and most accomplished craftsmen of his time. And, as his method is academical, so is his inspiration mainly realistic and popular. Millet excepted, the Wordsworth of painting, there is none who has pictured the poor so sympathetically and well. His imagination is more melancholy, and incomparably less epic, than Millet's; his sentiment is far less poetical and far more purely æsthetic; like Ingres, he is emphatically a studio painter, producing on other and older principles than those which govern the later development of modern Art. But his work is that of one who knows much and feels deeply, and who has an appreciation for what is dignified and noble in common life, which is none the less generous and earnest in itself for being austere and reserved in expression. His models are, for the most part, selected types of the ordinary in humanity; his themes are mostly found in one or other of the simple duties and functions which make up experience for their kind; and his treatment of these materials—which is, like Millet's, the reverse of anecdotic and sentimental—is unfailingly lofty in intention, and impressive and ennobling, if also somewhat saddening, in effect. His fishers and his farmers, his women at worship and his monks at study or at prayer, have an interest, indeed, that is far stronger and higher than is in the power of mere story to bestow. They are representative of certain elements of human fortune; and the emotions they embody are emotions common to us all, and as old and inextinguishable as the race.

As an etcher Professor Legros is seen to greater advantage, perhaps, than as a painter. He has more of the etching sentiment, and more of the etcher's peculiar instinct and peculiar gift, than any artist since Piranesi. There is hardly a manner he has not practised and excelled in; and it is not doubtful that, among the three hundred plates he has produced, with not a little that is valueless and uninteresting, there is to be found not a little of the greatest work of modern times. Among the best are the rare and admirable 'St. Médard,' a masterpiece of the sordid-picturesque, a veritable Balzac on copper; the 'Coup de Vent' and the 'Bûcherons,' two large and excellent compositions in landscape; the 'Manning,' a kind of Giovanni Bellini in black and white, and the great 'Carlyle,' the inspiration of which is from Rembrandt; the 'Watts,' the 'Poynter,' and the 'Dalou;' the graceful and charming 'Canal;' the magnificent 'Death in the Pear-tree'—a popular Holbein, so to speak—of the "Bonhomme Misère" series; the imaginative and striking latest version of the "Death and the Woodman" parable; the 'Suliote;' with the exquisite 'By the River,' and the masterly and very beautiful 'Ferme aux Arbres' and 'In the Morning,' exhibited of late by the new Society of Painter-Etchers. That one, 'Charity,' which illustrates the present paper, is, in its way, as genuine a Legros as any, and is an excellent specimen of the artist's latest manner, in which etching is considered as an opportunity, not of richness of tone and fulness of colour, but of distinction and expression in drawing, selection and mastery of line, and severe simplicity of composition. The scene is a church porch at Boulogne; the hero is a professional beggar; a passing church-goer, a *paysanne* as poor as himself, drops him a sous as she goes by to prayer, the one act of piety but preceding and preparing for another. As an example of the skill that is able to do in six strokes the work of sixteen, it could not easily be surpassed.

W. E. Henley.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE CHURCHWARDENS.'—By Franz Meerts. This engraving, from a Flemish picture, illustrates the present condition of a style of portrait painting which was very popular in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century—a kind of historical portrait painting on a large scale, representing the dignitaries and civic corporations in groups. Such pieces were called "Doelenstukken," or "Regentenstukken," and used to be painted nearly life size, on enormous canvases. They are interesting, not only for their lively contemporary record of stirring political incidents and personages, but equally for the truth and realism of their Art, and for the sentiment, common to every period of the Dutch school, of light and its action upon interiors. One of the most interesting of these works is at the Hague, by Joannes van Ravesteyn, representing the 'Civic Guards' drinking the glass of wine that was offered them once a year by the magistrates. Another, among the works of Rembrandt, the most celebrated of all Doelenstukken, is that called 'The Banning Cock Company,' which created a revolution in this class of subjects, introducing qualities of life, movement, and general interest into them, of which they were destitute before Rembrandt. M. Meerts shows in his drawing of the 'Churchwardens' at an official celebration some of the spirit that animated his great predecessor. The half-dozen of portraits are full of character, and the degrees of devotion or indifference with which they "assist" at the mass are expressed in a very lively manner. The management of the light also in the illumination, especially of the heads, by which the attention is irresistibly directed at once to the dramatic interest to be found in their varying expressions, is quite in accordance with the principles of the great Dutch master, and was one of the secrets of the remarkable success of his portraits. It is a clever trait also that the conspirators with the snuff-box have a veil of shadow thrown over their action, while the hardened offender snores unblushingly in the full centre of the light, which illuminates also very prettily the worked borders of the acolyte's little alb, and the varieties of the hands, which are almost as full of expression as the heads.

'CHARITY.'—Drawn and etched by A. Legros. Described in Mr. Henley's article above.

'THE UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS OF PENELOPE CONDEMNED.'—Fac-simile after F. Preller. We refer our readers to the article at the commencement of this number for particulars of the full-page illustration.



CHARITY

LONDON J. S. VIRTUE & Cº LIMITED

THE LOAN EXHIBITION AT THE HAGUE.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity" might well have been taken for the motto of the catalogue of the recent Exhibition of Old Masters at the Hague. The object its promoters had in view was to raise funds for the benefit of the sufferers by the winter floods in the provinces of Limburg and North Brabant. The idea was, we believe, due to Count Schimmelpenninck, warmly encouraged by the King and Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, who placed at the disposal of the committee not only the royal collections, but those privately purchased pictures which are not daily accessible to the public. Invitations were then addressed to a few persons who were known, or believed, to possess old pictures which had hitherto been unseen by any but the owners and their intimate friends. The result of these appeals far exceeded the expectations of the committee of management, who in a few days found themselves overwhelmed by offers so numerous as to render their task of selection most invidious. The committee, in fact, were so taken by surprise, that in despair of making a satisfactory choice, they fell back on the simple expedient of hanging the works of those in the city of the Hague who had been invited to contribute, and of filling up any vacant space with the first arrivals from outsiders. Under such circumstances it was, therefore, the more remarkable that so many excellent pictures should have found places on the walls.

The revelation made in this exhibition of the unknown, or little known, Dutch pictures of the past, was perhaps its most interesting feature. To a very large proportion of the pictures sent in no authorship was assigned. They had been in the families of the contributors for many generations, but beyond this fact little could be ascertained. In the original edition of the catalogue quite one-third of the pictures were classified as from unknown artists. By degrees the committee were enabled to assign a considerable number of anonymous pictures to particular artists, so that in the final edition of the catalogue, out of the three hundred and eighty-nine pictures hung, only seventy anonymous works remained, although many were still described as being "of the school of," or "assigned to," particular masters. The practical value of a public exhibition of their hidden treasures was thus brought home to the Dutch mind; and it is by no means unlikely that the recent exhibition may inaugurate a series of loan exhibitions which will serve to reveal more fully the riches of the national Art, and at the same time to give to their possessors some approximate idea of the value of the treasures which for so long have remained concealed or unheeded in various parts of the country.

In works of foreign schools the exhibition was not strong, the most noteworthy coming from the collection of Prince Frederick. Amongst them were two specimens of Velasquez, one of a young Infanta with soft brown hair and childlike eyes, and the other a more imposing but not equally authentic work, the portrait of a Cardinal in his scarlet robes, about three-quarter length. There was a striking work by some unknown Spanish artist, 'The Supper at Emmaus.' The background is very dark, but in it, or rather through it, can be traced the outlines of Christ's form, the idea of the artist apparently having been to seize the moment when, according to the narrative, their mysterious Companion vanished from the disciples' sight. From the same collection was a fair Luini, a 'Holy Family' with four figures, some, however, repainted, and an admirable Fra Bartolommeo, 'La Vierge au Palmier,' which merits a high place amongst that artist's works. Baron van Pallandt contributed a small but effective shipping piece by Claude, whilst the reputation of England rested upon a stiff portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and one by Sir Joshua Reynolds of Hendrik Hop, an ambassador to England. This picture was apparently painted in London in 1758. It now belongs to Mr. R. van Pabst van Bingerden, who purchased it not very long ago from the representatives of the ambassador.

The contributions by the King consisted chiefly of portraits of the royal family, extending from the beginning of the seventeenth century. For the most part they are neither better nor worse than the average of portraits painted by command. Those of Ernest Casimir, Count of Nassau and Stadtholder of Friesland, and of his wife, Sophia, Princess of Brunswick, are attributed to Vandyck; but there is as little internal evidence as there is historical tradition to confirm this conjecture. It would seem far more probable that they are the works of Jan van Ravesteyn, who at this time (1615—20) was busily engaged at the Hague in painting historical portraits, of which the Town Hall possesses a large and important collection. A far more interesting work was a large hunting picture by Dirk Maas, the son of his better-known father, Nicolas Maas, born at Haarlem in 1656 and surviving till 1715. The principal figure in this picture is that of William III. of England on a white horse, full of life and movement. A portrait by J. C. Haag of the Princess Frederika Sophia of Prussia, wife of the Stadtholder, Prince William V. of Orange and Nassau, gives the idea of a woman of considerable force of character, whom the painter has not hesitated to represent riding on horseback *à califourchon*, a fashion which thus seems to have survived with royalty until the close of the last century. A fellow-artist, who was also well represented, was J. F. A. Tischbein, born at Maastricht in 1750. His work is usually wholly mechanical and unsympathetic, but his most important picture here, a family group, is conceived in the style of Reynolds, whose contemporary he was. It represents the three children of the above-named Prince William V.

We now pass to the general body of the Dutch works. As may have been anticipated from a collection made from strictly private sources, portraits predominated to a very marked extent, and amongst them those of children were by far the most interesting. Of these there are a few which deserve especial notice, by Paul Morcelse, Hendrik Goltzius, Govert Flinck, and Bartholomeus van der Helst. Moreelse, although born at Utrecht and living there the greater part of his life, was nevertheless one of the most gifted of that small group of scholars who gathered round Mierevelt at Delft towards the close of the sixteenth century. Moreelse's portrait of the little Jan van der Aan, aged only two years, lent by Jhr. de Stuers, is in every respect a remarkable work. If not superior to the 'Little Princess' at Amsterdam, this picture, in life and humour, as well as in execution, is scarcely inferior to

it. We must not omit to notice here another work by the same painter, the portrait of a young girl, from the collection of Heer van Griethuyzen, and quite one of the gems of the exhibition. The artist on this occasion had a beautiful model, and has done full justice to her. There is no tradition as to who the original may have been: the picture, which is signed, is dated 1615, and seems to have been long unknown, coming by chance into the present owner's possession at a comparatively recent date. To return, however, to the children, Van der Helst, in his portrait of a little girl playing with a dog, has not limited himself quite so sternly as Moreelse to the use of black and white, although the latter is the dominant colour. The picture was the more noteworthy, for Van der Helst's children's portraits are of extreme rarity. There were three other specimens of the same master, one a family group, lent by Heer Jentink, painted in 1669 (the year before his death), which might have been profitably placed in contrast with a study in black and grey, a portrait of a man, painted in 1645, lent by the Baron Röell.

Govert Flinck, the author of another child's portrait, was an interesting character, leading a life habitually misread or misinterpreted by contemporary state historians. He was born at Cleves early in 1615, and began his career as a clerk in a merchant's office at Amsterdam, where his father had taken up his residence. His most important work now extant is that of the Amsterdam Civic Guard celebrating the peace of Münster, in the Trippenhuis at Amsterdam. It was painted in 1642, in the year after the remarkable portrait of the child lent from the collection of Heer van Tombes to the Hague Loan Exhibition. Govert Flinck became subsequently a painter of high renown among the Amsterdam burghers, and on his death in 1660 was found to have amassed a large fortune, the fruits of his untiring labour.

Amongst the portraits, the most important place must be assigned to the 'Wine-Coopers' Guild,' by Ferdinand Bol, recalling, though by no means equalling, his 'Four Regents' at the Stadhuis in Amsterdam. Although Ferdinand Bol can scarcely be reckoned as an original painter of the first order, this 'Wine-Coopers' Guild' will go a long way in making the versatility of his power known, and Prince Frederick, to whom it now belongs, must be congratulated upon a specimen of the artist's work before the fatal influence of the French fashion had invaded Dutch Art. After a disappearance of many generations, it was purchased in Brussels about fifty years ago by the father of the present owner. In strong contrast to this severe work was another by Ferdinand Bol, belonging to the Baron du Tour van Bellinchave, an example of the artist's richest colouring and fancy — 'Vertumnus and Pomona,' the former under the guise of an old woman attempting to cajole a girl. The long-neglected 'Meester' Cornelis van Haarlem was represented by a remarkable full-faced portrait of Dirk Coombert in a white beaver hat, recalling in some way Millais' 'Yeoman of the Guard,' though in no way comparable to it for bold colouring. Of Franz Hals neither the anonymous portrait lent by Baron van Pallandt, nor the two laughing boys from M. Quarles van Ufford, is on a level with the least of the works at Haarlem. The framers of the catalogue insisted upon attributing to Thomas de Keyser two pictures, one of which at least was more probably painted by Theodore de Keyser, with whom he is frequently confused, the common signatures of both, Th. de Keyser and T. Keyser, causing an additional difficulty. The man's portrait bears the latter signature, and is dated 1636. It is painted with wonderful dexterity, and recalls in a way Terburg's work; but the specimen of the same master in the Hoop collection is in all respects more interesting. The larger picture, signed Th. de Keyser, and dated 1633, represents a family group seated under a tree on the seashore. Nicholas Maas was represented by fourteen miniatures, of which the most beautiful was of an old lady in a black silk dress and a lace collar, every thread of which might be traced through the pattern; and that still more prolific manufacturer of portraits, Michel Miereveld, was represented by half-a-dozen miniatures, of which the most interesting were those of Oldenbarneveldt, Hugo Grotius, Prince Maurice of Orange, and the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England.

Of the genre pictures there were only a few examples of exceptional importance, but amongst them the two works of the younger Palamedes deserved especial notice. M. de Stuers is the possessor of a *Ruitergevecht* by him, which he sent to the Hague Exhibition, and of the very existence of which M. Havard, who has written so much about the two Palamedes, apparently is altogether ignorant. It is a work full of movement and of skilful execution, but falls short of the excellence displayed in the 'Conversation' piece of his brother Anthoni, of which two examples, including M. de Jonghe's music party, were also lent for exhibition.

Of the three works of Jan Steen the most typical was that of the 'Caudle-makers.' Much in the same spirit was a 'Bruiloft,' or marriage feast, by Dirk Hals, a younger brother of Franz, and a pupil of Abraham Bloemart. His works are but little known in this country; but judging from the three specimens lent to this exhibition, he possessed a very remarkable technical skill, though his choice of subjects exhibited but a narrow range. Of far higher interest and in more delicate spirit was the treatment of similar subjects by Jan M. Molenaer, whose influence seems to have made itself felt at a long distance in our own Wilkie. 'The Village Festival' by him (lent by the Baron du Tour) is larger than the same artist's picture in the Mauritzhuis, and painted with equal care and a complete independence of idea.

The principal painters of still life represented were Willem van Aalst, Abraham Breughel, Baltus van der Asch, and the three De Heems, the father and two sons, amongst whose relative merits it is difficult to decide; whilst Willem Klaasz-Heda seemed to reach the limits of imitative art. The landscapes were few in number and somewhat meagre in quality, neither of the two specimens of Cuyp lent by Prince Frederick possessing any distinctive merit; the ice fête on the river, by Hendrik van Avercamp, was noticeable for the care with which the atmospheric effect had been rendered, and the pretty picture made of the brilliant dresses; troopers looting a village, by Just Cornelisz Droochsloot, an unknown Utrecht painter who lived in the early part of the seventeenth century, showed very considerable skill as well as humour. Dirk Maas was scarcely seen to advantage in two conventional military scenes, lent by M. de Stuers; but a sea-piece, the shore at Scheveningen, by Egbert van der Poel, belonging to the same owner, was extremely interesting. The two Ruysdaels, Jacob and Salomon, were fairly represented by works in which the pre-eminence of the elder brother was left unassailed; Salomon, with all his skill, being wholly unable to seize those passing effects of sunshine and cloud, of alternate still and rushing water, which Jacob's two pictures, both from the Stuers collection, displayed in so high a degree.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET.

IN France the reputation of J.-F. Millet, from nothing that it was, is fast becoming a national possession. The great painter of emotional ideas and of the mysteries of nature has taken his place beside the kings of French Art; he ranks with Poussin and with Watteau; he is crowned with Ingres and with Delacroix, with Corot and with Rousseau. In the United States, too, he has a choice and notable public. It is a fact that must ever redound to the credit of artistic America that, as represented by Messrs. Hunt, Eaton, Wheelwright, and others, she was first to honour Millet as he deserved. Many American painters have learned a great deal of what they know from him; some of his greater pictures are the property of American buyers; American writers have been proud to speak well of him. In England here, Millet—the greatest painter of his century, as some think—is comparatively unknown. He is as inglorious as Delacroix or as



Shepherding (La Bergère).

Daumier. For one who has heard of him, or of these others, there are a hundred who have some sort of admiring acquaintance with the cheap sentiment and spurious art of painters like Delaroche and Ary Scheffer. His fame, such as it is, is rather that of one whose pictures have suddenly become notorious by reason of their costliness, than that of a master whose work has touched the heart and elevated the understanding of his generation. We have seen but little of him, and that little has failed of popularity. This is all the more to be deplored as the tendency of Millet's art—which is an expression of deep and pregnant issues, and an incomparable example of the union of personality and sentiment with fine culture and singular technical adroitness and daring—is probably the healthiest, and of the largest and soundest morality, to be discerned in the present time. Under these circumstances, the appearance at one and the same moment

of two several publications in Millet's honour, and in illustration of the facts of his career and the bent of his purpose, is an occurrence that gives some reason for congratulation.

One * is a translation, or rather an adaptation, by Helena De Kay, of Sensier's work, "La Vie et l'Œuvre de J.-F. Millet." Sensier, an excellent man and an honest and intelligent critic, was, almost from the first, the staunchest of Millet's admirers and the nearest of his friends. He worked hard for the painter, and fought in his cause one of the most uphill and honourable fights in artistic history. He wrote articles, he assailed dealers, he persuaded critics, he lent



Reaping (Le Scieur de Blé).

money, he backed bills, he trudged all over Paris with Millet's name on his tongue and with Millet's drawings and pictures under his arm; to him the painter had recourse in all his many difficulties; and finally he produced the excellent and attractive book already named. His sources of information were many and good. He was in constant correspondence with the subject of his memoir; he was an eye-witness of the heroic struggle that began with the magnificent 'Semeur' (1850), and ended with the painter's death in 1875; he saw much of Millet in Paris, and of Millet at Barbizon; he took notes of his talk, and carefully preserved his letters. As he was a man after Millet's own heart, he made good use of his materials. His book is as important and moving a chapter as exists in the history of modern Art. It gives an earnest and amiable portrait of a great and good man, and contains the materials for an adequate estimate of his work. In its new guise it is, as was to be expected, by no means such good company as in the original French. It is more easily handled; for the French publication is a vast and luxurious quarto, only to be attacked from a reading desk. But its illustrations, which of necessity are greatly reduced in size, are, with one or two exceptions—such as the 'Semeur,' a fairly expressive woodcut after Braun's fine photograph, and a pleasant etching by Lacour, after a sketch by Mr. H. R. Bloomer, of Millet's house at Barbizon—feeble and faint and scratchy, and give but a poor idea of the matchless energy and dignity, the wonderful union of power with charm and of personal sentiment with objective truth, which are among the most striking characteristics of the unapproachable artist responsible for their originals. The adaptation, evidently a labour of love, has the ring of French-English (or rather, of French American-English) throughout, and is not always well phrased enough to be expressive. It contains, however, a great deal of Millet, and is not less interesting than profitable.

Mr. Henley's monograph † is a *publication de luxe*. It is well printed, in choice type, on good paper, and contains a biographical and critical essay, and some twenty India proof illustrations, which are reduced fac-similes of Millet's etchings, or of woodcuts drawn by him and engraved under his superintendence. Among the former we note the incomparable 'Glaneuses,' the fresh and charming 'Départ pour le Travail,' and the strange and wonderful 'Grande Bergère.' The woodcuts include the very spirited and characteristic series of ten, 'Les Travaux des Champs,' originally engraved by Adrien Lavieille for the *Illustration*. They are well printed and striking, and give a certain vivid idea of the Millet, not of the 'Angelus,' the 'Attente,' and the 'Homme à la Houe,' but of the simpler facts of peasant life and peasant labour.

Fairly representative of this part of Millet's achievements are the two cuts—both from Mr. Henley's monograph—which are included in the present paper. One, 'La Bergère,' is the reproduction of a woodcut in the antique manner, produced by the master in conjunction with his engraver brother, Jean-Baptiste. Its chief qualities are simplicity and expressiveness. The lines are few, but direct and full of meaning. The composition is naïve and unambitious, but in perfect taste. The effect—of loneliness and a certain solemn melancholy—is strikingly true and strong. The other illustration, 'Le Scieur de Blé,' from the 'Travaux des Champs' series, is modern both in sentiment and style. It is a graphic and cheerful presentment of the action of reaping, remarkable for the fine sense of movement and gesture expressed in the figure.

* "Jean-François Millet, Peasant and Painter." Translated by Helena De Kay from the French of Alfred Sensier. London: Macmillan & Co.

† "J. F. Millet." Twenty Etchings and Woodcuts reproduced in fac-simile. With a Biographical Notice by William Ernest Henley. Proofs limited to 500 copies. London: The Fine Art Society. New York: Scribner and Welford.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

THE LINE ENGRAVINGS OF WILLIAM WOOLLETT.

AMONGST the various branches of Art to which attention is directed at the present time, that of engraving holds a conspicuous position. Admittedly, it is an imitative art, and thus lacks to some extent that flavour of originality which is so prized by the artistic epicure, yet to a great number this imitativeness is a cause of its popularity. Persons whose means will not permit them to purchase an original painting are enabled thereby to procure a reproduction of a favourite picture at a price which renders possession an enjoyment instead of a reproach. The earliest engravings on metal were always on copper plates; in fact, copper was used uninterruptedly down to recent times, when it was to a certain extent superseded by steel, which produces more practical results. But now copper is again being largely employed as a medium of engraving, as by the introduction of steeling the surface a combination of the practical advantages of the two metals is secured. Copper engraving, pure and simple, reached the highest stage of its development towards the close of the last century in the works of William Woollett, to a record of which this article is devoted.

William Woollett, the first of English line engravers, was born at Maidstone in 1735. He sprang from a Dutch family, and was the son of a watchmaker. Showing at an early age a great predilection for Art, he was apprenticed to an obscure artist of the name of Tinnery. From this man Woollett may have learnt the technical rudiments of his art, but his peculiar and interesting style was the result of his own genius, coupled with an indomitable perseverance. Genius has often been defined as merely an extraordinary faculty for taking pains, and this faculty Woollett possessed to a very large extent. It was one of the characteristics of his life shown in all his works. Patience, too, the corollary of painstaking, was another characteristic, nor did it leave him when suffering the acutest agony from a terrible disorder, to which he eventually succumbed. In 1766 he was made a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists, and was for several years secretary to the society. He also held the appointment of engraver to his Majesty King George III. He died in 1785, and was buried in St. Pancras Churchyard. His friends, however, anxious that the memory of so great, and at the same time so good a man should be preserved, placed a tablet in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, amongst the other master spirits of the country for whom he himself had done so much. Wonderful as the sterling merits of his engravings were, yet they were not so good as might have been expected from him had he lived longer. His full strength had not been completely put forth when he died, and though he stood alone in the excellence of his work, yet he died while he was improving in that excellence.

Seldom have so many happy qualities been united in an engraver, for, as it has been observed, "it is as hard to meet with the finest engraving united to the finest drawing as it is to find it in painting combined with the choicest colouring."

The peculiar merit of his engravings is the result of the patient and thorough work which he bestowed upon them, aided by technical knowledge and a remarkable originality of style, which procured for him so marked and characteristic an individuality.

He conceived and carried into practice the hitherto unrecognised idea that it was possible to combine the three methods of engraving in one plate, namely, the use of the aquafortis, the graver, and the dry point. By these means, and by a thorough understanding of chiaroscuro, he raised his engravings to the level of pictures, and made them vie with rather than reproduce the work he was engraving. Longhi, himself an engraver, and therefore a man whose judgment in such a case may be relied on, has said of Woollett that "in his work he exhibited so much artistic mastery, so much vivacity and boldness of touch, so much force and harmony of chiaroscuro, so much truth, in fact, and so much pictorial illusion, that he was for all contemporary engravers, and is for those of the present day, the marvel and the example."

This is such a short comprehensive criticism that it could scarcely be omitted in an account of Woollett; but high though this praise is, it is no more than he deserves.

Though pre-eminently a landscape engraver, his two finest plates are historical subjects. He also occasionally engraved portraits, notably one of George III., after Ramsay, proofs of which are excessively rare. His other best-known portrait is one of Rubens, after Vandyke. The two famous engravings of the 'Death of General Wolfe,' and the 'Battle of La Hogue,' after Benjamin West, are amongst the finest specimens of line engravings ever produced, and have excited the admiration of foreign as well as English critics. The pathos depicted in the faces of the little group standing round the dying general, the realistic pallor on Wolfe's own face, the calm astonishment of the tattooed Indian, the smoke and tumult of the battle raging fiercely in the background, are wonders of engraving. The detail in this plate is exceedingly minute and careful, a fact not to be wondered at when we learn that Woollett was occupied over this plate for four years.

It has been said that perhaps the softness of the flesh might have been represented more perfectly by others, but line engravers might be well content to fail in this respect with Woollett. Engraving in mezzotinto gives the flesh a softer texture and more real appearance than can be found in line engravings, but there are few engravers who could give a more realistic representation of flesh by means of lines than Woollett.

If we can judge the character and bias of the man from the pictures which he most frequently chose to represent, we might without hesitation set down Woollett, in spite of his foreign extraction, as an Englishman of the English. His engravings after Smith of Chichester and George Stubbs show us the intense love he had for those bits of scenery which are still to be found in every county of England. Snug field corners and covert sides revealed unexpectedly to the partridge shooter are his favourite subjects.

Four plates of his illustrative of shooting at the end of the last century, before the days of battues and breech-loaders,

* Continued from page 249.

show by their excellence how much his heart was in his work. In the celebrated engraving of the 'Spanish Pointer,' after George Stubbs, the chief feature of the foreground is in danger of being overlooked by reason of the exquisite workmanship thrown into the background.

His plates of the 'Merry Villagers' after T. Jones, the 'Apple Gatherers' and 'Haymakers' after Smith, preserve, and will continue to preserve, the remembrance of those rural scenes which are so precious to those to whom "all times, if old, are good."

In Woollett's love for the country, and for country sports and pastimes, there is one other artist with whom he is naturally akin. In the woodcuts of Thomas Bewick we see the work of a master of equal power and originality, though each pursued a different path and executed his work in a different manner. In both we see the same prominent idea, a love of country life and a keen appreciation of sport. The two vignettes of Bewick which appeal most directly to the sporting mind are similar in character, though possessing great difference in detail, owing to the scene being laid in winter and summer respectively. In the first we see a beggar-sportsman accompanied by a lurcher, trudging through the snow in a tattered coat and ragged trousers. Two fields away, behind a hedge, is the figure of a man pointing out to him a hare running across the intervening field. The other vignette shows us the 'Squire' out alone with his two well-bred dogs. The workmanship in these two vignettes is perfect. Woollett's love of sport finds utterance in the four plates on shooting mentioned previously.

Bewick appeared fondest of depicting nature when she wore her gloomiest aspect. His cut of the lean and gaunt ewe in bleak and dreary snow, with her lamb sucking in vain at her empty udder, the horses standing in the driving rain, the numerous cuts of travellers in a wild storm, the sea dashing piteously against the rough and desolate rocks, and many other vignettes show the morbid bias of his mind. On the other hand, it would be difficult to discover from his plates the predilection of Woollett. The absolute stillness and peace of his 'Solitude' is contrasted with the furious storm raging in the 'Niobe.' We turn from the rustic enjoyment of the 'Villagers' to the agony of the drowning and dying figures in the 'Battle of La Hogue.' His power of depicting snow and ice is indubitably established in his plate of the 'Rural Cot,' after Smith of Chichester. The subject is a farmyard in winter, where the ice on the pond is being broken by a labourer for the cattle to drink. The effect of the drifted snow is here attained by delicate dotting, and the transparent ice by means of clear straight lines. Woollett's works were exclusively his own; he thoroughly completed each plate with his own hand, without letting another put in the less important parts for him, as is often the case at the present time. Not only was Woollett in the habit of engraving the plate with his own hands, but he used to personally superintend the taking of the impressions from his more important plates, and if any one of these was imperfectly printed or showed any flaw he used to destroy it, determined that nothing should issue forth in his name but what was worthy of that name. It was perhaps a pardonable piece of vanity which induced him, in the latter part of his life, to celebrate the completion of a plate by firing off a cannon from the roof of his house.

Art in his time did not receive such high payments as it later exacted and obtained; but there is little doubt that Woollett was paid fairly for his works according to the standard of his day. He received £150 for his plate of the 'Niobe,' which was, perhaps, the finest of his works. Prints of this plate were sold for five shillings each, a price at which few collectors would now feel disposed to grumble. In the catalogue of Alderman Boydell mention is made of a proof of this plate, but on Boydell's death, and the investigation of his collection, no such proof could be discovered. Its value, if discovered, would be very considerable. In the catalogue of the choice collection of Mr. Marshall, which was sold in June, 1864, the following mention is made of a proof of the 'Niobe:'—

"'Niobe,' after Richard Wilson.

This is perhaps the *finest proof* in existence—finished all but a little work with the dry point over the fork of lightning; from Mr. Clarke's collection, where it realised £54 10s."

The price it realised at Mr. Marshall's sale was £48.

In spite of this entry I am inclined to think that no properly finished proof of this plate exists:—Firstly, because of the fact that no such proof was found in Alderman Boydell's collection, who of all other men might reasonably be expected to possess one, he being Woollett's publisher, and the actual printer of this particular plate.

Secondly, because in the above catalogue wherever mention is made of a completely finished proof the important words, "with the artists' names etched in," or words to that effect, are added. For instance, a proof of the 'Battle of La Hogue' is described as a "matchless finished proof before *any* letters, except the artist's name, which are merely etched in." Again, the 'Fishery' is entered as "a choice proof before any letters, with the artist's name etched in." But whether there does exist any proof of this plate, or, as I venture to think, there does not, the prints from it are remarkably fine and beautiful, exceeding in depth and brilliancy many of Woollett's own proofs from other plates.

In Woollett's works there is so much to admire, that it might seem unnecessary to single out any particular point in which he excelled, or to lay any stress upon any particular form of nature which he represented best. But, at the same time, by pointing out these particular excellences, any one who is interested in the subject can go straight to any engraving of Woollett, and there see for himself how it is that the engraver did excel in one point more than another. Perhaps the most noticeable features in his engravings are the water and the atmospheric effects. In treating these phenomena he seemed perfectly at home; indeed, judging from the frequency with which they are introduced, he must have taken a conscious pride in his strength. Black thunder-clouds and gleaming flashes of lightning make us shudder as we look on the 'Niobe,' but on turning to the plates on shooting, mentioned previously, we are basking in the heat of a September sun. In the plate of 'Morning,' after Swanevelt, Woollett appears to have attained his highest sunlight effect. Far in the background of the picture the sun is rising behind some distant hills, and a wonderful soft light suffuses the whole background. The peculiar delicacy of the light at sunrise is here caught exactly, with a truth that could hardly be expected in an engraving. In a plate of his etched by Samuel Smith after a fanciful classical landscape of Loutherbourg, we have a black gloomy sky and cold running sea, with a lurid light breaking through the centre of the clouds. The sea is being dashed upon the rocks, scattering dense

masses of spray and foam, the very saltness of which one appears to taste, so vividly are they represented. The clouds in the 'Battle of La Hogue' are clouds of smoke, the result of the long-continued firing, and where the wind has driven them back there is a bright gleam of light which gives a weird beauty to the whole picture. The water in this picture is wonderfully realistic; but perhaps his finest representation is in the 'Fishery,' after Wright. Here we have huge transparent tumbling waves, with perfect gradations of light and shade, contrasted with the deep sullen swell in the 'La Hogue.' The 'Fishery' is not so suggestive of sadness and gloom as the 'La Hogue,' the foreground of which is crowded with the dying and the dead. On the latter we look at the water as the medium of death, the fellow-worker of war; in the 'Fishery' we have the clear open sea unsullied by any thought of war and death. The etching of this engraving, it may be mentioned incidentally, was done by John Brown, the shipping being especially worked out by him with great care and accuracy. The engraving was all done by Woollett himself. In the plate of 'Solitude' we see Woollett's power of giving us water at rest. Here, under the shadow of weeping willows and soft-foliaged trees, is a deep stagnant pool, in which are mirrored old crumbling stones and monumental erections, which so often appear in so-called classical pictures. The quiet is supreme, and is the exact opposite of the plate mentioned above after Loutherbourg. Snow and ice he has represented with that versatility to which we have already alluded.

A minor point to be noticed in Woollett's special power was his way of doing trees, a stumbling-block to the majority of engravers. The loss of colour is so hard to make up for, but Woollett appears to have been at his ease even in this difficult subject. It has been said of him that "he was the first who ever faithfully characterized the graceful larch, as may be seen from his views of noblemen's seats." The weeping willows in 'Solitude' are drawn with a marvellous accuracy and faithfulness to nature. Enough has been said to show that Woollett raised himself to the first rank among engravers, and not only that, but he also brought into notice many artists who, but for him, would probably have sunk into an obscurity which their merits would not have warranted. Smith of Chichester, Hearne, Wright of Derby, and George Stubbs all owe a great deal to Woollett for advertising them to posterity, though the two latter had several mezzotint engravers to look after their interests. Hearne was for a time apprenticed to Woollett as an engraver, but tiring of the mechanical drudgery, eventually gave it up and took to drawing and painting. The extreme beauty and accuracy of his drawing are no doubt the result of his apprenticeship with Woollett, though it was his own talent which entitled him to the praise which has been bestowed upon him, namely, that all that was good in our early water colours was found in the drawings of Hearne.

A list of Woollett's engravings, or at least some of the more important of them, will be useful to collectors. Wherever a date is attached it signifies the year in which the plate was published, not necessarily the year in which it was engraved. The dates given vary from 1760 to 1787, 'Morning' and 'Evening' being published two years after his death. From this it must not be supposed that the year 1760 was the earliest at which any of his plates were published, but, in looking through a large number of his engravings, I am unable to find an earlier date.

PORTRAITS.

'George III.,' after Ramsay.
'Peter Paul Rubens,' after Vandyke.

HISTORICAL SUBJECTS.

'The Battle of La Hogue,' after West.
'The Death of General Wolfe,' after West. 1776.

CLASSICAL SUBJECTS.

'A Landscape,' with 'Æneas and Dido,' after Jones and Mortimer.
'Celadon and Amelia,' after R. Wilson.
'Ceyx and Alcyone,' do.
'Niobe,' do. 1761.
'Phaeton,' do.
'Meleager and Atalanta,' do.
'Cicero and his Villa,' do. 1778.
'Solitude,' do. 1778.
'Apollo and the Seasons,' after R. Wilson, engraved by Woollett and Pouncy.
'Diana and Actæon,' after Fil Lauri.
'Roman Edifices in Ruins,' after Claude Lorraine.

RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS.

'Tobit and the Angel,' after Glauber, engraved by Woollett and Emes.
'Meeting of Jacob and Laban,' after Claude. 1785.

SPORTING SUBJECTS.

'The Boar Hunt,' or 'La Chasse du Sanglier,' after Pillement.
'The Spanish Pointer,' after Stubbs.
Four plates illustrative of Shooting, after Stubbs.

LANDSCAPES.

'The Merry Villagers,' after Jones.
'The Haymaker,' after Smith of Chichester.
'The Apple Gatherers,' do.
'The Rural Cot,' do.
'A View of Snowdon,' after R. Wilson.
'Morning' and 'Evening,' a pair, after Swanevelt. 1787
'The Enchanted Castle,' after Claude. 1782.

SEA SUBJECTS.

'The Fishery,' after Wright, engraved by Woollett and Wares. 1768.

NOTE.—The picture from which this was engraved obtained the first premium in 1764 from the Society of Arts.

'The Storm,' after H. Vernet, etched only by Woollett.

MISCELLANEOUS.

'Macbeth and the Witches,' after Francesco Zuccarelli.
'The Jocund Peasants' and 'The Happy Cottagers,' a pair, after C. du Sart.

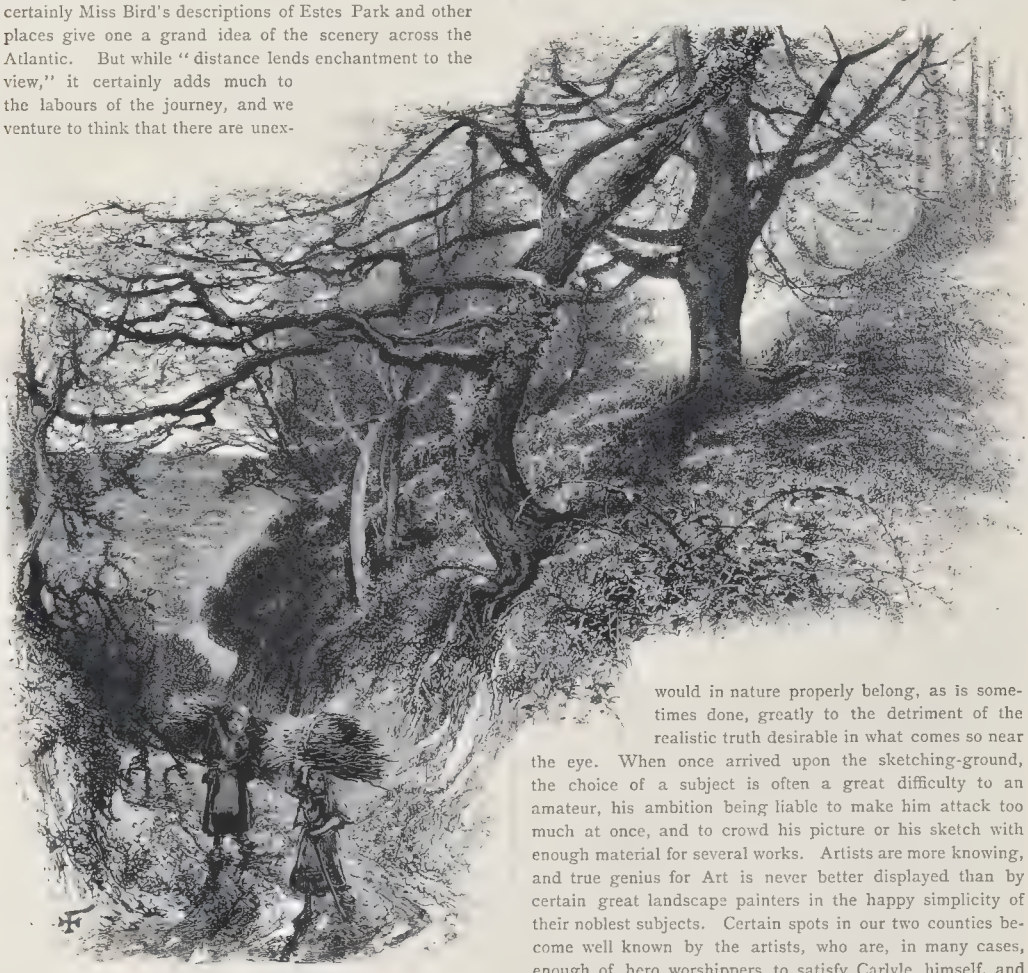
The above list may be said to include all the most important of Woollett's productions, the remainder, which are numerous, being omitted on account of their comparative insignificance.

Though it is close upon a hundred years since Woollett died, the good that he did is assuredly not "interred with his bones," though his works are not so universally known as they deserve to be; it is to be hoped, therefore, that this brief notice may raise an interest and cause people to look more closely upon works which are masterpieces of their kind, and to recognise the fact that high and noble aims can be conceived and realised even in so mechanical an art as that of engraving.

T. TYLSTON GREG.

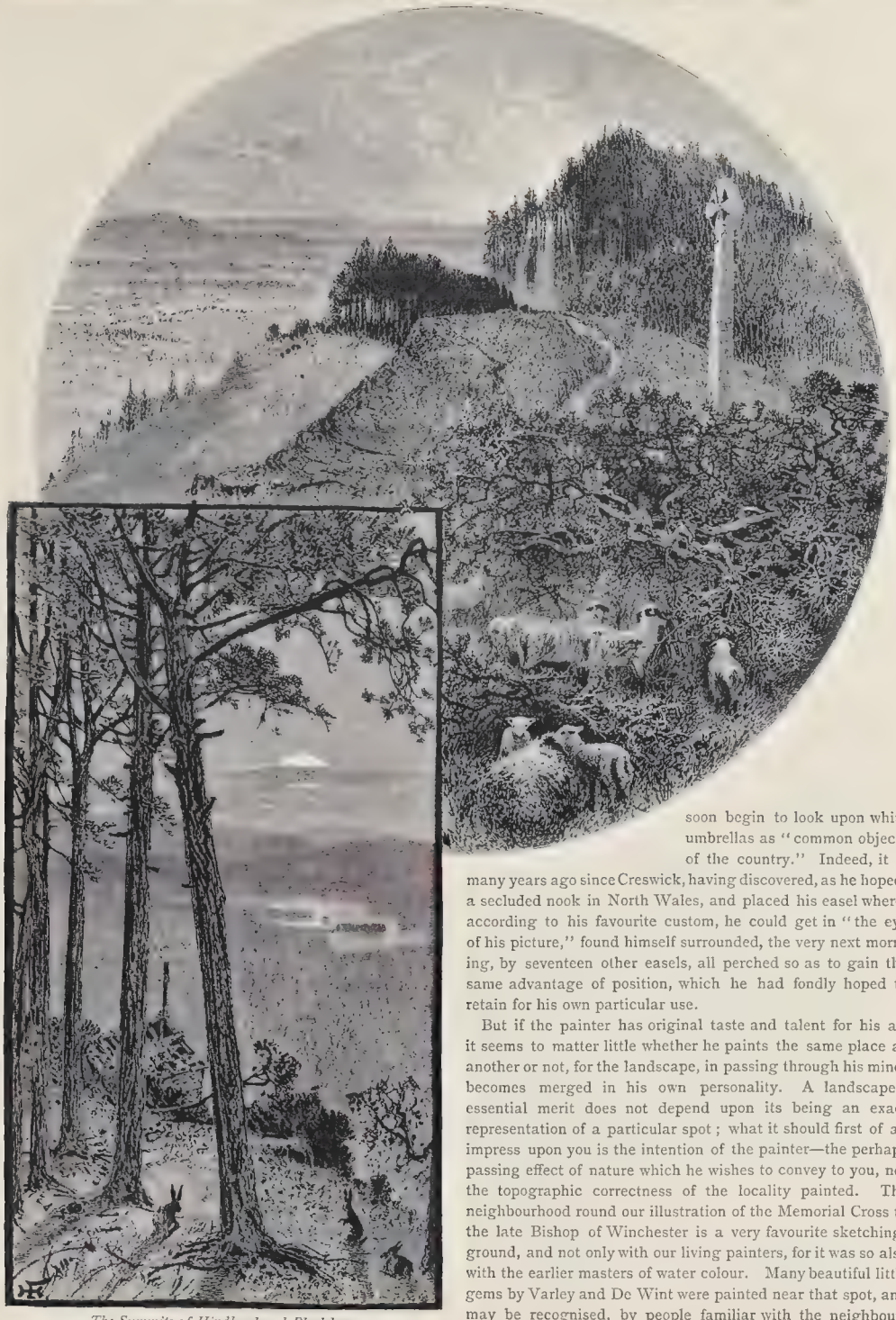
SKETCHING IN THE SOUTHERN HOME COUNTIES.

PICTURESQUE and paintable localities are apt in the present age, when nearly everybody is something of an artist, to become hackneyed. The fame of a waterfall, of a grove of gnarled beeches, or of a widespread landscape, is speedily noised abroad, and gives an artistic tone to a whole neighbourhood, and the places most talked of are sure to be most frequented by sketchers. People nowadays go far afield for their summer holidays, and pleasant spots in Brittany, in Switzerland, and even in Norway will soon become as well known in the London picture exhibitions as Burnham Beeches and Bettws-y-Coed. Some adventurous spirits may penetrate even to the backwoods of America, and certainly Miss Bird's descriptions of Estes Park and other places give one a grand idea of the scenery across the Atlantic. But while "distance lends enchantment to the view," it certainly adds much to the labours of the journey, and we venture to think that there are unexplored spots in our English home counties which are all that a painter requires both for large landscape compositions and for studies of foreground bits. Indeed, there is a richness and luxuriousness of undergrowth to be found both in Surrey and Sussex, of which two counties we are now more particularly writing, not to be surpassed in any other; while the different species of wild flowers and hedge plants flourishing on the greensand of Surrey, the clay of the Weald, or the chalk of the Sussex Downs, sometimes, from the intermixture of the soils, in close proximity to each other, form a pleasing variety of subject, which should be made use of by the sketcher, who is also, as all painters should be, something of a botanist. Elaborate studies of these "foreground bits" will hereafter be found most useful for more finished works, especially if care



The Southern Slopes of Southdown.

be taken not to mingle the growths in the foreground of the same picture, quite irrespective of the soils to which they would in nature properly belong, as is sometimes done, greatly to the detriment of the realistic truth desirable in what comes so near the eye. When once arrived upon the sketching-ground, the choice of a subject is often a great difficulty to an amateur, his ambition being liable to make him attack too much at once, and to crowd his picture or his sketch with enough material for several works. Artists are more knowing, and true genius for Art is never better displayed than by certain great landscape painters in the happy simplicity of their noblest subjects. Certain spots in our two counties become well known by the artists, who are, in many cases, enough of hero worshippers to satisfy Carlyle himself, and the place where ——— went last summer is visited the next season by many of his admirers and followers, not to say imitators; and the peasants in these favoured places



The Summits of Hindhead and Blackdown.

soon begin to look upon white umbrellas as "common objects of the country." Indeed, it is many years ago since Creswick, having discovered, as he hoped, a secluded nook in North Wales, and placed his easel where, according to his favourite custom, he could get in "the eye of his picture," found himself surrounded, the very next morning, by seventeen other easels, all perched so as to gain the same advantage of position, which he had fondly hoped to retain for his own particular use.

But if the painter has original taste and talent for his art it seems to matter little whether he paints the same place as another or not, for the landscape, in passing through his mind, becomes merged in his own personality. A landscape's essential merit does not depend upon its being an exact representation of a particular spot; what it should first of all impress upon you is the intention of the painter—the perhaps passing effect of nature which he wishes to convey to you, not the topographic correctness of the locality painted. The neighbourhood round our illustration of the Memorial Cross to the late Bishop of Winchester is a very favourite sketching-ground, and not only with our living painters, for it was so also with the earlier masters of water colour. Many beautiful little gems by Varley and De Wint were painted near that spot, and may be recognised, by people familiar with the neighbour-

hood, both in public and private collections. The water-colour gallery at the South Kensington Museum contains several.

The Cross stands at the foot of the downs, and looks out upon rapidly rising ground to the south; while to the west, in the mid-distance, is the curiously shaped height of St. Martha's, with its "little grey church on the windy hill," founded, some say, by a daughter of William the Conqueror, and dedicated to all the Martyrs, a dedication which has since been corrupted into the name of its present more homely saint. Between these two places, all down the valley, passing Abinger-Hammer, Shere, Albury, and Chilworth, a cheerful little stream bubbles along; while many ponds relieve this part of Surrey from its usual drawback, want of water. The ponds at Albury are very beautiful, and have often been painted; they are known, too, from having been introduced by Martin Tupper into one of his novels. An old tree which used to grow most picturesquely across the upper pool has disappeared, but many beauties are still left. The trees all along this valley are very grand, and spread out their fine branches in brilliant contrast to the old yews growing up the sides of the chalk hills. Many lanes run up the downs from the valley quite as beautiful as the Devonshire lanes are, and from them charming peeps are obtained of the view stretching far away over the rising country, and even over the Weald beyond, like that in the lane seen in our first illustration. And here we must remark, apropos of the woods which clothe this spot, that they are grandest, for the sketcher who wishes to transcribe them in their mysterious gloom, in the middle of the summer, when their foliage is thickest, and are even more solemn and cathedral-like on a dull day than on a sunny one; while, of course, where the anatomy of branches is desired and a glimpse of the weird forms of gnarled trunks, they should be sketched in the mellow autumn season, when the ground is carpeted with fallen leaves, giving their delicious warm browns for foreground colouring. Every step along this valley brings one to a fresh sketch, while the prospect seen from Newland's Corner is one of the greatest variety and beauty, and challenges all the powers of a sketcher in its blue distances and rolling ranges of foreground woods. Here, too, the lover of gardens remembers that those of Albury Park beneath him were designed by the great Evelyn; admirers of Edward Irving are interested in the cathedral church of the sect named after him; readers of Cobbett's racy English recollect his commendation of the valley in his "Rural Rides;" while antiquarians ponder on the fact that, not far off, the ancient Pilgrims' Way passed along the downs. From Chilworth to Shalford is but a short distance, and so one passes along past healthy Godalming, behind which town the new Charterhouse buildings form a conspicuous object, on our way to Hindhead. Here on the breezy moor, about three miles beyond Rodborough Down, another stone, commemorating a much ghastlier death than the sudden but peaceful end of our great Churchman and prelate, Wilberforce, can be seen—not far from the place drawn in our illustration of the Hindhead, from which, by the way, Frensham Ponds are discernible in the dim moonlit distance. It was by this stone that a poor sailor, crossing the wild expanse of common, surrounded by the peaceful distances of Surrey and Sussex, was overtaken and barbarously murdered one dark night by three ruffians, who had been treated by him in a small public-house at the Devil's Punch-bowl. A rough cross commemorates the spot where the unholy deed was committed, while the poor victim's murdered remains were laid to rest in Thursley churchyard. Thursley, supposed by some to have derived its name from the Norse god Thor, is a picturesque little village skirting the Hindhead moor, and the churchyard has a local celebrity on account of the poor sailor's gravestone, upon which, sculptured by some rough village mason, but from a design by an artist of some celebrity in his day, R. M. Paye, is a representation in high relief of the murder—the sailor, an entirely naked figure, expires surrounded by his murderers, while an inscription underneath describes the wicked deed. The villains received the due reward of their sin, for they were hung in chains on the very spot where the murder was committed. The bare idea of the pendent corpses on the wild hillside is ghastly enough to be a subject for Fuseli.

Near Thursley are some charming dells and perfect little bits for sketching; a narrow valley wedged in by two sheltering hillsides, with a limpid little stream running through it, crossed by a tiny rustic foot-bridge leading to a thatched cottage, lovely to look upon, but dangerous to live in, dwells especially in our memory. In all these out-of-the-way little places the great difficulty is to find accommodation. A happy solution of it perhaps would be for the artist to perambulate the country in a somewhat similar conveyance to that used by the great Mrs. Jarley, in Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," with no taxes or domestic cares, but with a faithful model to tend the horse, drive the vehicle, erect the white umbrella or tent, and pose in rustic costume when required. And here we must express a hope that in making a sketching expedition through these little-known and secluded villages, the artist will always be on the alert to make notes with his brush of the peculiarities in the costume of the peasants—peculiarities now, alas! rapidly disappearing to give place to modern fashions. Twenty years ago, for instance, smock-frocks were the universal garments for men; now they are thoroughly disdained, and the women have not only lost the habit of making them, but also the power of executing the mysterious stitching and gauging required round the neck of the dress.

Between Thursley and Churt our sea-loving painter, Hook, has solved the accommodation difficulty by building himself a comfortable house. His grounds are bordered all along one edge by soft heather and open common, while three singular hills, called the Devil's Jumps, fill in the background. His satanic majesty has been very busy in this region: on the side of the Hindhead is his Punch-bowl, of which there are a good many in the world; not far off is Kettlebury Hill, which is said to have derived its name from that culinary article dropped in haste by a poor man he was pursuing. Some years ago an astronomer named Carrington bought one of the Jumps, and set up an observatory upon it; his life and end were both tragic, and the name of the spot seems more suitable to his fate than its peaceful rural aspect. We remember being near here, standing up to our knees in the purple heather, one sunny autumnal afternoon, when the quiet was invaded by the sudden bursting through the coppice below, and pouring across the road and up the sunny hillside, of a company of stalwart Highlanders. Were they aware, as we lookers-on were, that the heights were already held by the famous Rifle Brigade, and that their sham surprise was all in vain, save for the stirring life and brilliant effect which the lithe moving figures gave to the rural scene? How many effective sketches of contrasts of camp life and soldiers'

movements with the uneventful, nay, almost vegetable rustic existence those autumn manœuvres might have afforded! From Hindhead one can see, rising in the blue distance, the graceful outline of Surrey's highest point, Leith Hill. The form is so good that it looks well from every side; the hill itself is crowned by its tower, which our much-lamented water-colour painter and etcher, Samuel Palmer, has idealized into illustrating those lines from "Il Penseroso"—

"Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower."

The whole region for miles around seems to re-echo Milton's poems, and the sketcher's pleasure in it will be much



View from Lynchmere Church Porch.

enhanced if he knows some of the minor ones by heart, and can repeat them as he passes "with secure delight the upland hamlets that invite," or gladly seeks refuge from the summer sunshine "in close covert by some brook," or in the gloaming of the same day paces "through arched walks of twilight groves."

But to return to our heather. The road over Hindhead to Haslemere is a good one. It began well as a Roman road, and has been more recently, before the time of railways, the high-road between London and Portsmouth. How many great and distinguished travellers have passed along it in their time! Nay, old country gaffers can still tell of the "first gentleman

in Europe" changing horses at the Seven Thorns Inn, which is situated a short mile from the summit of the hill. Long before this, however, you have passed on your right the Punch-bowl, at the base of which once grew masses of the *Osmunda regalis*. Now the fern is quite extinct—ruthless marauders carried it away in large hampers to sell it in city streets, and its place knows it no more. The royal fern has vanished from its damp and sedgy hollows to fade and dwindle away, most probably, in some narrow London back garden. A little way off the road near here is "Waggoner's Wells," with its picturesque waters and solitary swan; it is perhaps too much a place for picnicing to delight the sketcher, but it should not be passed by. Leaving Haslemere behind, let us pass on to Blackdown, wild and graceful, on the sides of which our poet laureate has built himself a fitting retreat, and then to Lynchmere, with the lovely view from its church porch, bounded by the South Downs, of which our illustration gives one a just impression. There are in Sussex many little villages nestling under the downs, rich enough in grand trees, rustic cottages, and picturesque lanes to repay a sketcher's pains in exploring them. What a lovely land is enclosed between Lynchmere, Petworth, and Midhurst! How exquisite are the yew woods close to this latter place! Our rising painter, Frank Dicksee, has discovered them, we see, by his modest but well-painted little landscape which was in this year's Academy. The oaks in Cowdray Park, though always beautiful, are most sketchable in the spring-time, and for the lovers of parks and deer this one, and the one at Petworth, where Turner painted, are both most picturesque; nor should the lover of pictures pass through the sleepy old town of Petworth without seeing those at Petworth House, the house where C. R. Leslie went to paint, and his stay at which he describes so pleasantly in his journal. Some miles farther on is Arundel, with its castle and river, made familiar to many who have not seen it by Vicat Cole's pictures.

Sussex has another variety, too, to which we will not now extend our ramble—the sea-coast. When this is added to its inland beauties, where can an artist go to find a more paintable country? Nor is Surrey, albeit it has been called the "cockney county," far behind it. "Father Thames," fondly named "our river" by the painter who has so lately written upon its beauties, forms its northern boundary; wild heaths, reminding one of Scotland, crown its heights; and noble woods of beech and oak clothe its valleys. And in speaking of the Thames in Surrey, why should the perfection of Richmond scenery be despised because it happens to be near London? Will not Hampton Court, too, always be interesting? Its old brick palace, with its memories of Wolsey and Henry VIII., of silent and reserved Dutch William and of good Queen Anne, is a perfect bit of colour outside, and rich with many pictures for study within. But should the Thames be despised, Surrey can boast of a still more curious river, called, indeed, "sullen" by Milton, but winding through most perfect country for the painter; we mean the

> "Mole, that like a nousling mole doth make
> His way still underground, till Thames he o'ertake,"

as Spenser says. This eccentric little river rises in Tilgate Forest, in Sussex, but is joined by the Pip brook, another bright little stream, just under Boxhill, and it is between this and Leatherhead that its disappearances, or swallows, occur. They are, of course, most observable in dry summer weather, for in winter the little river flows on quite naturally. In Mickleham Valley the stream entirely disappears, and there is another long swallow in Norbury Park; but the painter may leave the river here and climb the hill to see some more famous old yew glades, and to catch sight of the view commanding the rich valley of Dorking, the beech glades of Deepdene, and the lime avenue of Betchworth Park, while behind them again rises Holmwood Common, celebrated in the time of Defoe for its red deer. If the Mole be not enough, there is the Wey, which, rising on the Hindhead, flows through Peperharrow and Godalming, and is navigable from this place to the picturesque old town of Guildford, with its castle and quaint old hospital almshouses of red brick, founded in 1619.

The old houses of Surrey and Sussex would repay a sketching expedition made to them alone, and if the gentlemen's houses are left out as too well known, there are many interesting old farms, roofed with those stone shingles which have such fine-coloured fungoid growths and mosses upon them. These roofs grow year by year less in number, as builders have now quite given up that mode of covering. An old farm called Cudworth, not many miles from Reigate, is surrounded by two moats, one of them fortunately dry, and containing many gnarled old apple-trees, which in autumn still further enrich the beautiful colour with their ripe red fruit. In short, for sketching in the two counties nothing is required but the artist's eye to seize upon their beauties, and to make use of Dame Nature's varied effects; to be on the alert for her, not only when she wraps the land with mists and hazes, but when joyfully and gloriously, in the brilliant summer days, she spreads out the full powers of her ample palette; and if two counties only can supply a painter with such rich materials, surely there is no need for him to go farther afield to search for subjects for his brush.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

ROUGHNESS OF SURFACE IN PICTURES.—You please me much* by saying that no other fault is found in your picture than the roughness of the surface; for (that part being of use in giving force to the effect at a proper distance, and what a judge of painting knows an original from a copy by—in short, being the touch of the pencil, which is harder to preserve than smoothness) I am much better pleased that they should spy out things of that kind than to see an eye half-an-inch out of its place, or a nose out of drawing when viewed at a proper distance. I don't think it would be more ridiculous for a person to put his nose close to the canvas, and say "the colours smell offensive," than to say "how rough the paint lies!" for one is just as material as the other with regard to hurting the effect and drawing of a picture.—*Gainsborough*.

* The letter from which this extract is given is addressed to some person, now unknown, for whom Gainsborough (then about thirty-one years of age) had painted a picture.

WINCKELMANN AND THE IDEAL IN CLASSICAL SCULPTURE.

THE recent publication of a new edition of Dr. Lodge's translation of Winckelmann's "History of Ancient Art" recalls the services rendered to the study of the sculpture of the Greeks by that devoted student of antiquity. It was Winckelmann's merit to bring to bear upon the remains of Hellenic Art a combination of scholarly feeling and enthusiasm which made his history the commencement of the modern era of archæology and Art criticism. The scholarship of Art has of course made immense advances since the date of the first publication of his work in 1764, and there is even some danger in the present day lest Hellenic Art should be treated too exclusively from the point of view of the archæologist. There is still, therefore, a place for a work like Winckelmann's, which, though in some respects quite out of date, keeps its position as a classic through the genuine passion of its author for the beauty of classical sculpture, and his fine appreciation of many of its most important æsthetic qualities.

One of the most interesting points in Winckelmann's treatment of the Art of the Greeks is his theory of its "ideal" character. The words "ideal" and "ideal beauty" are constantly upon his page, and his explanation of their meaning, though, as we shall see, not fully satisfactory, is yet a valuable contribution to æsthetic theory. Winckelmann's views upon this matter are contained in the fourth book of his "History of Ancient Art," in the second chapter, entitled, "The Essential of Art," and are couched in language of considerable subtlety and power. After some eloquent sentences in which he gives expression to the overpowering effect upon his mind of the beauty which the Greek sculptors strove to realise—a beauty before which, he says, he cast his eyes down as did those to whom the Highest appeared, believing that he saw the Highest in this vision of his fancy—Winckelmann goes on to offer an account of this ideal beauty, describing first of all its essential character, and then showing the process by which he believed that the Greek artist arrived at it.

The first attribute of this ideal beauty is unity. The beautiful form must be harmonious in the relation of its parts, and simple and flowing in outline. But from unity proceeds a still more important attribute of lofty beauty—the absence of individuality. According to this idea, he says, the beautiful figure would "neither be peculiar to any particular individual, nor yet would express any one state of the mind or affection of the passions;" and then follows the celebrated aphorism, that perfect beauty would be like pure spring water, with no individual characteristics, just as clear water has no taste.

We have in these words the strongest possible assertion of the general and abstract quality of beauty, and this often-quoted comparison has been taken as if it were Winckelmann's last word upon the subject, and as if he considered that the aim of ideal Art was to realise a beauty without colour or character. This is not, however, exactly his view, for he goes on at once to show that, however desirable it may be, it is impossible for Art actually to attain to such a representation. "Pure beauty alone cannot be the sole object of the artist's consideration, but it must be placed in a state of action or passion, which is comprehended in Art under the term *expression*." Yet, on the other hand, though recognising this necessary condition of artistic representation, Winckelmann seems to be perpetually going back to the idea that the highest Art would in some way succeed in rising out of the sphere of the conditioned altogether; and all through his discussion of beauty he seems to regard this necessity laid upon the artist of portraying something definite as a thing to be deplored. The same remark applies to his treatment of the subject of action and expression. He has already admitted that the human form cannot be depicted except under these conditions of action and expression; but, true to his principle, he would have them limited as far as possible, and treated as, in a manner, only necessary evils. "Expression," he says (we quote from Dr. Lodge's translation), "changes the features of the face and posture, and consequently alters those forms which constitute beauty. The greater the change the more unfavourable it is to beauty. On this account stillness was one of the principles observed here, for stillness is the state most appropriate to beauty. The ideal of lofty beauty cannot be conceived otherwise than when the soul is wrapt in quiet meditation, and abstracted from all individuality of shape." Hence he argues that if expression and action are necessary, they should always be subordinate to the impression of stillness or repose, and he brings forward as example the group of Niobe with her daughters. Not finding, however, in this work the absence of expression and action he requires for the ideal, he is driven to a curious theory to bring in the conception of repose, arguing that the figures are represented as petrified by the horror of the moment, and so in enforced stillness, though in postures of considerable action. "A state such as this," he says, "in which sensation and reflection cease, and which resembles apathy, does not disturb a limb or a feature, and thus enabled the great artist to represent in this instance the highest beauty, just as he has represented it; for Niobe and her daughters are beautiful according to the highest conceptions of beauty."

Following out his principle of the general nature of the beautiful representation, Winckelmann proceeds to argue that the Greeks secured ideal beauty by uniting, not merely the characteristics of different individuals of the same sex, but those of the different sexes, and that not being content with these, they borrowed in addition from the forms of ambiguous sex familiar to the ancient world. "The form of the ideal consists," he says, "in the incorporation of the forms of prolonged youth in the female sex with the masculine forms of a beautiful young man." "Art," he continues, "went still farther: it united the beauties and attributes of both sexes in the figures of hermaphrodites. The great number of hermaphrodites, differing in size and position, shows that artists sought to express in the mixed nature of the two sexes an image of higher beauty: this image was ideal."

In this same chapter we have Winckelmann's view of the way in which this ideal beauty was arrived at by the classical artist. In nature, he says, the most beautiful forms are those of the youthful body, which "appear simple, and yet at the same time have infinitely subtle varieties and a soft tapering" very difficult to imitate in marble. But however full of grace and charm are these natural forms, there is always something

wanting. "Nature and the structure of the most beautiful bodies are rarely without a fault. They have forms which can either be found more perfect in other bodies, or which may be imagined more perfect." On this account, so Winckelmann supposes, the classical artists made up their ideal forms by means of a selection of beautiful parts from many individuals. "Those wise artists, the ancients, acted as a skilful gardener does, who ingrafts different shoots of excellent sorts upon the same stock. . . . The selection of the most beautiful parts and their harmonious union in one figure produced ideal beauty." Winckelmann's views on this subject may therefore be summed up as follows:—He holds that the highest beauty would be without expression or character, but that human Art cannot hope to be able to portray this beauty, since a certain action and expression must necessarily belong to any figure which takes part in human affairs. It will, however, be the aim of the artist to keep this special individual side as much in the background as possible. He will always endeavour to generalise, and with this aim will make his representation an ideal one by combining into a single form characteristics of different species. Ideal beauty is secured by this selection and combination, and by the omission of all individualising details.

In this view of classical Art Winckelmann expresses an important truth, though it may be easily seen that his account of the ideal needs some modification, and that the process of selection and combination of which he speaks can hardly be taken as an adequate description of the act of artistic creation. For—to take the last point first—the account which he gives of this formation of ideal beauty suits neither the facts of the actual procedure of artists, nor the true philosophy of Greek sculpture. The truth is, that however close a follower of nature an artist may be, his first sketch of a figure is not done directly from nature, but from his own idea. The reference to models comes afterwards. No artist creates a figure piecemeal. The original sketch, however slight, is complete in itself, and contains what is most essential to the completed work—the pose, the composition, and the suggestion of the desired expression. In the well-worn instance quoted by Winckelmann of the 'Helen' of Zeuxis, we are not, as Mr. Murray remarks in his "History of Greek Sculpture," to suppose that the painter borrowed from one of his models a head, from another a limb, and so on; the first design of his figure was doubtless, like the sketches of the Italian masters, due to the conception he had formed of the personage he wanted to portray. After settling in this way composition, pose, and expression, he would have recourse to models for working out the figure, and seems to have enjoyed the privilege, which every modern artist must envy him, of selecting his models from among the most beautiful women of the great Hellenic colony of Croton, a city renowned for the bodily culture of its inhabitants.

In his general account of the ideal, Winckelmann has hold of a right idea, though he suffers himself to be carried too far in his devotion to it. There is, of course, no question that the representations of Greek Art were, on the whole, of a general character, and it may even be laid down as one of the essential conditions of beauty and of the ideal, that there must be an absence of any strongly emphasized individual features. The impression of beauty seems to depend, to some extent, at any rate, upon the perception of unity in an object made up of various but well-balanced parts, this balance and sense of unity being destroyed when great prominence is given to any special traits. Hence strongly marked character, or forced expression on a face, interferes with beauty, though it may add interest and value of another kind; and there is a certain opposition between Art which aims at portraying the beautiful and the ideal, and that which depicts character. If modern Art aims on the whole at the latter, Greek Art devoted itself to the former, and secured its aim largely by means of generalisation.

So far, no doubt, the "ideal" is very much the same as the "general," but it would be a great mistake to suppose that all that is required for ideal beauty is to generalise. If the generalising process is carried too far, the work becomes abstract and void of interest, and is neither beautiful nor ideal in the best sense of either word. The notion of a beauty that should be above all characteristics, which seems to have haunted Winckelmann, was really a fiction of the imagination, and the comparison of it to pure water is misleading. Pure water is better than that in which there are colour and taste, but a hueless and insipid beauty is not beauty at all—it becomes simply uninteresting. An artist or a school may obtain the ideal by generalising, but if they carry the process too far, beauty and interest die out of the work, and a certain amount of individual character is needed to restore that balance of different qualities on which beauty and interest depend. Of the danger of generalising too far in the effort to obtain an ideal representation we have an excellent example in the present day, in the work of the school associated chiefly with the name of Mr. Burne Jones. The leaders of this school fixed, some years ago, upon a certain type of form and face which suited their artistic bent. That this type was, at any rate at the time when it appeared, a novelty, was one of its best claims to attention. Art lives by being ready always to adopt new effects, and only demands that they shall be the outcome of a true artistic impulse. It follows that this type, in so far as it had a living significance to the artists who chose it as their means of expression, presented the highest possible credentials, and must be acknowledged to be one of the genuine effects of the Art of our day. It is a different matter, however, when leaders and followers alike repeat the selfsame effect with endless iteration. The representation becomes then conventional; it ceases to be the expression of what is in the artist's mind, and becomes cold and abstract, like a mask with no living face behind it. The same lineaments are now repeated in every work of this school, but are entirely devoid of character and individuality. This is the reason why these works have so little hold upon the popular mind. The general public, whose judgment in Art, as in other matters, if not infallible, is probably much more sound than it pleases many to suppose, takes little interest in works in which there is no intelligible statement, and in figures which are little more than abstractions, devoid of any of the interest of personality.

That which made the excellence of Greek Art at its best, was the fact that the artist was always careful not to eliminate this personal interest from his work. It was as essential to it that the generalising process should be arrested at the proper point, as it was that an ideal representation, and not an individual portrait, should be aimed at. Winckelmann, as has been already noticed, recognised the fact that the Greeks did not attempt to portray the ideal in its purity, but introduced a special element into all they wrought; but he hardly seems to see clearly that this was no confession of

weakness on the part of the artist, but an understanding of the true conditions upon which alone work of high artistic value is possible.

With regard to this, however, it must be remembered that the examples of Greek Art accessible to Winckelmann did not include the works to which we are now accustomed to refer as standards of the best Greek feeling in Art. None of the marbles of the Parthenon were known to him. The Venus of Milo had not been discovered; nor, again, those central examples of the severe style at its best, the pediment marbles from Ægina. The sculptures he was familiar with are those which fill the museums of Italy—works in many cases copies from celebrated originals, such as the Satyr and Eros of Praxiteles, but for the most part belonging to the later period of Greek Art, when a certain conventionality of style had made its appearance, and sentiment was becoming effeminate. In the light of our fuller knowledge of the best epochs of the art, we can reject Winckelmann's idea that the Greeks tried to generalise away the differences in mould of form which mark the sexes, or attempted in the best times to realise the morbid conceptions about which he writes. The spirit of Greek Art in its prime is direct, simple, and healthy, averse to altering anything nature has marked out. Hence, though Winckelmann's remark is a just one, that the face of a youthful hero is often not to be distinguished in the marble from that of a girl, this is an instance of Greek truth to nature, for the manliest boy will have sometimes a curiously girlish face. The different styles of modelling for the male and female form were, on the other hand, matters to which the Greek artists devoted special attention. We have an example of this in their treatment of the forms of Amazons. The utmost vigour and muscular strength are imparted to these warrior damsels without the womanly character being lost sight of. Even where they are represented in combat, there is something feminine in the modelling of their athletic limbs, which distinguishes them from the opposing heroes. In the pediments of the Parthenon the same fine characterization of the manly and womanly forms is to be found. Compare the 'Ilissus' at one end of the western pediment with the 'Callirrhoe' at the other. Again, contrast the left arm of the seated figure in the group of the two Fates with some of the arms of the male figures: though it equals them in grandeur of style, and in the impression it conveys of power, it preserves with perfect distinctness the feminine character. Or, again, let us take the well-known Praxitelean work, the so-called 'Genius of the Vatican.' It is one of the most ideal figures of antiquity, and Winckelmann indulges himself in a rhapsody upon its heavenly beauty. Yet no example shows more clearly that the ideal form with the Greeks was not secured by any such artificial process as a blending of the sexes. The form here is that of boyhood, and it is delineated with a feeling for the flatness of the muscular masses which, in the Vatican copy, almost results in meagreness. There is no plump roundness in the modelling of the arm or of the pectoral, such as might indicate an approach to the feminine ideal, but, on the contrary, an evident desire to give prominence to the opposite character. The fact is, that the Greeks emphasized, rather than tried to obliterate, the broad distinctions of nature. The hermaphrodite, considered as an artistic effect consciously aimed at by the sculptor, belongs to the later period of the art, and is entirely alien to the spirit of the age of Polycleitus and Phidias.

The same feeling for characterization is seen in a still more marked way in the representation of the different deities and heroic personages. These are in all the best work full of life and interest, never conventional and abstract. An excellent instance is to be found in the series of small figures in relief on the large candelabra in the Vatican, known as the Barberini candelabra. On the sides of their two triangular bases are six single figures of Zeus, Hera, Ares, Athene, Hermes, and Aphrodite. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the workmanship of these little reliefs, some dozen inches high, and their purity of style shows that they must have been taken from originals of the best period of the art. The male deities are nude, with the exception of a small chlamys on one shoulder, while the goddesses are all draped in ample tunic and mantle, arranged with the pure Greek feeling for composition of lines, and for the contrast between the delicacy of the multitudinous folds and the broad treatment of the flesh. Yet though the figures are so little varied in habit, the special character of each divinity is depicted in the most precise manner. There are three male and three female deities, and the same differences between them appear in the two series—Zeus, Ares, and Hermes having the same relation to each other as Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite. Zeus and Hera present the ideal of majesty and power. Zeus has the set form of middle age, massive and dignified. He is bearded, and his hair falls in large locks upon his shoulders. Hera, with sceptre in hand, represents the dignity and repose of queen and matron. Contrasted with these come Ares and Athene, the types of active strength. The form of Ares is more youthful than that of Zeus, and his face is beardless. He is divinity militant as contrasted with the supreme ruler. On the opposite side Ares is marked off just as clearly in a different way from Hermes, who appears as the peaceful ministrant. While the former is helmed and holds a spear, the latter has in one hand a cup, and with the other leads along a ram to sacrifice. Athene, in like manner, is opposed to Aphrodite, as womanly keenness and unapproachable chastity to womanly tenderness and beauty. She is armed, and holds in one hand a patera, out of which a serpent is drinking. Aphrodite is a figure of exquisite beauty, full of charm and purity, and with a head of ideal loveliness. She is holding out a flower in one hand, and on the other arm, which hangs down, the drapery is fastened at intervals in the familiar fashion, but with a perfect rendering of the "pull" of the stuff where it is caught together, which gives a wonderful life and grace to the tiny limb. A piece of flying drapery behind the shoulder imparts lightness and movement to the form, and marks it off at once from the more staid figures of the other goddesses, whose garments fall in quiet folds all about their figures.

The aim of the designer of these figures was the same that was before all the artists of the best period. Their effort was never, on the one hand, to represent an abstract ideal, nor, on the other, to depict individual character; what they aimed at was something intermediate between the two—that is, the *type*. The type could be characterized with telling distinctness, but did not involve the artist in a pursuit after all the varieties of nature, and the sculptor was in this way supplied with an object at once interesting and susceptible of ideal treatment. Accordingly in Greek sculpture we find forcibly marked the differing characteristics of the divine, the heroic, the human, and the semi-brutish; while, again, through all these classes ran the distinctions of sex, of age, of condition,

and of character. There was not one type only of the divine, but many, answering to all the personages of the Olympian Pantheon, and further augmented through the varieties of cult belonging to the innumerable communities of the Grecian world. Then, in the heroic cycle, there was the type of warlike energy in action, and the repose of the hero at rest among the gods. The semi-brutish type admitted of several modifications, as is shown by the large number of fauns which differ in the prominence given to the nobler or to the more animal qualities, while a lovely head of a girl faun in the Lateran Museum shows how distinctions of sex made a further element of variety. Then, too, there was a feeling for fine shades of varying character in the personification of abstract conceptions, as in a lost group by Scopas, in which that artist had shown a refined ingenuity in representing as distinct the closely allied varieties of amatory feeling—Eros, Pothos, and Himeros.

This tendency towards the creation of types was one of the strongest influences which affected the Art of Greece, and it can be seen to have a close connection with the general habit of the Hellenic mind. A characteristic fact about the Greeks, and a point in which they contrast most strongly with the people of to-day, was their habit of applying general conceptions to the things about them. Their world was a small one, and they grasped it thoroughly. Having none of the modern scientific faith in observation of facts and distrust of *à priori* views, the Greeks fearlessly applied their general conceptions in every sphere. Whatever the subject which they were engaged upon, they were disposed to arrange it under certain definite heads. This was strikingly the case with their notion of divinity. The Godhead was by the Greeks brought out, so to speak, into the open air, and stripped of the mystery in which the Jew, the Egyptian, and the Roman enshrouded it. Homer, who had a large hand in making the theology of the Greeks, recognises nothing in this region as inaccessible to his thought. Grasping the idea of divinity as firmly as he grasped the facts of mortal existence, he fastens on the various aspects of it as they appeared in the popular conceptions of his time, and characterized them in the forms of his Olympians. Later on, these types, so ideal, yet at the same time so rich and living in their personality, became the subjects for the artist's chisel. Human nature, again, was conceived after the same fashion. We cannot open a Greek moralist, or even a Greek historian, without seeing how naturally the Greeks thought of mankind as an assemblage of classes. They seem to have been as little troubled by the sense of the infinite diversities of human character as by that of the mystery of the Godhead. They made their divisions, and expected individuals to fall into the places prepared for them. The artist had only to adopt the classes thus formed, and he had his types—the athlete, the Doric maiden, the Bacchanal, and so on—ready to his hand.

It is in its ready acceptance of the types thus formed that classical Art exhibits the strongest contrast with that of modern times. As the thought of the present age is adverse to this application of general ideas to all things, and delights rather in patient exploration of nature, so the artist of to-day cares little to indulge in any generalising process, or any creation of types. The painter of the modern school aims at character and expression in his figures and portraits, and in landscape at the "effect," which is, as it were, expression upon the face of nature. He delights in what is new, special, and individual. He follows nature through all her varying phases, and is never content to rest in one aspect of her. The sculptor also is now disposed to reject the classical model, and to seek for a style which is more picturesque and effective, and which, as in the popular terra-cotta work, enables him to depict with force and liveliness even such special details as the crumpling of a collar or the intricacies of a frill. When we contrast with work of this kind the sculpture of the Greeks, we are conscious that it was ruled by the quite opposite tendency to generalise.

The aim of the foregoing remarks has been, however, to show that this generalising tendency was kept in check by the forcible characterization of the types which the artist represented. All through the best periods of the art we find the special character of the subject emphasized in a way which imparts something of the interest of personality to the figure which exemplifies the type. The Theseus, the Venus of Milo, the Hermes of Praxiteles, are not mere typical figures, but are made individual and living through the artist's firm grasp of his conception and complete command over his material. The fact, too, that the representations of Art answered to the religious and moral ideas of the people, lent a deep ethical interest to the work of the great artists. The divinities and heroes are all constituted, not according to the fancy of the artist, but according to the beliefs and aspirations of his age. Hegel makes the observation that the Hellenic gods have in reality no religious character, but belong essentially to the sphere of Art, and were only realised through Art by their worshippers. If this is true, we may say that the types of Greek sculpture are the highest thoughts of the people about religion and human life.

This, then, is the meaning of the ideal in classical sculpture. It involved no unnatural abstraction, nor any desire to create artificial forms of purely artistic signification. It consisted rather in the adoption by the sculptor of the popular conceptions of his time, and their presentment in a form which expressed all the fulness of meaning which could belong to them. The resulting work was ideal, because the artist started with a general idea in his mind rather than, as is usually the case in modern times, with an individual impression of some object which had struck his fancy. This idea was then incorporated in a form the beauty and perfect finish of which resulted from a long study of the finest models, and from a technical skill, the outcome of generations of patient labour. Three characteristics accordingly meet to make up the excellence of Hellenic Art. In the first place, its forms are ideal, through the fact that it is not the individual, but the type that is represented; they are based, not directly upon the facts of the ordinary world, but on the ideas which human thought has applied to them. In the second place, the fact that these ideas are rooted and bound up in the faith of the people gives to the forms of the art a richness of interest and depth of moral significance which is a further element in their ideal character; but, thirdly, the important point is never lost sight of by the great artists, that the generalisation must never go too far, and that the type must have all its special characteristics, in which it differs from kindred types, marked with the utmost precision; while, finally, the work was always conceived in all its aspects by the artist as a single whole, and presented with that stamp of mastery upon it which is the true secret of style, and which gives to each figure of artists like Phidias or Praxiteles a life and personality peculiarly its own.

G. Baldwin Brown.

OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:

ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

SEATS—*Continued.*

LIKE all other domestic arts, chairmaking seemed to have received a considerable impetus in Charles I.'s time, and the inventories of that period begin to abound with "wrought backe chairs," and chairs of other special description, amongst which "wicker chairs" occur. In fact, the earlier years of Charles's reign seem the spring-time of English domestic art, and had not the unhappy political differences arisen which terminated it, it is extremely probable that England would have then become one of the most artistic of nations. The King took a personal interest in all phases of industrial art, and did sometimes say "he thought he could get his living, if necessitated, by any trade he knew of, but making of hangings, although of these he understood much, and brought some of the most curious workmen from foreign parts to make them here in England." He further bought Raphael's cartoons to encourage the craft of tapestry-making, which his father had founded at Mortlake. In short, where anything which could elevate the industrial art of the country could be obtained, the King, through his ambassadors and agents, sought for it, and endeavoured to engraft it into the realm.

The troubles of the great Rebellion killed all this home industry. The ruin of the great families, the confiscation and dispersion of the goods of "the delinquents," supplied humbler homes with luxuries which were hardly valued in them, and, as more than a million and a quarter sterling was paid by the "compounders" to retain what little was left to them, it may readily be supposed that during the ten years

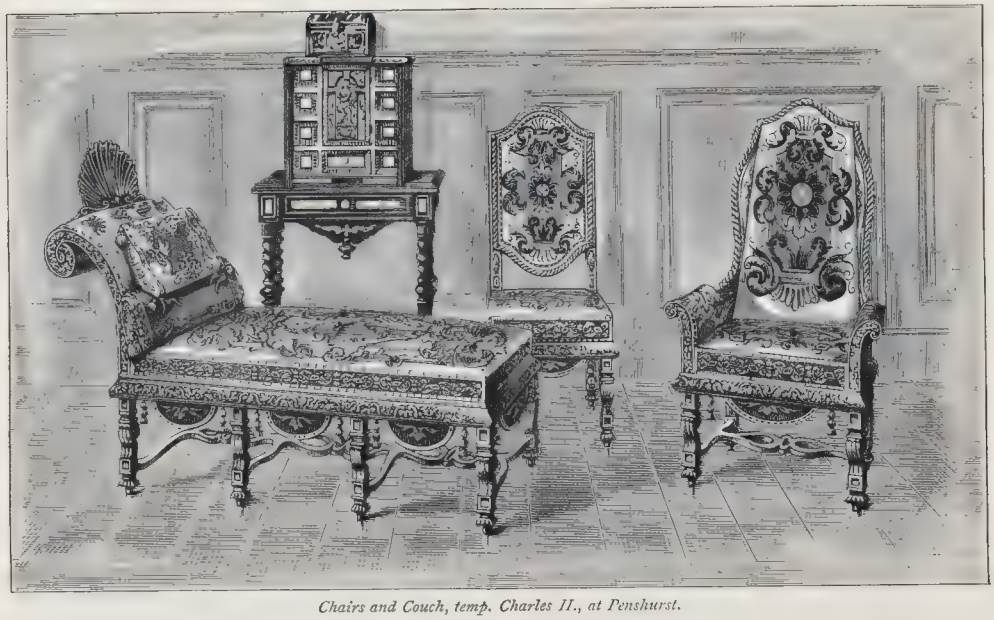


A Long Settle, temp. Charles I.

of interregnum there was but little money left to spend on the encouragement of, or artistic development in, household furniture. The few new chairs needed at this time were chiefly imported from Holland—those brown leather-covered, brass-nailed chairs which are still known as "Cromwell chairs"—good, serviceable, plain chairs, each like the other; and if our household furniture gained nothing in Art from that decade of upheaval, it freed itself from those restraints of etiquette which had hitherto held sway therein. Each man could then sit as high and as comfortably as his neighbour, and henceforth chairs became abundant in English households.

* Continued from page 244.

When, on the Restoration, Charles II. returned to England after his long sojourn in foreign courts, there naturally came with him foreign fashions, for not only had he lived in their midst so long that they had become naturalised to him, but many other Englishmen of importance had been subjected to the like influence. Their home could be restored to them, but their mobilia had been destroyed or stolen, and such as remained seemed crude and old-fashioned after their wanderings in Italy and France. Indeed, one very noticeable feature in the memoirs written by these exiles is their expression of admiration and astonishment at the luxury of the household furniture of France and Italy, and the contrast it afforded to the ruder character of that home. Peace now reigned over England and the rest of Europe, so furniture could be more easily imported than manufactured at home, and it came in abundantly, affording new models for our workmen. Thus household luxury became again a feature of the English home. On few articles was this more strongly impressed than on our seats. Chairs became elaborately carved and gilded, and upholstered with the richest produce of the loom; and the couch, or, as it was afterwards called, the sofa, became a feature in the newly created drawing-rooms. As henceforth the designs of chairs and couches were made to accord, and a couch came to be considered an integral portion of a "suite" of furniture, it will be well at this point of our history to trace its growth and progress. Its first noticeable ancestor was, no doubt, the settle, a long seat which flanked the fireplace in the great hall, and on which two or three could sit in private converse, or one recline himself to rest. These settles received much rude decoration, and were carved and inlaid with the same care and device as the chairs. On the preceding page is one dating from the time of Charles I., or perhaps from his father's time. This, like the chair engraved on page 244, is of Yorkshire origin, and



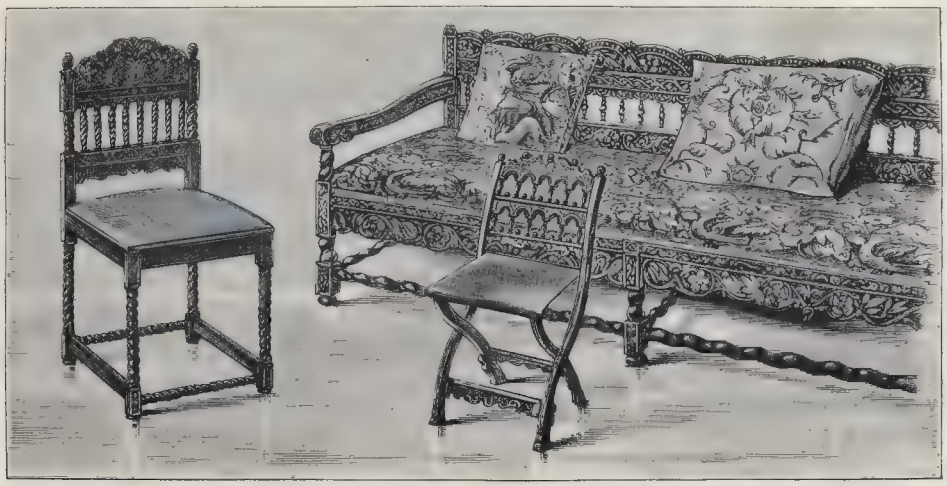
Chairs and Couch, temp. Charles II., at Penshurst.

comes from the same collection, Yorkshire having been more conservative of her household goods than most other counties of England. When covered with the cushions and pillows which, as I have before shown, formed a very important portion of our household properties, these long settles were by no means uncomfortable pieces of furniture, but their size fitted them only for the hall or the larger apartments. At first the smaller apartments always contained at least one bed, and this did duty as a lounge by day; but as parlours detached themselves from bedchambers, something to recline upon was felt to be a requisite, and in the eighteenth century the "day bed" made its appearance, probably a better sort of "trundle bed," which could be wheeled in and out, and serve a double duty.

These day beds are often referred to by the dramatists of the time. Shakspere makes Malvolio muse of the delightsomeness of that future when he can show himself to his officers in his "branch'd velvet gown, having come from a day bed;" and in *Richard III.* Shakspere again alludes to one. In Beaumont and Fletcher's time the couch seems to have become distinguished from the day bed, and to have been a more important piece of furniture, for when Margarita, in *Have a Wife and Rule a Wife*, prepares her home for a grand reception, she asks, "Is the great couch up, the Duke of Medina sent?" to which her duenna replies, "'Tis up and ready;" and then Margarita demands, "And day beds in all chambers?" receiving the response, "In all, lady." These early couches seem to have followed the form of the day bed, and in the above illustration is seen a very sumptuous one, forming part of a suite of furniture, of the time of Charles II., yet remaining at Penshurst. This suite is evidently of French origin, as was much other of the furniture of that day, though there was a considerable quantity made in England so completely in the style of Louis XIV. (and indeed, after the

revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, so entirely made by French workmen), that it is almost impossible to say in which country it was actually made. The French weavers of Spitalfields brought their looms, their patterns, and their intelligence with them, and English household art gained greatly from the hospitality it afforded these intelligent fugitives. At the same time, from quite a different quarter of the globe, another potent influence was being brought to bear, in that Indo-Portuguese style which became the vogue when Charles's new wife, Catherine of Braganza, and her retinue came to this country. Portugal had long drawn her artistic inspirations from the East, and some such feeling had filtered thence into Southern Europe, but, so far as furniture is concerned, hardly any Indian impression had been introduced into England until this time. It was virgin soil, and the new plant flourished exceedingly. Charles made presents of the richly carved ebony chairs, and divans, or couches, which the new fashion brought in, to many of his friends and adherents—amongst others the one engraved in the woodcut below, which was given by him to John Evelyn, and is now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The settee (which, by the way, is the diminutive of the settle), engraved on the same block, is also of Indian ebony and manufacture, and is now at Penshurst. Both these had originally the split cane-woven seating common to the East, but which was now first introduced into England, where it has ever since played an important rôle in furniture. The little folding chair is in my own possession; it is of the same date, and of Portuguese manufacture, and offered a type which was readily seized upon, and yet remains in use. The refined character of the turnery in all these pieces of furniture had an important influence on the style of the locally made furniture of the day, particularly that spiral turning with a peculiarly open twist, as though the wood had been bent round a narrow cylinder, which held its sway for well-nigh a century afterwards.

The turner's art and the products of the lathe became henceforth regularly impressed into the service of household furniture, nor were the other lessons taught by this Indo-



Indo-Portuguese Furniture, imported temp. Charles II.

Portuguese furniture lost upon our manufacturers. The low-relief carving, partly perforated, which has always played so large a part in Eastern Art, was also seized upon with avidity; and though the low-backed divans and the chairs made to agree with them did not quite accord with the ideas then prevailing in England, yet a similar character of decoration was immediately applied to them. It is indeed curious to note that although both in France and Holland, whence most of our fashions in furniture were derived, the height of the chair back was gradually being reduced, yet in England the mediæval feeling in favour of the high-backed chair seemed to be too strong to be influenced even by fashion. The visible proportions of the old friend of the fireside were retained, and only in its mass of construction and its ornamentation did it undergo a radical change.

Cane-work now became general, London being the centre of this especial industry, which it retained for a long period. Defoe, in his "Complete English Tradesman," published in 1726, in descanting on house furniture, says, "It is scarce credible to how many counties of England, and how remote, the furniture of but a mean house must send them," and notes that "the chairs, if of cane, are made at London." These, together with chests of drawers and looking-glasses, seem to have been almost the only articles of furniture the metropolis then supplied, the remainder being drawn from provincial sources.

When cane was not used for the tall back, perforated wood carving was very commonly substituted, and this style of chair was in use and fashion until the eighteenth century was well advanced, when very important changes took place, and which will have to be considered in the next chapter, when we notice the works of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton, and those chairmakers of the last century whose names have become as familiar in our mouths as household words since the Queen Anne revival began its sway.

Yet, notwithstanding the growing popularity of these open-backed chairs, whose lighter construction rendered them more easily movable, the heavier stuffed-backed chairs, originally

imported from France, held their sway. It is curious, indeed, to note that, though varied in shape, and differing so very widely in construction from their French contemporaries that no doubt of their nationality could exist, stuffed-back chairs were always called "French" chairs, even until the end of the last century, the truly English chair being deemed to be essentially one of wooden construction. If you will turn back to the illustration of the French furniture imported by Charles II., and compare it with the chairs made in England during the reign of William III., engraved on the present page, you will at once recognise the change which these articles of furniture underwent in the interval. The woodwork is much simpler in its detail, gilding is almost entirely abandoned, and the gay trimmings of fringes and braids, which played an important part in the earlier decoration of covered or upholstered chairs, have now well-nigh disappeared. A certain national character now begins to assert itself even in stuffed chairs, and if the three examples engraved below do recall any reminiscence of the furniture of France, it is that of a period so far removed from the time of their construction that it is doubtful if any direct descent of idea can be traced from the one to the other. The centre one of these three chairs is a very noble specimen from Hardwick Hall. The framework is of pear-tree, a wood susceptible of as high degree of finish as the lime-tree wood which Grinling Gibbons had just then brought into fashion, and its form is a curiously parenthetic one, inserted, as it were, between history and prophecy; for whilst the lower



Stuffed-backed Chairs, temp. Will. III.

From Hampton Court. *From Hardwick Hall.* *From Knole.*

part recalls much of the feeling that is found in the French work of Louis XIV., yet the back distinctly foreshadows some of those changes of form which half a century afterwards Thomas Chippendale popularised in England. The covering of the stuffing is of crimson velvet, overlaid with a stripe of raised embroidery in silver thread, an application more gorgeous than comfortable. The chair on the right of the woodcut comes from Knole, and shows how turnery was asserting itself, and thrusting out the more costly and laborious carving, and how important a part the gorgeous products of the loom were now playing in the chairmaker's craft, almost, indeed, to the exclusion of the artistic development of it. Yet in both these examples the form of the framework is clearly marked, and the junction of the several parts distinctly articulated by woodwork. In the example which forms the left-hand portion of the group, and which is one of the chairs made for the furnishing of William III.'s much-loved palace at Hampton Court, a still greater change will be remarked. The wood carvings have entirely succumbed to turnery, and the framework of the upper part has merely become a skeleton for the upholsterer to pad and clothe; it presents, indeed, the germ of the modern easy-chair, which is but this same thing with its legs cut much shorter; and from this time two separate systems of chairmaking have pursued their independent course—the one relying upon the skilful treatment of its visible construction, the other on the luxurious covering of a construction studiously hidden.

G. T. Robinson.

(*To be continued.*)





ART EXHIBITIONS AND ART NOTES.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

BERLIN ROYAL ACADEMY.—United Germany speaks from these Galleries, for though Prussia naturally dominates, the schools of Munich and Düsseldorf are present. This, the fifty-fifth exhibition of the Berlin Royal Academy, serves as an index to the changing phases of Art in the Fatherland. The present collection, it is true, does not materially differ from its immediate predecessors, yet many of the men prominent in former years are absent or dead, and younger generations, for the most part feebler in ability, crowd the walls. Here, as elsewhere, artists who have yet their mark to make eagerly press forward, while painters like Piloty do not trouble to send. The important wall pictures completed or projected in Berlin are with few exceptions scarcely indicated within these rooms. The space is too limited to admit of the hanging of the large cartoons which Herr Geselschap is now carrying out in colour by a novel process within the new dome of the arsenal; these are the most signal mural decorations now in progress. Berlin has made herself conspicuous for wall paintings in private dwellings, and the Academy a year ago showed large compositions by Paul Meyerheim for the decorations of a villa belonging to the Mendelssohn family. This season in the worst style comes a design by Professor Kretzschmer, destined to adorn refreshment rooms. Of this sort of work the most noteworthy example now on view is a canvas from the easel of Otto Knille, professor of painting to the Academy. The subject is taken from the time of the German Reformation, and among the assembled characters appear Luther, Melancthon, and Erasmus; the style may be designated as naturalistic historic—a school which, favoured by the leadership of Piloty in Munich, now obtains widest currency in Germany. This composition, one of a series, is designated for the decoration of the University Library. Regret cannot but be felt that the strict system of mural painting has been sacrificed to the easier process of oil upon canvas. And here once more the composition destined to consort with an architectural structure suffers in dignity and fitness, because conceived and carried out not at the place of its destination but within the artist's studio. German practitioners, however, like our English painters, love to take their ease and so shirk the manipulative difficulties incident to wall surfaces. Portrait painting prospers, that is, no branch of the artist's profession is so profitable. As for the style, it would not commend itself in England, it could not compete with Mr. Millais; flesh painting in Germany is still dry, hard, and opaque, notwithstanding that Titian has displaced Dürer in the ateliers. The portraits for the most part are waxy, smooth, and colourless; compensation comes in the delineation of form, in a bust-like modelling in relief, and in an intelligent reading of character; in these directions nothing can be finer than some recent additions to the National Gallery, such as portraits of Ludwig Richter, by Pohle of Dresden, of Professors Mommsen and Helmholtz, by Knaus of Berlin, and of Prince Bismarck by Lenbach of Munich. In the Academy Exhibition conspicuous is the present venerable Emperor standing uncovered, "the 19th July, 1870," in the Mausoleum, Charlottenburg, in presence of the monuments to Wilhelm III. and his Queen Louisa, the masterpieces of Rauch. Two artists familiar on the walls of our London Academy are also present; Rudolf Lehmann contributed a well-studied portrait of Dr. William Siemens, with a sketchy and powerful head of Ludwig Barnay, taken, we may presume, when the actor was recently in London with the Meiningen Company. Mr. James Archer adds to the list of celebrities by a portrait, painted in 1878, of the violinist Joachim. The ascendancy of genre painting is seen on every side, and still Hiddemann of Düsseldorf and Günther of Weimar take the lead in the absence of Knaus. The subjects and treatments show accustomed versatility, yet the Germans have the gift of compilation rather than of creation, and they are so thoroughly schooled in all that has gone before, that with coolness and calculation they borrow and make their own the groups from Ostade and Teniers, and silks and satins from Mieris and Terbourg. Landscape painting, like genre, having reached a fairly good development stops short, as if nothing more could be done. The older men have said their all, and the younger generations fail to find out much new. Frederick Preller, the son of the artist recently noticed and illustrated in our pages, would, like the younger Kaulbach, scarcely be known had he not been blessed with an illustrious father. The men, however, now pressing forward into the first rank are at least true to the principles enunciated by their predecessors. Standing in close relationship with schools of figure painting, they impart into landscape accurate drawing and firm modelling. They have equally acquired the habit of infusing into landscape *motif*; the Alps, in the delineation of which they are without serious competitors, they impress with grandeur and power. In short they in good degree realise the poetry of nature. The exhibition of 1881 will be remembered at any rate by three pictures; first a large and elaborate composition, 'The Ascension of Christ,' by Professor Gebhardt, of Düsseldorf, an artist who deliberately revives the severe manner of Van Eycke and Mabuse. The work is an anachronism, but it implies such exceptional labour and knowledge that modern art cannot suffer inroad in this direction. The few remaining religious pictures belong in manner to periods of decadence; indeed, the once famous school of Christian Art, founded on the early masters of Italy, is all but extinct. The second work deserving record is 'Mazeppa,' nearly life-size, by Professor Wagner, who formed his solid yet brilliant academic style in the school of Piloty, in Munich. Largeness of scale has in Munich, since the directorship of Cornelius, been deemed indispensable to imposing pictorial effect. As a matter of course, the drawing and modelling are masterly, the technique, too, after its kind can hardly be surpassed, and the colour in its deep lustrous tones gives pleasing proof, of which there exists evidence on every side, that the Germans have at last forsaken dolorous sackcloth and ashes and are striving to emulate the festive and decorative Venetians. Thirdly to be mentioned is a sparkling gem in miniature, the parting kiss between two little sisters, in a Pompeian villa within sight of the blue Mediterranean. The picture is exhibited by the celebrated archæologist and novelist Dr. George Ebers, and is by Alma-Tadema. The Berlin Academy needs reorganizing; it is behind the requirements of the times, and fails to represent the parties of progress. Most urgently also it requires an adequate exhibition building such as our London Academy obtains in Burlington House. The present temporary structure is little more than an assemblage of sheds; the rooms are straggling, scattered, and badly lighted. The hanging becomes a hopeless task; it is impossible to form centres or gain symmetry, and the spectator wanders from wall to wall in confusion and weariness, bringing away the impression, not wholly unfounded in fact, that mediocrity swamps merit. And there is little hope for a change for the better until the Government takes into serious consideration the redistribution of the national museums and picture galleries. The Art collections in Berlin have, by their rapid accumulation, far outgrown their habitations. The Old Masters are huddled away in store rooms, the Olympia marbles are lying entombed as in sepulchres, and the Berlin Royal Academy is so ill-provided with galleries that, as we have said before, the leading painters of Germany shun the yearly exhibition. But Prussia is the last country to permit this dead-lock to remain long. Already the Art department in the Ministry are taking active measures for carrying out what has been called the Island scheme of Museums; one difficulty is the smallness of ground space yet remaining at the centre of a city already overcrowded. But the opinion grows daily stronger that something must be done speedily, and the amazing progress made by Berlin during the last ten years is the measure of the future in all Art matters.

JAPAN.—The second national exhibition which has recently been held at Nyeno, in Japan, was a complete success, as a comparison of the following figures with those of its predecessor will show. During the 102 days it was open it was visited by 800,000 persons.

	1877.	1881.	Increase.
Extent of ground allotted to the Exhibition ...tsubo	29,807,000	43,310,000	13,493,000
Extent of Buildings... do.	3,012,500	7,563,000	4,550,500
Number of Exhibitors.....	16,174	27,522	11,348
Number of Exhibits.....	84,352	331,169	246,817
Value of Exhibits.....yen	286,697,114	647,864,068	361,166,954

The sums set against the "value of exhibits," a "yen" being nearly equivalent to a dollar, do not represent the *total* values of the articles in the preceding columns. Exhibits from Government Departments not being for sale, their prices were excluded from the table. The speech of the representative of the manufacturers on the closing of the

exhibition, which we take from a local English paper, which has now attained a high standing there, is so characteristic that we publish it:—"It was with feelings of the utmost gratitude that we enjoyed the honour of his Majesty the Emperor's condescension in personally inspecting our exhibits, and that we, subsequently, received rewards and certificates at his hands, for we know that the development of human ability is the germ of progress, and that the source of a country's wealth is the improvement of its arts. This exhibition has had the effect of placing in the clearest possible light the improvements that have been made in Art and manufacture; for the exhibits—which were originally the best efforts of chosen workmen—have been in the first place culled *en masse*, then divided into six classes, and finally once more excerpted with the greatest care. That it has been possible thus to arrive at an exact knowledge of our country's capabilities is due to the beneficent influence of his Majesty the Emperor. This exhibition shows a marked superiority over the preceding one, and there can be little doubt that the next will be still better. As for ourselves, occupying positions so humble, and endowed with such inferior capacities, our ability to promote the interests of industry is indeed small, yet we venture with the utmost diffidence to promise that no efforts of ours shall be wanting to encourage improvement and secure the permanence of the gratification this exhibition has afforded."

LIVERPOOL WALKER ART GALLERY.—The eleventh Autumn Exhibition of Modern Paintings under the auspices of the Arts Committee of the Liverpool Corporation, was opened to the public on the 5th of September. The fine galleries are hung with a collection of 1,435 works of Art, and the list of contributors includes most of the leading artists of the country. Perhaps at no previous provincial exhibition have so many fine works been seen together, and great credit is due to the Executive Committee and its energetic chairman, Mr. Alderman Samuelson, for their tact and judgment in securing so notable a display. The exhibition is particularly strong in water colours, the Liverpool school of painters in this department running their metropolitan brethren very close. One of the most remarkable of the pictures exhibited is 'Dante's Dream,' by D. G. Rossetti, which, with commendable spirit, has been acquired by the Liverpool Corporation for the permanent collection. Occupying another place of honour is the picture by John Collier, 'The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson,' purchased this year by the Royal Academy for the Chantrey Trust. The sales of pictures during the first eight days amounted to close upon £4,000.

MANCHESTER.—The sixty-first autumn exhibition of pictures in the Royal Institution was opened on September 7. Considerable interest has been excited in this exhibition from the fact that it is the last to be held under the auspices of the council of the Institution. The proprietors, it will be remembered by our readers, offered their property to the Corporation of the City, on certain terms, as a public Art gallery, and this offer has now been accepted. As the School of Art had vacated the rooms occupied by them, two additional galleries were at disposal, and the large number of 1,497 works are displayed. The place of honour in the north gallery is occupied by J. D. Linton's 'Victorious,' and that in the south gallery by Otto Weber's 'Mid-day Meal.' Other contributors are Sir Frederick Leighton, Holman Hunt, Henry Moore, Thomas Armstrong, Alma-Tadema, Mark Fisher, Keeley Halswelle, &c. An additional attraction has been secured in *The Graphic* gallery, which consists of about 120 works, including J. E. Millais's 'Little Mrs. Gamp.' The number of visitors to the exhibition is in excess of last year, and fair sales are being made.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, BIRMINGHAM.—The annual autumn exhibition opened on August 29, with 910 works, or an increase of 42 over the last. The president of the year, J. E. Millais, has sent his Grosvenor Gallery picture, 'Sweetest eyes were ever seen,' which occupies the place of honour in the gallery. W. Müller's 'Arab Shepherds'—the picture sold at Christie's in July for £2,730, at Mr. Sharp's, of Handsworth, sale—is among the contributions; and others from artists of the Royal Academy are—'The Return of the Penitent,' by Luke Fildes; 'Portrait of Cardinal Newman,' by Ouless; 'Waiting for an Audience,' by J. Pettie; 'Mountain-tops,' by J. MacWhirter; 'The Anthem,' by Edwin Long; and the 'Post Office, Seville,' by J. B. Burgess. Henry Moore sends 'Kilbrennan Sound;' S. E. Waller the striking picture, 'The Empty Saddle,' which has already appeared as an engraving in this Journal; Laslett Pott, 'Catherine Douglas and the Assassins of James I. of Scotland;' J. Brett, 'Towan's Head, Cornwall;' and E. M. Wimperis, 'The Banks of the Estuary.' Besides these, the members of the Society make a favourable show, S. H. Baker, A. E. Everett, H. T. Munns, J. Pratt, E. R. and Edwin Taylor, all exhibiting works worthily sustaining their reputations. In the spring of this year the Society for the first time elected six Associates, viz. Oliver Baker, W. A. Breakspeare, W. H. Hall, E. S. Harper, Walter Langley, and W. Wainwright.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE ARTS ASSOCIATION.—The sixth Exhibition of Modern Works in oil and water colour, in connection with the Arts Association, was opened in the Assembly Rooms on the 26th of August, and, considering the keen competition amongst the large provincial towns for high-class works of the modern school, the hanging committee have reason to feel proud of the fine specimens of English work that have been contributed by artists of established fame. We specially note four contributions, illustrating the battle of Trafalgar, by the Chevalier de Martino; Aumonier's subtle rendering of 'Spade Oak Ferry;' Henry Moore's truthful 'Showers clearing off,' and his masterly studies of sea-waves breaking on a sand-bank; Herbert Schmalz's work, 'For Ever;' Mark Fisher's powerful Norman landscape; J. D. Watson's 'Last Chance for a Christmas Dinner;' T. Watson's fine landscape of a 'Breezy Day in Surrey;' Adrian Stokes' powerful but rather unequal 'Dr. Johnson's Penance;' Walter Crane's learned and interesting 'Legend of Bamboro';' T. M. Rooke's quaint and careful painting of that quaintest of old English timber constructions, 'A Lych Gate;' G. Earl's exciting 'Otter Hunt;' and a large number of other interesting works. We must call special attention to one valuable contribution of the best contemporary French work, 'Anacreon giving Shelter to Eros,' by P. C. Comte, displaying a technical completeness that should stimulate local artists. We are glad to learn that the attendance and sales are satisfactory, for by these means only can the high quality of the exhibits be maintained.

BOLTON.—A more than ordinarily fine exhibition was opened on September 5th in aid of the Bolton New Infirmary. It is held in the building just erected at a cost of £20,000. The exhibition was promoted by Mr. Selim Rotherwell, who, we regret to learn, died suddenly in Bolton on the 10th of August. The collection is contained in 31 rooms and 4 large corridors, and consists of nearly 1,600 exhibits—paintings, water colours, sculpture, etchings, engravings, porcelain, bronzes, and curiosities being all largely represented. Among the pictures are Madox Brown's 'Last of England,' where "the husband broods bitterly over blighted hopes and severance from all that he has been striving for, while the wife's grief is less, for the circle of her love moves with his;" and the same artist's 'Entombment of Christ,' in water colour; Marcus Stone's 'Edward II. and Piers Gaveston;' many fine animal pieces by Sidney Cooper and R. Ansdell; 'God's Acre,' by Thomas Faed; 'The Sanctuary,' by J. Pettie; 'The Cap of Liberty,' by G. F. Watts; some characteristic coast scenes by John Brett, and Irish peasantry by Erskine Nicol; 'Napoleon at Cairo,' by J. L. Gérôme; 'John Knox preaching,' by Sir David Wilkie; two portraits by Vandyke; and Mrs. Butler's 'Balaclava.' The exhibition will close at the end of October.

CARDIFF.—A Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition was opened at the end of July in the Drill Hall, for the purpose of providing means to furnish the new building now being erected for the free library. The exhibition is exceptionally good, and contains a great variety of works, there being 544 oil paintings, 281 water colours, besides 84 of a series of historical drawings from South Kensington Museum; 30 miniatures, and 411 engravings, etchings, and other works in black and white; as well as a very complete collection of sculpture, bronzes, pottery, books, manuscripts, and miscellaneous curiosities.

NOTTINGHAM.—The autumn Exhibition of Modern Pictures was opened on the 1st of September in the galleries of the Midland Counties Art Museum, Nottingham Castle. The committee of the Corporation, through its curator, Mr. G. H. Wallis, have brought together a collection of 514 oil paintings, 402 water colours, and 11 pieces of sculpture—modern works of high quality. Among the principal oil pictures are 'The Benediction,' by J. D. Linton; 'The Sleeping Beauty,' by E. Brewtnall; 'The Gloom of Idwall,' by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A.; 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice,' by Wyke Bayliss; 'The Return from the Sheilings,' by Peter Macnab; 'Posting House,' by F. W. Lawson; and 'The Dying Lamb,' by J. D. Watson. In the water-colour drawings some excellent examples appear by Henry Holiday, Andrew Maccallum, A. P. Newton, and others, and many pleasing works by local artists are also hung. At the close of the York Art Exhibition, on the 31st of October, the Indian presents of the Prince of Wales will be removed to Nottingham for an exhibition to

open before Christmas, and to continue into the spring of 1882. His Royal Highness promised this collection when he opened the Museum in Nottingham Castle in 1878, and it would have been sent there after its removal from the Paris International Exhibition, but Nottingham waived its claim in favour of Edinburgh and other Scottish centres, whence the collection was removed to York on the occasion of the Jubilee Meeting of the British Association.

WHITBY.—A Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, undertaken and carried out with much spirit, opened here in September. An endeavour was made to obtain a proper representation of the works of the several artists of note who had, at one time or another, been connected with the town. In this, however, the committee can hardly be considered to have been successful, as with the exception of a fine portrait by J. Jackson, R.A., neither Bird, Nicholson, Stubbs, the elder Chambers, nor G. Dodgson, were properly represented; neither was there a single example of Alfred Hunt, who stands on a pinnacle alone, as the delineator of the marvellous beauties of the town. There were hundreds of very inferior works, the majority by an artist who, apparently copying J. B. Pyne, has attained a popularity of what promises to be a very harmful kind amongst local connoisseurs—we say of a harmful kind, for the exhibition showed that Whitby is surprisingly prolific in Art students, and these seem almost without exception to be following in the lines of the master whose works they alone can study. For this reason, we were the more troubled to see that the collection of works which the South Kensington authorities sent down as their contributions, although held up by the principal speaker at the opening of the exhibition for special study, as "splendid" examples, were the veriest sweepings of bequests to the national collection, as the following list of principal names will show:—Oakley, Whaite, Lugardon, Klombeck, Libert, Brooks, a slight William Hunt, and two sketches by Cooke. The other South Kensington contributions were but little better. Of what use to the staple trade of Whitby, namely the jet manufactures, are such things as a case of shawls, the gift of the Shah of Persia, or reproductions of armour? We feel the more compelled to call attention to this thoughtlessness on the part of the South Kensington authorities, because the town deserved better treatment at their hands, for besides a school of Art having been in existence there now some fifteen years, it is the seat of a national manufacture, which after languishing for some time, has recently shown signs of a fresh departure in search of better design. Notably amongst these we may mention the mosaics of Mr. Hirst, who has the courage to associate with his name those of the designer and executants of his exhibits. To the large class of which these are instances, good models would be of the highest value.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE, AUTUMN EXHIBITION.—The success of the Exhibition of Black and White in 1880, and the interest generally felt in it, have encouraged the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts to hold this autumn another exhibition of a like kind. Special efforts were made to secure contributions from English and foreign artists, and the result is a very excellent exhibition, and particularly useful to Scottish artists, whose strength lies in colour rather than in form, and who stand in need of severe and thorough education in drawing. Sir Frederick Leighton, in the 'Lemon Tree,' which he has sent to the exhibition, demonstrates what loving, careful workmanship can do. The figure of a monk, by Herr Wasse, of Munich, attracts much attention by its force and strength of expression. Among the charcoal-artists of figure subjects, L. Lhermitte is "king." His mastery over his material is unrivalled: his light and shade, his correct, yet never "niggled" draughtsmanship, and his fine grouping leave little to be desired. 'Les Glaneuses' and 'La Sorbonne' are very beautiful. The French landscape artists show how much, in the knowledge of the capabilities of black and white, they are ahead of our own men. A glance at the work of such men as Allongé, Dien, Lalanne, Dornois, and Boquet, will prove this at once. Lionel Smythe, Cecil Lawson, Fred Morgan, and J. E. Christie show many graceful drawings. It is impossible in the compass of a short article to single out special exhibits in a collection numbering 1,127. It is enough to say, to give an idea of the scope of the exhibition, that not only are the English and Scottish schools well represented, but that some of the best-known artists in Paris, the Hague, and Brussels have also contributed, such as Israels, Artz, Mauve, Gravesande, Madame Ronner, Lançon, Vernier, and others. The Scottish artists who show best are Glover, Aitken, R. Macgregor, D. Murray, Coventry, Clark Stanton, and A. Davidson. The drawing by the latter of the York Gate, Thames Embankment, is excellent. The Salmagundi Sketch Club of New York send twenty-two very spirited drawings and etchings: an interesting original drawing by Blake is exhibited. The general collection of etchings is large and varied. We have in the catalogue nearly all the names with which we are best acquainted, such as Rajon, Seymour Haden, Lalanne, Bracquemond, David Law, Flameng, Haig, Macbeth, Birket Foster, Mongin, C. O. Murray, Waltner, Méryon, and Millet.

SCOTTISH SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.—The fourth exhibition of the members of the Society is open in the Glasgow Institute galleries, together with the Black and White Exhibition. Some fine drawings are exhibited, such as R. W. Allan's 'Funeral of Carlyle,' W. Carlaw's 'Three Fishers,' and the contributions by W. MacTaggart, R.S.A., R. Herdman, R.S.A., J. A. Aitken, R. Anderson, A.R.S.A., Pollok Nisbet, Miss Blatherwick, W. Young, and A. K. Brown. The two exhibitions opened on the 6th of September, and will close towards the end of November.

GLASGOW ART CLUB.—The annual exhibition of the members' works opened this month in Mr. Annan's Gallery. The exhibition, which contains no picture larger than cabinet size, is very good, and shows progress on the part of most of the members of this flourishing and useful club.

KIRKCALDY, FIFE.—The exhibition of the Fine Art Association was opened on September 7, by Lord Glasgow, who referred to the fact that though Kirkcaldy has only about 25,000 inhabitants, it has had an annual exhibition for a complete decade. Sir Coutts and Lady Lindsay, whose residence is in the county, have also taken much interest in the gallery, and are occasional contributors. The exhibition now opened is more noticeable for its large number of "bits" of colour than for important works, though these, too, are not wanting. The local artists, and more particularly the members of the Scottish Academy, are the chief contributors, the works of W. MacTaggart, Otto Leyde, J. L. Wingate, and W. D. Mackay being among the best.

ART NOTICES FOR OCTOBER:—

LOCAL FINE-ART EXHIBITIONS:—

Opening Days.—Dundee, 1st; Paisley, 1st; Middlesborough-on-Tees, 3rd; Taunton, 5th; Newcastle-on-Tyne Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition, open from 3rd to 8th; Leeds Art Society, at end of month (Old Masters and Etchings).

Closing Days.—Bolton, 31st; Newcastle Arts Association, 29th; York, 31st.

ART NOTES

MR. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., has been appointed a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, in the room of the late Dean Stanley.

MR. THOMAS ARMSTRONG will succeed Mr. Poynter, R.A., as Art Director at South Kensington, and Mr. Sparkes (now head master) as Principal of the National Art Training School. Mr. Poynter has, however, consented to continue his connection with the Department as Visitor of the Training School.

LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.—We had hoped that the destruction of historic antiquities which has been going on of late years in the Inns of Court would have stopped short when it arrived at the demolition of works which had, in addition, high claims to architectural merit. At any considerable private view of works of Art, it is a matter of astonishment how so large a number of Judges and Queen's Counsel, who compose the Bench of Lincoln's Inn, can snatch a half-hour to indulge in their passion for Art. We can but hope that they have raised their protest, even if it has been ineffectual, against the improving off the face of the earth of the groined staircase leading to the chapel of Lincoln's Inn. It is alleged that the demolition is necessitated by the need of its enlargement. If this be the case, the congregation must have vastly increased since we were in the habit of attending the service some dozen years ago. It is, we fear, too late to stay the hand of destruction as regards the staircase in question, and it seems hardly probable that the fine old gateway to the Inn can be fitted in to possibly the most ill-adapted design that Sir Gilbert Scott ever produced. We can, therefore, only urge that the desecrating hand of the builder may be withheld from the Hall, which, no doubt, when the Palace of Justice is opened, will be felt to cumber the ground; for the associations which hang around it are even more than those which environ the chapel.

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—The report of the Department has been issued for 1880. Satisfactory progress is reported in all the various branches; new schools of Art

have been established at Blackheath, Blackheath Hill, Carmarthen, Gosport, Leicester, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Poole, and York; the total number now being 151, with 9 branch classes. The amount of fees paid by the students in schools of Art was the considerable sum of £36,467. In the Art classes there has been a decrease of 100 classes, and this even though 74 new ones have been opened. This decrease is, however, satisfactorily accounted for when we learn that it is principally due to the higher qualification, called the Art class teachers' certificate, which is now required to be held by the teachers of these classes. The training colleges remain almost stationary, both in number of students and institutions, while the elementary day schools have increased by 269 schools, with 43,452 children taught drawing over the previous year. Altogether the total number of persons receiving instruction in drawing through the agency of the Department in 1880 was 837,308, being a large increase on previous years. The total number of prizes distributed was 50,784, of which 41,027 were first grade rewards, and 343 for the national competition.

MIDDLESBOROUGH-ON-TEES.—It has been arranged to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the town of Middlesborough on the 6th of October. A statue of the late Henry Bolckow—one of the founders of the iron trade, and noted as a liberal patron of Art—will be unveiled. The statue, which is life-size, is by D. W. Stevenson, A.R.S.A., of Edinburgh, and is to be cast in bronze by Sir John Steel, R.S.A. A portrait of one of the oldest settlers, and also a portrait of the late Joseph Pease—one of the founders of the town and the English railway system—painted by C. N. Kennedy, of London, will be presented to the public. There will be an exhibition in the rooms of the Cleveland Literary and Philosophical Institution, consisting of articles in metal-work, pictures, and pottery, chiefly from the South Kensington Museum.

A WINDOW has been placed by her Majesty the Queen in the church of St. Mary, Bury St. Edmunds, to the memory of Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., often called "Mary, the French Queen," because she married first Louis XII. of France, and afterwards Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The chief episodes in her eventful life are shown in the compartments of the window.

EDINBURGH.—The Society of Scottish Etchers, which has just been formed, propose to publish an annual portfolio of etched work, consisting either of original subjects or of illustrations to some poem. The principle of the Society is similar to the London Etching Club, and its members are J. D. Adam, Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A., George Aikman, A.R.S.A., George Ferrier, W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., Colin Hunter, David Law, Otto Leyde, R.S.A., and Robert W. Macbeth. Two of these artists, Mr. Hunter and Mr. Law, have already contributed etchings to the *Art Journal*, and examples of the works of other members will be given during the coming year.

THE LOUVRE.—The opportunity afforded by the recent acquisitions of modern sculpture by the Museum of the Louvre, has been utilised for the reorganization of several of the rooms. The additions include a bas-relief of a Dead Christ, North Italian work; a Madonna and Infant Christ; two frescoes, one the work of Mino de Fiesole; and a marble bust of a young man, a French sculpture of the commencement of the sixteenth century. Thirteen works of Art, lately presented to the Louvre, are shortly to appear there, hung in their permanent places, in accordance with the classification by schools. Among them are a triptych by Tiepolo, and an interior by Jan Steen. The other more notable names are those of English painters, Constable, Mulready, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and George Morland.

AT TOURS the authorities, encouraged by the popularity of the last attempt, made some eight years since, have been repeating on a more extensive scale the experiment of associating an Art Department with an exhibition of the objects that naturally find a place at a provincial agricultural *concours*. Artists have been invited to send in contributions, and the residents in the district have again freely responded to the request for objects on loan. Amongst works of the latter class specimens of the works of Gérôme and Duran have been on view, as also the noted 'Polichinelli' of Meissonier. A 'Première Communion,' by Gervex, has attracted particular notice from its fine colouring, and Beyle's 'Vacances de Pâques' has not lacked its admirers. Laurent, George Moreau, and others, have contributed some characteristic portraits. This modern Art section has been supplemented by a gathering of treasures of early and mediæval Art, of which the proprietors of French châteaux often possess such rich stores. Four salons have been appropriately filled with collections of Italian and early German paintings, tapestry, church embroidery, goldsmiths' work, antique furniture, and bronzes. Among the enamels—always an interesting class of objects—there appear to have crept in some specimens which, when subjected to the criticism of the specialist, have come but poorly out of the trial, being described as "*pièces absolument fausses*."

LISBON.—It is proposed to hold in November a Decorative Art Exhibition in the new building of the Museum. The circular issued by the Portuguese Government states that the idea originated from the Iberian Art Exhibition now open at South Kensington. The Spanish portion of this collection is to be transferred to Lisbon, as well as that which belongs to Portugal, and the authorities of South Kensington will lend a large series of Art objects. Besides these, it is hoped that private collectors will contribute, so that the exhibition may be thoroughly representative. The Portuguese Government propose to send the fine specimens in their possession, and the various cathedrals, convents, and churches will also exhibit their treasures.

MOSCOW.—A magnificent monument to the memory of the late Emperor Alexander II. is to be erected in front of the little Palace of Nicholas I. Prizes of 6,000, 4,000, 3,000, and 2,000 roubles are offered for designs, but the bestowal of the first of these awards will not necessarily confer on the winner the right to the execution of the architectural portion thereof. The character of the work is left to the artist, but the materials are to consist of granite, porphyry, bronze, and marble. Plans and photographs of the site can be inspected at the principal embassies and legations. Designs must be sent in by the 30th August, 1882.

JAPAN.—The increased attention which is now bestowed on the porcelain and pottery of Japan has, no doubt, had much to do with the exhaustive *résumé* of those industries which is contained in the last report of Consul-General Van Buren. He dwells on the very great natural advantages that country enjoys from the fact that the potter has only to dig to find almost anywhere excellent porcelain clays, whereas in China the discovery of a really fine pure clay was regarded as the result of a divine intervention, and the memory of the priest who showed it to the people is gratefully remembered to this day. But even in Japan certain districts are more favoured by nature than others, and to this owe much of their development. Mikawa, now better known as Aichiken, is first on the list of nature's favoured ones, with Hizen and Mino next, where the best egg-shell porcelain in Japan is manufactured. It may surprise the numerous lovers of the brilliant red and gold ware of Kaga, which is now so largely exported to Europe, to find that it has no place in the list at all. But the fact is, despite the celebrity of the Kutaniyaki, the province of Kashiu possesses neither kaolin nor petunse of first-class quality. The potters of Daishoji have always been obliged to import their materials, and hence it happens that the amateur is often sadly puzzled by a specimen decorated after the Kutani style, but made of Hizen or Owari clay.

NEW ZEALAND.—The Fine Arts were well represented in the Local Industrial Exhibition lately held at Wellington. The titles of the water-colour drawings to which the chief prizes there were assigned bear sufficient evidence of an Australasian origin. Miss Greenwood's name stood first on the list with a work called "Headwaters of the Waimakariri River,' while Miss Barraud's composition bore the highly suggestive title of 'Nuggets from Combe Hay.' Among the oil paintings those by Mrs. Williams and Mr. Howell were considered the best in the class of works sent in for competition, but there were to be seen on the walls paintings by other artists who have long since achieved celebrity, and among whom few would be ranked above Mr. John Gully and Mr. C. D. Barraud. Mr. Jury was not left unrepresented, nor had the admirers of Mr. E. Brandon's productions to search the line in vain. From any New Zealand exhibition of works of Art we are sorry to miss the time-honoured name of Mr. Richmond. The Fine Art Section was one of the most successful and popular features of the whole exhibition.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.—On the 5th of October an Industrial Exhibition will be opened in the Oglethorpe Park, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S., which is to remain open until the end of the year. In this exhibition all industries will be represented, but the chief product of the State—cotton—will hold the principal place. At Buenos Ayres the South American and International Exhibition is to be opened on February 15, 1882. Shanghai also proposes to have an International Exhibition some time during next year. There are again many rumours that the next great International Exhibition on the Continent will be held at Rome.



A LAKE-SIDE HOME.

BRANTWOOD.

IN the last exhibition of water-colour paintings at the Dudley Gallery there were hung side by side two pictures, which, although quite distinct, and painted without any reference to each other, had nevertheless a common interest. One bore the title, 'In the Pass of Killiecrankie,' the other that of 'In the Study at Brantwood;' one was painted years ago by Mr. Ruskin himself, and the other was the recent work of one of his best-trained and most careful pupils.* Both were noticeable and noticed, not only because of him, a piece of whose work and of whose home they severally represented, but also for the extraordinary minuteness, the loving and laborious, though not laboured, fidelity with which each was executed. In the first, the scene was of a deep blue streamlet running down between its mossy and heather-covered rocks, with a distant view through the larches of Highland hills beyond; in the second, the spectator seemed to be present in a comfortably furnished room, the tastes of whose occupant were evidently varied as well as refined.



Mr. Ruskin.

With this last picture we shall, in our next number, have occasion to deal at length, when we come to describe what it depicts — Mr. Ruskin's study in his lake-side home. Something, indeed, may be learned of Brantwood from its owner's published writings; but though this be so, there is naturally still more that is left untold, and no excuse need, therefore, be offered here for attempting to give an account of the pleasant residence which, some ten years back, Mr. Ruskin "bought without seeing," and which has since gradually become his permanent and fixed abode.

Every tourist who has "done the lakes" will remember the striking view which is obtained of the "Old Man" of Coniston as the coach suddenly heads the hill that overlooks the lake on the opposite shore. If, instead of proceeding to the waterhead, the traveller turns to the left, and makes his way for some distance along the road, above parts of which the meeting branches form an almost unbroken bower, he will at length come upon a simple gateway, near which the foliage seems to be specially luxuriant, and all around is singularly tranquil. This is the entrance to Brantwood on the Coniston side. Passing through the gate, a short carriage drive leads to the house, which is then seen to be situated on a terraced portion of the hill, that slopes up from the waterside. Brantwood, or "steep wood" (for "brant," we are told in *Fors Clavigera*, is Westmoreland for "steep"), stands on a small piece of levelled ground almost on the shore of the lake of Coniston. Behind the house, which is entered, as it were, at the back, the hill rises sharply up, and would render this side of Mr. Ruskin's residence a little gloomy, if it were not that through the trees the blue water sparkles in the sunshine, and the hills beyond are bright and green. As we wait admittance, we have time to look up through the wood, and to notice that the axe (for the master of Brantwood turns woodman of an afternoon) has evidently

* Mr. Alex. Macdonald, master of the Ruskin Drawing School at Oxford.

been at work among the saplings, and that here and there a clearance has been made, walks arranged, and seats placed, whilst on either side of a stream of water that comes leaping musically down, and in winter swells into a torrent, the rocks have been stripped, and thus compelled to show themselves, like very miniature Alps, in the unadorned simplicity of their geological beauty.

We will suppose—and if the hour is somewhere about three in the afternoon it is not unlikely—that the door is opened to us by Mr. Ruskin himself, on his way out to the regular exercise he almost always takes. There is no need to describe either the welcome, or the look of him who gives it. Most people can imagine the one courteous, cordial, affectionate, as the case may be; and all know the other, or if they do not, may get some idea of it from Mr. Herkomer's portrait or from Mr. Boehm's most excellent bust, both of which have been but lately exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery. This bust is, in our judgment, the most perfect likeness at present existing of Mr. Ruskin—absolutely faithful to those who know him, accurately suggestive to those who do not. Of the many photographs that may be seen of him, that from which our engraving is taken is, we think, one of the best, and especially is it the most suited to a description such as the present, for its superiority consists, above all, in the peculiarly natural and easy attitude, and in the expression of quiet rest which the photographer has had the good fortune to catch.

But our object here is to describe not Mr. Ruskin, but his home; and, indeed, unless we suppose ourselves to have come by appointment, it is not likely that he will do more than give us welcome and some few directions as to going over the grounds; for the unexpected visitor at Brantwood is always now met with the answer that Mr. Ruskin sees no one except by appointment. A "free list" of specially favoured guests may indeed exist, but for others the rule knows scarce enough exception to prove it, and its close observation has of late been found increasingly necessary to Mr. Ruskin's health, comfort, and useful occupation. No one, however, is more pleased than he to spend an hour or two in conducting an expected visitor over the house and its surroundings, and if we imagine that our visit has been prearranged, we may further suppose that having welcomed us at his own door, he next proceeds to be our guide over the place. First, lest we should be too tired later on, we make our way past a little garden, designed to be the professor's special retreat, and climb the hill at the back of the house. Five minutes' ascent brings us through the wood and out on to the moor, and our impulse is to turn round at once and look upon the varied view. But we are not allowed to do this yet; a few steps more are asked of us to where a rock provides a resting-place and a throne from which the eye commands all the country round. Below us lies the lake, with a foreground of the wood through which we have passed, where the house lies hidden, and reminds us of its existence only by the film of blue smoke that curls up from among the trees. Across the lake is the "Old Man" (*alt maen*, or high rock) of Coniston, with, to our right as we face it, the village at its foot, and still farther on in the same direction, Wetherlam, Yewdale, and Ravenscrag, till, where the road to Ambleside is cut through the hills, Fairfield and Helvellyn shut in the view. There is, we believe, no spot in the lake country from which these two last-named hills can together be seen to better advantage than from either Brantwood Hill or Brantwood Harbour. To this last we will descend later on, when we have done looking at the view from the moor. Exactly opposite, on the very edge of the lake, is Coniston Hall, of which we give an illustration, and which, though now a farm-house, was formerly the seat of an ancient family, the Le Flemings, and once the home of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, when Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, "lived for a time with his sister in our Arcadia of western meres."

Near the hall, with its ivy-covered chimneys, is an avenue of sycamores, and on either side of it the lake is fringed with trees, to picnic beneath whose shade in the summer-time a party from Brantwood will sometimes row or sail across the lake. Resting there for a little, the quiet peace of all around is undisturbed but by the railway, the gondola that for three months of the year passes repeatedly up and down the lake, and the occasional noise of rock-blasting at the copper mines half-way up the "Old Man." But these three marks of modernism are, after all, less terrible, and one of them is less modern, than might be. The mines were worked, though not so noisily, perhaps, when the Romans conquered Britain; the gondola's whistle might be more shrill, and the beat of its paddle-wheels more violent, whilst its captain's advice is sometimes useful to the owners of a couple of sailing boats in the Brantwood harbour; and the railway, though it is a railway, is fairly well hidden in the hills, and runs its trains with considerate rarity between Coniston and the Abbey of Furness.

But we are still on the moor at the back of the house, and must not linger there too long, for those whose time at Brantwood is limited have more than enough to see. For seeing, with Mr. Ruskin for our guide, means something more than the use of our eyes, though it means all that too. We must use them, indeed, thoroughly, which is more than most people do, he may tell us; but we must think and learn as well. A boat is crossing the lake with a red-coated soldier for oarsman, and we must notice how such pieces of colour in the pictures of Turner are not so absurdly fanciful as once his critics used to declare. The clouds are gathering behind the hills, though the sun is still shining on the familiar peak of the "Old Man," which seems invested with a greater grandeur and a special solemnity, because for the moment it appears to stand alone; and we must mark how the changes which nature works on the prominent features of a district, and especially of a mountainous district, clothe those features with power and pathos, and make them a force to form the character and stimulate the imagination of the inhabitants around; and how thus the foremost crag of Coniston may have its influence as well as the Castle Rock of Edinburgh, and may give its motto of steadfastness to those who dwell beneath its heights as well as Craig Ellachie its war-cry to a Scottish clan.*

Such are the lessons which we may have a chance of learning while we are enjoying the view from the moor, or as we make our way down to the harbour by some new path through the wood. Before we turn to descend, however, we are taken to look at a small parcel of ground along the edge of which runs a boundary fence. Here the moor is rocky and red with heather, and as this plot—"desirable," though not for building—is just outside the limits of Mr. Ruskin's property, he has christened

* See the "Two Paths," sec. 12 of the 1878 edition. "Stand fast, Craig Ellachie," was the war-cry of the Grants of that ilk, and "Craig Ellachie" is still the motto and the crest of the family.

it in friendly jealousy "Naboth's Vineyard." As we come down, we pass by another small plot of ground, devoted solely to the growth of wild strawberries; a kitchen garden which was "cut and terraced out of the 'steep-wood,'" has been brightened by rows of standard roses, and whose produce is made perennial by several greenhouses; an orchard, whose wealth of apple-blossom would almost content its owner to forego the apples; a meadow enclosed by nut-trees, and sown over with primroses and violets, for whose sweet sake no cattle crop its grass; and lastly, as a surprise, a lawn-tennis ground. This—another mark of modernism which we had forgotten to name—owes its existence partly to Mr. Ruskin's practice of doing, and sometimes getting his guests to do, some outdoor work with spade and pickaxe of an afternoon, and partly to the assent he is always ready to give to any suggestion of an additional amusement for the younger guests whom he delights to gather round him at Brantwood. For these, besides the unfailing enjoyment of the beautiful country, there are also the boats in the harbour always at their service. The inhabitants of Brantwood, indeed, seem born to the water by their use of the lake. The post-boy comes over every morning across it; it is the shortest cut to many places near, and visitors may be rowed or sail to and fro between the house and the waterhead at any hour of the day. The harbour itself (or rather the harbours, for there is both an inner and an outer one) was begun, like



Coniston Old Hall. After a Drawing by L. J. Hilliard.

the tennis-ground, by the amateur hands of two of Mr. Ruskin's Oxford "diggers," and afterwards finished by more skilled, though not more willing, labour. Here, at least, is one spot on the shore which is not open to the complaint made by Mr. Ruskin in a recently published letter, that the shores of the lake of Coniston are "fouled by miscellaneous refuse," for the sailor instincts of the owners of the craft that ride in the harbour of Brantwood do not stop at cleaning decks. As we come up from the shore we approach the house on the other side to that by which we arrived, and pass by the "lodge," which is, however, more like the dependence of a foreign hotel, for it is the home of the Brantwood children, whose mother, Mr. Ruskin's "pet cousin," gives his hospitality at Brantwood half its charm, and "keeps his old nursery at Herne Hill for a lodging to him when he comes to town." *

We must reserve our account of the interior of Brantwood for another paper; in this we have attempted to give some idea of its situation, its gardens, its harbour, and of those surroundings which help to make up its pleasantness. We have not, however, gone outside the gates of the small demesne. Had we done so, we might well have wandered too far afield, and left no time, in our supposed visit, for the enjoyment of the house and all it contains. We should have found ourselves, it might be, at the other end of the lake, delighted with a view which the tourist too rarely takes

* *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 76.

the trouble to see; or, stopping to rest in some cottage, have been detained with good words of the "gentleman that writes books," and has made Brantwood one of the features of the lake. For it is not only the favoured visitor who finds occasion for praise of Brantwood. Mr. Ruskin is no recluse, and the neighbours round, high and low, will describe him in terms of unqualified, though sometimes not unnaturally limited, appreciation. Not that the neighbourhood is a large one. There are very few families near Brantwood. The inhabitants of "Monk Coniston," however, must not be forgotten, for a lake without some one of the Marshalls is no lake at all, and Brantwood and "Monk Coniston" are friendly rivals in their readiness to forward any village fête. And the "Thwaite," too, is not to be omitted, for its two mistresses are botanists worthy to help "Proserpina," and only to be distinguished in a garden one from the other by the one, perhaps, knowing, and the other, perhaps, loving flowers the more; whilst it is to the study of "Modern Painters" long ago by the younger lady of the Thwaite that "Frondes Agrestes" is entirely due. But though such neighbours are exceptional, the genial interest which Brantwood shows in the little world of Coniston is the constant rule. The Coniston school children will recall the Christmas feast, with a few kind words from the professor to every child in the room; the Coniston band know that a visit to Brantwood now and then is more than worth their while; the good hostess of the Waterhead Hotel will, like her husband before her, readily descant on the liberal courtesy shown to her by the master of the villa, which she is constantly called upon to point out to her guests; and many an inmate of farm and cottage round the lake will not only indorse Mr. Ruskin's own statement of himself, that "few people are more unwilling to become troublesome to their neighbours," but will have some story of personal kindness, or graceful generosity, for which the master of Brantwood is to be thanked.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MELBOURNE EXHIBITION AND THE FINE ARTS.

THE pictures that were selected and sent to the International Exhibition at Melbourne, in representation of the living school of British Art, have now for the most part returned in safety, and are already, or will shortly be, again in the hands of their owners. It is really no slight request that the President of the various Exhibition Commissions is called upon, in his promotion of the schemes, to make to owners of Art treasures, when he invites them to part from objects inappreciable by money valuation, and to confide them to the tender mercies of the packers, shippers, hangers, and other officials by whom their dispatch, arrangement, and return are conducted. Experience, however, has demonstrated—notably in the case of the Paris Exhibition of 1878—that the control of this work has fallen into safe hands, and that the owners themselves are not more anxiously alive to the importance of the trust than the President himself and his colleagues, the members of the Commission.

The consideration naturally arises with the close of each International Exhibition, of the value of the influence that must have been spread by the collection of representative specimens of the Fine Art schools of the different nationalities among the spectators for whose instruction it was made. The catalogue of the British section describes two hundred and fifty-two oil paintings, and one hundred and fifty water colours; and of these sixty-seven pictures remain in the colony, where they have been bought for an aggregate sum of £8,457 1s. To these must be added the royal collection of historical paintings lent to the British Commission by her Majesty, including Frith's 'Marriage of the Prince of Wales,' and Leslie's picture of 'The Queen receiving the Sacrament,' and 'The Opening of the Vienna Exhibition of 1873,' by Chevalier, lent by the Prince of Wales. These have been retained for further exhibition in the colony, together with the reproductions of the royal plate contributed by the South Kensington Museum. Another important boon to the colony is the collection of twenty-nine of James Barry's etchings, presented to the National Gallery of Victoria by the Society of Arts, who also lent to the Exhibition his work, 'The Temptation of Adam.' The system of selection adopted in the Paris Exhibition, under which the artists gave up a long list of works from which the committee selected specimens, was not well received by the artists, who would have preferred to choose for themselves the works to be sent, instead of choosing a list to select from. The longer period of separation from their property, and the apparent increase of risk, naturally influenced owners of works, and, considering these drawbacks, the result must be regarded as very fairly representative—that is to say, successful. It was already pointed out by Mr. Cope, in his Official Report upon the 1867 Exhibition at Paris, that such collections can never be regarded as international competitions: France wished so to regard that of 1867, but the best masterpieces of the English school were not available on that occasion, and attempts at comparative criticism of the galleries of this and subsequent International Exhibitions have rather shown that the Fine Arts, although subject to geographical or atmospheric influences of climate, scenery, and surroundings, are not to be classified by mere political nationalities.

An authoritative introduction to the Fine Art catalogue of the Melbourne Exhibition, issued under the sanction of the commissioners, explains their own view of the representative selection they were able to make. In the first place a regret, which everybody must share, is strongly expressed, that in the fine collection of paintings and drawings sent by the President of the Royal Academy there was no example, in either oil or water colour, of the landscape work of J. M. W. Turner. "To Victorian Art-students the boon would have been priceless, as many of them may never have the opportunity of seeing in what manner he could translate the glow and freshness of nature to his canvas." Perhaps the most remarkable and the most hopeful characteristic of the British school is thus left out of sight; the world is too apt to connect the English school exclusively with genre; and there are no works like those of Turner to dissipate such a prejudice. The most important landscape that could be obtained was that of Cooper, 'Amongst the Rocks, Glencoe,' described as an admirable composition in his best manner. Mr. Birket Foster's pretty English landscapes would have been a welcome feature among the water colours; they are so pleasantly

descriptive of English rural life, that one could, on sentimental grounds, have liked them to be in the collection, if only to remind the colonists of home. This sentiment is done justice to by the critic in the *Argus* supplement, who deals at length with such landscapes as there were, and alludes to the pleasant reminiscences they are of the "old country," although, he says, "to eyes accustomed to the dusky foliage of Australian trees, and the sunburnt hues of our summer herbage, the vivid green of these English trees, and of this succulent sward, appears unnatural." The absence of Sir Edwin Landseer's name is also noticed with well-founded regret in the official essay. The works of Ansdell and Cooper, 'The Anxious Mother,' 'The Evening Meal,' 'Partridge Shooting,' and the 'Deer Family,' are referred to as well representing the British animal painters; but, it is added, "beautiful as they undoubtedly are, these paintings ill supply the want felt by the absence of an example of Landseer's grand manner and dexterous brush work." We are inclined to add his lifelike fidelity to nature, and sympathetic study of expression and sentiment, to the official appreciation of the great "*Benevolist* of painting." Among examples of the historical school was Mr. Herbert's 'Lear and Cordelia,' estimated (officially) as, "for masterly grouping, splendid and harmonious colour, grandeur and dignity of composition," a masterpiece. In this case, again, the official mind stops short at academic qualities. The local critic in the *Argus* refuses to be so led, and calls it, "with its utter destitution of genuine feeling, and its glitter of showy colour," the "indifferent



The Exhibition Buildings from the Gardens.

replica of a reputedly fine fresco, by an artist who is merely *un peintre habile*." He contrasts it with the 'Appeal for Mercy' of Marcus Stone, "with its intensity of emotion and impassioned expression of a pathetic and tragic story, an example of the admirable work of *un peintre ému*." The incident of this criticism is interesting, pointing an ancient lesson, that will never be (officially) appreciated, of the inevitable victory of "sentiment and expression" over the mere technicalities of Art. Another local critic says of this work that "the countenance of Lear, aflame with that fierce passion which burned in the words 'Peace, Kent! come not between the dragon and his wrath!' is, on the contrary, much more suggestive of the weary model who has been instructed to lean forward, clench his left fist, and frown with all his might and main."

The school of genre painting is naturally the best represented in the collection, and most favourably received by the colonial critics, who betray a tendency to stop short at the literary rather than the artistic interest of the works that they pass in review. The official guide selects for mention in this branch "the brilliant productions of J. C. Horsley, R.A., 'Cupboard Love' and 'The Unwilling Salute;' F. Dicksee's charming 'Lady Teazle' and 'Mrs. Pepys;' and Fred. Morgan's brilliant 'Wards in Chancery,' showing to what degree of perfection this delightful branch of painting has been brought in England;" and such pictures

as Carl Bauerlé's clever little idyls of 'Spring,' 'Midsummer Noon,' and 'Daisies,' have attracted the appreciation of the colonial critics, who appear to have seized with sympathy all the illustrations of the simplicity of rural life in the old country; amongst which there are selected for sympathetic allusion T. S. Cooper's 'Scene in Sherwood Forest,' illustrating the haunts of Robin Hood and Little John, and Carl Jones's 'Hampshire Downs' and 'Chilster Lane,' mentioned among the landscapes.

Few pictures, we are told, excited more admiration than the 'Foundlings' of Haynes Williams, representing a Spanish incident of the nature of a Babylonian marriage market, which was "generally surrounded by a crowd of spectators," and considered "as full of human interest as of artistic merit"—and so the criticisms run on in a strain of entire independence of prescribed rules, always directed to the "human interest" of the compositions, and heedless of the official hints supplied by authority of the Commission for their guidance to an appreciation of the motives by which the selection of examples was influenced.

Sir John Gilbert's 'Battle of Naseby' is mentioned by the official critic among the pictures representative of the historical school, as "the best and most characteristic of his singular and masterly style," and the colonial critic supplements this praise: "Sir John Gilbert's 'Battle of Naseby' is one of those scenes of tumultuous action and excitement which he excels in portraying. . . . The figures of both men and horses are full of fire, and the whole scene is dramatic in the extreme." There is something more natural in these remarks than in the cold official information that "his lines are graceful and flowing, and his compositions noble and dignified, while in archæological knowledge he is unsurpassed by any modern painter." If he is faultless in these technical matters, it is of course all the better, but the Australian critic is nearer to the secret of his genius when he praises the fire and fury of his battle scenes. It would be obviously unfair to carp at the official introduction merely for the omission of guiding allusions that there was no space to make, but excellent as the selection is in general, it still betrays the official tendency to rank academic qualities above those of genius and inspiration. The average merit of the English collection is more than respectable—it is high; but the heroes of the British school are conspicuously absent. This want is still more obvious in the collections of other countries. These contain few masterpieces, and it is necessary to be very familiar with the respective schools to recognise the names on the lists. The Victorians have not, on this occasion, had a good opportunity of making themselves acquainted with either the French or the German schools of the day, although the catalogue mentions 255 pictures from France, and 105 from Germany, besides miscellaneous works. Italy sent an important selection of nearly 300 pictures, and is considered to have been well represented—in sculpture especially. Every visitor must remember the charming collections that filled the Italian sculpture courts in the Vienna and Paris Exhibition, and the Italian marbles sent to Melbourne appear to have been of equal merit and interest.

The description of objects of Victorian produce and industry occupies thirty-seven closely printed pages of the catalogue (nearly 2,000 entries), and is a remarkable record of the high stage of general progress in culture of the colony. Printing and Bookbinding were especially well represented, and there was quite a large collection of specimens of Heraldic Blazonry, indicative apparently of a spirit of conservatism in grain.

Among the musical instruments there were two exhibits of pianofortes, a good many of violins, and one very good collection of violins by ancient makers. The favourite objects in this class, however, were the *banjos;* they are an easily learned instrument, and carry the mind to scenes of "refreshment after labour," in solitary shepherds' huts, or the more gregarious tent settlements of the gold diggers. A really important class was that of furniture and accessories, and the so-called "Pavilion of Art Furniture," of one of the leading firms, was a very striking object: it contained a complete set of handsomely finished furniture for a whole house in the prevailing colonial style. The interesting feature of this collection lay in the admirable illustration it gave of the applicability of the colonial timbers to decorative purposes of furniture—blackwood and Huron pine being the woods principally used. Other collections further illustrated the preparation from the Tasmanian willows of furniture resembling the popular Austrian bent wood. Decorative panels and inlaid work afforded beautiful examples of other native woods. The keramic art was not neglected, and the Wedgwood beer jug of Melbourne production, which won the first prize at the London Exhibition of 1851, was again produced on this occasion by its owner. Red and white terra-cotta objects predominated in this class. Gold and silversmiths' work had also its Melbourne representatives, with, of course, a number of specimens of the favourite mounted emu eggs. Jewellery and precious stones, separated from the class of goldsmiths' work, rivalled that class. As specimens of the application of local resources we may mention the *quondong* necklaces, bracelets, earrings, &c. Lace-making and embroidery, and the decorative application of the colonial silk, are the next objects of artistic interest in the catalogue, and show that in the extension of the rougher manufactures (the nine woollen mills in the colony work up a million and seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of wool in the year), the more elegant and costly arts have not been left behind. For the thorough representation of this branch of industry there was a specially appointed Gynæceum, or "Ladies' Court," very tastefully decorated, and filled with woman's work. To the European visitor it was a pleasant feature of this collection that so large a proportion of the objects contained in it were representative of a study of the natural objects in the colony, either in the way of imitation or of utilisation of them. The fern work especially was extremely interesting and diversified, including a great quantity of furniture and light objects very tastefully made from the tree fern, and fine applications of the leaves for surface ornaments; and from the corals, sponges, shells, and seaweed, and from the flowers, grasses, and fungi of the country, both material and motive were taken for characteristic ornamental work.

The progress of the colony of Victoria in the Fine Arts was represented by a collection of pictures exhibited by the Victorian Academy of Arts in oils and water colours, of all shades of merit; and among these the most interesting were the illustrations of Australian landscape and atmospheric peculiarities, such as the 'Third Day of Hot Wind,' by Mr. Chester Earles, the President of the Academy, and the landscapes, in oil as well as in water colours, of Mrs. George Parsons. There was also a loan collection of Old Masters

and other works borrowed from the colonial owners for the purposes of the Exhibition. This contained some real treasures, *e.g.* from the collection of Mr. Aitken, Guido, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa were represented; and from Mr. Charsley's, the Dutch school through Both, Wouvermans, Breughel, Rothenhamer, Van der Meulen, Rubens, and Rembrandt. The English school also was perhaps as well represented in this collection by the few specimens it con-



Floral Decoration of the Austrian Courts.

tained of such masters as Sir Godfrey Kneller, John Martin, Cooper, Stothard, and others, as by the more modern works in the British Gallery.

The progress of the National Gallery of Melbourne will be watched with interest in the old country. In its present beginnings it contains, we are informed, 84 oil paintings,

172 objects of statuary, and a collection of more than 6,000 drawings, engravings, and photographs. To this nucleus are now added the important purchases from the Exhibition and the contribution of the James Barry etchings.

The multifarious detail involved in the preparation and arrangement of an International Exhibition is now the object of a special science, and every possible form of novelty has been introduced in one country or another since 1851. With reference to all that has been done before, and for sound guidance in whatever official experience and precedent could suggest, the British authorities were well secured by the presence of Sir Herbert Sandford; but every exhibition must have its appropriate novelty, and that of Melbourne was the full justice done, in the horticultural department, to the advantages of the climate of Australia by the illustration of the Flora of widely distant latitudes in one collection. The effect of this in the laying out of the grounds was surprising. Some idea of it may be gathered from our engraving of the general exterior of the Exhibition building and the garden in the grounds.

But palms and giant plantains and tree ferns are still more effective for interiors, and these were employed with pleasing effect throughout the Exhibition; the Court of Austria especially, of which we also give an engraving, showing great taste in the application of this imposing form of floral decoration.

A MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE.

By LORD RONALD GOWER.

TO write about one's own work may seem a presumptuous thing, but one is better able to do so of one's own creation than of those of others; and, as I am asked to contribute something to this Journal, I will attempt to describe what has occupied me, mind and body, during the best part of the last five years.

"A monument to Shakespeare! As if Shakespeare's memory required any memorial beyond his own immortal works!" I can fancy the readers exclaiming—and, indeed, so far as his plays and poems are concerned, they are his everlasting and imperishable memorial.

All England indeed, all old England at least, is his monument as well as his writings: what great historic character that his muse has touched is not rendered greater by his genius? what building, church, castle, or town that he has mentioned in any of his dramas is not made more famous by the fact? The houses of Plantagenet, of York, and of Tudor; the families of Howard, of Talbot, of Lancaster, of Percy, among scores of others, owe their brightest lustre to having been called back into life in his works.

All that Shakespeare touched is historical, consecrated, and reverend, and what need have his genius and his fame of the attempt to display in bronze or marble what the lines of the poet will make memorable as long as stand the shores of Albion, or as long as the English language is spoken?

No need of "animated bust or storied urn," I allow; but yet it seems passing strange that throughout the length and breadth of England there is nothing in the shape of sculpture to recall to the English folk the calm and lofty features of our sublime poet and playwright. Look across the Channel, at France. There, within a few years of the death of her illustrious literary sons—such, for instance, as Lamartine, Châteaubriand, or Dumas—the features of the departed great are immortalised in bronze or marble; and in their natal town, or in the crowded centre of the chief city of the nation, honour is done the memory of the illustrious dead by placing in some pleasant square, or within some verdant garden, the image that shall perpetuate their memory to generations yet unborn.

But here, in England, you may search almost in vain for such tribute to our greatest men. Death, indeed, has greater terrors added to it when a statesman of high repute or a soldier of great success deceases. Then some artist is commissioned to place his likeness in bronze, on foot or on horseback, in some street or square. The result we know. Look at it in front of the Parliament Houses of Westminster, or in Trafalgar Square, or before Carlton House Terrace. No wonder our illustrious living soldiers and statesmen fear a fate after death that Dante would have used in his Divine Comedy as one of the worst torments of a future state of existence. Wellington, pilloried on the top of an arch in Piccadilly, points with his *bâton* towards the Duke of York, who seems to have suffered the Turkish system of impalement, spiked and transfixed on the top of a huge and shapeless pillar, like another Stylites; while his brother, the Prince Regent, not afar, mounted on a saddleless steed, appears to be undergoing a form of punishment once prevalent in our army. George III. in a pigtail, evidently unmindful of his sons' sufferings, prances between them with Hessian boots on his legs, and seems anxious to arrive at the three unfortunate guardsmen, who are standing so mournfully below a female in a toga and a wreath, casting quoits with both hands towards the Duke of York's penitentiary pillar. To the west the next national monument that arrests the attention of the wayfarer is a group of three figures in marble, apparently with their backs to a pillar-post box, on the top of which another female toga'd figure—this time blowing a long trumpet—seems anxious to emulate the passing stage coach on its way down Piccadilly from the White Horse Cellar. The three figures—in marble—represent Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton. Below them a couple of spouts trickle into a fountain, the dirty water of which has already much oxidized two blowzy ladies—occupation uncertain—in bronze. No wonder that pea-green Byron turns his back in Hamilton Gardens to this fountain of Fame and the poor poets pilloried there, and prefers to look at that poor imitation of a great antique work—at Monte Cavallo—the warrior who, clothed with a shield, defies the firmament, and makes one wonder what on earth the ladies of England intended by thus showing their admiration, in erecting so incongruous a monument to Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

But—will some foreigner inquire—is it possible that there is nothing besides that statue of Shakespeare in Park Lane in our metropolis? Yes, we have indeed, but you will have to



go to Leicester Square to find it. There the poet appears again in marble; it is but a poor copy of the statue designed by Kent and executed by Schemakers, in Westminster Abbey, in which Shakespeare appears to be placed on the lid of a huge match-box, round which are raised heads of Queen Elizabeth, Richard III., and Henry V. But in the copy in Leicester Square he appears to have left the match box, and to have mounted a gigantic lump of sugar, at the edges of which dolphins are sculptured in a fashion that would hardly do credit to the maker of an English bride-cake. There is also a statue of Shakespeare in the entrance hall of the British Museum. This is a very affected work by Roubiliac. Let us be grateful that it has not been copied, like the one in the Abbey, and placed in a London square. Above the entrance door of what was once the British Institution in Pall Mall, I can remember a large alto-relievo in stone, or perhaps in plaster, of a group of the poet, by Banks, I believe, seated with two rather effusive ladies on either side. I believe this group, or a copy, is now somewhere in Stratford-on-Avon. I should not regret hearing that it was altogether in the Avon, for it was a deplorable concern. And this is all that English plastic art has yet done in the way of celebrating our greatest genius! In the beautiful Central Park at New York stands a bronze figure of Shakespeare—a noble work—full of merit and even of talent. The likeness is good, the costume correct, and the general effect happy. But it seems somewhat strange that, in order to find a worthy representation of Shakespeare, the Atlantic has to be crossed.

As I have already said, it is incontestable that no monument is needed to the memory of one so universally admired and so entirely appreciated as Shakespeare is in this country; but what is surprising is the fact that no English sculptor should have been inspired by such a fame as that of Shakespeare to employ his talents and his art on a monument connected with that splendid memory. Some five-and-twenty years ago, or more, there was some stir made about raising a monument to Shakespeare. It was proposed by some that the cliff named after the poet, near Dover, should be crowned by a colossal figure of the bard. But the stir soon ceased, and the only thing that came of it was a pretty woodcut in the pages of *Punch*, after a charming drawing by Richard Doyle, in which all the principal characters in Shakespeare's plays are trooping below a statue of the poet—who is standing like a stork on one leg, and is being crowned by the great Punch himself.

With little encouragement, and against difficulties that might have discouraged a less determined, or rather obstinate, person than myself, I have laboured to erect a monument that would convey to the spectators at once the features of the poet, as well as some of the characters that he created. A colossal bust of the bard is crowned by the sister Muses of Tragedy and Comedy, while below them, ranged round the pedestal, four figures, the emblems and symbols of his four great attributes of Historian, Tragedian, Comedian, and Philosopher, are standing or seated. The monument is about twenty feet high; the figures of the upper portion, namely, those of the Muses crowning the poet's bust, are of heroic size—the four figures below are of the size of life. Of these two have already been exhibited, 'Philosophy,' represented by Hamlet, in last year's Academy Exhibition, and 'History,' Prince Hal, in the Paris Salon; the two others—'Comedy,' brave old Jack Falstaff, and 'Tragedy,' Lady Macbeth—were not sufficiently advanced for exhibition. That it may be translated from plaster into bronze, and transferred from Paris to England, is my hope, but I may be over-sanguine in this wish.

Since writing the above, the monument, in its entirety, has been seen in this year's Salon in Paris, where, with a generosity that would be hard to match elsewhere, the jury placed this work of a foreigner in the centre of the exhibition.



Tragedy.

It is to appear again in the Crystal Palace, and perhaps eventually will find a home, when cast in bronze, on the other side of the Atlantic. I must, before closing this short account of the work, render my heartfelt thanks to that eminent artist and prince of modern etchers, Leopold Flameng, for the beautiful work he has contributed to this number, in the etching of the figure of Hamlet.

THE CONVERSATIONS OF A PAINTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THE talk of the studios has a flavour of its own. An artist is "always thinking of his art;" and hence his view of life and of literature, of men and of things, differs from that of the ordinary denizen of the drawing-room and the bureau. Naturally the refinement of the salon is to be found in those ateliers whence are issued canons of taste by which salons are ruled; nor is the learning of the library wanting among a body of men who practise an art that is rich in literary interests. But in addition to this taste in Art, and giving a salt to this love of letters, is a delightful freedom, which makes the studio at once resemble library, salon, and club smoking-room. Peradventure its very construction helps to give it still further a character of its own, and to dissociate it from the ordinary world, so that the wheels of thought and of talk there run into new ruts. The light comes flooding in from above, and this trains the artist to look upwards—physically, and perhaps mentally too. Four windowless walls shut him in, out of view of the street, with its sordid associations, the annoyance of its traffic, the distractions of its pretty faces. Here, at the bottom of his well, the artist has an isolation which does not depress him, and which is all in favour of uninterrupted work.

And it is the artist's toil, above all things, which gives a value to the artist's talk. In his own workshop, with the signs of labour all round him, and its dignity raising him to heights from which, if only by the force of association, he falls when he sets foot in the drawing-room, he can discourse with a unique freedom, and the authority of one who both does and says. So there is nothing fresher and more vigorous, manlier and more animating, than the conversation of the studios when the light has begun to fail, and the palette is being cleaned, and the pipes are lighted, and the great man, who has been silent all day, at last opens his mouth, and compresses into half an hour's talk the wit and wisdom which, under other circumstances, might have been dissipated at intervals of an idle day.

Conversationally considered, the portrait painter must take the palm as the most interesting of his race. Biography is allowed to be the favourite and the most teaching and human department of Letters; and of biography, conversation is surely the essence and salt. What the hero writes in his notes is much, but what he says on the impulse is more. And when the hero comes to be painted, what can he do but talk, if he would not suffer all the fatigues of the "shilling-an-hour victim?" His companion, too engrossed in manipulation of his earths and his ochres to join in a discussion, is a good listener, and, at the end of the day, has a good listener's reward, the power to retain and to retail to his friends what the hero has said and hinted, and left unsaid. The studio talk of our own contemporaries involves a hundred confidences, and with it, therefore, the public, not of to-day, but of a future generation, must be instructed and amused; while we, in the meantime, may betake ourselves to a studio we wot of, where, just half a century ago, James Northcote, Royal Academician and biographer of Reynolds, painted, wrote, and discoursed lengthily with William Hazlitt, his admirer and friend.

Northcote was the son of a watchmaker in Plymouth, and was born there in 1746, just fifty years after another tradesman, Winstanley, devoted his fortune, and finally his life, to building the Eddystone:—

"And Plymouth in the silent night
Looked out and saw her star."

Less public-spirited than the mercer, the watchmaker at least possessed a paternal discrimination concerning his son's capabilities and career, for he allowed the boy to desert the business of his fathers in favour of the art of his predilection. Young Northcote went to London as Sir Joshua's pupil—Sir Joshua who had himself hailed from those parts. And just as James Northcote went up to the metropolis with a letter to Reynolds, so, a generation later, another youth from the same neighbourhood arrived in London, bursting with ambition to be a painter, and armed with an introduction to Northcote, himself by this time risen to fame. This was Benjamin Robert Haydon, and he gives in his diary an account of his visit to our Academician, which assists us to realise and to localise him. "Northcote," he writes, "lived at 39, Argyll Street. I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then up-stairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window, with the light shining full on his bald, grey head, stood a diminutive wizened figure in an old blue-striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and then spoke to me in the broadest Devon dialect."

What he said to the ambitious boy of eighteen does not concern us here, for with Hazlitt, not with Haydon, were the "Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A.," with which we are to deal. They were published in 1830, and, if scarce and forgotten now, had a considerable run in their own day. William Hazlitt was a *littérateur* who delighted to proclaim of himself, "If I'm not critical I'm nothing;" but he dabbled also in Art, and the National Portrait Gallery contains a Charles Lamb from his brush. To Northcote's studio he was wont to hie, and what the painter said the *littérateur* afterwards wrote down. By no means what we should now call a brilliant conversationalist was the shrewd and slightly cynical old man; nevertheless he spoke with sense and an artist's frankness and vigour, and the twenty-two chapters, issued in boards, half a century ago, by "Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street," contain passages which throw many a side-light on the Art history of that time and all times, on the characters of contemporaries—artists and others—and on a multitude of miscellaneous things.

Of the painter's student life we have some anecdotes. With pardonable vanity he recalls how Burke came into Sir Joshua's painting-room one day when he, Northcote, was sitting, and how Burke, to whom he was introduced as a pupil of Sir Joshua's, said, "I see that Mr. Northcote is not only an artist, but has a head that would do for Titian to paint." This is not the only time that the great Venetian's name occurs in the conversations, and we may be permitted the suspicion that a ruling amiable weakness of Northcote's was a desire to be thought the Titian of his time. Thus we have Hazlitt recording one day that he thought his friend "looked

very like Titian," a remark which makes us think Hazlitt not a bad hand at a compliment by any means. Another friend came to the studio one day, and adroitly instituted the same comparison. A large picture was on the easel, and Northcote said he was getting too old for such extensive undertakings. "But," said the visitor, "Titian went on painting till near a hundred." On another occasion we find that "Northcote spoke of the breadth of Titian, and observed that though, particularly in his early pictures, he had finished highly and copied everything from nature, this never interfered with the general effect;" and—what more natural?—"he then mentioned some pictures of his own." Again, even for his faults, Northcote appears to find a palliation in the weaknesses of the Venetian. Undoubtedly the Academician was jealous of some of his contemporaries, especially of Sir Joshua, whose plagiarisms he harps on, at the same time accusing his old master—who certainly *was* a sufficient draughtsman—of "deficiency in drawing," as well as of "a want of Academic rules and a proper education." Was he not thinking of this when he asked Hazlitt, "What made Titian jealous of Tintoret?" answering himself, "Because Tintoret stood immediately in his way, and their works were compared together. If there had been a hundred Tintorets a thousand miles off, he would not have cared about them." Then he added, further betraying that Northcote and Reynolds, not Titian and Tintoret, were really in his mind (for Sir Joshua was now dead, and Northcote was losing his animation), "This distance is what takes off the edge and stimulus of exertion in old age: those who were our competitors in early life, whom we wished to excel, or whose good opinion we were most anxious about, are gone, and have left us in a manner by ourselves in a sort of new world. Our ambition is cold with the ashes of those whom we feared or loved;" words, we suppose, which are falling from the lips of venerable painters now, as pathetically as they did from the lips of painters then. We need quote only one other reference to the great colourist of the world. Northcote testily declares that "the most wretched scribbler looks down upon the greatest painter as a mere mechanic. But," he asks triumphantly, "who *with sense* would compare Lord Byron with Titian?" Which can only mean that those pests, the Art critics, had been saying something uncomplimentary about a picture by James Northcote, R.A., who, however, consoles himself by thinking that other and sensible people will know how to judge between those "wretched scribblers" and him—the modern Titian—all in the right way.

Northcote is not, as we have seen, altogether generous to Sir Joshua as a painter, nor is he enthusiastic about the great President's literary qualifications. But whatever he might say of the artist and the author, he could not withhold his admiration from the man. It has been said that Reynolds was a snob, making himself vastly agreeable to titled sitters for the sake of their guineas; but it is delightful to hear from his old pupil that Sir Joshua never said "Sir" to any one but Dr. Johnson—a distinction of which we hope the giant was informed. So far from being a great courtier, indeed, with a tongue filled to the tip with compliments, the President seems to have had some little awkwardness of manner and hesitation of speech. He did not even employ those formal terms of courtesy, such as "your lordship" or "your ladyship," which were then still in use even among equals and familiars, and when the Duchess of Cumberland sat to him, scarcely a word passed for nearly two hours. In regard to the charges against Sir Joshua on the score of meanness—charges so offensive and sordid, yet so easily, and often so recklessly made—Northcote's opinion is worth having. He scouts the idea that Sir Joshua's table was scantily supplied out of penuriousness. The deficiency, if there was any, was rather the result of an extensive hospitality. "The truth is," says Northcote, "Sir Joshua would ask a certain number, and order a certain dinner to be provided; and then, in the course of the morning two or three other persons would drop in, and he would say, 'I have got so and so to dinner, will you join us?' so there were sometimes more guests than seats; but nobody complained of this, or was unwilling to come again." We do not thank the writers whose insinuations have marred the record and the remembrance of Sir Joshua's historic evenings, spent, like Curran's, "not in toys or lust or wine, but search of deep philosophy, wit, eloquence, and poesy." We do not desire that the echoes of the voice of Burke and Johnson should come to us confused with an ignominious whisper that the decanters were few and were empty—as though, if such accidents *did* happen, they were any reflection on the frankness and open-heartedness of the host. In the little delicacies and considerations of social life a worker is at a disadvantage with a drone. A constant occupation, like charity, should cover a multitude of sins, though the drones will not have it so, and will always be throwing out such insinuations as these, from which we feel it humiliating even to defend so great a man. Northcote, though his tongue was not always of honey, offered no such indignity to him, whom—without disrespect for Mr. Ruskin and Turner—many will surely call the greatest master of the English school.

Concerning literature any one who talked with Hazlitt had naturally much to say. That fine critic had gauged, in advance of his time, the qualities of Lord Byron, whose name was then on everybody's lips; and Northcote was also able to perceive the weaknesses of "the noble poet's" character. In the strong northern light of a studio, sententiousness could not pass for philosophy, and conclusions were not imagined to be valuable which had no premises. "I like old opinions with new reasons," Hazlitt well said to the Academician, "not new opinions without any—not mere *ipse dixits*. Byron was too arrogant to assign a reason to others, or to need one for himself. It was quite enough that he subscribed to any assertion to make it clear to the world, as well as binding on his valet." But what shall we say of Northcote's opinion about Wordsworth? In vain Hazlitt protested that Wordsworth was more likely to live than Byron, having at least added one original feature to our poetry, which Moore's "noble friend" had not. Northcote would have none of it. "Consider," he said, "how many Sir Walter Scotts, how many Dr. Johnsons there will be in the next hundred years; how many reputations will rise and sink in that time; and do you imagine, amid these conflicting and important claims, such trifles as descriptions of daisies and idiot boys will not be swept away in the tide of time, like straws and weeds by the torrent?" Wherein James Northcote proved himself to be a false prophet. Fifty years have come and gone since then, but not yet have we had many Walter Scotts, nor one Dr. Johnson. And not diminished since then, but vastly grown, is the celebrity of the poet of Rydal, though Tennyson has since sung, though George Eliot has displayed as great a genius, if a less capacity, than Walter Scott, and though Ruskin has made for our literature a second spring, and filled the air with his "musical flocks of words."

Of Sir Walter Scott, Northcote had a better opinion than of Wordsworth, perhaps as much because the former "expressed a favourable opinion of me," as that "he had an easy, unaffected manner, and was ready to converse on all subjects alike;" in which respect he differed, according to Northcote, from the Lake poets, who "talked about nothing but their own poetry." Sir Walter, however, did not avoid the subject of authorship, and one of his confidences on the manner of his workmanship is striking. "I admire," said Northcote, "the way in which you begin your novels. You set out so abruptly that you quite surprise me. I can't tell at all what's coming." "No," replied Sir Walter; "nor I neither."

How Sir Walter worked will be a less interesting question to many than how Sir Joshua worked. But Sir Joshua, it seems—like certain artists who have come after him—did not always care to tell his methods. "He sometimes got Collins's earth, but did not like to have it known; and there were certain oils that he made a great fuss and mystery about," says Northcote; justly adding, however, that if Sir Joshua had no other advantage than the discovery of some new megilp, "we should not now have been talking about him." And, if there is no receipt for fine handling in a picture, so there is no means of knowing beforehand the subject that will "take." "I had once painted two pictures, and Raphael Smith came to me and wanted to engrave them, being willing to give a handsome sum for the first, but only to do the last as an experiment. But he sold ten times as many of the last as of the first; and when I went to get one, to complete a set of engravings after my designs, they asked me six guineas for a proof-impression. This was too much, but I was delighted that I could not afford the price that was set upon it." The same things are happening to-day. Popular hits are made by pictures which their painters have produced with misgivings, if not despair; and did not publishers present the artist with engravings of his own work, they would not always find their way into his possession. Mr. Millais was unaware that he had achieved a masterpiece in his portrait of Gladstone; the success of the 'Roll Call' came with all the delight of surprise to the young lady who sent it forth; while the story of the print recalls to us how Diaz painted a landscape which he much loved, but sold for a trifle to defray the household's expense; and how, many years later, never having forgotten the canvas, he recognised it in the window of a dealer, and eagerly asked the price. It had been sold originally for sixty francs, but now it was valued at thousands. "It has come to this," said he sadly, "that Diaz cannot afford to buy Diaz's works."

Less personal than Diaz in his art, Northcote too, in his own measure, felt regret in parting with his pictures, which were, if not his children, at least his friends. Once the conversation of the day was interrupted by the arrival of a Member of Parliament, who bought two of them. Northcote comforted himself under the prospect of the separation by reflecting that they would at least have a respectable asylum, and not be buried in garrets nor hustled in auction-rooms. "You may at least depend upon it," said the purchaser, "that they will not be sold for many generations." Whereupon Hazlitt, who overheard, shows a touch of feeling—a rare touch from Hazlitt's hand. "This view into futurity," he writes—and we are glad to have, at last, this little glimpse of himself—"brought back to my mind the time when I had first known these pictures: since then my life was flown, and with it my hope of fame as an artist, and I felt a momentary pang. Northcote, when his friend was gone, took me to look at them again; and on my expressing my admiration of the portrait of an Italian lady, he said she was the mother of Madame Bellochi, and that he had known her, her daughter, her mother, and grandmother. The old woman used to sit upon the ground without moving or speaking, with her arm over her head, and exactly like a bundle of old clothes. Alas! thought I, what are we but a heap of clay resting upon the earth, and ready to crumble again into dust and ashes?" It is even so. William Hazlitt ceased to hear any human tone on the 18th of September, 1830; and James Northcote entered on the long silence on the 13th of July, 1831.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

HOW TO STUDY THE WORKS OF THE PAST.—Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory.

I consider general copying as a delusive kind of industry. The student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something; he falls into the dangerous habit of imitating without selecting, and of labouring without any determinate object. As it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work; and those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out and put in action lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise. How incapable those are of producing anything of their own, who have spent much of their time in making finished copies, is well known to all who are conversant with our art.

Not to enter into metaphysical discussions on the nature or essence of genius, I will venture to assert that assiduity unabated by difficulty, and a disposition eagerly directed to the object of its pursuit, will produce effects similar to those which some call the result of natural powers. It would certainly be no improper method of forming the mind of a young artist to begin with such exercises as the Italians call a *pasticcio* composition of the different excellences which are dispersed in all other works of the same kind. It is not supposed that he is to stop here; but that he is to acquire by this means the art of selecting, first, what is truly excellent in Art, and then what is still more excellent in nature, a task which, without this previous study, he will be but ill qualified to perform. The doctrine which is here advanced is acknowledged to be new.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

IDEAL FORM.—One central form composed of all other forms being granted, it does not therefore follow that all other forms are deformity. All forms are perfect in the poet's mind, but these are not abstracted or compounded from nature; they are from imagination.—*William Blake.*

CELTIC ART.

A STYLE of Art which is unique in itself, which can be identified at a glance by its characteristic features, and which adds to its inherent merits the attractiveness of being outside the strict domain of written history, presents features which must at once arrest the attention of the artist and the antiquary. Such a branch of Art, or, more strictly speaking, of ornament, is found within the Celtic area, and of late years has received a good deal of notice from students of past times. In bringing its claims more directly under the notice of the readers of this Journal, attention will not be given so much to the archæological branch of the subject—although that is in itself a study of great interest—as to displaying pictorially some of its examples, showing from them how much there is to admire in this almost lost branch of our national Art. That it is strictly entitled to the name of national cannot be called in question, for it had for its area a well-defined part of the British Isles. It is true that very many of the books in which the most elaborate and varied applications of this Art are to be met with are to be found on the continent, and that from these manuscripts a German, J. G. Zeuss, was enabled, in 1853, to construct a grammar of the language which could not, it is said, have been constructed from the remains of the Art within the purely Celtic area of Scotland and Ireland. But nevertheless the conclusion is now generally accepted that those books, if not actually written within the early Celtic Church, were the work of disciples of that Church who settled on the continent. The MSS. in the Monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, thirty-two in number, which were catalogued as early as the ninth century as



Egilsay Church, Orkney.

"Libri Scottice Scripti"—books written after the Scots manner—may be held conclusive as to the parentage of most, if not all, of the continental examples of the style of Art decoration with which we are now dealing. Although this branch of ornamental Art can perhaps be best studied



From Round Tower, Brechin.

through the reproductions of ancient manuscripts made in recent years, some of its specialities can be observed in other branches, and it is only proposed to deal here with several of the ecclesiastical buildings—ruins all of them—and ecclesiastical furniture in which the peculiarities of the style are displayed. As regards the nature of the ornament, the examples given may so far be left to speak for themselves. It is claimed for it, that although some parts of the system of decoration are found in other styles, the adaptations and combinations used are distinct and peculiar to Celtic Art. One fact may be mentioned here as indicative of the enormous patience and industry of the ecclesiastics who applied this system of decoration to manuscripts. It was desired recently to obtain a reproduction in plain outline—that is, without the rich harmony of colour which is a characteristic of the finer manuscripts—of one page of an existing relic, the Gospel of Lindisfarne, which is amongst the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. The artist who undertook the task worked at it three days (of six hours) weekly for a period of *thirteen months*. The design in this case is entirely composed of a fine double line, elaborately interlaced in frets, knots, double spirals, and contorted forms of a zoomorphic character, and only the most untiring patience could have produced a work of which a distinguished antiquary, Professor Westwood, has declared that, even with a magnifying glass, he could not

detect a false line or an irregular interlacement. The general character of the ornament, as applied to these manuscripts, is described by Professor Westwood ("Fac-Similes of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Ornament") as an "excessive elaboration of ornamental details, often exceedingly minute, but nevertheless frequently so arranged as to afford fine broad effects, in a manner which might scarcely be supposed possible, and which often, indeed, seem to be the result of accident rather than of design." This idea of accident correctly expresses the feeling in examining any detached bit of work; but when the whole effect is studied, the absolute fitness of every line excludes any other idea than that of a carefully projected and complete design.

The architecture of this early Art, rude, but well defined in type, is associated with the round towers familiar to all who have visited Ireland, and of which a few outlying examples are found in Scotland. From the latter we select an example quite unique, namely, a round tower and church combined, on the island of Egilsay, in the Orcades. This tower, of which a height of forty-eight feet still remains, is supposed to have been sixty feet high, and in its four windows to the cardinal points, and other features, it distinctly associates itself with the separate round towers. The few details which still remain to tell all that is known of its story need not be dwelt upon, the second illustration, that of the opening in the round tower of Brechin, in Forfarshire, being more distinct and useful for that purpose. The pellet border, the peculiar form of crosier borne by the figure on one of the raised panels (of which more is said farther on), and the nondescript animals sculptured at the base of the doorway, may be indicated as distinctive features.

In the study of this Art much attention has been bestowed on the ecclesiastical emblems and implements associated with it, as its bells, shrines, and crosiers. Certainly not less characteristic illustrations are to be found in domestic and personal remains, which are without doubt of the same period. But in one respect the study of the ecclesiastical relics is especially interesting, in so far as their use can be certainly estimated, and their origin in a community of Christian people can thus be held as proved. For historical purposes it is of importance to have this point clearly established. The bells of this period of Art are more notable for the peculiarity than for the beauty of their shape, although there is something in their form through which they seem to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art." The "Bell of St. Fillan," preserved in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh, is an admirable example of bronze bells; but there also exists a class of iron bells, the form being almost identical, and the iron in some cases showing traces of having been bronzed on the surface. There are grotesque figures with open mouths on the handle of the bell here figured, showing one of the peculiarities of the Art, which is further illustrated in the other specimens given. The bell has peculiar interest in the study of Scottish antiquities, from being associated with the crosier of St. Fillan, and having, like that crosier, an eventful history. This relic of an ecclesiastical establishment formerly existing in what is now a lonely Scottish glen, was, in 1798, carried off by an English gentleman who had heard the tradition of its miraculous power of returning to Glendochart whenever it was carried away. It, however, did not prove the truth of its own tradition, for it was only by an accidental rencontre, in 1869, between a relative of this gentleman and the late Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, that the fact of the bell being still in existence became known in Scotland; and afterwards it was taken back, and lodged in the Museum at Edinburgh, not by a miracle, but by more prosaic modern means.



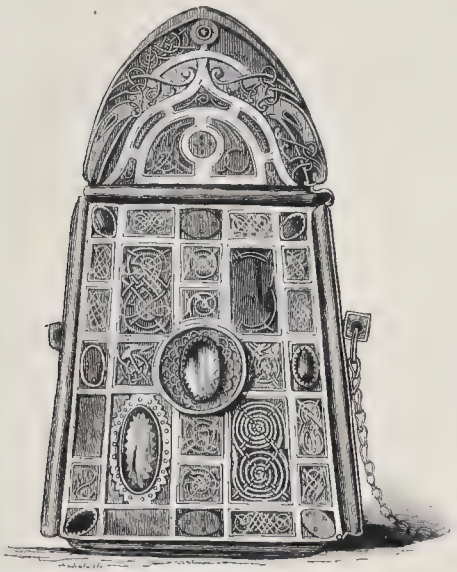
The Bell of St. Fillan.



The Barnaan Cuilawn.

Another interesting example of the style of Art is found in the "Barnaan Cuilawn," an Irish relic, now in the British Museum, in which are seen more direct and fuller indications of the characteristic ornament than in the previous illustrations. In our illustration, which shows the front view, the interlaced work characteristic of the Art is well shown;

and the feeble endeavour to reproduce the human figure, with the strong contrast of the fine feeling for form indicated in



Shrine of St. Patrick's Bell. Front View.

the flowing lines of the ornament, will be specially remarked. Upon the back of this interesting relic the richness and productiveness of the designer are exemplified in an exact adherence to style, while in every line there is a distinct variety of detail. Another fine example of the bell shrine is that figured above, which still exists in Ireland, and encloses a bell stated by Dr. Reeves to be, so far as he can judge, not less than fourteen centuries old. The shrine itself is some six centuries later in date. The four sides display each its own wealth of design in richly flowing contours and elaborate interlacements. The thirty-one panels of the front at one time bore gold filagree-work of much beauty, and of these seventeen still remain entire. Like the St. Fillan's bell, this shrine has a singular story attached to it, for it was lost sight of for three centuries. In 1798 a person named Mulholland, being concerned in the rebellion in Ireland, was saved from danger by an old friend. Mulholland was the family name of the old keepers of the bell and shrine, and this person proved himself, on his death-bed, to be really their successor, for, having no children, he sent for his benefactor, told him to dig in a certain spot in his ground, to find a box there, and preserve its contents. The relic is now in the Royal Irish Academy's Museum at Dublin. A bell shrine from Kilmichael-Glassary, ruder in many respects, is in the Scottish Museum of Antiquities, and may be accepted as an example of a later and decadent period of the Art. This shrine, which is but 3¼ inches high, is of brass, and while in every way inferior to other examples given, is still of interest for its combination of very rude figure-work, with flowing and graceful design as regards ornament.

As a final illustration the crosier of St. Fillan is figured on the next page. It has a most remarkable history to add to its intrinsic interest. The saint whose name it bears stands in the Scottish hagiology as a great miracle worker, and the crosier, like the bell previously named, is credited with most wonderful powers. Its custodian was a person whose title, Dewar, indicated his office, and became his family name. After many vicissitudes it was carried to Canada by the modern holder of the name and office, and the Scottish Society of Antiquaries were aware of this fact, although for a long time all efforts to trace the valued national relic were fruitless. At length, towards the close of 1876, through the instrumentality of Dr. Daniel Wilson, the crosier was traced, and an arrangement was made by which it was given up by its holder, Mr. Alexander Dewar, of Plympton, Canada, for permanent preservation in the National Museum at Edinburgh. This crosier is of the same form as that represented in the hands of an ecclesiastic on the doorway of the Brechin round tower in our second engraving; and its form is characteristic, as the shape of the bells and the general style of ornament described are also characteristic, of the Celtic era. The features of interest in this crosier, from a decorative point of view, are the beautifully ornamented boss from which the crosier springs, and the lozenge-shaped plaques of silver covering the body. When the relic was recovered, it was found to contain within this silver covering an older crosier of copper, having raised bands in niello-work, within which these plaques of silver are believed to have been originally fitted. The bands now connecting the plaques are of ruder work, as are some of the lesser triangular pieces; but in the boss and the larger plaques are preserved remarkably beautiful examples of ornamental design, with an infinite variety of flowing line and a very delicate sense of decorative effect. The crosier is believed to have been borne before Bruce at the battle of Bannockburn,



The Bell Shrine of Kilmichael-Glassary.

such sacred relics having been, as records abundantly prove, frequently used as *vexilla*, or standards, in battle.

As an illustration of this, reference may be made to a reliquary still existing in Scotland, which is unique as an example of Celtic Art. This reliquary is the property of Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk, and as in 1315 the Abbot of Aberbrothock (Arbroath) granted to Malcolm de Monymusk the lands of Forglen, with the custody of the *Brecbennoch* of St. Columba, there appears some probability that the object in possession of the present baronet of Monymusk is in fact the *vexillum*, the sacred standard of the Scots, given in custody to the owner of the name five and a half centuries ago. It is we believe, generally admitted that the *brec-*



The "Quigrich," or Crosier, of St. Fillan (showing the external case, the front or pendent part of the crook, and the terminal plate).

bennoch was not a banner, but a reliquary, of which it may reasonably be conjectured that in style and ornament it would be similar to that now at Monymusk. But whatever may be the fact as to the identity of the existing relic-shrine with the *brecbennoch*, we have in it the only existing example of such a shrine, and in consequence it is of high interest as an example of early Celtic workmanship. It consists of a small wooden box, having a sloping top, and cased on top and sides with plates of bronze. On those plates are fitted curiously enamelled plaques, and both on the bronze and on the plaques are found very beautiful examples of Celtic ornament in interlaced and zoomorphic designs. On the ends of the case handles were fitted, one of them still existing, the purpose being to suspend the reliquary from the neck. The Monymusk shrine was described and figured in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, 1879-80, and also in the volume by Mr. Joseph Anderson subsequently mentioned.

Of the people who possessed, along with a rude general idea of outward form—as evidenced in their buildings and their bells—and an almost total incapacity to reproduce human or other living shapes, such a high feeling for grace and variety of ornamental detail, very little is known. Such works as Mr. Skene's "Celtic Scotland" and Mr. Joseph Anderson's Lectures on Archæology under the Rhind Bequest, have helped of late to throw light on the history of the people, and to show that they were undoubtedly more highly civilised, and capable of a higher culture, than is in the popular mind associated with the remote history of Ireland and Scotland. To Mr. Anderson's first series of lectures on "Scotland in Early Christian Times" (Edinburgh, David Douglas, 1881) we are indebted for the greater part of the facts stated in this paper, and to their author and publisher for permission to use the illustrations accompanying it. We are not here concerned with Mr. Anderson's very able argument as to the actual condition of the culture of the people who produced such things, or the arguments deducible therefrom in favour of the capacity for culture possessed by such people. On those points, and also on the use of relics as symbols or national standards, Mr. Anderson's volume is worthy of close study. Leaving archæology altogether aside, we find in this development of form and colour in ornament, in the exuberant fancy and never-ending variety of zoomorphic and elaborately interlaced designs, in the skilful use of the precious metals (as in the crosier last named), and in the rich harmony of tone and colour seen in existing illuminations—in all these we have a distinct and well-defined exhibition of the Art sense which is specially deserving of study. Of the imaginative Art of later years we have no trace, and any feeling after the expression of character in the few figures found rises no higher than an uncouth caricature. But there is a distinctly expressed imaginative faculty in the play of fancy and the fine æsthetic sense, which, keeping well within the character-limits of the Art, found scope for the display of an almost boundless variety of graceful and flowing detail, aided by a felicity of execution with tool or pen which is beyond praise.

THOMAS ALLAN CROAL.

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.*

GLASS.

THE elegance of form and beauty of colour which expert workers in glass have produced in various countries and at various periods have made objects of glass attractive to the collector; more, however, perhaps to one who collects chiefly, or entirely, that which gratifies his taste, than to him whose object is to form an instructive historical series, while at the same time he is not inclined to forego the gratification which the possession of beautiful things produces. Glass has been, in most countries and in many ages, a material from which the common utensils of every-day household use have been manufactured; but it is only exceptionally, and at certain periods, that it has been used as a vehicle for artistic design with any marked amount of success, the most remarkable of these periods being the Roman and the Venetian. Much, however, was produced by the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, and (probably) by the Greeks, which deserves great admiration for beauty of colour or of form: nothing can be more striking and effective than the mediæval glass-ware of Cairo or Damascus; and Flanders, France, and Spain produced, in imitation of Venetian manufacture, some objects which may well compare with those which had their origin in the Adriatic city.

One great peculiarity distinguishes the manufacture of glass: instead of being, like pottery, weaving, the working of metals, and many or most other arts, common to almost every race which emerged from barbarism, it would seem to have been transmitted from the land where it was invented, Egypt, to the other countries in which it has been practised, and not to have been reinvented in any other country. Even the Chinese do not distinctly claim its invention, but would appear to acknowledge that they were indebted to the West for instruction in the process in the beginning of the third century; and the art of glass-making was altogether unknown in Mexico and Peru when those kingdoms were conquered by the Spaniards, although they had attained a very considerable degree of civilisation.

The ancients ascribed the invention of the art to the Phœnicians, but it may, perhaps, be attributed with greater probability to the Egyptians, who possessed the alkali needed for glass-making in great plenty in the form of natron (subcarbonate of soda). It is, at any rate, certain that we have monuments of glass-making of earlier date in Egypt than anywhere else; glass bottles containing red wine are to be seen in paintings in tombs of the time of the fourth dynasty, more than 2000 years B.C., and glass-blowing (an invention even more remarkable than that of the material itself) is represented in those at Beni Hasan, which date from a period little less remote. In the British Museum is a lion's head of blue opaque glass of very beautiful colour, on the under side of which is, in hieroglyphics, the name of Nuantef IV., whose date, according to Lepsius's system of chronology, was B.C. 2423—2380; this little object would, therefore, appear to have been made about 4,300 years ago, yet its excellence of material indicates rather an art which had been practised for a long period than one newly invented.

Objects of such interest or antiquity as this but rarely, it need hardly be said, are to be met with by the collector; but any one who meditates a visit to Egypt will do well to acquaint himself with the characteristics of Egyptian glass, so that he may be able to select from the collections of partly genuine, partly spurious "antika," which the Arabs will offer to him, that which is genuine and valuable, and not, from a dread of being cheated, reject *in globo* the whole, losing, perhaps, objects of the highest interest. As the recent discovery in the Bab el' Malook, near Thebes, of some thirty royal mummies, all earlier, it would seem, than 1000 B.C., proves that Egypt still contains stores of precious remains of its glorious past, some fragment of which may at any moment have been discovered by a fellah.

At a later period Egypt manufactured a large quantity of small vases and bottles, the ground colour of which is most commonly a deep transparent blue; but not unfrequently the colour of the body of the vase is pale buff, fawn, or white, perhaps an imitation of arragonite (Egyptian alabaster), sometimes deep green, and, in rare cases, red. The surface is usually ornamented with bands of white, yellow, or turquoise blue, forming zigzag lines; these decorations sometimes cover almost the whole surface, sometimes only a small part. It seems not improbable that they were made not only in Egypt, but also in the Phœnician cities; and the opinion of some antiquaries is that they were also fabricated in Sicily, in the islands of the Greek Archipelago, and perhaps even in Etruria.

The brilliancy of colour and beauty of form of these little vessels (the largest examples of which rarely exceed six inches in height, while about four inches is the much more common size) has made them favourite objects with collectors, and accordingly attempts have been made to imitate them, sometimes very clumsily, as by painting lines in oil colours on common Roman glass vessels. The collector must, however, not too carelessly reject an example offered to him if the character of the glass and the colours are what they should be, because its surface is uncorroded and lustrous, for in consequence of the dryness of the Egyptian climate objects of glass are frequently found in an extraordinary condition of freshness.

The manufacture of objects of this class would seem to have come to an end before the commencement of the Christian era, and glass of a very different character was made in the Phœnician cities, in Egypt, probably in many other places, and specially in Rome. There is, however, great difficulty in fixing with any degree of certainty either the place of manufacture or the date of the greater part of the objects of glass of this description; some few have the names of glass-makers at Sidon, as, for instance, those of Artas and of Eirenæus; on others are names of makers unaccompanied by those of cities; sometimes these are Greek, and sometimes Roman.

This school would appear to have been produced by Greek taste working in conjunction with Egyptian and Phœnician

* Continued from page 303.

skill. Athenæus, in the second century, tells us that the glass-makers of Alexandria imitated the forms of pottery; and M. Stephani, writing on the imperial collection of vases at St. Petersburg, says that about one hundred out of three hundred varieties of form in earthen vases can be shown to have been imitated in glass. The assumption that in all cases the potter was the artist inventing, and the glass-blower the mere mechanic copying, is, perhaps, hardly fair to the latter; but it is no doubt true that the forms which excite our admiration when we examine a collection of Greek vases were, for the most part at any rate, due to the invention of the potter, if only for the reason that the ceramic art was certainly practised in Greece at a much earlier period, and far more extensively than that of the glass-worker.

We may probably reckon among the earlier, though not the earliest, works of this Græco-Roman school some of those objects which exceed in beauty anything which the artist in glass has at any other period produced—the vessels, such as the Portland vase, which are sculptured like cameos. Unfortunately not as many entire vessels of this description have come down to us as may be counted on the fingers of one hand. They must, however, have existed in hundreds, for among the fragments of ornamental glass which are found in great abundance among the remains of houses in and about Rome, those of vessels of cameo glass are far from uncommon. The Portland vase was found in the tomb called the Monte del Grano, about three miles from Rome, on the road to Tusculum; the amphora in the Royal Museum at Naples in a house in the Street of Tombs at Pompeii. These are the two finest examples of the kind, and like many, indeed almost all, the examples of work of this nature, are characterized by great excellence both of design and of execution. We may, perhaps, indulge the hope that the further excavations of buried cities, or the discoveries of tombs, may yet give the modern world some more examples of these exquisite works. So careful is the execution of the sculpture of the Portland vase that Wedgwood estimated that to reproduce it with scrupulous accuracy by the same process of gem-cutting by which it was made would necessitate a payment of some £5,000 to the artists employed, in order to compensate them for the loss they would incur in giving up their ordinary employment, seal and cameo cutting. It must be added, that at the time he wrote, 1786, good artists in that line were very highly remunerated.

The other productions of the period in question (which may be said to have terminated in the fifth century of the Christian era) are of infinite variety of form and colour, and exhibit all degrees of taste and care in their execution. The manufacture of articles of glass would seem to have been carried on, not in large establishments, as was the case in Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in modern days everywhere in Europe, but by "small masters," working probably with not more than two or three assistants. Glass of this period is remarkable for the imperfection of its make; bubbles and striæ are extremely common, the necessary consequences of the use of impure material, and of the glass not having been kept sufficiently long in a state of fusion. Hence it is that, as Pliny tells us, very pure and crystalline glass was more valued than any other kind.

This method of working produced, as has been said, a prodigious variety in the vessels and other objects made. Scarcely any method of working or decorating glass has been used by the artists of Murano, at the time of the Renaissance, or of France, England, Italy, or Germany in later times, which has not been anticipated by those of the imperial period in Rome; moulding by tools applied externally or by blowing in a mould, pressing, engraving, cutting on the wheel, welding on ornaments, were all processes in use, as were also those of forming rods or "canes" of glass composed of threads of various colours, so joined as to form a pattern, and by the collocation and reheating of sections of these canes forming the varieties of glass known as mosaic and *mille fiori;* or, by the junction laterally of similarly formed rods, the so-called *vitro di trina* (lace glass) of the Venetians. As a compound rod of glass, made up of several minor rods, can, when heated, be drawn out longitudinally without much distortion of its component parts, the Egyptian and Roman workmen succeeded in producing by this method little pictures of human faces, tragic masks, birds, gryphons, and architectural ornaments, with an amount of delicacy and correctness of detail which is truly surprising.

Very many and varied shades of colour, of transparent as well as of opaque glass, were employed, and these were mixed and blended together in almost every possible combination; the imitation of semi-precious stones, as agates, porphyries, and granites, was effected by this method; transparent brown and opaque white, so intermixed as to resemble the arrangement of the layers of the stone, produced an imitation of onyx which is often so well executed as to bear a very close resemblance to the natural stone. The famous "murrhine" was in like manner imitated by an intermixture of opaque white with transparent purple, which colours, as Pliny tells us, characterized murrhine. That the true murrhine was imitated in glass we know both from Pliny and other writers; recently the word has been freely used by glass manufacturers, as if it included the many varieties of ancient glass in which various colours are incorporated in the substance of the vessel, so as to be visible on both sides, such as those called *mille fiori* by the Venetians, which bear considerable resemblance to the surface of a madrepore. Another system of decoration by which very striking effects were produced is that of forming a vase or other vessel of silver or gold, piercing its sides in a pattern, and then blowing coloured glass into the interior. A cup in the British Museum is pierced with oval holes and lined with blue glass, which projects through the apertures: the effect is that of a silver cup studded with sapphires. In the Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg is a small vase of silver gilt, the body of which is formed by a band of pierced work representing the chase of the boar and the stag: red glass has been blown into the interior, and forms the background to the figures.

The question whether the ancients practised the art of enamelling on glass has been decided by the discovery of several examples in which the enamel colours are more or less well preserved; some cups were found at Vaspelev, in Denmark, on which figures of a lion and a bull, birds with bunches of grapes, and other ornaments are represented in coloured opaque enamel. Other examples are in the British Museum, in the Louvre, and in a few private collections.

It is no wonder that the glass-makers of Rome, possessed of so many and various methods of decoration, and aided and guided by artistic taste and ability, should have produced works which excited the admiration of the connoisseurs of their day. The Emperor Tacitus, a man of taste and letters, we are told by Vopiscus, "Vitreorum operositate atque diversitate vehementer delectatus est." It must be borne in mind

that the Romans possessed no pottery of more decorative character than Samian ware; that though glass was painted in enamel colours, the idea of applying them to the decoration of pottery had not emerged from the incipient form in which it existed in Egypt. Vases and other vessels for the service of the table exhibiting not merely beautiful forms, but also varied colours, were, therefore, very welcome to the opulent Roman, eager to distinguish himself by the novelty and elegance of his table equipage. Vases of glass, whether coloured or uncoloured, were, we may infer, "good style" as receptacles for fruit on a Roman table, for in a fresco on the wall of the triclinium in the villa of Tiberius, on the Palatine in Rome, vases of transparent glass, containing apples, are represented.

Such objects, which gratified the taste of the cultivated Romans, might well be eagerly sought for by the modern collector, but unfortunately glass wants one quality, which would, if it were joined to its other excellent ones, make it the most perfect material which the wit of man has ever invented—that of resistance to rough treatment without suffering injury. Glass, unfortunately, is extremely fragile, and consequently not one in ten thousand, perhaps in a hundred thousand, of the glass vessels of the Roman period has come down to our times in a perfect state. Almost all the very few entire vessels, with the exception of those found at Herculaneum or Pompeii, owe their preservation to their having been deposited in tombs. To deposit vessels of much beauty or costliness in sepulchres was, however, not a very frequent practice in the Roman imperial period, and the number of fine examples is, therefore, very limited, and the acquisition of such correspondingly expensive. The fabrication of imitations has, therefore, been attempted by some ingenious purveyors of the curiosity market, and one well-known collector was many years ago imposed on by one of these worthies, who, having procured a Murano vase of fine classical outline, coated it with some glutinous matter, and then covered it with flakes of decayed glass, and passed it off as of Roman origin. The Venice and Murano Glass Company, now directed at Venice by Signor Castellani, has in late years distinguished itself by most beautiful reproductions of several varieties of antique glass, specially *mille fiori* and onyx.

If, however, the acquisition of a fine collection of entire vessels of the antique period is difficult and expensive, a collector may find much to interest him and to gratify his taste in a collection of fragments; many such are extremely beautiful, and he can, indeed, study the whole art of Roman glass-making much more completely by the aid of fragments than if he despised them and disdained all that was not complete.

In the fifth century Art in Rome had ebbed to a very low point, and we may reasonably assume that artistic manufactures had suffered a like decay; the best artificers probably transferred themselves to Constantinople. In that city at a later period much glass was made, but very little has as yet been ascertained as to the character of the products of the glass-houses working there. Those of the fourth and succeeding centuries no doubt greatly resembled the work produced in Rome, but at a later period, as in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the antique style of glass-working would appear to have been forgotten, and another kind of glass to have come into fashion. Almost the only examples of this which have been noticed are some cups and basins in the Treasury of St. Mark at Venice; the glass is greenish, very thick, and has been cut on the wheel: the intention would seem to have been to produce what would look like rock crystal.

At Alexandria also, once so famous for its glass-wares, the art probably languished and decayed until the Arab conquest well-nigh extinguished it. It did not, however, altogether do so, for we find glass weights in use at an early period of the Mahometan supremacy: one of these is as early as 96 of the Hejira (A.D. 715). Many examples are found of later dates; the glass of which they are composed is ill made and coarse.

At a later date, when Arab Art was flourishing, as in the twelfth and following centuries, we find a new method of decorating glass vessels in vogue in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, and in Syria—that of a free use of enamel colours and gold. This method was probably learnt from the Greek artists, for Theophilus, who wrote about the twelfth century, tells us that they employed it. The destruction of such objects has, however, been so complete that but one entire vessel has as yet been noticed which has a fair claim to be deemed a specimen of the skill of the Byzantine artists in enamelling glass; this is the small vase of a dark brown colour preserved in the Treasury of St. Mark at Venice, on which are small groups of figures, evidently free copies of antique originals painted in flesh-coloured enamel. Some ornaments are in blue, green, and red enamel, and gold is also employed. It probably dates from the eleventh or twelfth century. There are on it two bands of inscriptions in Cufic characters, but these would seem to be merely ornamental and without meaning. The presence of these inscriptions may lead to the inference that this vase was made in Sicily, or some other country where Arab influence was dominant, but the figures and ornaments unmistakably testify to Byzantine influence. The enamelled vessels of Arab character are extremely rare, and have been frequently imitated by Venetian and French glass-makers, sometimes with great fidelity to the originals.

The question, whence did the Venetians obtain their knowledge of the manufacture of glass? is a very interesting one, but materials are wanting to enable us to answer unless conjecturally. There is a *primâ facie* probability that the refugees from the cities of the mainland may have brought with them some knowledge of the art; it was one certainly widely diffused throughout the Roman world, and in the fifth century glass vessels were things of common daily use. It, however, in the thirteenth century had become of considerable importance: in 1224 no less than twenty-nine "phiolarii" are mentioned as having infringed the regulations laid down for the government of the art. Nor were the articles produced merely ordinary bottles and vessels for domestic use, for in 1261, in the inventory of goods belonging to Pietro Dauro, we find, "vasa vitrea opere mirabile confecta," and in 1268, at the coronation of the Doge Lorenzo Tiepolo, the glass-makers exhibited decanters, scent-bottles, and other *objets de luxe*.

If then we had examples of what was produced at Venice in the eleventh or still earlier centuries, we should have some means of answering the question of origin; but unfortunately we have not; no examples have been noticed of an earlier date than the end of the fourteenth, hardly any indeed earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century. These are painted in enamel, a process which may have been learned either in Constantinople from the Greeks, or in Alexandria from the Arabs; the style of drawing is, however, neither Greek nor Arab, but identical with that which prevailed at the respective periods. A very few vessels exist

which resemble in form the "standing cups" of silver of the later mediæval period. A fine example of this kind is the tall cup and cover (No. 362 of the Slade Catalogue) now in the British Museum. This and the like probably date from the earlier part of the fifteenth century. In the latter part the influence of the Renaissance is clearly manifested in the classical outlines given to the vases and tazzas which the furnaces of Murano produced in large quantity. From this time to about 1600 may perhaps be considered the golden age of Venetian glass-making. As early as 1495 the manufacture was in a most flourishing condition, and Sabellico gives a long catalogue of its products—cups, beakers, tankards, ewers, candlesticks, horns, animals of every kind, beads, necklaces, imitations of precious stones, &c. The process of making *mille fiori* glass he especially alludes to, and also that of producing what he calls "murrhina vasa," meaning, no doubt, those imitations of chalcedony which we usually call by the German name of schmelz. This last had, however, long been known, as a receipt for making it occurs in a manuscript of 1443. He does not mention one of the most beautiful kinds of ornamental glass, that known as *vitro di trina* lace glass, in which threads of opaque white glass intersect each other at regular intervals, but Biringuccio writes of it in his "Pirotechnia," published in 1540.

The finest examples of Venetian *vitro di trina* were, however, it would seem, produced, not in the fifteenth nor sixteenth century, but in the eighteenth. Giuseppe Briati, one of the manufacturers of Murano, who worked between 1736 and 1772, was eminently successful in producing articles of this description of glass of extraordinary dimensions and the most perfect workmanship. The writer saw recently a vase and cover measuring in all thirty-two inches in height; the stem was formed by a dragon with a head with open jaws, modelled with extraordinary freedom and vigour, the body, very long and serpent-like, twisted into many convolutions: a smaller but similar dragon surmounted the cover. The whole was formed of *vitro di trina*, threads of opaque white glass crossing one another in a ground of aventurine. The perfection of workmanship in the regularity of the lines of white glass, in the modelling of the dragon's heads, and in the manipulation of the tubular bodies renders this certainly one of the most remarkable specimens of skill in the working of glass which have ever been noticed. Aventurine glass was only invented in the seventeenth century, and, so far as is known, no glass-maker from that period until that of Briati possessed or commanded skill adequate to the production of such a work; there is therefore great reason to ascribe it to him.

The improvement which has been made in so many of the industrial arts in the last thirty years has not been more conspicuous in any than in that of glass-making, and this is as true of the productions of the furnaces of Murano as of those of any other seat of the manufacture. Every one who has acquainted himself with the condition and progress of industry at Venice during this period must have felt much admiration for the philanthropic and patriotic citizens of the Queen of the Adriatic, who have earnestly exerted themselves to revive the industries for which she has been so celebrated, and for the manner in which their efforts have been seconded by the ingenious and Art-loving artisans.

In the "Monografia della Vetraria Veneziana e Muranese" (Venice, 1874) will be found a full account of this revival from the pen of a descendant of one of the ancient glass-working families of Murano, the Cavaliere Abate Zanetti, who has assisted the movement by his exertions in bringing together the fine collection of glass and the library of books connected with the subject, which have been placed in the Palazzo Communale for the instruction of all connected with the art.

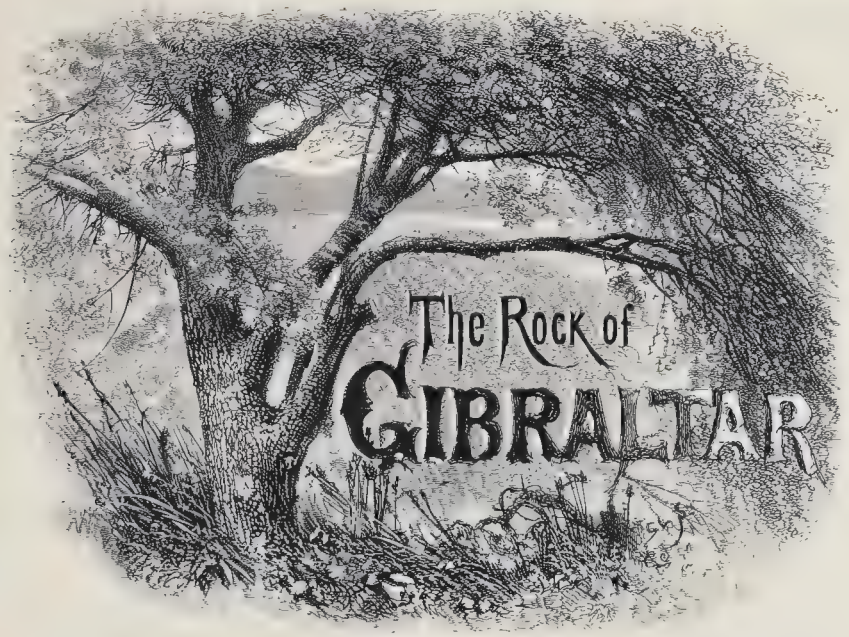
Thanks to these efforts, the glass-making of Murano has again reached a very high point of excellence; there is scarcely any object made at the best period which could not be reproduced, and, as every one who takes an interest in this beautiful art knows, a multitude of new and striking forms and combinations of colours have been originated.

One result of this is, however, not so satisfactory to the collector; it has become a really difficult matter to decide with any confidence, in a great number of cases, whether an object is old or new. The Abate Zanetti (in the "Monografia") tells us that about thirty years ago certain curiosity dealers caused imitations of ancient types to be made at Murano, with the deliberate intention of passing them off as ancient. It is to be feared that this is still carried on in obscure furnaces, and the collector will do well to be cautious in his purchases.

Another class of objects of glass which has been largely imitated in modern times is that of German enamelled glass, so largely made between about 1550 and 1700: the "Wiederkoms" and goblets of rather coarse greenish glass decorated with enamel painting, in which the Emperor and Electors of Germany, or the imperial eagle bearing on its wings the arms of the states which composed the empire, are works of such slender artistic merit that a very indifferent artist can produce excellent copies of them, and abundance of modern reproductions may therefore be met with.

In so slight a sketch of a large subject as this many kinds of productions in glass have been altogether passed over; a word may, however, be said on one remarkable class, viz. that of Chinese glass. It is well worthy of the attention of those who study the products of the art of glass-making, for the Chinese artists in glass have taken (as in so many other matters) a different line from their European brethren: instead of trying to produce, like the Venetian, miracles of lightness and elegance and brilliant colour of one uniform shade and intensity, the Chinese glass-worker produces objects usually massive, solid, and even somewhat clumsy. His leading idea in his more artistic productions is to imitate beautiful natural minerals with more or less accuracy, and he often does this with very beautiful results, the quality of the glass being excellent and free from defects, and the colours extremely soft and harmonious. The favourite system of decoration is the same as that of the Portland vase—a coating of glass of another colour being added to a vessel when made, and afterwards in part removed, so as to leave the design which the artist desired to represent in relief on the subjacent layer; the design thus left is then carved into its due form. Usually the ground is opaque white, the outer layer blue or red, but sometimes three colours are employed. Sometimes two colours are blended into a mass, and this is cut into a cup or other form, just as if the workman was operating on a mass of agate, malachite, or other semi-precious stones. It is to be wished that more numerous examples of ornamental Chinese glass were brought into this country, for they would teach European manufacturers valuable lessons in a branch of the art which, since the time of the Roman Empire, has been too much neglected—that of producing glass of the soft hues and blended colours which we find in many of the harder minerals, and which, if well managed, is capable of producing very beautiful results.

A. NESBIT.



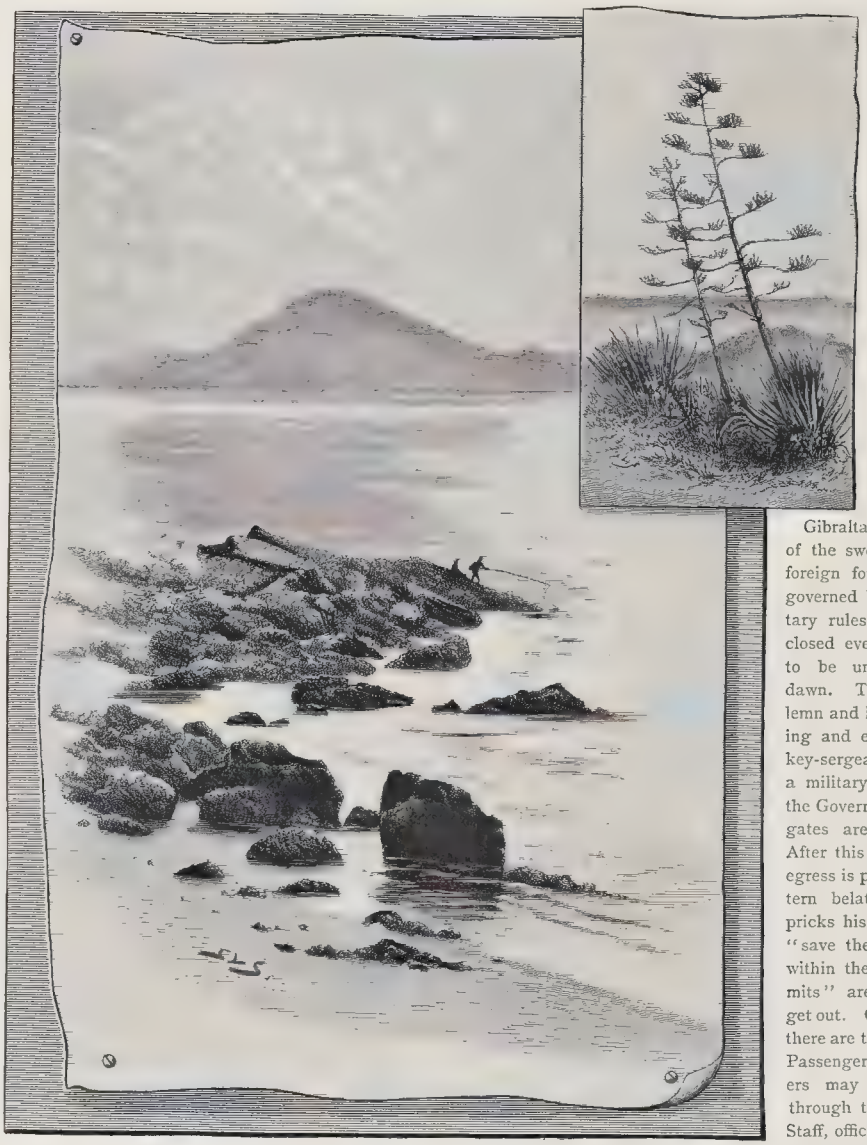
Sketch in the Alameda.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

GIBRALTAR, the far-famed, commonly reputed impregnable fortress, which for nearly two centuries has been in English hands, may be counted one of the wonders of the world. Its aspect is remarkable, however viewed. In some lights it resembles an enormous sphinx, in others a gigantic lion couchant, the head and shoulders dominating the Neutral Ground and Spain, the body and tail crouching lower towards the African side. The peasants of neighbouring Andalusia have christened it "El Cuerpo," the Corpse. Seen by night from the opposite shore of Algeciras, its grand outlines take the form of a dead man lying upon his back stiff and stark, with head thrown back and one knee bent. Approach it by sea from east or west, from the Mediterranean or Atlantic, and the Rock looks what it is, a formidable barrier, closing all egress or ingress through the Straits. Again, when the vapour-laden Levanter condenses on its summit, and veils its three pinnacles with heavy clouds, it might be the throne of some angry storm god; yet again, when its thousand cannon-mouths belch forth fire and smoke, it raises its head proudly like an ancient warrior encircled with glittering wreaths

The Phœnicians who traded thither called it Alube, which the Greeks transformed into Kalube, or Calpe. This was its title through all classical times, when it was a Roman possession, and one of the Pillars of Hercules. The Goths succeeded the Romans, and Moors the Goths. When Spain was invaded by the fiery Moslems, Gibraltar was captured by Tarik, a one-eyed Beber general, as bloodthirsty as he was brave. The Moors from the opposite African shore had often looked and longed for this wondrous point of vantage, but although many attacks were planned, all failed till Tarik took it in 711. They showed their appreciation by rechristening the place Gebel Tarik, or Tarik's Hill, an appellation which, but slightly changed, has continued to the present time. Gibraltar was a Moorish fortress for some six hundred years: then Guzman el Bueno recovered it, but a few years later it was lost again, to be recaptured finally in 1462. Two hundred and fifty years of possession are really all that the Spanish nation can claim. In 1704 it was once more lost. The story of its capture by Rooke is one of the brightest episodes in our military annals. The British fleet lay off Tetuan after a bootless errand to the Mediterranean, when its commanders learnt that Gibraltar was but weakly held. Its defences were half in ruins, and its garrison small. Why not try to take it by a *coup de main*? The imminence of the danger was scarcely realised by the Spaniards until the men-of-war entered Gibraltar Bay and landed a strong force of marines upon the Neutral Ground. A sharp attack was forthwith delivered upon the sea front by the blue-jackets under their captains, Jumper and Hicks, names still remembered and honoured on the Rock. Their fierce onslaught was not to be resisted by an enemy taken unawares, and after a short struggle the English were masters of the place. English it has continued ever since, in spite of many efforts to retake it. The most prolonged and determined siege was that which lasted from 1779 to 1783, when stout old Sir George Elliot withstood the combined forces of France and Spain. Famine, floating batteries, and tons of shot and shell, alike failed to reduce the indomitable garrison. Since then no attack has been made upon Gibraltar. Whether it would prove equally

inexpugnable in these days is a vexed problem which military critics discuss frequently, but are unable to solve. No doubt modern science has revolutionised the conditions of warfare, and if another siege be undertaken it will be on the most gigantic scale. A powerful fleet of ironclads, acting in concert with land batteries armed with artillery throwing the heaviest metal, might render the Rock more than uncomfortable for its garrison. On the other hand, it must be remembered that no pains are spared to maintain the defences and their armament at the highest pitch of excellence. Engineers and gunners are unceasingly at work upon the Rock. New fortifications are constantly planned to improve or replace the old; weapons of the most astonishing calibre are succeeded by others so extraordinary, that the place would assuredly prove a hard nut to crack. Its real danger lies within. Long years of peace have suffered a native population to increase and multiply inside the gates, and unless all could be promptly deported, their numbers would prove a terrible embarrassment in case of blockade. Gibraltar might, by the hostile combination of several great powers, be starved into submission sooner than it would succumb to attack. One other danger, against which all preparations are powerless, is that of retrocession. But the British minister who calmly proposed its surrender would be a bold man.



Camp Bay. Apes' Hill, Africa, in the distance.

Gibraltar is held at the point of the sword, as becomes a foreign fortress town. It is governed by the strictest military rules. The gates are closed every night at sunset, to be unlocked soon after dawn. The ceremony is solemn and imposing. At morning and evening gun-fire the key-sergeant, accompanied by a military escort, starts from the Governor's Guard, and the gates are opened or shut. After this neither ingress nor egress is possible. The subaltern belated on the beach pricks his nag to a gallop to "save the gate;" the aliens within the walls on "day permits" are equally eager to get out. On the seaward front there are the same formalities. Passengers by the mail steamers may land at any hour through the gate at Ragged Staff, officers also at the New Mole up to midnight; but the evening gun-fire closes the Waterport to ordinary traffic, and all access is forbidden to the shipping in the bay. The pomp and circumstance of war are visible on every side. Military music, brass bands, bugles, drums and fifes, echo all day long upon the hillside or up and down the narrow streets, the nomenclature

of which is distinctly professional, such as Southport, Waterport, Linewall, Bomb House Lane. Guard-houses and sentinels are to be encountered at every point—upon barrack, battery, and bastion, in the principal squares, upon the governor's residence, at the gates, and out on the boundary of the Neutral Ground. After nightfall the passer-by is everywhere challenged; wheels stop, and footsteps are arrested, when the "Who goes there?" rings out a sharp inquiry, which must be promptly satisfied by explanation, or the stereotyped reply, "Officer," "Civilian with permit," or simply "Friend." To these cries succeeds the summons of the grand and other rounds; even in the dead watches of the night the sentinels pass on hourly from post to post, in various intonations, the musical refrain that "All is well!"

The Rock rises in three pinnacles, or points; the northernmost, nearest Spain, is known as the Rock Gun; the southern is crowned with the ruin of a tower built by General O'Hara to watch the Spanish fleet at Cadiz, and called after him; the centre, and slightly the lowest, is the Signal Station, at which a constant look-out is kept upon the expanse of water around. The view from this splendid situation is uninterrupted and unrivalled. On each side the ground falls sheer



The Rock of Gibraltar.

and straight, westward towards the town, eastward in a long steep slope of storm-tossed sand, which ends in the Mediterranean and the small village of Catalan Bay, an Italian-speaking community descended from a shipwrecked crew of Genoese. Looking northward on a clear day, the range of the Sierra Nevada, behind Granada, is visible; nearer at hand are the Vermilion Mountains and the Queen of Spain's Chair. Southward the eye travels across the Straits to Apes' Hill, the Mons Abyla of the ancients, the African Pillar of Hercules, and beyond this to the interior of Africa, to the mountains of Morocco, almost to the Mountains of the Moon. A narrow path once led from the Signal Station to Catalan Bay, but this is no longer practicable, as its existence once nearly jeopardised the safety of the place. A party of Spaniards crept up it and surprised the top of the Rock, but being unsupported by any joint attack from the Spanish lines, they were speedily dislodged and overthrown. There is another sight to be seen at rare intervals in the neighbourhood of the Signal Station; these are the monkeys of the Rock, a rapidly disappearing species, it is to be feared. A "Monkey Book" is kept by the signalman, in which he records the number and date when any are seen. Tradition had it that a subter-

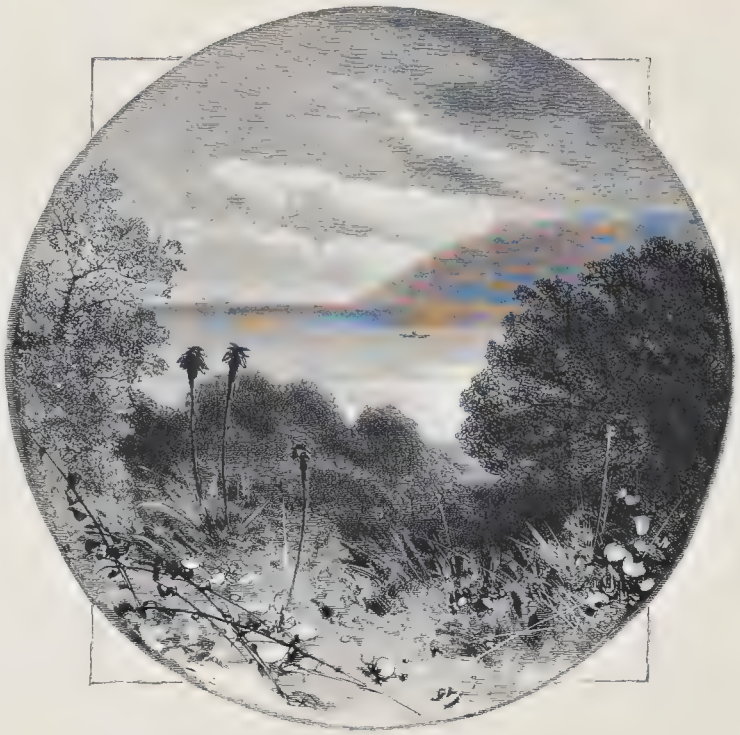
ranean passage existed between the Rock and Apes' Hill, which the monkeys knew of and constantly used. But they



The Signal Station, Gibraltar.

are not much more plentiful on the African than on the European side.

The massive proportions of the Great Rock and its extraordinary strength are perhaps most fully realised when it is viewed from the Neutral Ground, as represented in the woodcut. This North Front, as it is termed officially, is the only side approachable by land, and here nature has been to the fullest extent supplemented by art. The far-famed galleries, which have been hewn out of the solid rock, are marvels of military engineering. They are really long tunnels pierced with numerous embrasures, belonging to the batteries which command the whole of the Spanish lines. They are entered close by the old Moorish castle, one of the most ancient of Moorish monuments in Spain, having been erected early in the eighth century, as is recorded in Arabic characters over its south gate. The galleries terminate in the great chamber known as St. George's Hall, which is some fifty by thirty-five feet in dimensions. Below the galleries are other fortifications called the "Lower Lines," reputed the most scientific and the strongest of the place. Much mystery surrounds these lines; there are certain secrets concerning them known only to the highest officials on the Rock, and they cannot be inspected except by special permission, which is very rarely accorded to any but the most distinguished visitors. The great shoulder of the Rock, nearest and highest of the three points seen in the woodcut, is that already mentioned as the peak on which the Rock gun is mounted, an eerie-like situation for a battery. The first gun of the salute upon the Queen's birthday is fired from this point, and seems to issue from the clouds. Thence the firing is taken up by the guns of the galleries in succession, and the whole effect is superb. The "Convent," as the official residence of the personage in chief command is styled, owns a garden which would shame Chatsworth or Badminton. Efforts no less laudable and intelligent have been bestowed upon the Alameda, the public garden and promenade, sketched at the head of this paper. These, once the arid and unpromising "Red Sands," have been converted into an Eden, with long shady walks under well-grown trees. In the immediate foreground are palmettos and the long-spiked leaves of the aloes, which blossom but once in a hundred years, shooting out their tall straight stalk, to be seen in the small cut in the corner of that called 'Camp Bay.' Through the foliage the purple sea glitters, and beyond are glimpses of the Spanish and African coasts. Exactly facing is Cabrita Point, the opposite promontory of Gibraltar Bay, near which nestles the white town of Algeciras, at present the head-quarters of the Spanish general commanding "the camp of Gibraltar," that fortress—



Cabrita Point, from Alameda, Gibraltar.

so his commission used to run—"being temporarily in the hands of the English."

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

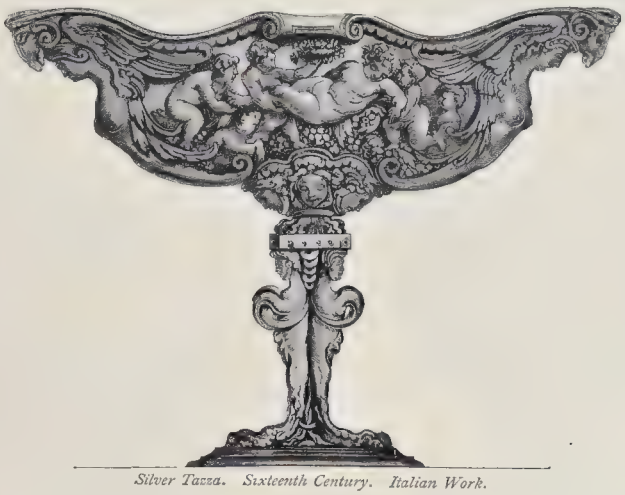
THE ART OF THE SILVERSMITH.*

PART III.—RENAISSANCE ART.

THE condition of Italy at the beginning of the thirteenth century was particularly favourable to the cultivation and development of the Fine Arts. Comparative peace having been established between the many small but wealthy states into which the kingdom was then divided, the independent prince at the head of each strove to produce the finest works of Art for the state he governed. The silversmith's art was in especial demand, and being held in greater estimation than in any other part of Europe, gained for its producers a high social position.

At first the workers in silver were pupils of sculptors, and from them learnt design and composition. Many of the apprentices, however, soon excelled their masters, and a few years later we find that most of the great sculptors commenced their career in the atelier of a silversmith.

Gothic Art had never taken so firm a hold in Italy as in the more northern climes; but the Italians had seen and appreciated its beauty, and welded it into their own manner of work. When, therefore, the classic revival first began to unfold itself, it in turn, at the outset, became mixed with a style of pointed ornamentation. It is to the town of Pisa that the honour belongs of producing the artists who commenced the classical movement which subsequently made their art so pre-eminent. The most noted of these were Nicholas of Pisa and his son John; and tradition runs that it was a fragment of antique Art that first induced the father to throw aside the forms of the Gothic style, and strive to create objects that might compete with the works of the Greeks. These artists were sculptors as well as metal-workers, or it is probable they would not have looked with such reverence upon the works of antiquity.



Silver Tazza. Sixteenth Century. Italian Work.

In 1286 John was asked to execute the high altar for the cathedral of Arezzo, and (Nicholas having died in 1275) he called to his aid the brothers Agostino and Agnolo, and Andrew of Pisa, the joint author with Ghiberti of the celebrated bronze doors of the baptistery of San Giovanni at Florence. This altar was made of silver, and in its manufacture John used a process which was probably invented by him or his father. We learn these facts from a document still preserved, in which it is stated that bas-reliefs of enamelled silver were used to decorate this work.

Throughout the fourteenth century the Church had command of enormous revenues, and it was in costly metal-work that the best means were found of investing its surplus funds. This accounts for the numerous magnificent altar frontals which were made during the Middle Ages for the cathedrals of Italy. Upon them the greatest artists worked, and they are worthy illustrations of the wonderful skill of the Italian silversmiths. Cione was one of the most celebrated artists of the first part of these times. At the end of the thirteenth century he commenced the high altar in the church of St. John the Baptist at Florence. His work, however, was not deemed sufficiently magnificent for the principal church of a city which at this time had within its walls the most renowned artists of the age, and its continuance was confided to Berto Geri and Leonardo of Florence. Some bas-reliefs by Cione were, however, so beautiful that they were retained for the new altar. His two supplanters did not live to see the completion of their work, for we subsequently find that Michel Monte worked with Geri, and shortly after both these names disappear from the records, and one Christophano di Paola, in 1402, completed the original design of this wonderful work. But in a very short time fresh additions were made, which were not finished until 1478. It therefore contains a continuous record of Florentine metal-work during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Another fourteenth-century work of similar magnificence was the altar of the cathedral of St. James at Pistoria. The design of this object is complicated, and comprises in its composition a large number of figures in high relief, and subjects in bas-relief. The statue of St. James is silver gilt, and was executed by Cillio of Pisa in 1350. The images to its right and left, representing saints and angels, are by Pietro Tedesco. Upon the sides of the altar are numerous bas-reliefs from the hand of Leonardo of Florence, who was now the most celebrated artist of the time. The shrine of St. Alto, which forms part of this altar, is principally the work of Pietro Tedesco. He was a German, and lived at Pistoria between 1387 and 1390. Two figures of prophets upon this shrine are by Brunelleschi, and are of very great beauty. It was not until 1398 that this important work was completed, and even after that other embellishments were added.

The fifteenth century in Italy was chiefly remarkable for the

* Continued from page 323, vol. for 1880.

works in bronze that were then created. It is at once noticeable to every student of Art history that gold first claims the attention of a nation when in the infancy of Art. Silver is next used as a medium in which to express their ideas of beauty. When their art is fully developed, the precious metals are, of course, still used in their proper sphere; but we also find that the baser metals, and especially bronze, are much employed, as in the latter material the artist can carry out ideas that would be impossible in the more costly metals. From the middle of the thirteenth century to the termination of the fifteenth, the metal-work created by the Italians was of the greatest beauty; the forms were then both pure and



Silver-Gilt Ewer. Sixteenth Century. Italian Work.

correct, and it was the study of ancient Art that brought about this splendid result. The style of these two centuries in Italy is peculiar to that country, and one of which she may indeed be proud. Although it was in a certain sense a revival of old traditions, it was to the sixteenth century that the term the "Century of the Renaissance" has been given.

This century was, above all others, a time when classical subjects were most produced, the silversmiths being among the first to conform to the popular taste. One great reason why the work reached its high standard at this time is to be found in the fact that the artist and the workman were one and the same individual. Later on the designer was a person in a higher social position than the plebeian artisan who executed his thoughts; and thus commenced a breach which has done more injury, and more to prevent progress, than all else in this noble branch of the industrial arts.

But, just before this fatal change took place, there lived an artist who has achieved a world-wide reputation. Benvenuto Cellini is the artist of all others who represents the silversmiths of the revival, as Michael Angelo and Raphael represent the painters and sculptors. He was born at Florence in the year 1500, and at the age of thirteen was placed in the workshop of Michael Angelo. The first work of which he speaks in his memoirs is a silver buckle: upon it were represented in low relief Cupids and grotesque heads, intermingled with foliage. When nineteen years old he went to Rome, and during the two years he resided in that city devoted himself principally to the study of ancient examples. He then visited various places, and amongst others his native town; but in 1523 a quarrel obliged him to quit Florence, and he again returned to Rome, where he remained until 1537, and it was at this time that he gained much of his renown. In 1540 Cellini paid a second visit to Paris, and remained five years at the French court executing many important works for Francis I.

The Italian biographer, Vasari, in his "Lives of Painters and Sculptors," speaks of him in the following glowing terms:—"Benvenuto Cellini, citizen of Florence, at present a sculptor, in his youth cultivated the goldsmith's business, and had no equal in that branch for many years, nor in making fine figures in alto and basso-relievo, and every other work belonging to that ingenious art." Italian silver-work is not easy to illustrate, as pure specimens are rare and difficult to obtain. The wine-cooler, of which an illustration is given at the end of this article, is a fine specimen of unknown origin. Figure-work, one of the great features of Renaissance Art, is here shown in great profusion. The tazza in the previous page is also an excellent example of sixteenth-century Italian silver-work, the ornamentation being entirely composed of figures. The silver-gilt ewer here illustrated is in the collection of Earl Cowper. It is also Italian work of the sixteenth century.

Although Italy may be termed the cradle of Renaissance Art, which there flourished in its greatest perfection, yet its influence soon spread to other countries, and to none sooner than to Spain. This may be explained by the frequent intercourse existing between the two countries, and also by the fact that the evacuation of the Moors left Spain in an unsettled condition so far as Art was concerned, and therefore ready to adopt new forms. The classical style being a fitting successor to Arabian Art, it took root with all the luxuriance of a fresh plant in a new and rich soil, and thus Spanish Art has always had a fulness and exuberance beyond any other. The style of Moorish Art, which entirely covered the object with ornament, was perpetuated in the Spanish Renaissance, no part being left without the fullest decoration, sometimes even to repletion. The discovery of the New World poured into the peninsula such an abundance of the precious metals, that the cathedrals and churches of Spain soon became filled with a gorgeous collection of Church plate in excess of any other country. The Spaniards, being devout Catholics, showed their zeal by lavishing their newly gotten wealth in votive offerings of every kind, filling their sacred buildings with ostensoriums, monstrances, chalices, thuribles,

and reliquaries. It is well known that when Napoleon's army retreated from Spain many waggons were filled with silver vessels and Church plate. Yet after this sack and loss there remained at Saragossa in 1870 so many votive offerings in the cathedral, which was then being restored, that when all other resources were exhausted, the Archbishop allowed their sale to provide funds for the completion of the restoration. This auction was held in the palace, and it took three weeks to disperse the treasures. As many other churches are probably equally rich, it can well be imagined what a mine of Renaissance Art there is in Spain.

The development of the classical style was not the same in France as in Spain, it having had a more individual fostering by the sovereigns of the day in the former kingdom, and thus was not such a national production. For this reason Renaissance Art was always more severe and less ornate in France than elsewhere. It was during the reign of Francis I. that it reached the height of its power. The King, having seen some of the finest specimens of Italian Art, determined that his own people should have the benefit and example of the greatest masters. For this purpose, as before mentioned, Benvenuto Cellini, together with eminent painters and sculptors, was invited to the French court, and by these artists the cinque-cento style was introduced and developed in France.

Perhaps, after Italy, in no other country of Europe was so beautiful and characteristic a style created as by the Germans during the sixteenth century; and what imparts an additional interest to it is that it was a development of their own, and not, as was the case with other nations, a direct copy of the Italian Renaissance. At the commencement of the century the traditions of Gothic Art were much adhered to, the constructional lines of that style being generally used; but they were greatly modified, and afterwards entirely superseded by vegetable forms, which, after first being only entwined round them, by degrees formed the essential part of the design in much of their silver-work. This peculiar characteristc was impressed upon their art by an eminent group of artists, at the head of whom was Albert Dürer. This Teutonic style extended over a large portion of Europe, including Holland, Belgium, and the neighbouring districts. The very number of guilds in Germany and the Low Countries bears witness to the greatness of the study and the position of those following the silversmith's art, nearly every city having had its own society for the protection and encouragement of this Art industry. Even the seals of these guilds are a most interesting study, that of Ghent being one of the best, having upon it St. Dunstan, the patron saint of silversmiths, seated under a finely wrought architectural canopy.

This was not an era in which to expect great works to be created for ecclesiastical purposes by the country which gave birth to the Reformation, but every description of silver-work devoted to domestic use was now produced in the greatest profusion.

Throughout the sixteenth century Nuremberg and Augsburg were the great centres of the silversmith's art, Peter Vischer and Albert Dürer making the former city famous by their works. The artists of Nuremberg preserved its national character longer than their brethren of Augsburg; but nearly all silver-work of the latter part of the century, especially that composed of figures and ornament in low relief, closely resembles that of Italy. We give an illustration of a silver-gilt ewer, in the collection of Captain Leyland, which was executed at Augsburg towards the end of the sixteenth century.

Germany and the Low Countries were particularly the land of the Hanap and the Beaker: the twenty thousand pieces of old silver-work which were exhibited at Amsterdam in 1880 testify to the former richness of this part of Europe in such work. It would seem to have been the custom of the wealthy Teuton of this age to have every vessel for his personal use made of silver; his brandy-and-water he drank from a large two-handled silver vessel termed a Brandewijnskom, or brandy basin, and his wine from a



Silver-Gilt Ewer. Sixteenth Century. Augsburg Work.

silver tazza, or Drinkschaal. The decoration of these objects is generally composed of embossed ornament—large bosses, or lobes, being often beaten up round the edge and base of the cup or basin, and the surfaces enriched with figures, sometimes enclosed in the well-known strap-and-band pattern of this period, or with foliage and grotesque animals, all such detail being admirably executed. Tables and furniture were often wholly made of silver, and in no part of Europe are such wonderful treasures of metallic art to be found as in Germany, notwithstanding the destruction which took place when the country became Lutheran. The treasures now to be seen at Aix-la-Chapelle,

Cologne, Treves, Hildesheim, and numerous other Church treasuries, show not only its present, but far greater past, magnificence in silver-work.

It is curious that at the present time Germany is the country where are produced nearly all the forgeries of old silver-work, such as the ewers and hanaps with which the



Silver Wine-Cooler. Sixteenth Century. Italian Work.

London shops and sale-rooms are filled; and it is still further remarkable that silversmiths' shops are more numerous in the north of Europe than in other parts of the continent. In Groningen at least every tenth shop belongs to a dealer in silver-work of some sort or another.

W. H. SINGER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'POLITICAL OPPONENTS.'—Engraved by W. Ridgway, from the picture by John Burr. One of the greatest riddles of human nature is the disinterested zeal with which men will throw themselves, heart and soul, into a disputation on subjects that they neither understand nor are really concerned with, and labour at the conversion of totally insignificant antagonists, whose opinions one way or the other can be of no consequence in the world to them, or even to the cause they advocate. The village schoolmaster, immortalised by Goldsmith in the "Deserted Village"—

> "In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
> For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
> While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
> Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head should carry all he knew"—

is the principal figure in the drawing by Mr. Burr, and expresses very cleverly in his features and action that curious excitement of rage and contempt with which such a man sees his most convincing posers stolidly disregarded by an impassible antagonist. The mercurial character and the action of this figure are excellently expressed: in the chin aggressively thrust forward, the contemptuous curl of the lip, and the bend of the body and knees as if he were now in and now out of his chair in the heat of the argument; and there is character in the curve of the arm, the curious fit of the village-made coat, the fine forehead, and the slight crook of the back of a man prone to short-sighted study.

Equally good in its way is the dogged and stupid figure of the landlord—an ideal Joe Willett; he has lost the thread of the argument, if he ever held it, long ago; the Dominie may give him a headache, but he will never make an impression on what he calls his mind; what he has said he will "stick to" till black turns white; in the meantime, in his own slow and smouldering way, he is being goaded into an apoplectic heat of temper. The bland and curly-headed coachman comes in as an excellent but unheeded peacemaker; leaning over the chair of his good friend and host, he is trying to attract the fire of the argument upon himself, but the Dominie will have none of him, pitilessly concentrating his batteries upon the enemy who has not a gun to reply with.

'IN CASSIOBURY PARK.'—Drawn and etched by J. P. Heseltine. This etching of a riverside scene, peculiarly English in character, illustrates a corner of Cassiobury Park, in Essex, the seat of the Earl of Essex; the trees, however, which form the principal object, are in Lord Clarendon's neighbouring property of Grove Park. The whole study is a bright example of the resources of etching in the hands of an artist gifted with a lively appreciation of the characteristic beauties of scenery, and shows how the combination of two distinct studies can be successfully made to reproduce the peculiar beauties of each. There is more care and elaboration in the detail of the delicate traceries of the foliage than is common in etched work, and parts of the composition approach the refinement of engraving. As a reward for this additional study and labour, the artist has gained a beautiful effect of light and atmosphere: the whole scene is airy and pleasantly open and fresh, and the expression of light and shade upon the mirror-like surface of the water is reproduced with much fidelity.

'HAMLET.'—Etched by Leopold Flameng, from the statue by Lord Ronald Gower. This etching is referred to in the article, "A Monument to Shakespeare."





ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The Annual Exhibition of Photographic Works was opened at the beginning of October in the room of the Old Water-Colour Society in Pall Mall. Although there was nothing particularly striking in the collection, there was considerable display of what may be termed the eccentricities of photography. Instantaneous pictures of gymnasts at work and gunshots tearing up the sea are really wonderful in themselves, but it would be a great gain to photographers if they competed more on the lines of sound and useful works in portraiture and landscape art than in aiming at peculiarity in subject and process. Among the best landscapes were those by Mr. Abel Lewis, Mr. George Tuohy, Mr. W. England, and Mr. R. P. Robinson; but the one for which the latter received a medal might have been improved by a small alteration of his standpoint. Of portraits, the most attractive were R. Faulkner's children, Adams and Stilliard's new style panel studies, and J. Thomson's picture portraits.

THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.—An interesting collection of water-colour drawings, by the brothers John C. and William Joy, is now being shown in Messrs. Gladwell's Gallery, Gracechurch Street. The artists were self-taught, and practised their art first in Yarmouth, then London, and afterwards at Chichester, where they both died in 1857. The drawings display intimate knowledge of the old men-of-war.

WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—An exhibition was opened in Tolmers Square Institute, Drummond Street, St. Pancras, on October 8th. The collection of exhibits numbered about eight hundred, a special feature being many excellent specimens of wood carving.

YORKSHIRE FINE ART SOCIETY, LEEDS.—It is the intention of the committee to hold an exhibition during November, to consist of a collection of paintings by old masters and deceased artists of the British school, together with both old and modern engravings and etchings, water-colour drawings by deceased Yorkshire artists, and a series of enamels on ivory and copper. Amongst the works already obtained are paintings by Vandyck, W. and A. Van de Velde, A. and E. Van der Neer, J. and A. Both, A. Cuyp, D. Teniers, jun., Rubens, Hondecooter, Weenix, Wouvermans, Metzu, Mieris, Hogarth, Greuze, and many others. Amongst the miniatures will be the collection belonging to Mr. Gladstone, which has lately been exhibited at Bradford, Cardiff, and Taunton; and another collection, the property of Mr. James Broughton, of Leeds, to whom the society will also be indebted for the loan of some valuable pictures.

LEICESTER.—An exhibition of modern paintings, which was open for a month, has just been closed. Works to the number of 262 were shown, and comprised lent pictures by H. T. Dawson, B. W. Leader, F. Dicksee, A.R.A., Peter Graham, A.R.A., John Brett, A.R.A., J. W. Oakes, A.R.A., and Mrs. Butler's 'Quatre Bras.' The object of the exhibition was "to show the people of Leicester the great advantage that would be gained by the formation of a permanent gallery of Art."

GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—A successful Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition was recently held in the Town-hall. The collection comprised nearly a hundred oil pictures, and over fifty water-colour drawings and sketches, besides some fine specimens of carvings, embroidery, and curiosities.

CARDIFF.—The exhibition at Cardiff during its two months' duration was visited by 120,000 persons, and £3,000 has been raised towards furnishing and decorating the Local Museum and Science and Art Schools, and the establishment of an Art gallery.

BRIGHTON.—The corporation of Brighton opened their eighth annual Exhibition of Modern Pictures in Oil on the 22nd of September, at the Pavilion Gallery. Taken as a whole, the exhibition more than holds its own with any previous ones. Though not a single Royal Academician is represented, the excellent work of artists outside the Academy atones for the loss. Local talent is represented by Miss Emma Black, Alma Broadbridge, J. M. Burfield, Robert Cooper, A. F. Grace, Miss Mary Hurst, Clem. Lambert, R. H. Nibbs, Miss E. H. Smith, and James Williamson.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.—An interesting Art Loan Exhibition was opened for a fortnight at the end of September, in connection with a movement that is being made to re-establish the School of Art. For many years an excellent school was in operation, but from lack of a proper building it some time since was discontinued. This exhibition was promoted in order to provide funds to secure suitable rooms, and it is anticipated that before long the school will again be commenced. In the exhibition many examples of decorative art were displayed, the principal contributors being local collectors. A few paintings, drawings, and etchings were also shown, and prizes awarded for paintings on china and silk, and for illuminations.

DUNDEE.—The annual Fine Art Exhibition was opened on October 1st. It is considered one of the most successful that has yet been held, the walls being hung with works of the highest character. J. Pettie, R.A., sends a fine portrait of Mr. Harris; H. Cameron, R.S.A., a 'Child's Funeral in the Riviera;' Josef Israels, a clever sketch of a Dutch peasant; and many of the younger Scottish painters contribute excellent works.

INVERNESS.—A Fine Art Exhibition was opened on the 11th of October in the new Free Public Library. It included Millais' portrait of Mr. Gladstone, landscapes by Horatio Macculloch, Thomson of Duddingston, Sam Bough, Reid, and others. A valuable collection of Wedgwood ware was sent by Lord Tweedmouth. The Benedictine monks at Fort Augustus exhibited a rich and varied collection of vestments connected with their order, and old Highland and Jacobite relics were numerous.

ART NOTICES FOR NOVEMBER:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Receiving Days.—Society of British Artists, 1st; Dudley Gallery, Cabinet Oil Pictures, 7th; Tapestry Painting, Messrs. Howell and James, 9th to 12th.

Opening Days.—Society of British Artists, 28th; Dudley Galley, Oil, opens.

Closing Days.—National Gallery of Scotland is closed during November; Berlin Royal Academy, 6th; Kirkcaldy, 7th; Glasgow Black and White, and Scottish Water-Colour, 28th.

The Heywood Gold Medal, Manchester Royal Institution, given to the artist of the most meritorious work of Art, is awarded on the 2nd.

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy is held on the 9th; the office bearers for the year and one Associate of the Academy will then be elected. There are twenty-nine candidates for the Associateship.

Competitors for Slade Prizes, University College, require to be entered on the College books before the 16th.

The Art Classes in the forty-eight Training Colleges throughout the United Kingdom are examined in November.

ART NOTES.

THE MONUMENT TO SHAKESPEARE, by Lord Ronald Gower, of one of the figures of which we give an etching this month, and which is described at page 328, is now set up at the Crystal Palace.

A STOLEN PICTURE.—A reward of £300 has been recently offered, and apparently without success, for the recovery of a picture by Mr. T. S. Cooper, R.A., entitled 'The Monarch of the Meadows,' and representing a bull standing over a cow and calf, the figure being nearly life size. It is alleged that during a fire which occurred at Mr. Allcroft's, the owner's house, in Lancaster Gate, London, the canvas was cut from the frame, and it is thought rolled up and carried off. When the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire was stolen some years ago, the fashion arose amongst owners of valuable pictures of insuring them against all risks. This could only be effected at Lloyd's, and at a special rate of about ten shillings per cent. A continuation of such purloinings might necessitate a recurrence to this considerable addition to the luxury of possessing a picture gallery.

THE WATERLOO VASE.—The huge vase sculptured by the late Sir Richard Westmacott, with bas-reliefs to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo, has been taken to pieces, and now, although covered by a tarpaulin, may almost be said to "lie naked to the injuries of stormy weather" in the private road bounding the precincts of the buildings of the South Kensington

Museum. A few months ago it stood in a corner of the north court of the Museum—a court which had been devoted to the technical illustration of sculpture. But when a rearrangement of objects in the Museum was set on foot, the Waterloo Vase, an historic link in the chain of British sculpture, had to take its departure to permit the bringing together of all the Italian works of Art the Kensington Museum possesses. An ethnical superseded the technical arrangement of objects. Before the Waterloo Vase came to South Kensington it stood in the vestibule of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. In time, however, the incompatibility of sculpture with painting drove the vase from Trafalgar Square. The production of the vase was a costly undertaking, instigated by popular acclaim of martial deeds, and paid for by the nation. The Carrara marble out of which Sir Richard Westmacott carved it was, Mr. John Timbs says in his "Curiosities of London," captured from the French, who had intended it for a vase to celebrate the triumphs of the First Napoleon.

DUTIES ON PLATE.—A considerable movement is on foot at present, having for its object the abolition of the duties levied on gold and silver plate, the argument being that such a source of revenue, while of little financial importance, is inimical to an industry which is at once both a manufacture and an art. It can scarcely be contended, however, that either Art or trade sacrifices much by being thus mulcted. Both were heavily burdened in the old Italian days, when the goldsmiths were at once among the most prosperous and the most highly taxed of all the national crafts. Still, the duties constitute a discouragement of a beautiful art, and are, on the other hand, an encouragement to much that is spurious, and even, in a sense, barbaric. It may be argued that, from an artistic point of view, we have not much to boast of, most of our work being either imitative or grotesque. Nearly all the gold and silver work of our time, whenever it aspires to anything like a classic or poetical meaning, is archæological, or, at any rate, pretends to be so; and there is scarcely a gold or silver smith in modern Europe who, to employ the phrase of the great Florentine, would "dare to be original," in the sense of Cellini himself, or his almost equally illustrious pupils. Nevertheless, it would be a serious error to believe that the masters of our day have not a thorough command over the working of the precious metals. As the jurors of 1862 said, "they draw their inspiration from their customers." To the "buying and selecting public," therefore, the appeal, if any, must be made.

WE are glad to hear that measures are at last being taken to furnish the Chadwick Museum at Bolton, which has stood so long unoccupied. A munificent gift of £1,000 has been made by Mr. Thomasson, M.P., and a small committee has been appointed to purchase works of Art therewith. We trust that this small band will again relegate their task to some one who will secure them not only present, but future money's worth for their outlay—a difficult, but not impossible matter even nowadays. With a large space to fill compared with the money to spend, it would be well to avoid expensive pictures, and be content at first with reproductions, say from the drawings of great masters, or of the chefs-d'œuvre of ancient metal-work, such, for instance, as those of old college plate just completed by the Science and Art Department.

ATTENTION has recently been drawn to the danger which threatens the church towers of Norfolk and Suffolk from destruction by lightning. Only recently the church of South Wootton was struck and greatly damaged. A visitor to these counties must be impressed alike by the number, the beauty, and the conspicuous positions of these towers. They answer, so to speak, one another from hill to hill, and fulfil in many cases the *beau idéal* of a church in relation to its prominent position in the landscape. The more exposed the position, the more, however, the danger. The livings are mostly far from wealthy ones, the country is purely agricultural, and from the latter cause the difficulty of raising money for church purposes in times of agricultural depression cannot be over-estimated. On this account alone the ruin of the parish church must mean a serious liability and loss to the district and to all concerned. In cases of new churches, or where a grant has been obtained from the Church Building Societies, this chance of danger is reduced to its minimum, since a lightning conductor is made a condition. In cases of old churches no such pressure can be brought to bear, and therefore custom and carelessness in this respect prevail. It is not an unfrequent thing to find that a church without a lightning conductor is also uninsured, or is insured very inadequately.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. J. H. Nettlefold, the well-known collector of the works of David Cox, has offered his unrivalled specimens to the corporation of Birmingham for their Art Gallery on the following terms:—1. That he retains the use of them during his lifetime. 2. That the pictures, after their delivery to the corporation, be exhibited free on every day in the year up to eight P.M. 3. That the lighting of the gallery in which they are placed be by electricity. It is needless to remark that the offer has been accepted. No more fitting resting-place for the works of David Cox could be found than the town with which both he and the donor have always been connected. The twenty-five pictures which form the gift include 'The Skirts of the Forest,' 'Waiting for the Ferry,' 'The Hay-field,' 'Changing Pastures,' and 'Rhyl Sands.' Their value is estimated at £25,000, a vastly different sum from that which not thirty years ago the artist was wont to receive. It seems but yesterday that he was offering 'to throw a drawing in,' in order to secure the sale of a work on the walls of the Old Society, from whose exhibitions he usually had a considerable number of drawings returned on his hands.

BIRMINGHAM.—The unveiling of the memorial to the eminent preacher, George Dawson, took place on October 5th. Mr. Thomas Woolner is the sculptor of the statue, which represents, a little larger than life size, Dawson addressing a public audience. Above the figure a canopy rises to the height of forty feet from the ground; this is sustained on granite columns, and on the four gables are medallions of Shakspere, Carlyle, Cromwell, and Bunyan, chosen as being typical of poetry, letters, statesmanship, and religion. This canopy was erected by Messrs. Barnsley and Sons, from designs by Messrs. Martin and Chamberlain.

EDINBURGH.—Considerable discussion has taken place in the newspapers with regard to the sum of £2,100 granted to Scotland in aid of the National Gallery and other objects. It has been pointed out that while England receives £23,132 and Ireland £3,575 annually for National Galleries, Scotland only obtains the sum mentioned, which, besides, has to be distributed over several schemes, not all connected with Art.

FRANCE.—A scheme has been submitted to the Municipality of Paris for the creation of a Museum of Decorative Art to rival that of South Kensington. The erection of the building, although a very considerable project, will be as nothing compared with the difficulty of filling it with a collection which can in any way be compared with the English one. What could have easily been accomplished twenty years ago would now be impossible at any cost.—Early in the year a number of rich amateurs commissioned Monsieur P. d'Héreson to proceed to Tunis in order to search for, and if possible obtain, information and relics connected with the history of Utica. He has been eminently successful, and has returned, after an absence of seven weeks, with 4,500 objects illustrative of the history of Phœnician civilisation.—A monument, in the form of a portrait bust, has been raised to commemorate the artistic genius and heroic death of Henri Regnault. It has been placed in the quadrangle of the École des Beaux Arts, and near it have now been erected the effigies of former professors of the school, including Baltard the architect, Dubois the sculptor, and David Leroy.—The following names have been selected by the committee of the Academy of France as fitting candidates for the post of Foreign Associate, vacant by the death of Mr. Stracke, the German architect:—M. Ferstal, of Vienna, architect; Mr. Millais, of London, painter; M. Monteverde, of Rome, sculptor; Herr Adles, of Berlin, Professor of Architecture.

BERLIN.—The Prussian Government, fired by ambition, seeks further conquests in Art. First, it is about to acquire and annex additional ground on the Island; certain commercial structures will be swept away, and new galleries erected in the rear of the present Museum. It is hoped that the so-called cathedral, date 1750, mongrel classic, will be thrown down and replaced by a more worthy edifice. Plans for the whole are under consideration; a grand tentative scheme, including museums, campo santo, &c., is already on paper, but how much of it will be carried out is yet undetermined. As to the design, in this locality, with the existing surroundings, any approach to Gothic is out of the question; the choice of an architectural style will lie between the Classic and the Italian Renaissance.

ITALY.—At Alfedena, in the Abruzzi, the municipality has been excavating a piece of ground with astonishing results. Ninety-one tombs have been discovered, and these contained objects of Art of the highest interest. Those of bronze, of iron, and of amber are very numerous and noteworthy. Of iron there are fibulæ, lances, swords, and axes; of bronze there are also fibulæ, bracelets of several circles, of semi-cylindrical and ribbon form, and some are gilded. Of the same material there are, too, chains, patine, and cup, with the remains of food, and smaller chains of double links, with ornaments of gilded grape berries and of enamelled glass. In amber there

are grape berries, intermingled with rings of creta, beautifully enamelled and well preserved. The most singular and most important part of the discoveries consists of a vast number of vases of creta, and of a form not contained in any museum.

RUSSIA.—Accounts reach us from Russia of the antiquities which have been got together for exhibition during the sitting of the Russian Archæological Congress in Tiflis. Of all the monasteries which in Georgia are regarded as the special repositories of archæological rarities, none possessed such precious treasures as the monastery of Ghelat. This monastery, situate about six versts eastwards from Koutaïs, was founded in the eleventh century, and remains one of the best-preserved monuments of ancient Georgian architecture. Of many of its former treasures, alas! all that the monastery has now to show are photographic reproductions, which will, however, suffice to give the Congress an idea of the value and importance of the originals. They comprise a varied collection of objects of inestimable value for the history of the arts; such, for instance, as enamelled work, specimens of mediæval painting, mosaics, bas-reliefs, embossed or repoussé work in the precious metals, percé-à-jour work in bone and metal, costly fabrics embroidered and ornamented with pearls, gold, and precious stones. The objects which are now to be seen are, however, it is said, not to be compared with those which have disappeared. Notable among these latter were five medallions which formed part of the repoussé cover or binding of the Ghelat manuscript Gospels. There is nothing which equals these objects in their rare excellence in the museums of the first cities of Europe. Even in the galleries of the Louvre there are no specimens in such beautiful preservation; and enamels of the same period in that museum, though purchased for thousands of francs, cannot compare with the Ghelat specimens in precision of outline, freshness of colour, and unblemished design. Unfortunately these medallions have disappeared. The very precious binding which they served to adorn was sacrificed by the monks, who, asino-like, gave them away to Count Lyevashev in exchange for a spick-and-span new binding of modern Moscow manufacture, no doubt a metal cover with coarse porcelain medallions, such as may be seen in Russian ecclesiastical shops, at a cost of, at most, sixty roubles. A number of other valuable antiquities disappeared at the same time as this ancient book-cover. This disposal of national *sacrata* continues to the present time to incense the local society. The Most Holy Synod at one time appointed a commission to inquire into the affair, which succeeded in substantiating the loss of these objects, a fact which was already known to every one, and there their labours ended. Of the restitution of the precious articles there is yet no whisper. It may be hoped, however, that the Archæological Congress will, in the interests of culture, endeavour to recover from private hands the property which has reached them in such a dubious way.

JAPAN.—We note in the report of the acting consul for Kanagawa that the following astonishing increase occurred in 1880 amongst Japanese Art productions:—

	1880.	1879.
Earthenware and porcelain ...	£66,000	£36,000
Fans	33,500	17,500
Lacquer-ware	80,000	46,500

481,359 lanterns were also exported, 5,388 screens, and £12,000 worth of umbrellas. These facts go to show how fashion can be moved by a very small leverage.

QUERY.—As to the whereabouts of the painting by George Morland of 'The Thatchers.'

ARCHITECTURE.

The following are the more important Buildings completed during the last two months:—

New Churches and Chapels have been built at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Carlton (Barnsley) Ch.	G. E. Street, R.A.
Shipbourne, St. Giles's Ch.	Mann & Saunders.
Brixton, St. Paul's Ch.	Habershon & Fawckner.
Eastbourne, All Souls' Ch.	Parr & Strong.
Pantasaph, St. Clare's Orphanage Ch.	E. Kirby.
Caterham, Ch. of Sacred Heart	Ingress Bell.
Bromley, St. Anne's Sch. Ch.	Carpenter & Ingelow.
Taunton, St. Andrew's	J. H. Spencer.
Hulme, Manchester, St. Michael's Mission Ch.	J. Ward.
Battersea, St. Michael, Bolingbroke Grove	W. White.
Hull, St. Barnabas	S. Musgrave.
,, St. Silas	S. Musgrave.
Knutsford, St. Cross	Paley & Austin.
Carrick-on-Suir, St. Nicholas	C. Ashlin.

Churches have been restored at—

Place.	*Architect.*
North Walsham	J. B. Pearce.
Micheldever	J. Colson & Son.
Avenbury, Parish Ch.	Messrs. Haddon.
Minster, Sheppey	E. Christian.
High Toniton	B. E. Ferrey.
St. Michael-on-the-Downs, Wantage	W. Butterfield.
Crom, Parish Ch.	R. L. Williams.
Llangoed, Parish Ch.	Kennedy.
South Bersted	E. Christian.
Gamlingay, Parish Ch.	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Swanton Novers, Parish Ch.	E. Dolby.
Llantrissant	Lansdowne.
Wigton, St. Mary's	C. J. Ferguson.
Wadebridge	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Sheffield, St. Luke's	H. D. Lomas.
East Ardsley, Leeds, St. Michael's	W. S. Barker.
Sidbury	B. Griffiths.

Public and Private Buildings have been built at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Ipswich, Post Office	J. Johnson.
,, Museum Sch. of Art	H. Cheston.
Weston-super-Mare, Masonic Buildings	S. T. Harvey & Co.
Colchester, Banking Premises	E. C. Lee.
Bolton, Infirmary	R. K. Freeman.
London, London and Lancashire Life Assurance Offices	T. Chatfield Clarke.
Thorpe, Peveril Hotel	T. Waddington.
Liverpool, Bold St., Messrs. Van Gruisen's premises	E. & H. Shelmerdine.
Derwent Hall, for Duke of Norfolk	J. S. Hansom.
Droitwich, Impney Hall	M. Trouquois (R. P. Spiers, Sup.).
Hastings, Town Hall	H. Ward.
Tottenham, St. Katharine's Training Coll.	A. W. Blomfield.
Muswell Hill, Coll. of Practical Engineering	
Wandsworth, Public Hall	G. Patrick.
Staines, Town Hall	J. Johnson.
Liverpool, Royal Court Theatre	H. Summers.
Southport, Markets	Mellor & Sutton.
Liverpool, Eye and Ear Hospital	C. O. Ellison.
Ramsgate, Smack Boys' Home	A. R. Pite.
Hereford, Dispensary	Davies & Powell.
London, Savoy Theatre	C. J. Phipps.
Dartmouth, Yacht Club House	E. Appleton.
Frant, Ely Grange	Solomons & Wornum.
Handsworth, Theological College	Ball & Goddard.

Monumental, &c.:—

Place.	*Architect.*
Folkestone, Statue of Dr. Harvey	Joy, Sc.
Westerdale Ch., Mem. Window, Col. Duncombe	Powell Bros.
Yarmouth, Parish Ch., Mill's Mem. Window and Decoration	
Kirkstall, Parish Ch. Decorations	Powell Bros.
Hucknall Torkard Ch., Notts, Marble Slab over Lord Byron's Grave	
St. Andrews, Memorial Statue	J. Hutchison, R.S.A.
Nottingham, St. Mary's Ch., Mem. Window, Lord Belper	Clayton & Bell.
Margate, St. John's Ch., Mem. Window	Clayton & Bell.
Tynemouth Ch., Mem. Reredos	C. H. Fowler.
London, St. Stephen's, E. India Rd., Mem. Window, J. Mills	G. Rees.
Bury St. Edmund's, Memorial Window to Mary Tudor, given by the Queen	Clayton & Bell.
Cockington Church, Reredos	J. Hine.
Wistanstow, Memorial Window, J. Hoggins	J. Davies.
Brighton, St. Martin's Pulpit	S. Clarke, Jun.
Berkeley, Parish Church, Mem. Reredos, Fitzhardinge	Middleton.
Stoke Ch., Guildford, Mem. Window, Sir G. Colley	
Hughenden Ch., Mem. Window, Lord Beaconsfield	Clayton & Bell.
Fowey, St. Finbarrus, Mem. Window, Dr. Treffry	Fourane & Watson.
Luddenden Ch., Mem. Mrs. Appleyard	J. E. Bochm, A.R.A., Sc.
Sheffield, Cutlers' Hall, Bust of Mr. Roebuck	W. Ellis.

Foreign:—

Place.	*Architect.*
Germany, Elberfeld Monument	W. Albermann.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, Mon. F. Sauvage (Inv. Screw Propeller)	
Amsterdam, National Museum	Cuypers.

OBITUARY.

RAFFAELLE MONTI.—The death is announced as having taken place on the 16th ult. in London of Raffaelle Monti, the sculptor. He was born at Milan in 1818, and studied under his father, Gaetano Monti, of Ravenna, in the Imperial Academy, where he carried off the gold medal for his group of 'Alexander taming Bucephalus.' At the age of twenty, having exhibited his group 'Ajax defending the Body of Patroclus,' he was invited to Vienna, where he received extensive patronage. He returned to his native city in 1842, and during succeeding years produced many successful works. In 1846 he came to England, where he soon obtained a good reputation, exhibiting among other works his veiled statue, executed for the Duke of Devonshire, which attracted great attention. He went back to Milan in the following year, when the aspirations of the young Italian party for freedom were becoming apparent, and joined the popular party. In 1848, as one of the chiefs of the National Guard, he was sent on a mission to the camp of Charles Albert. After the disastrous result of the brief campaign of that year he fled to England, where the originality of his subjects and conceptions, united with great executive skill, secured him much popularity and extensive patronage, and where he has since resided. His chief works executed in this country are the groups of 'The Sister Anglers,' 'The Veiled Vestal,' and 'Eve after the Fall;' while at the Crystal Palace are to be seen models of his 'Italy,' 'Truth,' and 'Eve,' and two fountains enriched with emblematical figures. Six of the colossal symbolical national figures on the upper terrace of the Palace garden are also the work of his genius.

REVIEWS.

"DURHAM CATHEDRAL," by Wm. Greenwell, M.A., F.R.S. (Durham: Andrews. 1s.).—It has always been a wonder to us why the well-read and learned dignitaries who are connected with our cathedrals should suffer year after year to pass by, making no attempt to supply the thousands who visit their sacred inheritance with any guide thereto worthy of the name. We were so much struck by this the other day, in reading the wretched compilation which does duty at Canterbury, that we seriously considered whether it would not be a profitable venture to secure the services of able writers and able draughtsmen, and publish a readable and instructive handbook to each of our cathedrals. We hail, therefore, with much pleasure the publication of a fitting guide to the cathedral church of Durham, modestly published, with apologetic reluctance, by one who, living under the shadow of that ancient fane, has, by a constant, careful, and loving research, well fitted himself for the difficult task. It takes the form of an address to the members of an architectural and archæological society, and having been delivered on the spot, will form a delightful companion to those who take it with them during their perambulation. Commencing with a brief account of the introduction of Christianity into the north of England, its history is traced down to the establishment of the first religious body at Durham; it then passes on to the historical facts which bear upon the erection of the cathedral, and shows how the architectural features of the several parts tally with them. It is curious to note how much there is to praise and how little to blame in its various curators until we arrive almost at our own times. Of the so-called restorations which have taken place of late years, dating from Wyatt's downwards, the author says, "It is difficult to speak of the wanton destruction which has taken place with any degree of patience. There has been more mischief done within the last forty years than was done previously during a couple of centuries." It is to be hoped that the public interest taken in our great historical buildings is now too deep to permit its continuance. Nothing could be better calculated to stay the ruthless hand of the restorer than the clearer insight and knowledge which this pamphlet must disseminate concerning a cathedral which is claimed by the writer as "the grandest Norman building in existence."

"THE LIBRARY," by Andrew Lang (Macmillan & Co. 3s. 6d.).—It has latterly appeared as if the publishers of the "Art at Home Series" had almost exhausted their subjects, but the issue of "The Library" proves otherwise. Mr. Lang, with the aid of the Rev. W. J. Loftie and Mr. Austin Dobson, has compiled a work which passes beyond the province of vapid small talk into the region of sound advice and instruction. The opening chapter, which contains an apology for the book-hunter, hardly, it is true, invites the reader to dip deeper into the book; a suspicion that the author had found it hard work to find matter to fill up his pages constantly recurs. Note the account of the book-auction crowd, "which contains many persons so dingy and Semitic that at Monte Carlo they would be refused admittance; while in Germany they would be persecuted by Herr von Treitscke with Christian ardour." If all this means that Jews predominate at book sales our experience leads us to say that it is incorrect. The attendants at the principal London sales always appeared to us to be composed of an exceptionally respectable class; nor have we come across at these places the "knock out" which the author vouches for. Exception may also be taken to the apparent affectation of frequently referring to the Greek classics, and English collectors may not care for a greater space being granted to the consideration of French than English literature; but for these Mr. Lang apologizes on the score that "every writer is obliged to make the closest acquaintance with books in the direction in which his own studies lie." Much information may be gathered from Chapter II., which deals with the library, its contents and arrangement, the enemies of books, their bindings, and recipes for cleaning them. Mr. Lang is, we think, very undeservedly savage with the illustrator of unillustrated books, whom he terms a book ghoul, and as having "a thievish nature, more hateful even than the bibliokleptic." This profession is, it appears, more extensively carried on in America than here, and of these we cannot vouch, but probably they are no worse than the many we have encountered, who, bent on illustrating Ruskin's "Modern Painters," or Tom Taylor's "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," find a pleasant occupation in haunting old print shops. Chapter III., dealing with the books of the collector from manuscripts downwards, is capitally and very carefully compiled, and will whet the appetite of many of its readers towards embarking in the delightful pursuit of book collecting. The last chapter, on modern illustrated works, seems an incomplete addition to the volume.

"BIRKET FOSTER'S PICTURES OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPE" (London: G. Routledge and Son).—Messrs. Dalziel Brothers have followed the example of the publishers of Thackeray and Dickens in producing a limit d *édition de luxe* of the fine series of engravings after Birket Foster, which they first produced in the Exhibition year of 1862. At that date the practice of wood engraving was much more thorough than it is at present. In the cuts in this volume one may search in vain for the machine work which is now universal in English blocks, and which is dragging the profession down until it seems almost probable that it will follow in the footsteps of line engraving, and gradually die out in this country as a branch of the Fine Arts, the only hope being that the profession, and those who employ them, will be stimulated by the magnificent work now being done in America to avert the disaster which threatens them. Beside the American cutting no doubt Messrs. Dalziels' work will appear rough, but no one can fail to admit its honesty and its meritorious rendering of the artist's touch. In the present edition the woodcuts are printed from the original blocks on India paper. The designs are amongst the best that Mr. Birket Foster's fertile pencil has ever produced, and are full of the grace of composition and idyllic beauty which he, better than any living artist, can infuse into English rustic scenery. We are glad that a chance is given of the sonnets by Tom Taylor, which were written to accompany these illustrations, being handed on to the younger generation. They are too good to allow of their being consigned to oblivion.

"THE SACRISTY."—A quarterly magazine, which proposes in its columns to treat, amongst other things, of matters relating to painting, sculpture, and architecture as the handmaidens of religion, has been revived by Mr. E. Walford. At present music and church architecture engross the major portion of the contents, but the Midsummer number includes an engraving of a piece of sculpture of considerable merit by Canon Harford, who has hitherto been principally known as a connoisseur of the Fine Arts.

"GENERAL INDEX TO THE CATALOGUES OF THE EXHIBITIONS OF WORKS BY OLD MASTERS AND DECEASED BRITISH ARTISTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, FROM 1870 TO 1879.' 1s.'—These lists, for which the Art student is indebted to the zeal and knowledge of Mr. F. Eaton, the indefatigable Secretary of the Royal Academy, will be exceedingly useful not only for purpose of reference in the present day, but also to the Art historian, who will find here a reliable record of some of the most famous pictures in the public and private galleries of this country.



THE SABOT SHOP

DRAWN AND E[illegible] BY M[illegible] J. MELVES

A LAKE-SIDE HOME.*

BRANTWOOD.

AT the time when Mr. Ruskin purchased Brantwood, the house was, it appears from *Fors Clavigera*, "a mere shed of rotten timber and loose stone," requiring repairs which "proved worse than complete rebuilding." Alterations and additions have, therefore, made it considerably different from what it must have been in the days of its former proprietor, of whom, however, one memorial yet remains in the words "God and the People," which may still be read inscribed on the wall of an out-building, now used as a carpenter's workshop. The entrance to the house is a little sombre, but once within doors this is of small matter, for, as will be seen from Mr. Hilliard's drawing, all the principal rooms look on to the lake. The fair-sized hall is influenced, indeed, by the sombreness outside, though there is ample light for the visitor to remark, the moment he enters it, the first few of the many noteworthy pictures which it will be his good fortune



Mr. Ruskin's House, Brantwood. After a Drawing by L. J. Hilliard.

to see. Facing him are three drawings by Burne Jones, one of Fair Rosamond, and the others two large designs for needlework, the first of Thisbe, the second of Cleopatra; whilst on the other walls hang three or four sketches by Prout, and a few studies by Mr. Ruskin's own pencil. On the left is a small sitting-room, into which we need not enter; it was used as a dining-room until the larger and brighter one was added, since when it has served as a convenient warehouse

* Concluded from page 324.

for a good deal of valuable rubbish. On the right is the drawing-room, with the new dining-room opposite to it, and between the two, at the foot of the stairs, is the door of the Professor's study.

It is difficult—and more and more difficult as we come to deal with the two last-named rooms—to avoid either omitting to mention much that should be noted, or mentioning so much as to leave little time to do anything more than give a catalogue of names. Every room in the house has something of interest in it. Up-stairs the Professor's own chamber at once recalls the exhibition of his Turner drawings, which was held at the rooms of The Fine Art Society three years back, so covered are the walls with those very pictures; and here at least the "Turner Notes" render it needless for us to say anything of the drawings which they describe. All of the seventy exhibited in Bond Street do not indeed hang at once on the Brantwood walls. Some are there in places of permanent honour, covered over with canvas during the hours in which the rooms are unoccupied except by the sun; others are varied at pleasure from time to time, whilst those not in use are carefully guarded in one of the cases made for their reception, and of which, for such of our readers as are not familiar with the Turner drawings in the National Gallery, our illustration of Mr. Ruskin's study gives example. There is only one other room up-stairs into which we will go, that next to the one we have just mentioned. It was occupied by Mr. Ruskin previously to, and during, his serious illness at the time of the Turner exhibition, and in it one cannot fail to observe a sort of summer-house recess, cutting off one corner of the room. This peculiarity, from which the chamber takes its castle-sounding name of the "turret-room," was designed by Mr. Ruskin in order that, standing in it, he might see almost all the country round, and lose no effect on distant shore or hill of the splendid sunsets and sunrises with which, in fine weather, the Lake of Coniston seems specially favoured.

Of the three principal rooms in the house, the drawing-room is naturally the one least personal to Mr. Ruskin himself, though it is here that the household meet every evening, and pass the quiet hours before retiring to rest with music and chess-playing and reading aloud; this last and most delighting entertainment being contributed by Mr. Ruskin himself, and the "fair fiction" chosen not unfrequently one of Sir Walter's twelve quite noblest novels. To those who have had the happy privilege of such readings as these, the portrait of Mr. Ruskin, which we gave in our last number, will recall him especially at this time, when he has closed the book at some critical moment in the story—"Quentin Durward," it may be, just where the Countess is entering the presence of William de la Marck; or the "Fortunes of Nigel," just when they have landed their hero in Alsatia—and turns his head to listen, for Mr. Ruskin is an excellent listener, to the remarks of any and every one of his audience.

We have heard it asked more than once if Mr. Ruskin's house is "æsthetically" furnished, and the answer is, that any one who goes to Brantwood hoping to find modern "High Art" is doomed to disappointment. The furniture is strong and substantial, old-fashioned, but not antique. A large portion of it came from Mr. Ruskin's old home at Denmark Hill, and did duty for his parents before him. "What was good enough for my father is more than good enough for me," would probably be the proud and reverent reply that would be given to any one who expressed a wonder that every stick and straw in the house was not a work of Art. But the wonder is not likely to be felt, for it is immediately evident that Brantwood is not dependent for its Art on its upholstery. The wall-paper, indeed, of both drawing-room and study is artistic, for the curious and many-coloured pattern on its creamy ground is an enlarged copy of that on the robe of a figure in one of the national pictures—'The Circumcision' of Marco Marziale. Not that this paper is quite all that might have been hoped from the picture or from the design, executed by Mr. William Ward, with whose copies of Turner many are familiar. In the picture but little of the pattern is seen—only a small piece on the shoulders of the officiating priest, the holding back of whose robe by his attendants displays the simpler lining of the gorgeous vestment. Perhaps the paper fails—Mr. Ruskin would speak of it as "one of my failures"—not only because what is rich and glossy satin in the picture becomes dulled, despite its gold, upon the walls, but also by the constant repetition of a pattern, the whole of which in Marco Marziale's painting occurs unbroken only once. This we need not further consider, though some of our readers may care to examine the picture and decide for themselves on the adaptability to house decoration of the patterns which ornament the robes of its priests. At Brantwood the design of the wall-papers is comparatively unimportant, for there is not much of them to be seen. "Pictures, pictures everywhere, except where there are books," is likely to be the visitor's recollection of the house; and it would be as impossible to remember all the pictures as to recall the titles of all the books.

In each room a few pictures must be looked at, and in the study a few books as well. We cast our eyes quickly, too quickly, round the walls of the drawing-room; there are some Turners, of course, varied from time to time, which, with some drawings by Prout, some more by "dear old William Hunt," a copy by a French artist of one of Angelico's angels, "with the sparkles streaming from his purple wings," and two sketches by the master of the house, are those we chiefly notice; all of them water colours, there being here, as in the study, no "oils," except one, an unfinished painting by Gainsborough, which hangs near the door.

Oil paintings, however, we find—a perfect gallery of them—in the new dining-room. This square room—the *salon carré* of Brantwood—was, as we have said, but recently added by Mr. Ruskin to the house. Facing the door, and the fireplace to its right, is a quaint stone-mullioned window of Mr. Ruskin's own design, consisting of seven lancet lights, and which may aptly give to this room the nickname of "the refectory." On the left wall, as we enter, there hang, above the sideboard, three family portraits, all by Northcote, two of them of Mr. Ruskin's parents, and the third of Mr. Ruskin himself, when, with only three summers behind him, he lived in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, and being taken to have his portrait painted by Mr. Northcote, "had not been ten minutes alone with him" before he asked the artist "why there were holes in his carpet. The portrait in question represents a very pretty child with yellow hair, dressed in a white frock like a girl, with a broad light blue sash, and blue shoes to match; the feet of the child wholesomely large in proportion to its body, and the shoes still more wholesomely large in proportion to the feet." *

Going round the room to the left, we pause on one side of the Gothic window before a magnificent Titian, the por-

* *Fors Clavigera*, 1875, p. 56.

trait of Andrea Gritti in his doge's robes, and wearing the quaintly shaped cap of his office, also worn by Leonardo Loredano in the famous portrait of him by Bellini in the National Gallery. On the other side of this window are two smaller pictures, one a portrait sketch by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the other a copy of Carpaccio's St. Ursula by Mr. Ruskin's own hand. Then, taking the next side of the room, a great part of it is taken up by a bow window looking towards the lake, though enough space is left on one side of it for an 'Annunciation' by the mighty Tintoret, and on the other for the portrait of an old Venetian gentleman, whose name, like that of the artist, is unknown. Lastly, in this room there hang round the fireplace some seven or eight pictures, two of them landscapes, 'Edinburgh Castle,' by Nasmyth, and the 'Pass of Killiecrankie,' after Robson, and the others all portraits, of which, besides one of Angelica Kauffman by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and another of Mr. Ruskin's father by Sir John Watson Gordon, there are three of special noteworthiness. Of these, the first is placed in the centre of the group, and is of Raphael, taken from the life, an interest it shares with only two other portraits of the artist; the second is believed to be a portrait of young Reynolds by his own hand; whilst the third is Turner's likeness of himself, taken when he was about seventeen—"Lustro ætatis quarto," the inscription beneath it runs—and given by him to his housekeeper, Mrs. Danby, who, in her turn, bequeathed it to its present owner.

We have purposely refrained from entering the study till



Mr. Ruskin's Study. After a Drawing by Alexander Macdonald.

we had seen the other rooms, and to describe it is, thanks to Mr. Macdonald's drawing, an easier and, in some respects, a less necessary task. His picture is taken from one end of the room, which is long and not very lofty, having originally been two smaller rooms, now thrown into one. The point of view chosen for the picture is that obtained from Mr. Ruskin's own writing-chair, and, as this is quite at the back of the room, we have thus presented to us almost everything in it except one wall, completely covered by a large bookcase, and one window to the left, from which Mr. Ruskin, who, when in good health, is an early riser, sees morning break, as he writes, "along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey, beneath the rose of the moorland, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore." *

Over the fireplace at the other end of the room is a magnificent drawing of the Lake of Geneva, of a size of which in water colours very few are to be found elsewhere than at Farnley; on either side are bookcases, upon one of which stones and minerals and some Greek antiquities take the place of books; whilst the other, half concealed by a Madonna and Child by Lucca della Robbia, is filled with works of historical reference, needed for the carrying on of "Our Fathers have told us." To the right is almost the only space

* See Preface to "The Turner Notes." 1878.

of wall in this room devoted to pictures; six of them drawings by Turner, of which three, those of Bonneville, Arona, and the Splügen (the public gift to Mr. Ruskin on his recovery in 1878) are never changed. The other three are varied from, it may be, month to month; now the 'Carnarvon,' now the 'Conway,' now the 'Falls of Terni' or the vignette of the 'Lord of the Isles;' now this drawing and now that takes its turn in cupboard or on wall. Opposite these pictures is a small bow window, seated in which Mr. Ruskin will sometimes draw one of those minute studies of leaf or flower which are most characteristic of his powers as an artist. The tripod inkstand on the table in our engraving, which is of sixteenth-century workmanship, was the gift of one of its owner's constant friends; it has held the ink with which most of Mr. Ruskin's later work in literature or correspondence has been written; whilst another piece of curious stationery may be noticed in the mass of chalcedony, at the end of one of the stalactites of which is engraved Mr. Ruskin's seal, with the motto he himself adopted of "To-day."* Other things are lying about the room, and indicate the tastes and pursuits of its occupant. Art and science are both fully represented, and each in nearly equal degree. A missal on the writing-table has been read as well as looked at; the fragments of carved marble in one corner are the broken pieces of a font executed by Nicolo Pisano, and which the Lorenzi are said to have destroyed lest, having served the baptism of their noble sons, it should ever be defiled by similar service for children of meaner birth. The painting of a portion of St. Mark's, Venice, that rests against the back of a cabinet, is by Mr. Ruskin, and was exhibited in 1879 at the rooms of the Old Water-Colour Society, whilst a copy of it hangs at Sheffield in the Museum of St. George. And so on; here a manuscript, and there a picture; here a perfect specimen of one art, there the first efforts of another; all round the room there is something that may instruct us, and nothing hardly that will not interest. Then for science. The spray of wild fern in the glass on the mantelpiece is waiting the operations of the author of "Proserpina," by whom it will be "drawn and quartered" to some purpose, for Mr. Ruskin not unfrequently paints his flower before he dissects it, and so studies its curves and colours and effects before he makes himself acquainted with the way it grows. The hexagonal bar of basalt that lies on the floor is a geological specimen which Mr. Ruskin lit upon in a ramble over the crags of Wetherlam, and carried down bit by bit of the journey from day to day, till, when the work was nearly over, he called in others' help. Even the lump of dough, at whose purpose we may wonder, will be experimented upon for the purposes of "Deucalion," and, if it does its duty, will give conclusive proof of the viscous substance and sliding motion of the glaciers of the Alps.

Nor are the few objects that chance to be about the room the only or the chief ones it contains; they are but the casual representatives of the many others of similar sort with which the bookshelves and cases are filled. One of the cabinets that is open in Mr. Macdonald's drawing exhibits a row of picture frames, that slide, one after the one, each into its groove. It would take long to go half through such a row: there are Turners to be seen, of course, but there are other drawings as well; some in sepia by Mantegna and Botticelli, others in the brightest of colours by illuminators of missals; others, studies by Mr. Ruskin's pupils; others, delicate drawings of flowers, shells, and feathers by himself. So, again, if we turn from pictures to manuscripts, there are a goodly number of them, each one of which is characteristic of the period to which it belongs, and most of which are as clean and as perfect as when their leaves were turned, as were once the leaves of at least one, by the fingers of a King of France. And so, if moving again from Art to science, we look into the numerous drawers of the largest cabinet in the room—the one at the end of it which our picture does not include—we shall see why Mr. Ruskin valued the basalt of Wetherlam; for here, arranged with so much taste that we feel there is Art even here, is a collection of minerals which, although not large as such collections go, is probably ahead of most in the rarity of many of its gems. Each drawer is lined with velvet like a jewel-box, and a geologist's jewel-box more than one of the drawers would be. The specimens of the curious forms which gold takes as it hides itself in the quartz look all the more precious for their crimson ground, and the polished chalcedony gleams all the whiter for the pale blue velvet on which it lies. Lords and Commons, highest and lowest, rough and smooth—each constituency in the world of minerals sends its member to this parliament of stones. The opal is well represented, and has a colonial member from Australia as well, who bids fair to hold his own with the best of his fellows; the agates send a large contingent, of whom one, whatever his views on vivisection, is strongly in favour of anatomical studies, for he never told any one of that strange row of little plates, by which he is now distinguished, until Mr. Ruskin had him cut in half; beryl and jasper, moonstone and amethyst, basalt and flint, all have something to say; all, if time allowed, would catch in turn the Speaker's eye, and get the Professor to interpret their lasting speech.

And the Professor's study is the house of another parliament, the speeches of whose members should need no interpreter—the parliament of books. If you may know a man by his friends, you may equally know him by his library, and at any rate the books at Brantwood will support the altered adage. Some few there are, no doubt, which must be excluded as evidence of the characteristics of their unwilling owner. One is not a critic for nothing, and volumes of poems, presented by their authors, who hope for a kind expression of a candid but high—of course high—opinion of their merits, will find their way to a critic's house. Some, too, there are which have lain uncut or unread since the day they were got. When some time since Mr. Ruskin was compelled to clear his overcrowded shelves, he noted his reasons for clearance in a few words written on title-page or fly-leaf, which, when these volumes found their way to the hammer, were shrewdly capitalised by the auctioneer. "Thrown out with other rubbish," was the note in—we spare the author's feelings; "Old school book, not opened these thirty years"—that in a volume of Polybius; "A good book, too confused for use;" "No hope of reading now;" "A good book, but never used," in a black-letter edition of some classic, with an added recommendation to "see curious mildew, fol. 90;" "Done with at last;" "Thrown out for bothering print;" these and other similar remarks were the reasons for this or that book's expulsion. But of the valued volumes that kept, and keep, their places on the shelves, the margins tell a different tale. Many of them give

* The reader will observe that this seal, and one or two other objects named, are not given in the engraving.

evidence of the closest study. The Book, "of which no syllable was ever yet understood but by a deed," this has been so read and re-read, that, if every copy of it were lost, it could hardly be "thrown out" now. Plato and Xenophon, Dante and Milton, have had their pages learned by heart; Pope and Byron, Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, those favourite novels, old-fashioned but never out-fashioned, only leave their shelves to be once more enjoyed. Had we lingered a moment longer in the Professor's chamber up-stairs, or had leisure to take our eyes off its pictures, we should have noticed a bookcase there too of these chosen friends: Evelyn's Diary, some volumes of Sir Arthur Help's writings, the old three-volume edition of Scott, which makes "skipping" almost impossible, and the book, therefore, really enjoyed, and some presentation copies of Carlyle's works. But we must not leave the study yet; for on the left-hand wall and between the windows are two bookcases, which respectively contain the necessary materials for the continuation of "Proserpina" and "Deucalion." Here, therefore, are works on geology and works on botany, from Gerarde to Sowerby; books of reference of various kinds, not many, but what there are of the best—the working tools of a careful writer. And lastly, before we go, we have time to glance at some volumes which no hand can multiply, such as the manuscripts of "Woodstock," "Guy Mannering," and the "Fortunes of Nigel;" and at some rare copies or old editions, such as a Chaucer of 1602, which once belonged to Addison.

We have said enough, we hope, though much more might be added, to give our readers an idea of the interior of Brantwood. Of the life its inmates lead we have spoken little, yet it is that which makes the place what it must be to those who know it, what it rightly seems to those who visit it for a day.

Let us suppose that there comes there one morning a youth with preconceived notions, to which his own ideas are father, of what the house will be like. He knows nothing really of Mr. Ruskin, except a few eloquent passages of what he delights in as "passionate prose;" he imagines he is approaching the centre of a school; he is to be made acquainted (if there is anything left for him to hear or see) with new refinements of colour and of Art; æstheticism rampant, affectation encouraged, morbid feelings fostered and approved. We will not join him further in his imaginations; they are vain. He looked for advance; he may find it, but he must go back first; he has prided himself on his experience as a man, he must become more of a child. Simplicity of life; the healthy enjoyment and cheerful acceptance of the trifling incidents that each day brings; the quiet love of simple pleasures; occupation self-set, if no one else has set it; the power of being readily interested and easily amused; sympathy and courtesy, labour and order and peace—these are the lessons he may learn, and as he is rowed away in the cool of the evening, his eye may dwell on the retreating shore, some little distance back from which stands the house he has left, and he may wonder why it is that a short day's visit promises to last with him so long, and reflect on the deeper senses in which that lake-side villa is really made a Lake-Side Home.

EVERY-DAY LIFE AT VENICE.

VENICE, the unique and far-famed, is to be seen under two widely distinct aspects. One is the superficial view of the tourist and the sight-seer; the other that of the long-established, keenly appreciative resident, who knows every nook and corner, who has identified himself with the ways and habits of its people, and taken part in its every-day life. The first is limited to a more or less exhaustive inspection of the glories of Venice, its great architectural monuments, its cathedral, churches, palaces, and principal canals. To descend at Danieli's, the Europa, or the Grand Hotel, to have a private gondola with two oars, to lounge on the luxurious cushions in the stern, now gazing idly at the purple vault, now at the ivory and rose reflections in the emerald waters of the lagoons; landing perpetually, armed with Murray or Bædeker, and conscientiously "doing" the Belle Arte or the Frari, San Stefano, San Giorgio, San Giovanni e Paolo, and the rest; feeding pigeons in the Square of San Marco, and toiling hopefully from ground-floor to roof of the Doge's Palace—these are the joys of the ordinary visitor to Venice. He is generally in a hurry, and seldom alone. The fear of missing some particular point of interest drives him on from spot to spot, without leaving him leisure to thoroughly enjoy anything that he sees. His companions will probably ring all the changes between the ultra-ecstatic and the preposterously dull; either warming to exaggerated enthusiasm, or voting the whole thing an imposition and a bore. He will, perhaps, on his return to England, be able to talk glibly of the sights of Venice, but he will have known nothing of its real charm.

Not so the man who has made Venice his home for a certain term. To do this he should eschew hotels, and take lodgings on or somewhere near the Grand Canal. Prices are moderate: you can have your coffee at home, and for regular meals there are the restaurants, the Café Quadri, Bauer's, the Café del Gallo, or that of the Post. Hard by the lodgings is the "cab stand" of Venice, where the gondolas await your orders, and will convey you anywhere for a franc. For five francs you can secure the boat for the whole day; for thirty, or less, it will be at your command for all the week. Nor is it alone the luxury of a private conveyance that you thus obtain. The gondolier becomes your factotum and body servant as well. He is a handy, active man, knowing much, and always willing to oblige. If his master be an artist, he will wash brushes, clean palettes, and set up the easel in the floating studio, which, but for the occasional oscillation, is the most charming form of out-of-door workroom. He will fetch and carry water for your bath, hunt up models, clean boots, and run messages all day long. If you are kind to him and fairly liberal, he will call you his protector, and on the day of your departure from Venice will bring the whole of his family to the railway station to bid you farewell, and kiss your hand with tears in their eyes, himself giving them the lead. Friends, humble and unpretending, but none the less staunch and well disposed, are soon made at Venice. The

neighbours have a smile and cheery good day for us as we go by. If we are early folk, we meet the market people on their



Small Calle near the Via Garibaldi, Venice.

way to the Rialto, followed by a couple of barefooted friars, and a smart captain of infantry bound to the barracks and early parade. Next come the street vendors: the lads who sell *volpi*, a hideous star-fish of a dirty red colour, which they wash in the waters of the canal; the old lady whose stock in trade is an enormous baked pumpkin, which she hawks to the cry of "Ay che barruchi!" roared out in stentorian tones; then follows the green-grocer, with his fruit and vegetables in the body of the boat he manœuvres so cleverly down our narrow canal. To meet these good folk half-a-dozen times is to secure the honour of their acquaintance for ever. The gondoliers at the *Traghetto*, or ferry, with its small shrine, who are busy soon after dawn grooming their boats and cleaning them down from the quaint steel prow to the brass griffins at the stern, are equally familiar friends, ready to take us across the canal for a few *centesimos*, or more if they can get it, and to chat and crack their jokes and quips with us or any one else. The Venetian gondolier is a distinct type, a character with strongly marked salient points. He is a cicerone by profession, knowing every inch of his Venice, and with an apropos remark for all of interest he passes as he sculls us along. He is not unpicturesque in appearance, although his attire is generally a simple flannel shirt, ordinary trousers, a bright waistband, and a wide-awake hat. He is remarkably civil spoken when well treated, but he can repel rough words by sharp invective and ready repartee. He has his faults. Although seldom, if ever, the worse for liquor, he is a notorious wine-bibber, and whether waiting for employ or not, or taking his pleasure at the *trattoria*, those more especially around the Via Garibaldi, he and his fellow-labourers will drink deep and late into the night. But the Venetian law holds him tightly in its grip, and he is sharply punished for even slight offences, by suspension, more or less long, from the right to ply for hire.

The temptation to use a gondola in Venice is great, and with the better class is overpowering. A patrician never walks a yard if he can help it, except at night in the Piazza of San Marco; he must have the gondola, which waits with its two oarsmen in the family livery, emblazoned with the family arms, at his front door, even if he is only going round the corner or just across the canal. But thus to take a boat on every occasion is by no means indispensable. There is no place upon the main islands which cannot be reached on foot, by bridge, or by dry land. The *calles*, as the streets are called, may often prove a nearly hopeless labyrinth to the stranger, but natives can thread them, and by their means make from point to point with ease. It is in these narrow streets, with their many-storied houses rising high enough to exclude the sun, that the inner every-day life of the Venetian may best be understood. Observe, in the woodcut of the Via Garibaldi, the listless maiden in the foreground waiting and gazing eagerly down the street, doubtless for the lover who tarries strangely. She has thrown down her knitting in the basket at her feet, and rocks herself into a passion on the straw-bottomed chair—one fashioned probably by the neighbour who may be seen farther off busily engaged at his trade. Our maiden is a dark brunette, the best type of Venetian beauty, although the blondes, numerous enough with their dazzling complexions and masses of splendid chestnut hair, are not to be despised. But there is a prejudice against fair girls: they are deemed deceitful and inconstant. A local proverb warns us to distrust them

"and green stones"—stones covered with a greenish slimy deposit, which are slippery and dangerous to the tread. The brunette, on the other hand, is credited with a simple, confiding nature. Another well-known Venetian type is portrayed in this woodcut—the *bigolante*, or female water-carrier—who generally wears a distinctive dress, and who comes mostly from the banks of the Brenta, upon the mainland. Like our London milkmaids, they are usually as active and industrious as they are strong. Soon after dawn the bigolante may be seen trooping to the various wells or cisterns, of which those in the Ducal Palace are the most popular, and their waters most in request. Here they fill their *bigolos* (the copper water vessels delineated in the cut), which it is their pride to scrub and clean till they shine like burnished gold, and with which they ply their trade up and down the city. Water is a precious commodity in a place dependent as Venice is mainly on its rainfall. The cisterns are numerous, and constructed with considerable skill. There is an outer wall of brickwork, then a wide layer of sand, then an inner cylindrical well: all the water which drains from the open surfaces aboveground enters the well by various orifices, after percolating and filtering through the sand. It is deemed to be pure and unadulterated; yet the modern doctor shakes his head and warns his patients against Venetian water as dangerously full of the germs of zymotic disease. Nevertheless, the natives have drunk it for centuries without specially evil results. When the cisterns are low and the rains still delay their advent, the wells are filled artificially with water brought in great barges from the same river Brenta, which is the real home of the bigolante. These arrangements are somewhat primitive, and it is strange that so large and prosperous a city has not yet secured a permanent water supply by means of an aqueduct from the mainland. Efforts have indeed been made, but not with conspicuous success.

The trade of water selling is not confined to the water maidens, with their yoke upon their shoulders and their brace of copper cans. It is followed also by itinerant vendors of various degrees. The merchant depicted in the foreground of the second woodcut is a good specimen of the class. He is well to do; see his metal apparatus for carrying his tumblers and his liquid stock in trade, and notice the air with which he dexterously adds to the full goblet he holds in his hand the few drops of *mistra*, a preparation of aniseed, which slightly flavours the beverage and gives it an opaque tinge. His dress is a striped shirt, pink and white or blue and white, trousers, and a wide-awake hat. There is but little variety nowadays in Venetian costume. The women still love bright colours, yellow skirts and kerchiefs of crimson and emerald green, setting off to perfection their graceful figures, their lustrous complexions and magnificent hair. But the men, save for a stray priest or two in shovel hat, or an impish boy with a dazzling white shirt and a crimson fez, are mostly in the conventional dress of the nineteenth century. Tall hats and frock-coats may indeed be seen where once the patricians vied with each other in the splendour of their robes, yet even this falling off cannot rob Venice of its picturesqueness. Its streets and markets are full of life, the shops and stalls of variety and colour. The fish market, especially on a Friday morning, when good Catholics are vowed to fast, is an exciting scene. Housewives intent on their purchases chaffer eagerly with the salesman, who is



Ponte del Olio, Venice.

quite as keen on his own account. There is abundant choice. The finny spoil of the Venetian lagoons may be inferior to the

fish of colder waters, but there is the charm of variety and the merit of undoubted freshness. It is said of a certain Venetian noble that he abominated and could never live in Milan because he could get no fresh fish there. Artist, naturalist, and epicure may all revel in the show on a Venetian fish-stall. There are the great *rombo*, like a turbot; the blue-winged *lucerna;* the *bizati*, or gigantic green eels; the *volpi* and the *cepa*, varieties of hideous octopus; the sturgeon, with its pointed beak; the tunny, in joints like beef or mutton at the butcher's; the glittering *brancini;* the flat and snowy *sfoglia;* the shell-fish of all sorts—mussels, crabs, both red and green, rosy lobsters, and the *cape sante*, bivalves enclosing an oyster of brick-dust red. Venetian cooks are very skilful, too, in the preparation of savoury dishes of fish. The mussel soup is a highly esteemed delicacy, and the *brancino*, already mentioned, when arranged with the green sauce known as Venetian in the culinary art, is a dish not to be despised. Not less beautiful than the fish market is that devoted to vegetables and fruit. The supply of these products of a fertile southern soil is nearly unlimited. Oranges and lemons, in the proper seasons, glitter alongside the crimson tomatoes, the *pomi d'oro*, or golden apples; close by are figs, green and black, grapes in all varieties, peaches, melons, apricots, &c. Vegetables are equally plentiful: mixed with carrots, cabbages, salads, and asparagus are pumpkins piled like cannon balls, some round, some cylindrical, and in all shades of yellow and green. In all these domestic scenes there is abundant scope for the painter's brush. This has been largely recognised of late, and the every-day life of Venice is nowadays more frequently portrayed than the stereotyped subjects with which the artistic world is almost too familiar. One of the first to labour successfully in this direction was Mr. Charles Earle, whose Venetian market and street scenes have long been a pleasing feature in the exhibitions, and he has been followed by Mr. Harry Woods, who has had more than one excellent picture of Venetian domestic life well hung in the Royal Academy in this and in previous years. A still more conspicuous instance is that of Mr. Van Haanen, whose 'Venetian Pearl Stringer' will be recollected as one of the finest pictures exhibited last year, and he had another smaller but not less admirable work this year of Venetian washerwomen. Mr. Luke Fildes, A.R.A., has also bestowed upon Venetian models some of his great powers as a colourist, and his deep insight into character. Our subscribers will remember the steel engraving of the Venetian fruit-seller going his rounds, from a picture by this artist, which appeared in our March number. Amongst water colourists Mr. Birket Foster has executed, as a year's work, a series (some fifty in number) of small but very interesting drawings of street scenes, which on their completion passed into the hands of Mr. Seeley, of Nottingham, without being seen by the public. A Russian nobleman, under the *nom de plume* of Count Roussoff, has also, after a very short apprenticeship, produced some works which, full of colour, movement, and originality, have at once been seized upon by an appreciative clique in London and Paris, where his work has been found at the Royal Academy and the Salon. It is from two of his drawings that our illustrations are taken.

Lastly, Mr. Whistler, in his remarkable series of pastels, specially delighted in depicting the colour in such out-of-the-way scenes as the 'Old Clothes Market,' 'An Old Iron Shop,' and 'The Beggars.'

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

NEUTRAL GROUND.

WITH regard to the use of neutral colour in decoration, there has been, on the one hand, a great deal of dogmatic assertion, and on the other much indignant denial. The late Owen Jones preached the doctrine of bright primaries in small quantities. The school that succeeded him advocates secondary or tertiary tints. Both, however, agree in one thing—that colour must be *broken*. The question is how this shall be effected, and it really matters little whether harmony be obtained by the use of vivid colours in infinitesimal touches, or of more sober shades in larger masses. The difference of the two methods is practically that between the manner of the water-colour painter who "washes in" a clear pure gradation of tint, and of one who produces a similar effect by hatching and stippling. It may be conceded that the one process best adapts itself to one kind of effect, and the other to another. Each artist adopts naturally that which he conceives to be most appropriate to his individual practice; he gives the preference to the one that he feels he can manage; it is to a great extent a matter of temperament rather than of choice with him. So long as the actual tints are pure without crudity, and sober without sombreness, no colourist will quarrel with him on the score of the method he adopts. There is one good reason, at least, why the use of low tones should be popularly advocated, and that is, the absence of a cultivated colour-sense among us. Rules are obviously only laid down for those who have yet to learn. The accomplished artist is a law to himself. He delights in doing just what some authority has declared could not be done. But for the student, and still more for the simple amateur, who does not so much as study, some indication of the safe path is necessary. How uncommon the cultivated sense of colour is, even among cultivated people, and how necessary, therefore, some safe rule of conduct is, may be inferred from the readiness with which the terms "broken colour" and "low toned" are misunderstood to mean dull or dirty colour. Men mistake the abhorrence of crudity for the preference for dinginess. They see no difference between rich and raw colour, between bright and glaring. They recognise no colour unless it is positive, and when they would affect fashionable æstheticism they think that they have only to go contrary to their own natural preference, and adopt what they have hitherto held to be ugly, in order to be in perfect taste. They spread before you with exultation some hideously dull and dirty novelty, and when you fail to admire they exclaim, "Why, I thought you liked the new shades of colour!" as if it were a question of new and old; as if there were no medium between a cruel glare and total darkness; as if one could not love the light without enjoying a flash of lightning.

Now, for those who have yet to learn what colour is (and they are the many), the use of subdued tints offers the only hope of safety. It may be very possible for them even then to arrange those tints without taste, and to lapse into heavy, uninteresting, and even unpleasant combinations of colour—even into combinations that cannot be called colour at all; but at least they are protected from the more glaring and offensive mistakes to which bright colours tempt the unwary. Most persons might, with a little trouble, be drilled into the observance of laws of taste, so long as they confined themselves within the limited range of subdued colours; but unless a man has an eye for colour, the education of a lifetime will not teach him to play with pure colours with impunity: witness the many painters who have made themselves a name in the world as draughtsmen, and yet to their dying day continued to perpetrate colour that a master would scarcely have allowed to pass in a rudimentary class.

With regard to decoration, again, there are still other reasons for the frequent adoption of broad masses of low-toned tint rather than of bright colours in small quantities; reasons beyond the consideration, because beyond the experience, of the theorists who venture to lay down the laws of design from the outside, who inevitably leave out of account the due balance between use and beauty in design, not in the least knowing what is and what is not practical. A painter, I have said, may please himself whether he choose to stipple or wash-in a tint: the whole colour box is at his hand. The case is very different in decorative art. The element of cost comes here at once into prominent consideration. Every manufacture has its very narrow limitations. Nearly every one of them restrains the artist to a choice of very few colours, and often there is even further constraint as to the arrangement of them. The critic may, in his ignorance, with impunity ignore the trifling consideration as to the number of "cards" and "shuttles," "blocks" and "printings," "time" and "wages," because the public know, if possible, still less about these things; but to the manufacturer, to the weaver, the paper-stainer, and the decorator they are matters of every importance; and, indeed, these considerations determine mainly whether a design shall be produced or not. If the execution of it involves cost that is not likely to be repaid with interest, it stands small chance of being carried out. It amounts to this, that in effect the conditions of manufacture are imperative, and one condition is, that the number of colours introduced into a design shall be reduced to a minimum. This being so, it is practically impossible to break up colour by anything analogous to the stippling process in water colour. A red, for instance, must be of one even red: it cannot be modified by dots and hatchings of all other shades of red, of yellow, of orange, of purple, and of grey; and it therefore becomes essential that unless we are to adopt (as Owen Jones did) the Moresque principle altogether, and use no broad masses of colour at all, we must, in proportion to the quantity of any one colour, reduce its quality of brightness. The more vivid colours may to some extent be introduced in certain textile fabrics, such as silk, satin, velvet, or plush, where the pile of the material, according to the light that falls on it, causes it to assume a variety of its own, which is just what is wanted. But in certain other manufactures the material employed is equally prejudicial to the effect. Wall papers, for example, are printed in distemper colour, which is quite opaque, and it is practically impossible to get, in printing with this medium, any of those effects which depend upon transparency. Certain colours in particular are most difficult to get: a good quality of blue is a triumph.

It follows, from what has been said, that the use of pure bright colour in decoration is both difficult and dangerous, and that it must be sparingly introduced, whilst the adoption of a lower key of colour serves in great measure to solve the popular difficulty, and make repose possible in ordinary dwelling-rooms. It was Mr. Ruskin, if I remember rightly, who said that the test of a colour was whether it could easily be put into words. Certain it is that a tint which you can positively pronounce to be red, blue, or yellow, without a qualifying adjective, is in danger of being unbearably red, blue, or yellow; while the indefinite tints of spring buds, autumn leaves, distant hills, and sunset skies are almost invariably as beautiful as they are subtle. No doubt it is possible to have indescribable shades of colour that are indescribably nasty; but they are the exception. No doubt it is possible to use downright raw colour with effect; but it must be used with great discretion, and that discretion is the cultivated gift of few.

Our British preference for clean, smooth, equal surfaces further imposes on us the necessity of restraint in the use of bright colour; for the cleaner, the smoother, the more equal it is, the less endurable is anything approaching to crudity. It is when they have been soiled by use, mellowed by age, that bright draperies and the like appear most beautiful. Some of the Turkish, Rhodian, and Cretan embroideries, that are just now to be found in all the shops, owe much of their charm to the fading of the silks and the discoloration of the linen ground. What we so much admire in an old embroidery, old tapestry, old glass, old architecture, is, so far as colour is concerned, very much due to the accidental differences of tone that come only with time. But the pace at which we live will not allow us to wait for the effects of age; the modern idea is that as soon as ever time and use begin to tell upon a room or upon a dress, it is *shabby*, and must needs be renewed. Emphatically, as long as the love of newness flourishes, as long as we are ashamed of the evidence of wear and tear in our belongings, and think the appearance of age a reproach, we must, if we would escape vulgarity, adopt a low key of colour in decoration.

LEWIS F. DAY.

FIJIAN POTTERY.



Bees at Work.

IN the end of 1874 a group of isles in the South Pacific, weary of intertribal wars, too often fostered by the selfish policy of foreigners of divers nationalities, petitioned to be annexed to England as the only solution of their many difficulties. In the following spring Sir Arthur Gordon was appointed first governor of the new colony, and established his head-quarters on the island of Ovalau, which, though one of the minor isles, is that on which the early settlers found it convenient to establish themselves, and where, consequently, Levuka, the present foreign capital, has sprung up. Round this centre lie several groups, as distinct as our own Hebrides, Orkneys, and Scilly Isles. These collectively form the group known as Fiji, which numbers about one hundred and fifty islands, of which about eighty are inhabited. The largest is some fifty miles long, by ninety broad; *i.e.* about the size of half-a-dozen counties in the south of England. Of the lesser isles, some are mere desolate rocks, either coral or volcanic, or combining both formations.

As a member of Sir Arthur Gordon's household, it was my good fortune to spend two years in this beautiful group, and among its many subjects of unexpected interest, none proved more attractive than the discovery that many of these islanders, hitherto known to us only in connection with the worst horrors of cannibalism, possess highly artistic instincts, and display an amount of good taste in designing and executing wood carving, painting rich patterns on the cream-coloured cloth which they manufacture from the bark of the paper mulberry, ornamenting houses with intricate geometrical patterns of many-coloured string made of various fibres, and, above all, in the manufacture of pottery, admirable and exceedingly varied in form, and of colouring so rich as to prove a valuable aid in house decoration.

Of their wood carving all I need remark is that, considering their total lack of all ordinary tools, the result obtained is truly surprising. Elaborately carved spear-heads and clubs, and bowls of most graceful and classic forms (in some cases supported by quaint and beautiful open-work stands, all in one piece with the bowl), are carved from blocks of the hardest wood, with no other tools than a fire-stick and a stone adze for the rough shaping; the tooth of a rat or a shark, set in a wooden handle, for carving; and a bit of the rough skin of the sting-ray, stretched on a wooden roller, to give the first polish, which is perfected by a long course of patient hand-rubbing with oil. In their wood carving, however, Fijians are equalled, if not surpassed, by the inhabitants of the New Hebrides and other groups. It is in their manufacture of pottery that they stand unequalled by any other race in the Pacific, with, of course, the one exception of the Japanese, who geographically may rank as Pacific Islanders.

I believe that in all the Melanesian Isles, such as New Caledonia, the New Hebrides, the Admiralty Isles, New Britain, New Ireland, and New Guinea, some sort of rude pottery is made, but invariably of the very simplest form and coarsest material. All the specimens I have seen brought from these isles have been merely sun-dried and unglazed.

On the other hand, I know of no instance in which pottery is made on any of the Polynesian Isles. Even the people of Tonga and Samoa, who in most respects have hitherto been far in advance of the Fijians, and considered distinctly superior races, have never, so far as I can learn, attempted this manufacture. Perhaps the reason may be found in the lack of suitable clay. But whatever be the cause, the fact remains that whatever pottery is found in these groups has been brought there from Fiji, where it is used in every house, both for cooking purposes and for holding water.

Hence we may infer that the Fijians, being a mixed race, in which are blended the Melanesian and Polynesian elements, have probably derived their first knowledge of the potter's art from their Melanesian ancestors. They themselves, however, attribute to the humble mason-bee the honour of having been their earliest teacher. This little creature is one which quickly forces itself on the attention of every new-comer. Under the eaves of every thatched roof, in the corners of every door and window, on sheltered boughs—in short, in every apparently secure corner—this busy worker forms the tiny clay nests in which to rear its young. These nests are of a globular form, with an opening on the upper side, guarded by a short neck and turned-over edge, as shown in the initial cut. I have often succeeded in detaching them from a window, and noted how exactly their form has been adopted by the Fijian potters in shaping their common cooking and water vessels. Individual taste, of course, alters the curves to suit its own fancy, and so variety from the original model is attained. But this refers rather to what we may call "fancy articles," in which each potter carries out her own design, whereas those made for ordinary domestic purposes adhere pretty much to one general form.



Tripod Dish.

The potters are all women, generally wives of the fishermen, who are looked upon as an inferior, low-caste section of the community. There are about a dozen villages in the group where pottery is made. I visited several, and noted

slight differences in each, both in the process of working and in the forms produced. The pottery is made entirely by hand, nothing of the nature of a wheel being known; nevertheless globular vessels of two feet in diameter, and nearly three in height, are fashioned with perfect symmetry. The same exact form is very rarely reproduced. Occasionally, when I had the good fortune to secure some unique and very shapely specimen, I have tried to get duplicates made to order, but

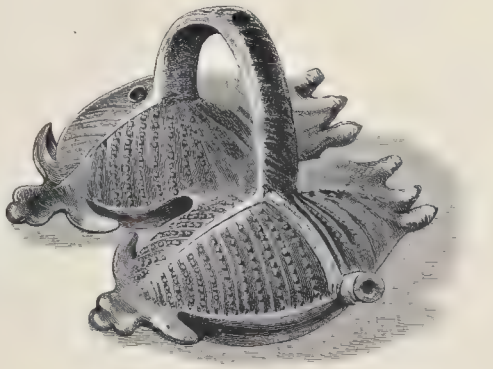


Red Glaze Water Vase.

the result has almost invariably been very unsatisfactory; and in no case will the potters of one village even attempt to copy a piece which has been brought from another island or district.

The honour of originating this manufacture is attributed to the people of Malaki, a small island off the coast of Viti Levu (*i.e.* Great Fiji), whence, in the old heathen days, they were driven by the whites, in revenge for the murder of a white man whose boat had touched on their inhospitable shore. They now inhabit the town of Na Savu, or Viti Levu,* one of the two largest isles in the group. When I visited this place, the village chief desired the principal potters to assemble on the *rara*, which answers to our village green, that I might have an opportunity of seeing a good number working at the same time. Each woman brought a mat to sit on, a piece of flat wooden board, a lump of bluish clay mixed with fine sand, a smooth roundish stone, a small wooden spatula, and a bowl of water. I first watched a woman model a large water-jar. She proceeded to roll part of the clay into long thin sausages, and coiled them one above the other in a hollow circle, thus forming the base of a round pot. Having partly moulded this into shape, she took the smooth stone in her left hand and held it inside the pot, while with the other hand she beat the exterior with the wooden spatula, constantly moistening the clay, till the whole became a smooth unbroken surface. Then she built up a higher stratum of clay sausages, and repeated the process again and again till she approached the top, when she gradually narrowed the neck, till there remained only room to insert one finger. The rim of the vessel was next fashioned, and then the whole received a final wetting and smoothing, after which a very elaborate geometrical pattern was accurately drawn, without any pattern to copy from. The incised markings were made with a bit of the midrib of a cocoa-palm leaf, while tiny strips of clay were laid on in parts, to give the effect of raised work. Some of the women thus laid on patterns suggestive of bunches of berries, but most adhered rigidly to geometric designs. It was necessary that all work should be finished ere the day waned, as towards sunset the clay falls, and will not mould obediently to the potter's hand. At first I was inclined to look upon this as a fable, but found it was literally true, and in attempting to do a little modelling myself, I marvelled why the parts *would* fall asunder, till I found it was a well-known result, against which the potters guard by stopping work ere sundown. Their grey clay pots are then laid by in a corner of the house, and left to dry for a period varying from four to eight days, after which they are baked, first with a light fire of straw, afterwards with a stronger wood fire. While still hot, the cooking-pots are well rubbed with a dark red dye—an infusion of the bark of the *tiri*, *i.e.* mangrove, which grows abundantly along the shores of swampy streams, and which gives a slight glaze as well as a red colour. Water-pots and all ornamental pieces are glazed with the heated resin of the *Ndakua* pine, which I believe to be identical with, or at least very nearly akin to, the Kaurie pine of New Zealand, which yields the beautiful amber-like gum. The resin of the Ndakua pine produces a very beautiful glaze, sometimes of a rich golden colour, sometimes mellow green. From the manner in which red and gold are often blended, I am inclined to think that a coating of each glaze is sometimes applied.

In the same district as Na Savu lies the town of Koro



Turtle Water Vase.

Viti Levu, perched among boulders of grey rock on the shores of a lovely land-locked bay. Here we landed, and, guided by a party of most friendly Fijians, walked across a narrow neck of land to a large cave, where we found

* Pronounced Layvoo. Viti is the true pronunciation of the word which we commonly call Fiji.

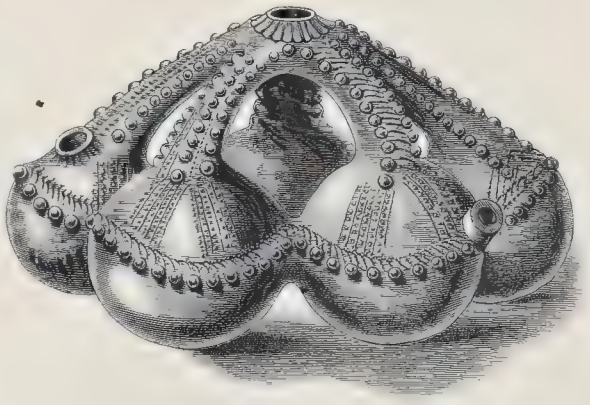
about a dozen women making very large cooking-pots, each from two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty



Double Gourd Water Jar.

inches in diameter. It was wonderful that they should be able to preserve such perfect symmetry, considering that their own eye for form was their only guide; wonderful, too, that the clay should have such power of cohesion as to stand being lifted into the rude furnace, considering how very thin it is. This cave scene was one which impressed me as most picturesque. Passing from the glare of the sun and of the glittering blue waters of the Pacific, we suddenly entered the deep gloom of the cavern which was the workshop of these busy potters, with their tawny sienna hair and madder-tinted skin, relieved only by a few folds of cream-coloured native cloth, necklaces of fairy-like fern, and kilt fringes of crimson dracæna leaves. Our entrance was a pleasing diversion, and they chattered cheerily to our guides, while we stood watching the progress of their work.

When staying on the tiny island of Bau, the home of the great chief Thakombau (once renowned as the most notorious of cannibals, but now a most peace-loving Christian), I spent some hours in the tiny fishing village of So So, in the picturesque hut of an old crone who was modelling strangely fanciful turtles. I tried hard to persuade her to copy a living one which was walking about on the mats, but she preferred her own monstrous ideal, and chuckled with delight every time the fins and feet dropped off from my attempts at practical illustration. There, and I think also in the adjacent district of Rewa, where I visited many potters' houses, the women just beat out a flat piece of clay on their hands, and then gradually mould it into a cup-like form with the half of the smooth stone inside, and the wooden spatula outside. At Bau the pottery, after being left for seven or eight days to dry in the house, is taken to a sheltered quiet nook between the ever-calm sea and a great rock. Here a pile of light wood and sticks is built. The pots are laid thereon, and the whole is covered with light dry grass, above which are placed small sticks. This is set on fire, and kept burning for half an hour, when the glaze is applied. There are slight variations in the process of manufacture in different parts of the group, as on the north of Vanua Levu (the Great Land), where all the pottery we could procure was unglazed, and a diamond-shaped pattern was applied with white burnt lime, and edged with borders of deep red on a lighter ground. With the exception of conventional turtles, the only instances in which natural forms are imitated are an occasional sea-slug, or a faint suggestion of a ribbed fruit; and the patterns with which the vases are enriched are, as I have already noticed, almost invariably geometric lines, to which most nations seem to have adhered in the early stages of their decorative art. The patterns which we find scratched on old Celtic pottery are invariably geometrical, and the earliest specimens of Greek (and I believe also of Egyptian) vases are thus decorated. It would seem that the designing of natural forms, such as animals, birds, or flowers, involving free-hand curves, betokens some advance in Art, while anything approaching to accurate delineation of the human form is rarely attempted till the artist potter has attained a very advanced stage. Of course I do not mean to ignore the fact that many nations have in their earliest days scratched rude semblances of the human form on rocks and buildings, but these rather answer to the scrawls of our infancy than to the deliberate intention of artistic decoration shown in the handiwork of the potter. One form, which appears naturally to suggest itself as suitable for a water-jar, is that of the double gourd, of which we find so many adaptations in the



Bunch of Oranges Water Jug.

pottery of Japan. I have never seen a gourd of this form in the Fijian group, but suppose it must exist, as I procured a

very handsome water-jar on this model, glazed so as to attain a clear greenish-golden hue. The pottery and language of Fiji possess one singular feature in common, namely, that of reduplication. As in speech, they speak of *wai wai*, oil; *kata kata*, boiling; *reki reki*, joy; *dronga dronga*, hoarse; *mothe mothe*, bad, and so on; so many of their cooking and water vessels consist of two identical forms connected by a handle, and sometimes by side bars. Great ingenuity is shown in devising various methods of applying the handle across the open jar or jars. I have at least six specimens of two common cooking-pots so linked together as to form essentially different patterns. When this idea is applied to fancy water-jars the handle is made hollow, and water is poured in from the top. Examples are given in the engravings of the double turtle and the bunch of oranges.

To a race who necessarily spend much of their time in their canoes, a portable clay stove is a valuable possession. I have seen a very heavy flat-bottomed clay pot used to contain fire, three clay rests serving to support the cooking-pot, in which were fish or vegetables. The smallest canoe can thus carry its own kitchen, and moreover supplies the needful fire for the well-beloved cigarette.

The illustrations here given are taken from a collection of about one hundred and fifty distinct forms, of which I made careful studies while in the isles.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

CORPORATION PLATE AND INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

WORCESTER, as might well be expected in a place that ages ago earned for itself the proud title of the "Faithful City," is rich in corporation treasures, and these of a somewhat remarkable character. The set of four silver maces were procured in 1760 in consequence of a minute of the Corporation, by which it was "Ordered that the Chamberlains, with the approbation of the Mayor and Justices, do exchange so much of the old Plate and Maces belonging to this City as will purchase new Maces; and that the same be provided with all convenient speed." Of the old maces then parted with no representations, I believe, exist; but as maces had been in use in the city at all events from 1461, if not much earlier, it is probable they were of the old semi-globular headed form. The present maces, surmounted by open-arched crowns



Corporation Insignia and Plate, Kingston-upon-Hull.

with orb and cross, have their shafts divided into two lengths by encircling bands, and they are devoid of the open brackets; the bowls bear on the one side the royal arms, and on the other those of the city of Worcester. There are two swords, one in a black velvet scabbard, and the other, the "civic sword," in a scabbard of crimson velvet, ornamented with ormolu medallions, &c., of the royal arms, the arms of Worcester, the monogram of G. R., and other devices. One sword and two of the maces are engraved on page 367. The mayor's chain, presented to the then mayor in 1864, and by

* Continued from page 276.

him given to the city, is of gold and enamel, massive, and of simple but good design; the badge bears the city arms and an inscription. Among the other treasures belonging to the corporation, besides a goodly assemblage of arms and armour, are a large silver hanap cup and two silver-embossed flagons, part of a public presentation made to the late Richard Woof, on his resigning the office of town clerk, and bequeathed by him on his death in 1878; a pair of handsome Worcester china punch bowls, of Flight and Barrs' manufacture, bearing at the bottom portraits of George III. and Queen in camaïeu, evidently painted by Pennington, and on the outside a series of medallions of Truth, Justice, and Fortitude, alternating with the city arms—they bear the date 1792; two large old Worcester china jugs of the early "cabbage-leaf" pattern, bearing in front the city arms supported by Commerce and Justice, with the date 1757, and marked with the WW (double W) mark, supposed to denote Wall and Worcester; and a fine old china biscuit bowl.

The ancient borough of HOLT, near Wrexham, possesses two maces, one of which, of the semi-globular headed form, is called "the Mayor's Mace," and dated 1606, and the other and larger of the more ordinary shape, with open-arched crown, called "the Queen's Mace," 1709; a loving cup highly decorated in relief, presented by T. Mainwaring, M.P.; and a brass standard measure, called an "ancient Drinking Cup," and formerly used for that purpose on the enrolment of burgesses of Holt.

The maces of HASTINGS, two in number, are of the usual open-arched crown form, and bear round the bowls on the one side the arms of the borough, and on the other those of the third Baron (created Earl) of Ashburnham, their donor, and are inscribed, "The Gift of the Right Honble. John Lord Ashburnham to the Corp: of Hastings the eighteenth day of September, 1710. Tho: Lovell, son of Philip, Esqr., Mayor;" and the words, "The Mayor's Mace" on the one, and "The Town Mace" on the other. The mayor's gold chain and badge are ornate, the links formed of interlaced knots, and the badge bearing the borough arms enamelled. The chain was the gift of the present Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., and the badge that of Mr. P. F. Robinson, late M.P. The punch bowl possesses much historical interest, being formed of the silver supports to the canopies held over George II. and his Queen at their coronation. The inscriptions tell their own tale. On one side is "This Silver Bowl was presented to the Corporation of Hasting (ye Premier Cinque Port) by ye Gentlemen whose names are hereon Inscribed, who had ye Honour to be unanimously Elected ye Barons of ye said Town to Support ye Canopy's over their Sacred Royall Majesties King George ye 2nd and Queen Caroline at ye Solemnity of their Inauguration at Westminster the eleventh day of October 1727 And the same was made out of their Shares and dividend of the Silver Staves &c. belonging to the said Canopys." On the opposite side, "Canopy Bearers to the King, Sir William Ashburnham, Bart., Thomas Pelham, of Stanmer, Esq., Edward Dyne, Esq. Canopy Bearers to the Queen, The Honble. Thos. Townsend, Esq., James Pelham, Esq., John Collier, Esq.;" and on one of the intermediate sides the figure of the King seated on his chair of state between the words "King George II.," and on the other a like figure of the Queen seated on her chair of state between the words "Queen Caroline." On page 105 are engravings of the maces and bowl.

The Cornish borough of LISKEARD possesses two silver-gilt maces of the usual open-arched crown type, with the crowned rose, fleur-de-lis, and harp round the bowl; these were the gift, in 1708, of William Bridges, who had represented Liskeard in nine Parliaments. The corporation plate consists of a richly chased hanap or covered cup bearing the inscription, "Donum Chichester Wrey militis et baronet recordiatoris burgi de Liskard" (*circa* 1665), with the arms of the Wrey family on one side, and those of Liskeard on the other; a covered two-handled loving cup, bearing the Wrey arms and the inscription, "Donum Bourchieri Wrey equitis aurati oppido de Leskeard;" "Qui fallit in poculis fallit in omnibus;" a single-handled drinking cup; and a large circular salver bearing the arms of the Trelawney family.

The mace of DUNWICH is peculiarly interesting; it is of silver, eleven inches in length, with semi-globular head, on the flat top of which are the royal arms, France and England quarterly. The shaft is divided into five lengths by encircling bands, the lower having three projecting plates, feathered, and on the flat base are the arms of Dunwich. The corporation also possesses an interesting silver badge borne by the sergeant-at-mace at the chairing of members of Parliament, and at corporation meetings; it is in form of a shield of the borough arms in high relief.

The Corporation of SOUTHWOLD possesses two ancient silver maces of the same general semi-globular form as the one just described. The bowl of one is crested with a circlet of crosses patée, &c., and the other is plainly moulded; on the flat plates at the top are engraved the arms of the borough, St. Edmund's crown enfiled by two arrows in saltire, between two dolphins erect. One bears the date 1662. The shafts are divided by encircling bands, and terminate at the base with open-work laminæ. The maces, to add to their length, are fixed on the top of wooden shafts.

SOUTHPORT, being a modern corporation, possesses only a mayor's chain and badge, but these are of somewhat unusual design. The chain consists of a series of circular medallions, each bearing on the front within a wreath the arms or crest of a mayor of the borough, and on the back his name and date of mayoralty. The badge bears on one side the arms of the borough, with helmet, crest, mantling, and motto, worked in high relief; and on the other a wreath of oak and laurel, across which, in saltire, are a mace and a sword, the whole surrounded by the words, "Borough of Southport. Charter of Incorporation granted 1867."

The corporation insignia and plate of the "Queen of Watering Places"—SCARBOROUGH—consist of three maces, a mayor's gold chain and badge, two ancient covered tankards of silver, and three drinking cups devoid of stems or handles, a massive silver loving cup, a wand of office, and borough and mayoral seals. The large mace of silver gilt is a remarkably fine example, the shaft divided into three lengths by massive knops, the bowl divided into compartments by demi-winged figures and foliage, with the usual crowned emblems of the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp, between the initials C. R., and the open arches of the crown rising from a circlet of crosses patée and fleur-de-lis with intervening balls, and surmounted by orb and cross. It was a gift to the corporation in 1636 by Sir Thomas P. Hoby. The two small maces of silver are ancient, and "are worn in the official gown of the Sergeant-at-Mace." They are of the ordinary antique form, with semi-globular heads of like character to others already engraved. The mayor's chain and badge, the gift, in 1852, of John Woodall, are of unusual elegance, Tudor roses

alternating with elaborate open-work links, and there are two shoulder medallions in relief. The badge bears a representation of the borough seal. The two-handled loving cup is a fine example of rich and bold repoussé work, the design on one side being a spirited representation of a chariot race, a medallion bearing arms of the donor, with the inscription, "Robert Hamply, Esq., J.P., presented this Loving Cup to the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of Scarborough for Ever, on the termination of the second year of his Mayoralty, November 9th, 1868. Amicitiæ vivialisque Jædus." There is also a staff of office of the sergeant-at-mace, surmounted by a crown. These are grouped together below.

The only piece of insignia belonging to the borough of WISBECH is its fine old seal, and its only plate "a plain loving cup or tankard with a lid," bearing on its front the borough arms, two keys in saltire, and the date 1701, and inscription, "Donum Ricardi Loake."

WILTON possesses as its insignia three maces, a mayor's chain with badge, borough and mayoral seals, and a plain silver tankard. The great mace of silver gilt is thirty-eight



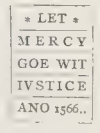
Corporation Plate and Insignia, Scarborough. *Maces and Sword, Worcester.* *Maces, Warwick.*

inches in length, with bowl surmounted by open-arched crown, beneath which, on the flat plate, are the royal arms and initials I. R. Round the bowl, divided from each other by demi-winged figures and foliage, are the rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp, crowned, and these national emblems are repeated spirally, with foliage, on the shaft. At the base is engraved, "To Wilton in ye 1st yeare of ye reigne of King James 2nd A.D. 1685. By Oliver Nickolas Esqre." The staff is divided into three lengths besides the base, and a curious feature connected with it is that the lower and shorter length has the usual open-work brackets of female heads and foliage which ordinarily support the bowl; it has, there can be but little doubt, at some time been taken to pieces and the divisions transposed. The next mace, of silver, is 24½ inches long. It has a semi-globular head, bearing on its sides winged figures, and on the flat plate at the top the royal arms within a garter, and the initials C. R. It is crested with a circlet of fleur-de-lis, from which rise the open arches of the crown. On the base

is engraved the rebus of the town, the letters WIL and a Tun (barrel) within a wreath, and on the shaft the inscription, "G. S. Mai: 1639. Ri. Grafton, fecit." The third mace, eight inches long, has a semi-globular head, on the top of which, within a wreath, are the royal initials, A.R. (of Queen Anne), and the date 1709. The mayor's gold chain and badge consists of a series of elaborate oblong links (alternated with circular ones), each containing a shield charged with three lions passant guardant, and surmounted by a civic crown. The centre link bears the enamelled monogram V. W., surmounted by mace and fasces; from this depends the badge, bearing, in gold and enamel, a representation of the seal of the mayor of the borough, the monogram of J. E. N., and dated 1879.

The Corporation of WENLOCK possesses two maces, a sword of state, a mayor's wand of office, and a handsome two-handled loving cup, richly enamelled. The large mace, of the usual open-arched crown type, bears on one side the bowl within a wreath, a representation of the seal of the borough, and on the other, also within a wreath, that of the donor. The brackets supporting the bowl are of unusual character, being acanthus leaves. On the flat plate at the top are the royal arms. The smaller mace, also surmounted by a crown, bears round the bowl the national emblems, the crowned rose, thistle, fleur-de-lis, and harp, within scrolls and foliage.

The borough of WAREHAM, whose town-hall has features of interest, possesses a small silver mace; two "constable's poles" (bearing the date 1778), borne before the mayor on state occasions and at sessions; and borough seals. The mace is of silver, twenty-four inches long, and has a semi-globular head, on the flat top of which are the royal arms between the initials C.R., and surmounted by the date 1660; at the bottom, on the flat plate, are the initials of Henry Harrison, "HI Mayor 1615," so that the arms and date at the top are a later addition, which was, I believe, made at a time when the mace was much injured by fire; at the base are nine open-work laminæ. Over the mayor's seat in the town-hall are carved the royal arms with supporters, crest, mantling, and garter, and beneath these an ancient tablet bearing words of good advice to those who dispense justice. There is also a green cloth in front of the mayor's seat, with the monogram T.A. and date 1702 embroidered in gold.



The insignia and plate of WALLINGFORD consist of a mace, a mayor's chain and badge, a two-handled loving cup, and borough seals. The mace is of the usual form, with open-arched crown, rising from an elegant circlet of fleurs-de-lis and crosses patée, alternating with balls; open-work brackets; shaft divided into three lengths besides the base, and the whole elaborately chased. Round the bowl are the crowned rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis between the initials C. R., and divided from each other by demi-figures and foliage. Previous to 1650 the town possessed two maces, but these were at that time converted into one.

The two maces belonging to the borough of WARWICK are shown on the preceding page. The large mace, of silver gilt, has its shaft divided into three lengths besides the base, and the bowl is supported by open-work brackets. The bowl is crested with a circlet of crosses patée and fleurs-de-lis, from which rise the open arches of the crown, surmounted by orb and cross. It is divided into four compartments by demi-figures. In one of these are the arms of the borough; in another the crest of the bear and ragged staff of the Earls of Warwick; on another a rose, crowned, between the initials C.R.; and in the fourth a thistle, crowned, between the initials A.R. It also bears the name of Job Rainsford, Mayor, and the date 1712. The smaller mace of silver gilt has a semi-globular bowl, around which are also the arms of the borough; on the shaft are the name of Edmund Wilson, Mayor, and the date 1672.

One of the richest assemblages of corporation plate is that belonging to the "King's Town" of HULL, grouped together on page 365. There are three maces, the largest of which, of silver gilt, of the usual form, with open-arched crown, bears round its bowl the royal arms, the arms of the borough, a rose, and a thistle; the two smaller ones being of silver, and one of them bearing the date 1651. There are two swords of state of peculiar historical interest: the larger of these is the identical sword worn by Henry VIII. when he visited Hull with his Queen, Katherine Howard, during the mayoralty of Sir Peter Elland, in 1541, and which he unbuckled from his royal and portly person, and presented to the mayor, ordering that it should be carried erect before him and his successors; the other sword was presented to the mayor by Charles I. on his visit to the town in 1639. The mayor's chain is one of the oldest in existence, having been presented to the town in 1564 by Alderman Knowles, who had served office as mayor, entertained royalty, and been knighted, and in the same century it was enlarged by the addition of links. In 1855 a large gold boss with a blue stone was added by Alderman Bannister, and in 1857 a gold centre shield and two shoulder bosses by Alderman Moss. The cap of maintenance is of velvet, and two ancient garters of velvet form a part of the insignia. There was formerly a mayoress's gold chain, but that, together with much plate, was sold by the corporation about the time of the passing of the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill. The corporation plate (of solid silver) used at banquets at the present time may be thus briefly enumerated:—A large soup tureen, 1689, "the Bequest of Alderman Sir Henry Etherington, Bart., Anno Dom. 1819;" a remarkably fine salver with lion border in massive relief, "the gift of Thomas Johnson, merchant, 1668, who was mayor, Anno $167\frac{8}{9}$ and mayor again $168\frac{8}{4}$;" two large flagons, "the gift of Sir John Lister to the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, 1640;" two handsome drinking cups, "the gift of Mr. Wm. Wilberforce, Mayor, 1723" (father of the great advocate of negro emancipation); two ancient tankards, one of which is a *whistle tankard*, presented by the widow of the Rev. William Henry Dixon. Two other tankards, "the gift of William Dobson, Alderman, twice mayor of this town, Anno 1666;" two flat drinking cups on stems, "the gift of Mr. Robert Berier to the Merchants' Hall, 1649;" three tall drinking cups on stems, one large and the other two smaller, "the gift of Israel Popple to the Marchants' Hall, 1648;" one tall drinking cup on stem, "the gift of Mr. Robert Berier to the Merchants' Hall, 1649;" a salver, "presented by Mr. Councillor John Leak, having formerly belonged to the old Corporation."



FAC SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY J E MILLAIS R A

OUR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE:

ITS PAST HISTORY AND ITS PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.*

SEATS—*Continued.*

THE eighteenth century witnessed as great a change in our domestic furniture as it did in our political surroundings, and with the Georges came a revulsion from everything that was foreign save themselves. To affect a foreign mode or to exhibit a love for foreign fashions was to indicate a preference for other things over the water than merely matters of taste, and to be deemed a Jacobite. Hence a peculiarly English style began, for almost the first time in our history, to find itself esteemed beyond all others.

Cane-work for a time died out in the backs of our chairs, and curiously perforated woodwork occupied its place. Cane-work was a foreign importation; hence it was tabooed, and our own chairmakers, who had by this time begun to establish themselves as a separate craft apart from cabinet-makers, were displaying much ingenuity in design. It can hardly be said that they proceeded on what a strict purist in design would deem true principles, for they ignored all visible construction and fitness in treatment, using wood as though it were pliant tape or ribbon, tying it, twisting it, and interlacing it in the most unstructural manner. Yet whilst their design was thus eminently unstructural, their actual workmanship and craft were of the highest structural excellence, for they managed to obtain the greatest possible strength with the smallest amount of material. This, and the care with which they selected their wood, render their work, in spite of ill-usage and its long consignment to the limbo of forgotten things, frequently better than much more recent furniture, and far more durable than the spurious imitations of it which in these days of its revival overflow the town. Foremost amongst these establishers of a British style of furniture was Thomas Chippendale, of St. Martin's Lane, a fanciful artist, an excellent workman, and especially an excellent chairmaker.

Of course he did not create the style which now bears his name; no one man ever does create a style. The style rather creates the man who ultimately governs it. Thomas



Chairs by Chippendale. 1754.

Chippendale the chairmaker was begotten of the times and born in the craft, for his father had distinguished himself as a cabinet-maker before him, and St. Martin's Lane was then the head-quarters of Art in London. It was there the Royal Academy was born, and it was, in fact, the nursery of English Art, so Chippendale lived in the very centre of the youthful movement. Chippendale's first issue of his book of designs for furniture, entitled "The Gentleman's and Cabinet-maker's Director," "calculated to improve and refine the present taste," was published in 1754. It is somewhat doubtful if his was the first book which treated on this new style of furniture, for it is yet a moot-point whether the series of "Upwards of One Hundred New and Genteel Designs, being all the most approved Patterns of Household Furniture in the French Taste, by a Society of Upholsterers, Cabinet-makers, &c.," appeared before Chippendale's or not, as it bears no date. Certain it is that the two were very nearly contemporaneous, and that in both many designs bearing a close resemblance to each other occur. In spite of its reference to "the French taste," the majority of the examples of chairs in this work are in the prevailing style then growing up in England. A second edition of it by the Society of Upholsterers, also without date,

* Continued from page 316.

appeared very shortly after the first, an undoubted proof of its popularity. This was followed by a castrated edition of seventy-five plates, acknowledged as being the work of Robert Manwaring "and others," published in 1765, and entitled "The Cabinet and Chair-maker's Real Friend," the which was immediately followed by another issue of the same plates, bearing the title of "The Chair-maker's Guide," in both of which it is to be noted that all reference to the French taste is carefully elided. Meanwhile Chippendale's second edition appeared in 1762, and this unwonted publication of successive editions of works treating on furniture design, and especially of that for chairs, is a startling contrast to the utter absence of such works until this period, betokening the growth of an entirely new interest in such matters.

Chippendale's work is, in point of execution, considerably in advance of that of Manwaring "and others," and the plates are remarkably well engraved by Daly, whilst the proportion of the parts of the various articles of furniture to each other is most correctly observed. This is not the case in Manwaring's work, in which the chair backs, naturally the most intricate part of these designs, are drawn at a very disproportionate scale to their simpler legs. And yet, as I have said, some of these designs so closely resemble those of Chippendale that it appears impossible that two distinct artists could have created them. It therefore seems to me that such of these designs as afterwards appeared in Chippendale's book were his own invention, and that he was one of the "Society of Upholsterers, &c.," and that on his intention to publish a book of his own claiming these products of his skill, Manwaring "and others" changed the style and title of their work. If such were the case, the question of the priority of publication would settle itself, and Chippendale's fame be rescued from the stigma of plagiarism which was cast upon it by some of the later participators in the movement.

In the woodcut which is inserted on the previous page the central chair there engraved very closely resembles one of those "Ribband" chairs in the Society's publication, and it is one on which Chippendale especially prided himself. "These ribband-back chairs," says he, "which, if I may speak without vanity, are the best I have ever seen (or perhaps have ever been made);" and certainly there is, in spite of the incongruity of its design, a remarkable degree of elegance in this illustration of Chippendale's genius. It is, I should think, an early specimen of his work, for not only are our first loves the most endearingly cherished by us, but if you will turn back to the engraving of the chair from Hardwick Hall on page 316, you will see how very much the main outlines of the two resemble each other, a proof that Chippendale was then in his studying period. The chair on the right hand of the cut is more refined in its lines, and perhaps less incongruous in its ornamentation. In both the influence of the style of Louis Quatorze, with its reiteration of reversed curves—a style which rapidly overran all Europe—is very visible, but decidedly less so in the latter of these two, and I think we might chronologize Chippendale's work by noting his departure bit by bit from this characteristic. Certainly he abandoned it when he designed the chair on the left hand of the cut, and which owes its existence to that Chinese mania Sir William Chambers introduced into England. Sir William was, about 1760, the oracle of taste in England, so of course Chippendale, whose work was "calculated to improve and refine" that taste, came under his influence. This chair, he tells us, is designed "in the present Chinese manner, which will, I hope, improve that taste or manner of work, it having yet never arrived to any perfection; doubtless," he remarks with somewhat of irony, "it might be lost without seeing its beauty, as it admits of the greatest variety. I think," he continues, "it the most useful of any other; there has never like them yet been made." They were made afterwards though, and evidently, from the many which are yet to be met with, in considerable quantities. From a constructive point of view it undoubtedly possesses many merits, and the distribution of the interlacing back is very clever, for in these interlacings, or "frets," Chippendale was a happy designer; but the Anglo-Chinese mania was a short-lived one, and had no more permanent influence on English household art than the recent—I might almost say present—Anglo-Japanese movement will have; these are bubbles of fashion soon broken, and which, when once destroyed, leave no trace behind. The chief result of Chippendale's essays in the Chinese taste was the introduction into good society of the plain square legs of the chair, which now combated the really Chinese curvilinear one, and ultimately drove it out of fashion for a long period; it certainly was practical and strong, and its heaviness, its one sin, was ultimately reduced by tapering it down to the uttermost verge of inutility; but that eventuated half a century later, and for something like half a century square legs held their own against all comers. It was doubtless the utility in construction which won Chippendale over to this rigid form, for he was at heart a very practical man, and published his book as much for the practical cabinet-maker as the "gentleman;" indeed, in his preface—to which, as usual, we turn last of all—he considers that "all his designs may be executed with advantage by the hands of a skilful workman, though some of the profession have been diligent enough to report them (especially those after the Gothic and Chinese manner) as so many drawings impossible to be worked off by any mechanic whatsoever." That Chippendale was right, and some of the profession wrong, is proved by the large use that skilful workmen made of his work, not only in our own country, but abroad; for I have seen both in France and Holland many chairs locally made from Chippendale's designs, and England then began to be looked upon by foreign nations as an Art centre. Nor was it only Chippendale's book which found its way across the sea, but much of his work was actually exported, his careful workmanship commending itself to those who valued this quality as much as his novelty in design.

Naturally the success attending the publication of these works led to the issue of many others more or less plagiaristic, but the most noteworthy, and almost the only one showing any individuality, was "The Cabinet-maker's and Upholsterer's Guide," issued by Messrs. Hepplewhite & Co., published in 1789. Hepplewhite's chairs are readily distinguished from those of Chippendale and his imitators by their oval and shield-shaped backs; their general design is much more simple; and, as a rule, the detail of their ornamentation is much more minute. The introduction of mahogany, to which I have already referred (page 156), had, to Dr. Johnson's disgust, well-nigh supplanted oak and walnut-wood, the furniture woods of an earlier period, so that almost all Chippendale's chairs are executed in that material. Hepplewhite introduced, or at least largely used, satin-wood for his furniture, though it was destined to become the popular material some years later, and for general purposes mahogany yet served.

One abominable fashion came in about his time, the horrible horsehair cloth, which yet lingers in uncomfortable places, but was then so much the mode that Hepplewhite lays it down as an incontrovertible axiom of good taste that "mahogany chairs should have seats of horsehair, plain, striped, checquered, &c., at pleasure." It is true that horsehair cloth was not then always the same black, shiny, and slippery thing of horror it has become in these days. That love for colour which will always force itself into our domestic life caused it to be dyed of many hues, but no colour could have overcome its discomfort, and nothing but its durability can account for its long retention in use. That same love of colour was now beginning to seize upon the framework of the chair itself, and Hepplewhite fostered it extensively. "For chairs," says he, "a new and very elegant fashion has arisen within these last few years of finishing them with painted or japanned work, which gives a rich and splendid appearance to the minuter parts of the ornaments which are generally thrown in by the painter." He especially instances the chair on the left hand of the group we engrave from his collection of designs as being "peculiarly adapted to this style, which allows a framework less massy than is requisite for mahogany, and by assorting the prevailing colour to the furniture and light of the room affords opportunity by the variety of grounds which may be introduced to make the whole accord in harmony, with a pleasing and striking effect to the eye. Japanned chairs should always have linen or cotton cases to accord with the general hue of the chair." This "japanning," or painting in hard varnish colour, was the distinct outcome of the "Vernis Martin" ware some half-century earlier, furthered by that "Chinese taste" Sir William Chambers introduced. Our varnish-makers had ever since the introduction of Indian products in Charles II.'s time been improving and improving their manufacture, in which they received assistance from Boyle, Evelyn, Pepys, and many others of the learned and curious of the day. The coach painters had been encouraging its use, so that the material and the men to use it were both ready, and its adoption became rapidly general. Unfortunately the



Chairs by Hepplewhite. 1789.

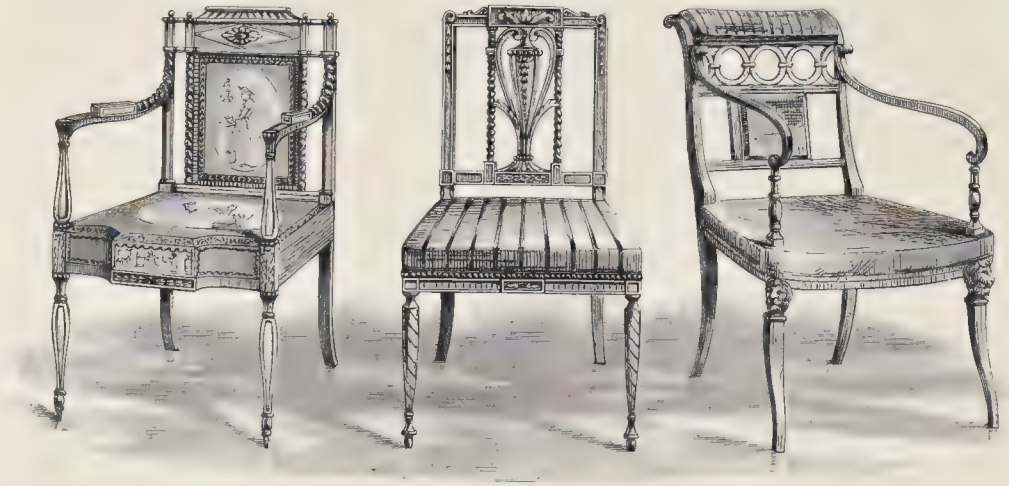
ignorance of dealers and "collectors" has of late years destroyed more of it than time had done from the period of its introduction until the commencement of what is wrongly called the "Queen Anne" Revival, for amongst many of these destroyers everything which intervened between the "Jacobean" style of the seventeenth century and the pseudo-classic style of the nineteenth "has been called Queen Anne," and as most of these japanned chairs were made of mahogany, their old finish has been scraped or burnt off, and a weak-looking design in pale, colourless, open-grained wood is all that is left us, yet over which ultra-æsthetics become ecstatic.

When Hepplewhite wrote of these japanned chairs allowing the use of a framework less massy than that requisite for mahogany he referred to their appearance rather than to their material, for they were almost always constructed of the lighter and less valuable varieties of that wood, and when you find a pale, meagre, colourless example of his work, with its details blunted and their spirit gone, you may be almost certain that this has once been a japanned chair which has been "pickled" by the dealer to suit a popular ignorance. This japanned furniture had but a short reign, and soon descended to a merely white and gold imitation of the French fashion of Louis XVI.'s time; but painted decoration on natural woods, particularly on satin-wood, established itself, and remained much longer in vogue. Cipriani, Angelica Kauffman, Catton, and Baker, members all of them of the then young Royal Academy, assisted the furniture-maker by painting on his work, and the chair backs of the latter portion of the last century often bear charming evidence of the loving labour bestowed upon them. Another result of thus treating the woodwork of the chair was the re-introduction of caned work, which for some thirty years or so had quite disappeared. On its return to use it became even more popular than at first; it was applied to all sorts of furniture, and was most finely and elaborately executed. It was of this re-introduction of

> "The cane from India, smooth and bright
> With Nature's varnish, sever'd into stripes
> That interlace each other,"

that Cowper lauds, not the earlier use of it, which was almost forgotten in his time. Indeed, some of the specimens of the cane-work of the latter part of the last century are almost equal to those of Japan for delicacy of manipulation and intricacy of design. The political feeling of the times is also recorded in chair backs, and on the right hand of the group of Hepplewhite's designs is the sign of that unhappy division of parties which occurred during the illness of George III., when the "court party" and the "Prince's party" squabbled for power and struggled for plunder, to the detriment of the welfare of the nation. Henceforth, until the accession of George IV., the Prince of Wales's feathers formed a favourite motive for chair backs, and how popular this design must have been is evidenced by the great number which yet remain to us, most of which bear evidence of being made by Hepplewhite, or from his designs. The remaining chair in this engraving is called a "French chair," simply because it has a stuffed back instead of an open one, for this in those days was considered to be the distinction between the two styles. It is true that the carving down the legs is somewhat in the French mode, but the brothers Adam had so popularised this string of little husks that it cannot be considered to have anything peculiarly French about it.

You will no doubt have remarked that all the legs of these chairs are square in section, and that no single evidence of the turner's art has been exhibited either by Chippendale or Hepplewhite. Thomas Sheraton, a notable maker of furniture, who published his "Cabinet-maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing-book" in 1791, ventures slightly on its re-introduction, as we shall see when we examine his designs. Sheraton was a most enthusiastic worker at his craft, and was continually publishing something connected with it; and his "Dictionary," issued in 1803, and his "Encyclopædia," commenced in 1804, but which, though it continued to appear in parts till 1807, was never completed, contain much information relating to contemporaneous design and manufacture. Sheraton's own designs are readily distinguished from Hepplewhite's by their square lines and severer detail, reflecting far more of French influence than do those of his immediate predecessors. Notwithstanding this, he bitterly bewails the fact that instead of



Chairs by Sheraton. 1793—1802.

growing new ideas at home, people rush over to Paris to gather them, and, as a result of this, he prognosticates "that London taste will gradually sink in the estimation of lovers of fine cabinet-work, and consequently our noble houses must be presently stored with Paris chairs, &c." This current of the time gradually carried him with it, and if we examine the three chairs here engraved we shall see in what manner he became influenced. The centre chair is one of his earlier productions, and in the arrangement of its back the influence of Chippendale is apparent, whilst the introduction of turned work is quite his own. The arm-chair on the left is much more French in character, being in many respects similar to the tapestry-covered chairs in vogue during the earlier part of Louis XIV.'s reign. Indeed, he does not attempt to disguise the fact that he follows French traditions. "These chairs," says he, "are finished in white and gold, or the ornament may be japanned, but the French finish them in mahogany with brass mouldings. The figures in the tablets above the front rail are on French printed silk or satin sewed on to the stuffing with borders round them; the seat and back are of the same kind; the top rail is panelled out, and a small gold bead mitred round, and the printed silk is pasted on. Chairs of this kind have an effect which far exceeds any conception we can have of them from an uncoloured engraving, or even a coloured one." This cut-out and pasted-on work was a very poor replacement of the finely painted work which preceded it; but inasmuch as it was not costly it became very popular, many examples yet existing in our old-fashioned country houses. Nor were we entirely dependent on French printed silks and satins, for printed chintzes purposely made for chair seats, with border pieces to suit them, were made in England, though I am afraid most of the designs which were printed on them came from France. Writing in his "Dictionary" in 1802, he says, "It appears from some of the latest specimens of French chairs, some of which we have been favoured with a view of, that they follow the antique taste, and that mahogany is the chief wood

used in their best chairs, into which they bring a portion of ornamental brass, and not in my opinion without a proper effect, when due restraint is used as to the quantity." The result of this "French taste" upon Sheraton is seen in his first essay in the new mode engraved on the right hand of the group of his designs. It seems to have pleased the public much, for many examples of it yet exist, and with some slight modifications it became the popular form of dining-room chairs, and prevailed down to about 1830. The ultimate result of Sheraton's attempt to follow the pseudo-classic changes which came over the furniture of France during the Consulate and the early years of the Empire was eminently grotesque, and his later works, published in 1807, exhibit some of the most wonderful zoological atrocities. We find therein "a chair composed of a griffin's head, neck and wings united by a transverse tie of wood, over which is laid a drapery, thrown easily over and tacked to behind." We have chairs "whose front is composed of a dog's head and leg, with shaggy mane joined by a reeded rail," and camels, dromedaries, lions, and other animals are pressed into the chairmaker's service in order to render chairs as unfitted for their purpose as possible. Yet, in spite of all these senilities of his old age, Sheraton's labours did much good service, and were evidently so suited to the popular feeling of the time that his books were translated into German and were issued there in 1807. In this same year Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastatius," endeavoured to impress a purer spirit on the classic fashion of the times by publishing his "Household Furniture and Interior Decoration." An enthusiastic amateur of all that was classic himself, and having sufficiently the courage of his opinions to furnish and decorate his own house in what he believed to be a classic taste, he recoiled from the absurdities which were then being perpetrated "in the Grecian style," and the result was one of the earliest works published in England on furniture design apart from trade purposes. It was evidently needed, for furniture was, as Hope says, "abandoned till very lately, in this country, to the taste of the sole upholsterer, entirely ignorant of the most familiar principles of visible beauty, wholly uninstructed in the simplest rudiments of drawing, or at most only fraught with a few modern ideas and trivial conceits borrowed from the worst models of the degraded French school of the middle of the last century." Hope's work certainly did do a great deal towards eliminating the grosser elements which Sheraton had latterly introduced; but the classic revival never became a very earnest endeavour in this country, and this anti-national attempt, in spite of the aspirations of the author who heralded it, caused the arts of design, as regards Household Furniture, to be almost abandoned. Quantity became the sole criterion, and ponderousness the sole creator of praise. "Feel this chair, madam! Feel its weight; all solid mahogany; allow me to lift it, madam, it is much too heavy for you to move!" Such was the manner in which the trader, some thirty years ago, recommended his chairs; nor did the earlier efforts of the Gothic revivalists do much to modify this, for, not knowing that "Gothic" chairs were never looked upon as movable furniture, they copied as well as they could the solid thrones which still remained, and added more to the discomfort of the household than they improved its taste.

Yet the attempt had good results, and under the hands of able men the arts of design were once more allied to household furniture. Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Broad Scotch styles followed in rotation, and in these two latter turnery once again came to the fore, so much so that for a time, a time yet lingering, it almost supplanted every other ornamentation—broomsticks and spindles became the sole symbols of construction. Still the principles of construction were manifest, and the labours of the late Mr. Talbot, who almost re-created this latter phase, were very laden with wholesome fruits, for we rarely see in even the most commonplace upholsterer's window those vulgarities of design which until his day were rampant there. His success induced many others to follow him, and the consequence is that a large number of more or less able artists are now employed in designing for the chairmaker and the cabinet-maker. It is true the former employs them too little, but their influence has touched him to the quick. Under it he has abandoned entirely his massive framework, his heavy scrolls, and his tortuous writhings, for he and fashion seem now to have reached the other extreme, and a fashionable chair is nowadays such a light and airy fabric that a whisk of a lady's dress overturns it, and a moderately stout man eyes it askance and elects to stand; whilst an over-affectation of simplicity provides us with a costly caricature of a rush-bottomed cottage chair, and it is deemed fitting if this is placed on a sumptuous carpet in an apartment hung with gorgeous silks and surrounded by objects of choice Art. It is but a poor peasant stage super strangely out of place, yet withal very much petted in a modern drawing-room. The incongruity of all this will some day or another dawn even upon æsthetes, and then the arts of design will once again turn their attention to those objects—which during their long history I have thus briefly sketched—they so often adorned, and once again the chair may become something more than an inconvenient thing to sit upon.

In the illustrations taken from the works of Chippendale and the later chairmakers I have confined myself to those for ordinary chairs, but there were many very extraordinary ones devised by them—"back-stools," "Burjair chairs," "head-chairs," and many other quaint-named devices to achieve that thing of luxury, the easy-chair. One very popular form of chair, the "conversation chair," tells the history of male costume, for the embroidered coat tails of the early Georges were too costly to run the risk of being sat upon, nor were the rich "night gowns" of velvet and Indian silks the gallants of those days affected for home wear when company came in (for they sat in their waistcoat sleeves when alone) meant to be hidden under any part of the man, so chairs on which they sat astride became the fashion. The sofa during this long period divided its history in two directions—the one, the settee, ranging with the chairs, its back consisting of three chair-backs side by side, the two extreme ones being furnished with arm-rests, whilst the couch took an entirely independent course, and approached very nearly to its present form, only becoming very classic indeed during the prevalence of that fashion. The "handsome Grecian sofa," indeed, still appears in the catalogues of cheap upholsterers, together with many other curious designations, which some day or another may become historical memorials; but the grand distinction in name which seems to be settling itself is that nowadays a sofa is a thing with two arms, a couch having but one. The poet did not disdain—

> "Once when call'd
> To dress a sofa with the flowers of verse,"

and the philosopher might find a good deal of the history of civilisation recorded in the things men choose to sit upon.

G. T. Robinson.

AN OLD SPANISH EMBROIDERY.

AMONG the treasures which the kindness of Spanish collectors placed temporarily within our reach during the present year, and which were lately gathered together in the large hall at South Kensington, was a piece of tapestry remarkable for the peculiar character of its embellishment, no less than for the glimpse that it gave us of one of the phases of Spanish life some three centuries ago. The work to which we refer is one of the productions of the manufactory formerly established in the Calle de Santa Isabel at Madrid, and which was for some considerable period of its existence under the directorship of Antonio Ceron. That atelier could boast the patronage of the highest personage of the realm, and was the not unfrequent resort of the rich and noble, as well as of the artists of the capital. There is still left to us a reminiscence of the appearance of its interior on the canvas of no less a painter than Velasquez himself. On one of the many occasions that either business or curiosity had taken him there, he caught sight, as it seems, of some of those rare effects of light and shade, for painting which he had such genius, and resolved to perpetuate them. Whether the idea lay long dormant we cannot tell, but when it was actually carried out he was at the height of his fame and in the zenith of his power. If for no other cause than for its known connection with the locality represented in 'Las Hilanderas,' this piece of tapestry would be worth a visit; but it has other points of interest.

The subject which it represents is briefly described by the authorities of the National Archæological Museum at Madrid, into whose possession this fine relic has fortunately passed, as "Spaces among Columns;" but a little inspection will show that we may venture on a further description than this. There are large columns—on either side a pair—that, resting on a base of marble, rear themselves on high. We are standing on the pavement of a garden alcove in some great nobleman's domain (if, indeed, it be not in a royal *sitio*), and there lies couched upon the floor (enriched with inlaid marble or with *azulejos* of dainty colouring) a deer with noble antlers. The pavement is bounded by a balustrade of stonework richly carved, on which are ranged vases of intricate design full of flowers in bloom. Above, Corinthian capitals support a trellis, where boughs laden with fruit intertwine, forming a "hospitable shade" for the gaily coloured birds that are there seen disporting themselves. Below and beyond lie the waters of an ornamental lake. Of the columns above mentioned it may be noted that their spiral forms and fluted ornament recall the pillars in the famous cartoon of St. Peter and St. Paul at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple; or those scagliola supports to the gilded canopies that decorate so many of the side altars in Italian churches, and which, with their semi-barbaric splendour, are a valuable element in the gorgeous magnificence of those interiors.

Across the lake we look out upon a landscape. It is a landscape too beautiful to have been sketched otherwise than as the great artist of those days was wont to sketch his landscapes—from nature. It has an air of actual reality about it. We see it stretching far away beneath the warm sunshine, with just such a scene as must have opened out from time to time before the eyes of Baby Charles and Steenie as, unattended by any retinue, they made their way across the plains and sierras of Spain. In the view before us the highest range is capped by a fine bluff of rugged limestone, beneath which may be seen, embosomed in trees, what we may well suppose to be the remains of the ancestral residence of the owner of the domain, now supplanted by the more sumptuous modern palace that has risen behind the alcove in which we stand. Fortunate indeed we deem the dwellers in such an Eden, as we look along the succession of open mountain sides and woodland slopes that relieve one another with their varied outlines, and drop so softly one behind the other down into the depths of the pleasant valley. This portion of the work has been carried out with consummate skill; indeed, so subtle is the art in the extreme distance, so soft the tone, so tender the colouring, that the eye were easily cheated into the belief that it was looking upon some painter's handiwork.

It would seem that we have in the bower itself and in the grounds immediately adjoining it a specimen of one of those pleasant "parcs" which it was the fancy of the nobles of the day to stock with curious and rare animals. The stag we may well suppose to have been a special favourite of its lordly owner, holding the same privileged position about the country seat as that held by the famous peacocks of Lord Beaconsfield. Less tame, though perhaps not less valued, would have been the Barbary ape that is working its sweet will among the ripe fruits overhead, surrounded by pheasant and oriole and gaudy parrot from the Spanish main, the plumage of which contrasts so strongly with the more sober tints of the homely owl alongside. The partridge on the balustrade, and the smaller birds whose nomenclature baffles us, help to fill up the roll of pets.

It would be highly interesting could we know by what artist the sketch for the landscape was drawn. Spanish landscape painters, or, for that matter, Spanish landscape draughtsmen, were by no means common personages. If the design is taken, as seems not altogether impossible, from the country house of the great premier of Philip IV.'s day, the Count-Duke of Olivarez, to whom it is said the tapestry at one time belonged, it is more than probable that this sumptuous piece of needlework was executed in compliance with his order, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that the sketch for the landscape background was the work of his favourite artist, Velasquez. It must be admitted that any such attribution is for the present purely speculative. The landscapes Velasquez has left us being comparatively few, it is difficult to say anything definite. There was a famous country seat belonging to the Premier away in Andalusia, and there he received the honour of a royal visit, and found rare sport for King and courtiers. And while we know that he had nearer the capital at one time a choice collection of curious birds, we are yet led to think that it cannot be the Buenretiro collection that is here presented to us, because the landscape would not have been of this character. For the same reason we are excluded, in all probability, from connecting it with Aranjuez, San Florfinco, or the Escurial.

A few words may be added as to the nature of the ornamentation, technically speaking. This tapestry is especially remarkable as an instance of raised work. We do not know whether it is unique, but feel sure that we are right in congratulating the Spanish nation on having it safely housed as a public treasure. It is a triumph of skill in the way of

embossing. First should be noticed the deer, raised two inches above the flat. Let any lady skilled in such embroidery try to work up to this point and see what toil it entails. Next, the fluting of the columns is carried out on the same scale, strand upon strand having, as it seems, been laid in till this great height was reached, and then the whole worked over with thick golden threads. The balustrade has been dealt with in the same style, and so have the jardinières, each carved convolution still showing the traces of the thin silver strips with which they were finally covered. The animals, the birds, the flowers and fruits that hang about the alcove, all have had their share of this unsparing labour. Happily these richly embroidered silks have lost but little of their colour, and the roses, and tulips, and dahlias, and carnations are still bright and glowing beneath the pendent clusters of the grape, and the bursting pomegranates showing their scarlet seeds.

This tapestry is but one of many objects of interest which for awhile, and only for awhile, are accessible to the gaze of the English public. It is scarcely likely that in the lifetime of any of us the contributions so generously lent by the King of Spain, or by noblemen and public bodies in the Peninsula, will again find themselves thus within our reach; and it need hardly be remarked that when they return to their owners' possession, the difficulty of obtaining a glimpse of them will, in most cases, be practically insuperable.

EDWIN STOWE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE SABOT SHOP.'—Drawn and etched by Mr. L. Menpes. The etching represents a common scene in Brittany, and specially at that new home of the artist, Pont-aven. In a courtyard roughly paved, and formed by the three walls of the projecting apartments that have been added from time to time, in great irregularity of design and a total disregard of architectural beauty, to the main building, the market-women meet their friends, and the dealer in sabots holds his mart in a shady corner. Such a scene is full of striking contrasts of light and shade; the arrangement of the outdoor staircase, the heavy eaves and the porches, throwing intricate shadows about the open space of every degree of intensity, from the pitch-black apertures of the granary door to the shadows softened by the reflected lights on the wall of the house. It is a study excellently adapted to the etcher's art, and Mr. Menpes, an Australian by birth, but recently a student in the school at South Kensington, has well treated it.

'LORENZO AND JESSICA.'—Engraved by T. Sherratt, after P. F. Poole, R.A. We have here the moonlight night—

> "When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
> And they did make no noise,"

and Jessica and Lorenzo comparing notes of their sympathy with its influence. The ripple of the water under the gentle wind, the brightness of the stars in the blue Italian sky, the black shadows interspersed among the moonlit cliffs, and the grotesque forms that the foliage assumes in the uncertain light, are all present in the scene; and the wild flowers from which Jessica has carelessly plucked the sprig she is holding in her hand have their place in the foreground with a graceful fitness. One feels that the sentimental charm of the scene is broken, as it would be in real life, by the merry presence of the two figures, and that Shakspere was right, as he always is, when he ended their sentimental conversation with a joke and a peal of laughter. The petulant merry face of young Lorenzo robs the black shadows and the frowning rocks of all their grimness; and the wild flowers on the mossy bank open their petals in the moonlight before Jessica and her lover, who turn their backs to the saddening influences, and their looks into each otner's eyes. Such is the sentiment of the picture, remarkable for the excellence of its colour, which loses less than might be expected in the process of engraving.

'YOUTH.'—Fac-simile of a drawing by J. E. Millais, R.A. This is a remarkable specimen of the very early work of this master. It was one of a series of four similar allegorical designs representing the stages of human life from infancy to old age; they were applied to the decoration of a ceiling in the house of a gentleman residing at Leeds. Mr. Millais was not yet eighteen years of age when he made these designs, as remarkable for their technical as for their poetical excellence. The subjects and the sentiment of the compositions described in language would have been a fair introduction to a literary career, touching sympathies that are common to every stage of life, with all the freshness and none of the exaggerations of youth; and, on the other hand, if the subjects had been supplied, the beauty of the compositions and the technical excellence of the work would have shown promise of the high position that the young artist was to attain in his profession. "Nascitur non fit" must have been the exclamation of those who were told that the 'Pizarro' picture was painted at the age of fifteen; and it is a lesson full of guidance to other youths of genius, that between these early works and his later style intervenes the long period of minutely laborious study, the perfection of industry and conscientious work, if not of Art. Illustrated by his so-called pre-Raphaelite pictures, Mr. Millais has abundantly shown in his subsequent work that that period was with him a means to his end; and the comparison of the freshness and the latent crudity of his earliest work, illustrated in our cartoon, with his later style, may show the influence of the ordeal to which he submitted in his apprenticeship.

Apart from the tenderness and refinement of the drawing in its treatment of the principal subject of youthful love, to the youth a distraction from the chase, and to the girl an absorbing influence, there is a great deal to be found in the details, slight as the work appears; the attitudes, for instance, of the jealous dog on one side, and the mischievous *amorini* on the other, the fall of the drapery, and the pose of the head of the girl, suggestive of a similar action in the 'Order of Release.'

RURAL ENGLAND.*

THERE is nothing that gives greater gratification to the average Englishman than to be the possessor of a plot of ground, no matter how small, where he may enjoy the felicity of seeing something of nature's ways of working, helped on by his own labour and attention. This is, of course, specially applicable to those who are often long-time confined to crowded cities, where streets and buildings form the chief attraction; for, after a hard day's, or week's, or perhaps even year's work, what can give more pleasure than a summer visit to the country, to the "Rural England" in fact, so graphically delineated in the book of which we write? Then it is we may revel in the superb scenery of our own land, and glory in the diversity of the ever-changing landscape, when the trees are in full flourish, and the bird in the air carols to the leisurely traveller; then we recognise the strength and truthfulness of the poet's language:—

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
> This other Eden, demi-paradise . . .
> This precious stone set in the silver sea . . .
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

But in chilly winter-time, when excursions are unattainable, we look for compensating influences in books, and then we learn how much pure pleasure may be gathered from a Christmas volume such as this one issued by Messrs. Strahan. And to those who look from foreign lands to the "Old Country" the illustrations must bring back memories of past scenes, and give rise to hoped-for greetings when "every



The Mill.

green field smiles a welcome at us, every clump of rustling elm or oak trees that the train whirls us by, every nestling village whose white cottages peep out among the leaves proclaim to us—We are your own, and you are ours; we are the England you bade good-bye to; we are the England of your love."

Such is the prevailing sentiment of this fine volume. It contains illustrations from the works of the principal designers of the time, and in proportion to their importance there are pictures of the Farm, with seed-time and harvest; the Wood, with the seasons among the trees; the Meadow, with the pollard hedgerow; the Village Street, the Church, the Hall, the Hamlet, and the River, all shown in their varying aspects.

The letterpress, by Mr. L. G. Seguin, gives evidence of care in its arrangement and composition, and considerably enhances the value of the volume. Loitering along the Lanes, the Common Sides, and the Meadow Paths, with peeps into the farms and cottages, are among the subjects treated.

England may not be able to claim the brightness and serenity of more sun-favoured countries, but, as rendered in this work, it yet appears a land where loveliness may be found on every side, and whose villages and rivulets are inexhaustibly filled with picturesque scenes.

* "Rural England," by L. G. Seguin. Edition de Luxe. Imperial folio, with 250 Illustrations. Strahan & Co. Christmas, 1881. £7 7s.



ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—This, the twenty-ninth annual exhibition, is in no way behind its predecessors, either in the judgment with which the pictures have been selected, or in the taste with which they have been hung. The most prominent works, as regards size, are two landscapes and two figure subjects. The former are by that accomplished young artist, K. Heffner, of Munich. He works in a light, cheerful key, has little sympathy with mountain scenery, but rejoices in the delineation of far-reaching levels, and in the subtle play of light. 'Far from the madding crowd' is an example of this. We see a girl with some sheep coming towards us, with a corn-field on her right and a straight road by the side of an equally straight canal on her left. In the middle distance, beyond the canal, are indications of harvesting, and on the far-off horizon city life with its toil and turmoil. 'Silvery Morn,' the companion picture, shows the sun struggling successfully with the morning mist over a broad lake, whose shallow waters with their sedgy shores meet us in the foreground. Between these two masterpieces hangs an elegant composition by V. Capobianchi, representing a group of ladies and little ones in a seated stone recess overlooking a placid sea, which is bounded in the distance by a smoking mountain. The centre figure is a reclining Roman lady, and she is about to partake of the new vintage, while her companion reads from a scroll some favourite passages from the Georgics of Virgil. It is the vintage, in short, of 'A.D. '79,' and the peaceful enjoyment of this patrician lady and all about her will presently be interrupted by the eruption which made the year for ever memorable. Above it hangs a marine idyl—if the phrase be permissible—of much charm and delicacy. A little girl sits nude by the seashore, afraid to venture in among her bathing companions, whom she watches gamboling in the water. The author is W. H. Bartlett, to whose brilliant promise as an artist we were the first to call attention. His 'Neighbours,' a remarkably clever figure subject, a little farther on, was noticed with emphatic commendations by the present writer when it adorned the walls of the Salon. The principal picture, so far as size is concerned, is V. Brozik's 'Une fête chez Rubens.' The great Flemish painter, in rich grey satin dress, stands in the middle of the picture, and is in the act of receiving, with the air of a prince, the burgomaster and his wife. The well-known room in which he, his wife, Helen Forman, their two boys, and the guests, his distinguished contemporaries, are assembled, is of the late Renaissance as to style and appointments, and is gorgeous with all kinds of rare and costly ornaments. The picture is in the strong dark manner of Munkacsy, the painter's countryman, in whose studio he works. Snyders, Teniers, father and son, Jordaens, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, and others who comprise the assembly, are drawn from authentic sources. The other gallery picture is the wonderful but painful subject, A. de Neuville's 'Setting Fire to a Barricaded House at Ville Sexel,' which attracted so much admiration in the Salon of 1875. Among the smaller works are several of the highest class, from the pencils of H. Kauffmann, E. von Brockmann, C. Seiler, Max Toat. Female Art is represented in an adequate manner by Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Val. Bromley, and the Misses Montalba.

THE MACLEAN GALLERY.—This, the seventeenth annual exhibition, consists of close upon two hundred well-chosen examples of high-class water colours. Among the more prominent contributions may be mentioned a couple of rare gems by Alma Tadema, R.A., 'A Bacchante entering the Temple of Bacchus,' and 'A Priestess of Apollo.' Miss Clara Montalba also is conspicuous in the gallery. She has thirteen of her Venetian pictures, and better examples of the peculiar qualities of this artist one could scarcely wish to see. Among other drawings conspicuous for quality of a high order are the "Erith' of C. J. Gregory, who appears to be just as much a master in landscape as he is in portraiture, various contributions by E. K. Johnson, Birket Foster, Cecil Lawson, P. R. Morris, A.R.A., Sir John Gilbert, R.A. These are supplemented by works of continental artists—Israels, father and son, Artz, Mesdag, Neuhuys, Stortenbeker, Brugman, Heilbuth, and Peralta.

GALLERY OF THE MESSRS. TOOTH.—Here we have 149 cabinet pictures in oil, selected with undoubted judgment from various studios, British and foreign. A large picture of the 'Cabaret,' by L. Lhermitte, is wonderfully strong and realistic; but the artist has cabinet pictures in this gallery much more interesting in subject and cheerful in colour. 'Bereaved' is one of those powerful realisations to which Frank Holl, A.R.A., can lend such pathos. 'Presents to the Ameer,' two young leopards being brought into an Alhambra-looking apartment by a Moorish servant, and attracting the attention of the ladies and children, is one of those rich glowing pieces of colour which Benjamin Constant knows so well how to paint. We may call attention to the interiors by Miss Mary Hayllar and Miss Jessica Hayllar; we have seldom seen rooms and corridors drawn with such a fine sense of perspective; and the style, moreover, of these promising artists is all their own. Among British artists we have Hamilton Macallum, J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., B. W. Leader, who, like Edwin Ellis, is seen also to advantage in the French Gallery, J. Seymour Lucas, Edwin Hayes, Ernest Crofts, A.R.A., and several others; while the finished sketch of the famous 'Pearl Stringers,' by C. Van Haanen, lately in the Salon; 'Lassitude,' a girl leaning on her rake in the hayfield, by J. Bastien-Lepage; 'An Afternoon at Seville,' by Jiminez Aranda; and a life-size figure of 'The Faience Painter,' by Edmond Van Hove, may well serve as examples of continental Art.

WORKS BY THE LATE SAMUEL PALMER AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S.—We have to note the new entrance to this gallery, designed by Mr. E. W. Godwin, F.S.A. Without confining himself to one style, but by the judicious blending of several, the architect has not only given The Fine Art Society the utmost available exhibition space, but has produced also the most telling and commanding entrance in the whole of Bond Street. The present exhibition consists of a collection of a hundred and two drawings and paintings and thirteen etchings by the late Samuel Palmer, Member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Commercial considerations do not appear to be the sole controlling motive of the exhibitions held from time to time in this gallery. An educational purpose palpably asserts itself on every occasion, and this is perhaps the reason why this gallery has received in so large and pronounced a degree the countenance and support of the educated public. For example, with every exhibition comes an annotated catalogue, and generally a memoir of the artist whose works are gathered together, and the visitor is thus enabled on the spot to satisfy himself as to the merits of the works on view. In conformity with so admirable a precedent Mr. F. G. Stephens has on the present occasion furnished us with a judiciously condensed life of Samuel Palmer, and with certain critical and explanatory notes on his pictures, drawings, and etchings, not only well written, but almost exhaustive in their character. To these we would refer the visitor, satisfied that he will find in them whatever is worth saying of the deceased master.

THE UNITED ARTS GALLERY.—The winter exhibition of this institution is composed of 255 cabinet works in oil and 54 water-colour drawings. The catalogue is worthy of commendation, the illustrations being by the artists themselves. Among the water colours are several charming examples of G. Simoni, who was educated in the Fortuny school, and has his studio in Morocco; the Russian artist, A. Harlanoff, and his compatriot, A. U. Roussoff; V. Cabianca; and some remarkably bright and clever souvenirs of English, Welsh, and Italian scenery, by O. Carlandi. Nor must we omit notice of the performances of Walter Langley, Edgar J. Varley, son of *the* Varley, and of Thomas Pyne, who by his progress in Art is yearly proving that he is no unworthy son of J. B. Pyne. Turning to the works in oil, Professor Carl Gusson's 'Beggar' is worthy of the artist's fame. Artz, who belongs to the school of Israels, is represented by a large realistic picture of the interior of a workhouse. The character pictures of T. Cedeström, a Swedish artist of rank, are admirable, and such works as those of P. Sadée, of the Hague, and of G. Laevereuz, of Munich, require no praise from us. 'Alone' is one of the finest pictures ever painted by Josef Israels; and the 'Death of Richard Cœur-de-Lion,' by A. Steinheil, in spite of its coarseness, is a work of Art. We have noted also in our catalogue the sparkling 'Cousins' of V. Corcos; the 'Russian Peasants hurrying Home,' by G. von Bochmann; the 'Cardinal Artist,' by G. Castiglione; the 'Patient Model,' an old horse in a field, by A. Kozakiewiez; the young orphan girl 'Ashamed to Beg,' by H. Burckhardt; and the marvellously

dramatic incident in the 'Siege of Saragossa,' by Jules Girardet, of Paris. Among the landscapes which commend themselves to our notice we would mention with special emphasis the 'Gemmi Pass,' by J. W. Lindlar, and 'I Morticelli'—the procession accompanying the burial of twin infants—which an eccentric but accomplished artist, F. P. Michetti, has painted so well and framed with a taste so morbid; 'Flooded Pastures,' by R. Burnier; the 'Ford, Henley-on-Thames,' by Henri Pieron; 'Breakfast on the Banks of the Seine,' by D. Knight; and the 'Poetry of Winter,' by Adolf Scheweitzer. J. F. R.

LEEDS.—The fifth exhibition of the Fine Art Society, which opened to the public on October 29th, differs from all its predecessors in the range and character of its contents. The lower gallery contains a collection of engravings, including those of the Vicar of Leeds (Dr. Gott), with which he illustrated a recent lecture on the history of engraving. One of the most attractive features is a number of water-colour drawings by the late Thomas Sutcliffe, a Leeds artist who died in 1871. These are of unusual excellence. In the upper gallery is a selection of oil paintings by old and modern deceased artists, including several by the late Henry Dawson. Here also is shown the collection of carved ivories contributed by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. There are also exhibited many excellent specimens of Chippendale furniture.

NOTTINGHAM.—The third annual exhibition of oil and water-colour paintings has been opened in the Dawson Gallery of the Castle Museum. The exhibitors are exclusively local artists, and the quality of the collection is considerably in advance of former years.

STRATFORD.—A loan exhibition of paintings, sculpture, tapestry, and Art industry was opened in the Town Hall on October 25th, for a week, in order to augment the building fund of the Workmen's Hall.

ART NOTICES FOR DECEMBER:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Receiving Days.—Stirling, 20th.

Opening Days.—Paintings and Etchings, Leamington, 1st; Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 3rd; Institute of Painters in Water Colours, 3rd; Tapestry Paintings at Messrs. Howell and James's opens early in month.

Closing Days.—Manchester Institution closes towards end of month.

On the 10th the prizes are awarded to the Royal Academy Students.

ART NOTES.

BIRMINGHAM.—The magnates of Birmingham continue their generous gifts to the new school of Art. Last year we chronicled, at p. 254, the munificent donation of £10,000 by Messrs. Tangye. They have lately added yet another £10,000, whilst Mr. Colmore has conveyed a site valued at £15,000, and an anonymous donor has handed in £10,000. Meanwhile, the infection has spread, and at Leek a free library, picture gallery, and Art museum is promised by Mr. Nicholson, a silk manufacturer of the town. He proposes thus to spend £10,000 in addition to a yearly grant of £500 until the institution is self-supporting. At Wolverhampton the ex-mayor having received an anonymous offer of £5,000 towards an Art museum, adds a similar sum himself, and subscriptions are announced to the extent of £10,000. From Glasgow, too, we hear rumours of a movement having a like object in view.

MANCHESTER.—The Heywood Gold Medal in connection with the Royal Manchester Institution has been awarded to Carl Gusson for his painting, 'The Architect.'

EDINBURGH.—The annual general meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy was held on the 9th of November, when Mr. George Hay, R.S.A., was elected Secretary in room of the late Mr. Brodie, and Mr. David Murray, Glasgow, elected Associate in place of Mr. W. F. Vallance, recently made an Academician.

On November 1st Professor Baldwin Brown delivered his opening lecture before the University of Edinburgh. It was devoted to a general survey of Hellenic Art in the light of modern discovery, dwelling on the close relation between the work of the artist and the general life of the Hellenic community, resulting in the training of a body of artists unequalled in number or by any other nation. The syllabus of the course is divided into three parts, the first part dealing with the infancy of Art in Greece, with the arts of design as illustrated by Homer, the early works of Pausanias, &c.; the second with Hellenic Art in its highest development, and notices of the technical processes used by the Greek artists; and the third analyzing the later period of Hellenic Art, and tracing its connection with mediæval Art, and the appearance of the new spirit in Art as exemplified by Giotto.

A committee of fifteen artists, consisting of five Members and five Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy, together with five other artists, has been appointed to gather, exhibit, and sell a series of pictures and sketches, &c., to be contributed by Scottish artists (embracing those in London), for the benefit of the wives and children of the fishermen who lost their lives in the destructive gale on the east coast of Scotland on October 15th.

FRANCE.—One of the first consequences of M. Gambetta's accession to power has been the appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts. We shall shortly, in a paper on the subject, dwell upon the advisability of a similar step being taken in England.

The audit of the accounts of the Salon of 1881 has resulted in a balance being shown, after payment of expenses, of £5,400. This will be allocated, as to £4,000, to the new Society of Artists; as to the remainder, to create two annuities in the Taylor Society, for the relief of distressed young female artists.

The following artists have been elected to serve on the jury for the Salon of 1882:—

Painting.—50 members, 1,223 voters: MM. Bonnat, 1,121; J. P. Laurens, 1,057; Jules Lefebvre, 1,051; Harpignies, 1,030; Jules Breton, 1,024; Français, 1,022; Boulanger, 1,005; Vollon, 1,005; Henner, 1,001; Humbert, 981; De Neuville, 979; Tony Robert-Fleury, 972; Detaille, 972; Busson, 970; Bouguereau, 967; Cabanel, 955; Lalanne, 936; Émile Lévy, 915; De Vuillefroy, 910; Jules Dupré, 905; Guillemet, 885; Feyen-Perrin, 883; Protais, 871; Benjamin Constant, 869; Henri Pille, 865; Ulysse Butin, 849; Duez, 837; Pelouze, 814; Lavieille, 810; Guillaumet, 805; Luminais, 791; Cot, 790; Puvis de Chavannes, 772; Hanoteau, 768; Hector Leroux, 762; Cazin, 744; Rapin, 734; Bin, 732; Carolus Duran, 724; Gervex, 702; Roll, 694; Barrias, 658; Van Marcke, 598; Hébert, 596; Baudry, 566; Maignan, 514; Sautai, 500; Bernier, 496; Pointelin, 491; Bastien-Lepage, 491.

Sculpture.—MM. P. Dubois, 193 votes; Mercié, 191; Math. Moreau, 191; Chapu, 187; Barrias, 179; Falguière, 177; Schœnewerk, 148: Guillaume, 142; Cavelier, 122; Thomas, 118; Captier, 111; Hiolle, 104; Delaplanche, 97; Marcellin, 95; Étienne Leroux, 92; Gautherin, 92; Allar, 92; Fremiet, 85; Alphée Dubois, 96; David, 93.

Architecture.—MM. Vaudremer, 135 votes; Bailly, 133; Garnier, 121; Ballu, 118; Questel, 104; Brune, 104; Ginain, 85; Coquard, 76; Bœswilwald, 74; André, 71.

Engraving.—MM. Chauvel, 61 votes; Didier, 60; Yon, 52; La Guillermie, 47; Bracquemont, 46; Boilvin, 45; Gaillard, 42; Rousseau, 37; Flameng, J. Laurens, and Pisan.

BERLIN.—*Kunstgewerbe Museum.*—This rich and varied collection of Art and Art Industries will open within a few weeks in a handsome new building. The style of the structure is a symmetric example of the brick architecture which in recent years in Berlin has taken the place of classic designs in stone. The elevations are usually borrowed from palaces of the Italian Renaissance; thus the capital of Prussia is still estranged from all adaptations from the Gothic, excepting in the case of two or three brick churches with pointed arches and other details in terra-cotta Gothic window traceries. The new Museum gains a lively polychrome by stone dressings against the red brick, and by ceramic mosaics wrought into pictorial plaques. The collection, which has hitherto been inadequately displayed in an old ill-disposed building, is not without historic value. In Prussia there has naturally been a vast accumulation of the usual Art miscellanies, such as gold and silver work, glass and ceramic ware, textile fabrics, arms, costumes, drinking tankards, &c. In some departments—in ceramics, for example—the Museum is exceptionally strong. The institution, when finally arranged and organized, will be much after the pattern of the South Kensington Museum, and as a pledge of cordial relations between the Prussian and English Governments, an important contribution has arrived from the Indian Section of the Kensington Institution. Berlin has long needed this Museum. She has lagged behind towns of minor mark. Munich and Nuremberg have each collected and suitably housed the historic treasures of Southern Germany. Northern Germany will now naturally find its Art centre in Berlin.

Olympian Marbles.—Fresh figures are still reaching Berlin, and may be seen dragged by a windlass up the steps of the

lofty portico of the Museum, thence to be consigned to sepulchral trenches in an out-of-the-way court. The existing Sculpture Galleries are so overcrowded that no space remains for their adequate display. These treasures, obtained at heavy cost, belong, it appears, not to the Prussian State, but to the German Empire, and consequently the much-needed building for their custody and exhibition must be paid for by the imperial revenue. Plaster casts have been taken and are now exhibited, and a descriptive catalogue is sold at the door of the temporary out-building used for their custody. Moreover, an attempt is here made to arrange the figures within two pediments according to their supposed positions in the temple at Olympus, but the groups, unlike the Elgin marbles, suffer when brought together; indeed, the more the new acquisitions are looked into, the greater has been the disappointment. These Olympian marbles are manifestly what we should term provincial; the school indeed is large and grand, the conceptions are noble, but the Art treatment and the execution, with some few exceptions such as in the figure of 'Victory,' fall far short of the standard of Phidias and his immediate assistants. But until the original marbles are well placed and lighted it may be wise to hold judgment in suspense. In the meanwhile it will at least be conceded that since the arrival of the Ægina marbles, Europe has not gained such an important accession to her classic treasures as in these spoils from the great Temple of Olympus.

Schliemann Collection.—This gift to Berlin is arranged and exhibited in two rooms annexed to the Kunstgewerbe Museum. The objects, or, as the Italians would say, "roba," which are carefully arranged with written titles in glass cases, may be reckoned, not by hundreds, but by thousands. The interest is almost exclusively archæological; not one per cent. of the total has Art value. This verdict does not apply to gold and silver ornaments, which at present for safety are hidden away in an iron chest. The vast multitude of stone implements and of earthen vases are of a debased order; specimens better in Art can be found in other collections. The most noteworthy work now on view is the high relief in stone, representing Apollo as the Sun-god in a chariot. The kind donation of this collection will have little interest either for artists or for the general public.

The Year Book of the Prussian Royal Art Collections.—This handsome folio work, expensively illustrated, and published under the authority and subsidy of the State, has reached its second year. The text is written by the first archæologists and critics of Germany, and the intention is to form an authentic record of new acquisitions to museums, and to give an account of all investigations, discoveries, and transactions relating to the Fine Arts. Perhaps this laudable effort may be accepted as the most important contribution to the Art literature of Europe in the present times. A recent number contains a critical account, by Dr. W. Bode, with photograph and woodcuts, of the lately acquired statue of St. John the Baptist by Michael Angelo, and a forthcoming part will treat and illustrate the early, and therefore noteworthy, oil painting by Rembrandt which Prussia has received as a gift from England. The picture, from want of space in the public gallery, is still kept apart in a private room, to which connoisseurs resort to examine this curiosity in the life-work of the great master. The Year Book has also given many pages, with photographs and wood engravings, to the fine marble groups from Pergamus now in the Museum; and among other well-chosen illustrations are photo-lithos from the Berlin collection of Italian portraits and other medallions of the fifteenth century.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM BRODIE, R.S.A., Secretary to the Royal Scottish Academy, died at his residence in Edinburgh on the 30th October. The deceased sculptor, who was sixty-six years of age, had, while learning his handicraft, shown such distinct artistic powers that he was advised to come to Edinburgh, and after a brief period (during which he visited Rome) he was appointed Associate of the Scottish Academy in 1851, receiving the degree of R.S.A. in 1859. His larger works embrace statues of Sir David Brewster (marble), Lord Cockburn (marble), and Sir James Y. Simpson (bronze), in Edinburgh, one of the representative groups in bronze in the Scottish Prince Consort Memorial, bronze statues in Glasgow of Dr. Graham, Master of the Mint, and Mr. J. Graham Gilbert, R.S.A., and the Prince Consort statue for Perth. His first important ideal work was a marble of Corinna. In portraiture Mr. Brodie executed a large number of busts, in which the most noticeable characteristic was their pleasant and animated expression. Amongst the persons who sat to him may be named the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and her lifelong friend, Mrs. Brown, the late Thomas Carlyle, Henry Irving, and Miss Ellen Terry. He had received, not long before his death, a commission for a statue of the Hon. George Brown, a prominent Canadian politician, for the city of Toronto.

ARCHITECTURE.

The following are the more important Buildings completed during November:—

Churches and Chapels have been built at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Revelstoke	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Llawryglyn	Jones & Parke.
Burton, St. Peter's	Evans & Jolley.
Glasgow, Goranhill	R. Baldie.
Boughton, Monchelsea	C. R. B. King.
Fulmodeston-cum-Croxton	Bassett Smith.
Penzance, St. John Bap.	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Bristol, Tyndall Park	J. P. St. Aubyn.
Tranmere, St. Luke	G. E. Grayson.
Knutsford, St. Cross	Paley & Austin.
Delabole	Hine & Odgers.
Battersea, St. Michael	W. White.
Stapenhill, St. Peter	Evans & Kelly.
Briton Ferry, Cong.	H. F. Clarke.
Rugby, Bap.	Whorwood.
Guildford, R.C.	I. Bell.
Huddersfield, Wes.	A. Smith.
Edinburgh, Un. Presb.	D. Robertson.
„ St. David's Free	J. R. Walker.
Middlesborough, Wes.	R. N. Haswell.
Hereford, Bap.	J. Johnson & G. C. Haddon.

Churches have been restored at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Dalwood	B. E. Ferrey.
Auckland, Par.	A. W. Blomfield.
East Ardsley, St. Michael's	G. Barber.
Birmingham, All Saints	J. A. Chatwin.
Malvern Link, St. Matthias	F. W. Hunt.
Wigginton, St. Bartholomew's	Withers.
Wickwar, St. Thomas	W. L. Bernard.
Weston Beggard, Par.	Nicholson.
High Tointon, Par.	B. E. Ferry.
Sidbury	R. Griffiths.

Public and Private Buildings have been built at—

Place.	*Architect.*
Spalding, Johnson Hospital	G. G. Hoskins.
Huddersfield, Town Hall	F. Wild.
Darlington, Theatre	W. Hodgson.
Aberdeen, New Hall	Ellis & Wilson.
Buxton, Devonshire, Hospital	R. R. Duke.
Wakefield, Bank	J. Neill & Son.
Birmingham, Central Arcade	W. H. Ward.

Monumental, &c.:—

Place.	*Architect.*
Mitcham Church, Window to Mrs. Ann Nobes	C. Evans.
Thirsk Ch., Window to Dr. Wm. Hall Ryott	Clayton & Bell.
Bridgemouth, Fountain to H. Whitmore	Powell Bros.
Westerdale, Window to Col. Duncombe	Messrs. Ballantyne.
Edinburgh, Window to D. Monkeith	E. Burne Jones.
London, St. Peter's, Vere Street, East Window	Col. Pasley.
Haslar, *Eurydice* Memorial Monument	Powell Bros.
Dewsbury, Window to W. Metcalf	Cox & Sons.
Shoeburyness, Window to Major Lambert	

REVIEWS.

"A BIRTHDAY BOOK," designed by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice (Smith and Elder. £2 2s.).—The youngest daughter of her Majesty has, in a series of floral designs, shown that she possesses that taste for the Fine Arts which her elder sisters have one and all given evidence of. The inequality of the work, too, is a satisfactory proof that she has been unaided in her task. Certain of the floral groups show a fine sense of harmony of colour which others lack. March and August are instances of this. The borderings to the pages, which we presume are by the Princess's hand, are delightfully simple, echoing as they do in many cases the colours of the flowers which are typical of the month. The appropriate verses have been culled from out-of-the-way sources, but they are none the less appropriate, whilst they show that the lays of our junior poets are appreciated in the palace as well as in the cottage. We regret to see that the chromo-lithography has

not been intrusted to an English firm, and that the work is sold at a price which will render it prohibitory to all but a few. We understand that the proceeds of the work will be devoted to charity.

"THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY," by John Ogilvie, D.D. Vol. I. Imp. 8vo. 25s. (Blackie & Son).—A new edition of this standard English lexicon, which has been in preparation for ten years past, is now being issued. No less than 30,000 separate entries have been added, and the vocabulary now contains 130,000 words, as against 118,000 in its nearest competitor. For general reference and every-day requirement we can hardly imagine a more suitable companion. As a literary dictionary it affords clear and easy explanations by means of illustrative quotations, extending over a vast range of authors, and in close contiguity we find the names of Carlyle, Shakspere, Macaulay, Milton, and Max Müller. As the prospectus claims for it, at every page, instead of dry reading, interesting and instructive matter may be culled. The illustrations will number over 3,000. Of these the architectural and heraldic portions appear to be very good; in fact, as regards these, the dictionary will supply every want. The zoological and botanical are less successful, and appear to be oftentimes inserted merely to lighten the appearance of the book, but from these we must except those botanical ones which deal with the structure of plants. The cross references in the one or two instances we have tried are not always given; for instance, under *apse* one would expect to find a reference to *chevet*, a variety of the apse. The work is admirably printed, and the illustrations well engraved. No notice admitting the success of the work should omit to mention that this edition has been edited by Mr. Charles Annandale.

A CONSTANTLY recurring difficulty to the book reviewer is whether or no he should include in his notices publications which are nothing more nor less than trade catalogues. It appears to us that as few books are of more educational value for good or ill than a work which is bound to have a large circulation and to be in constant use, even illustrated trade publications should receive careful review at our hands, and commendation or blame, as they assist to raise or lower the standard of Art in such matters. With this determination in view we felt bound, some months since, to criticize adversely the illustrated tourist programme of one of our leading railway companies, and now again we consider ourselves under an obligation to speak a word in praise of a large trade catalogue of Messrs. Silber and Fleming which has been put into our hands—a book which might well be introduced into the Art schools of England. This house, which is one of the largest wholesale firms for the sale of glass, china, earthenware, &c., has certainly spared no pains in the production of their catalogue. The volume contains specimens in chromo-lithography, not only of the expensive but of the ordinary every-day ware of the Potteries. Each has been executed in the actual colours employed in the decoration of the article itself, and thus is as nearly a fac-simile as can be. Another novelty in this catalogue is that every article is thoroughly well described; the illustrations are the best that we have as yet seen in any catalogue published for trade purposes. Such a book must be a boon to every shopkeeper possessing it. Messrs. Silber and Fleming certainly deserve a success for the trouble and expenditure so lavishly but artistically spent on their volume.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—These seem now to divide themselves into two classes, those which are actually written and compiled for children, and those which cater for the pleasure of grown-up as well as infantine minds. Under the former category we may include "The Boy's Own Annual" and "The Girl's Own Annual." In these volumes, which are the yearly compilation of a weekly issue, an endeavour is evidently made to cut away the ground from under the feet of the lower class of serials which appeal to childlike fancies by tales bristling with adventure and romance. The proprietors of the *Leisure Hour*, in so doing, are rendering a public service, for their name is a sufficient guarantee that nothing but wholesome matter will be placed before the young minds of their subscribers. Each volume contains close on a thousand pages, is brimful of illustrations, many of them coloured, and is remarkably cheap. No better Christmas present for a child fond of animals could be wished for than Harrison Weir's coloured "Pictures of Wild Birds and Animals" (The Religious Tract Society). *The Child's Companion*, by the same publishers, maintains the high level it has recently attained to. But of all the Christmas books, so far as the illustrations are concerned, "Our Little Ones" (Griffith and Farran) is the most delightful. They are full of interest, are admirably drawn, and wonderfully engraved. The only drawback is that, the whole work being of American origin, the phraseology will oftentimes be found strange to English children. It is needless to say that *The British Workman* (Partridge & Co.) still stands at the head of all the magazines of its class for the excellence of its engravings. As a gift-book for the poor the yearly volume is unequalled. Of the second class of books, namely, those which are intended for the enjoyment of adults as well as children, there has been a goodly crop this year. We have before us "Mother Goose," by Kate Greenaway (George Routledge and Sons), in which that young lady easily keeps away from her imitators as regards both originality and quaintness. She is improving, too, in her drawings, which used often to be lamentably weak. "Old Proverbs," by Lizzie Lawson (Cassell's), lacks interest, and is inferior to its rivals in colouring and in the process of reproduction. This, notwithstanding, is a much costlier work. Nor can we award a higher meed of praise to "Holly Berries," by Ida Waugh (Griffith and Farran). "At Home" (Marcus Ward), illustrated by J. S. Sowerby and decorated by Thomas Crane, will probably be to children the most entertaining of the series. The illustrations, with a few exceptions, are very good, and the minor designs or decorations are capital. It is needless to say that the chromo-lithography is excellently done.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Although the effect of the numerous prize competitions and exhibitions which have been lately held has not as yet become visible, nor will until the Christmas of next year, a glance at the specimens in any of the shop windows shows that much real improvement has taken place. Amongst a selection submitted to us by Messrs. Hildersheimer and Faulkner, we note a series of representations of plums, grapes, apples, etc., in which good draughtsmanship and colouring have been admirably reproduced in chromo-lithography. Not less charming as reminders of simple gardens are posies of ranunculus, periwinkles, and squills; so, too, are a set of ox-eyes, pansies, and pinks, in varied little cups of Japanese origin; but the most delightful of these floral cards are some tiny ones where sprays of primroses, daisies, and buttercups loll about, and tumble over the edges of the old brown beer jugs. We wish we could give the name of the artist of these quaintnesses. Mrs. Duffield, the well-known flower painter, has varied her usual work by figuring forget-me-nots and other water-plants in her graceful manner. A dainty set of flowers, jonquils and others, by being placed in the corner of the card, afford a pleasant relief to the usual antique grouping. Harmoniously posed pansies by Miss Kate Sadler complete an exceptionally good issue, so far as flowers are concerned. Amongst figure subjects, the palm is carried off by Miss E. Manley's children in fancy costume, which certainly should be included in the successes of the year. Charles Gregory's Boys' Games, Cupid entangled in the spider's web, and Couldery's Kittens will also be special favourites with the children. A snow-balled lad, by E. K. Johnson, Member of the Old Water-Colour Society, is an appropriate subject. The series of churches at Christmas-tide are worthy of note for their architectural merit.

Messrs. Mansell & Co. state that the objects they have had in view have been the production of cards of English design and feeling, with versification gathered from superior sources, and in this they appear to have succeeded. Their cards (if often wandering, like all that we have seen, away from the subject) present several novel features, amongst which we note the use of instantaneous photography, porcelain, or rather gelatine, real ferns and flowers, and the reproductions of water-colour sketches in fac-simile. We also note as of refined taste the Children in Wonderland, by Miss L. Trowbridge, and Christmas Maidens, by E. Hanley.

The Artistic Stationery Company have a novelty in a series of four subjects, beautifully printed on satin, from the original plates by Bartolozzi. It is suggested that they should be used for mounting on hand-screens or panels.

The Religious Tract Society again issue a large series of floral cards with texts, which, considering the excellence of the workmanship, are marvels of cheapness.

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